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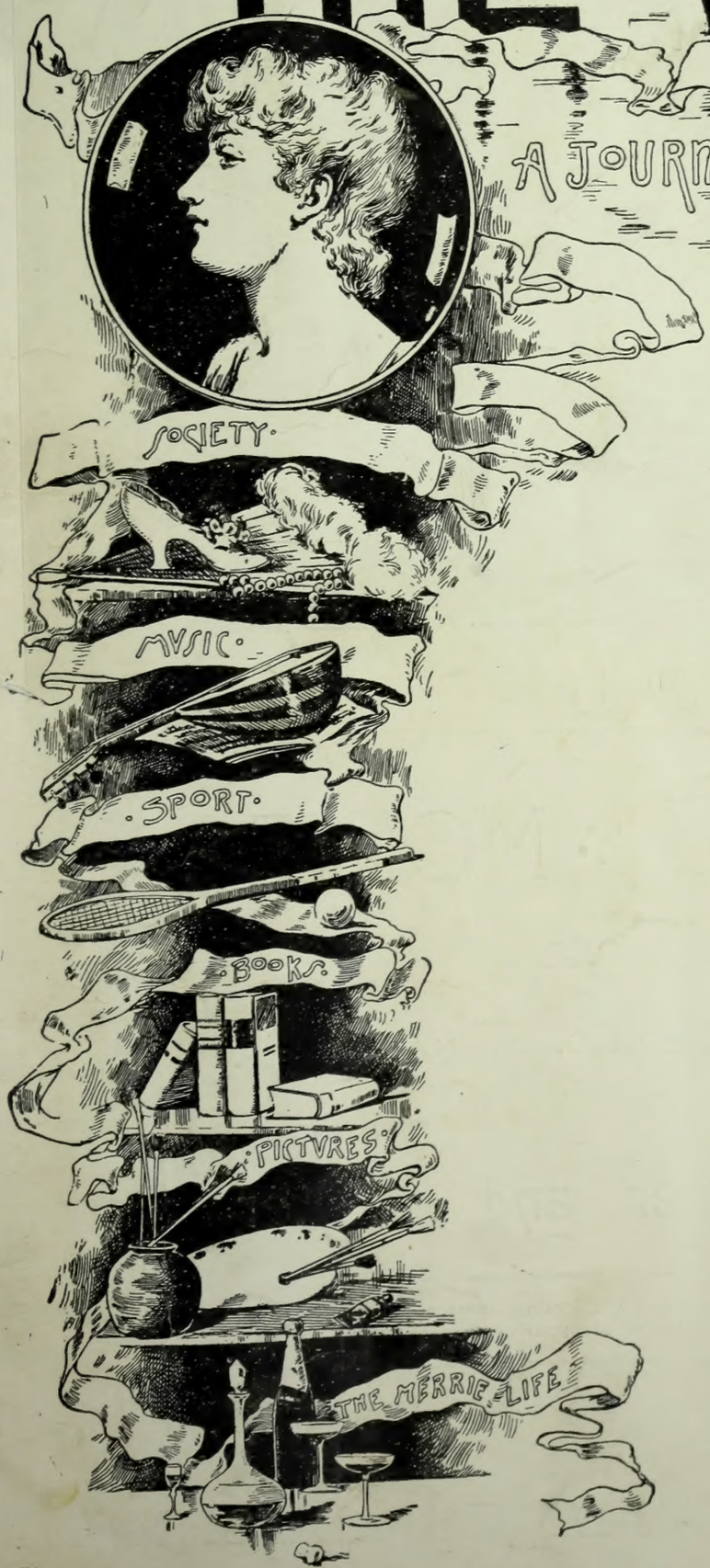
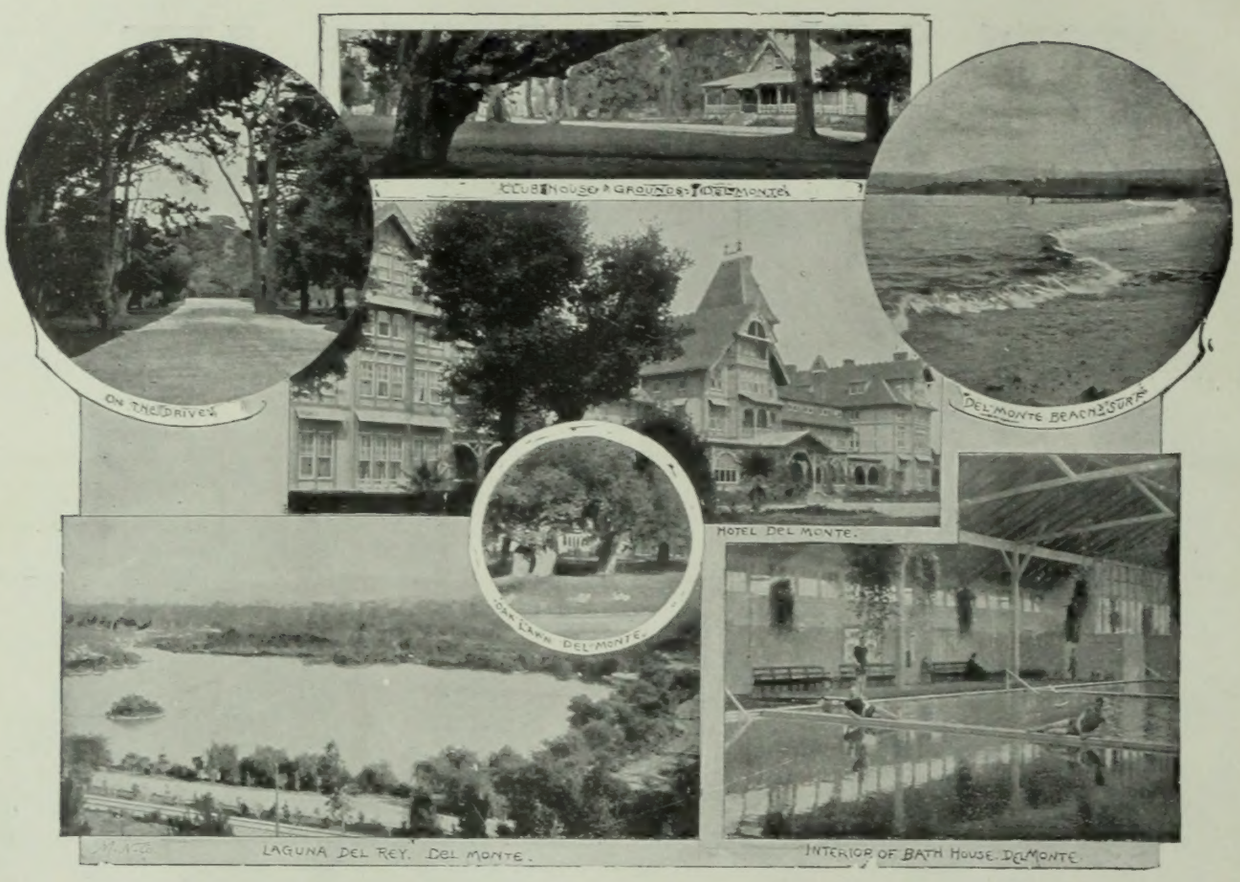


MASKS AND FACES
The Political Midway Plaisance



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And the bee banquets on thro' a whole year of flowers."

THE MOST ELEGANT SEASIDE ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE WORLD

THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 7, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MASKS AND FACES

The variety of interesting and significant things which the cartoon conveys are left to the imaginations of all who will favor it with a passing glance. A separate construction may be found for the face and the figure by each individual observer, and if I were to state the sentiment or the warning the artist attempted to suggest, it would really do him and the group an injustice. Therefore whatsoever analogies to existing political conditions may be recognized in the features, the "Masks and Faces," may reasonably be applied and no one will have the satisfaction of being more accurate than another. It may be stated, however, that if the central Face possesses the traits that accompany the Masks he stands between, he is more Protean than Proteus, more versatile than the Admirable Crichton and more adaptable than domestic putty. In these days, though, he is fortunate who has felicitous expression for every passing wind.

SPLASHES

THE SHADOW of the strike rested on the Nation's holiday. Not even a chime of bells told the passing of the midnight hour, and the dawn of a most inglorious Fourth crept in unheralded by the boom of cannon and the beating of drums. But the spirit of American independence spoke from the throats of Dutch and Dago, and sons of Erin across the bay and Sacramento had a unique parade of tin soldiers, whose fin de siecle courage fled the bayonet and the tongues of men to lie in rose leaves and on the bosoms of maids. Shades of Washington! The only true patriotism was evidenced by society, who turned her back on the disturbing topic of the hour and went to dance at San Rafael. Swell, smart and swagger was the gathering. The hotel register read like a Blue Book—debutantes of a season gone, buds that will bloom in the coming fall, married belles and potent dowagers, eligible bachelors, gilded youth and solid pères de famille. The San Rafael season has loitered on its way, but it has opened with le dernier cri du chic.

* * *

I PROPHESIED a very distinct change in watering-place attire to come into vogue this year, and I am not disappointed in my prophetic soul. The signs of the times have been pointing this way, hints have been dropped in the ever-increasing elaborateness of toilettes worn at teas, theatres and especially at smart summer weddings, petticoats have been steadily flaring, sleeves widening, frills increasing and hat brims broadening, until with the coming of June and her infinite possibilities for the picturesque, the tailor-made girl has literally perished of what Paris satirically terms the rococo fever. Effective, certainly, set in a pastoral scene—if anything so swagger as San Rafael may be spoken of, without disrespect, as pastoral—and the place partook of splendor as early as the breakfast hour. Everybody appeared at this ceremony at about the same hour, as the Magees, Laurie Adams, the Carrigans, and some of the Olympic men got up a baseball match with the Ross Valley Club. A procession of vehicles, nearly all private rigs, trailed from the hotel porches, led by Walter Hobart's stunning drag, with a brace of postillions, as correctly gotten up as any seen "in London town, where there be Kings and Queans." It is truly very smart, and he is charmingly generous with it. Everybody has been taken out on it, men and girls, and the enviable favor is distributed with a tactful impartiality.

* * *

The match which was held at the San Lorenzo grounds, was informal and unscientific. The teams were apparently playing an amiable game of catch and enthusiasm was reserved for luncheon, for which everybody returned to the hotel. The tournament opened with a flutter of interest, was conscientiously watched throughout under a frying sun, and Hardy's victory was wildly applauded and unaffectedly rejoiced over. But the truth is—Tennis is dead. It is all very well for the President and leaders of the Association, aided by a few impassioned champions to try, at this late day, to revive an expiring interest for the game in Society's breast. The sentiment was left too long to the wilting process, just as courts were neglected and teams allowed to disband. The world hath a way of moving, and I venture to prognosticate a seven years' sleep for the racket and the ball. Bowling, on the contrary, has fascinated the fashionable mind. Everybody bowls and one or two of the women really bowl well, with a strength of arm and directness of aim not to be sneezed at. Mrs. Moulder, I understand, is the champion. Beyond this, it seems to me that athletics are on the wane—among the girls, I mean. Not more than one or two go in for "exertion." Miss Moore rides, the Delmas girls row and swim, the Hobarts and a few other maidens there are, who can shoot and drive and pull and play, but on the whole, Le Sport is not popular. It does not go with the 1830 clothes.

* * *

EXCESSIVELY GORGEOUS—the ball. The floor was a trifle stiff and suggestive of recent wax and the orchestra, stationed somewhere, I should say on the roof, poured its doubtless melodious strains into the echoing corners, comparatively unheard of the dancers but the women were superbly gowned and the affair very brilliant to look upon. The younger set appeared in its entirety, and several girls not yet introduced were disputing for belledom on the floor with acknowledged beauties of earlier seasons—Miss Claire Tucker, for example, in blue and white and Miss Belle Hutchinson, two little maids from Oakland, distractingly pretty, who will not be formally presented until the coming winter. The Hobart girls, as usual, got no end of attention; Miss Moore and her sister also. Miss Butler, according to several enthusiastic men, was a "dream in pink," and certainly looked uncommonly well. Miss McNear, Miss Crouch and her friend, Miss Ottilie Jackson, were three girls from Oakland who were infinitely admired. Miss Henriette Myers, in a charming lilac frock, was reckoned among the sensations. Mrs. Webster Jones was sufficiently stunning in a white costume, utterly French and Mrs. Frank Carolan, perfectly gowned, as always, was undeniably the belle of the married set. The Heathcotes had the Boyds and the Kittles in their party; the Carrigans invited a crowd; all the well-known people were asked over from Mill Valley—the Slosses, Gerstles and their set—everybody invited somebody, and all swagger San Francisco and smart San Rafael appeared to be dancing at the Tournament Ball.

* * *

All these people will be going down to the Del Monte tournament on the twenty-first. Interest in Tennis as a game may be hovering beside an untimely grave but, as a means of gathering the members of the smart set together, it is even more potent than of yore. More interest is manifested over the coming rally at Monterey than ever heralded a shoot and as far as I can gather, the fashionable world will go direct to the Del Monte from San Rafael. Needless to say that the most elaborate preparations are under way for its entertainment. No formal entries have as yet been made—that I have heard of—but then the game, as I have already said, is not the first consideration. Rather the ball, I should judge, on which the younger set hath placed its frivolous heart. I hear that the girls who were going from San Rafael to Castle Crag, have cancelled their engagements in this direction and mean to do Monterey instead. The music at Del Monte, which has been particularly fine all this year, ever since the Vienna Prater quartette took it in hand—will certainly come in superbly for a function of this kind, and the success of the rout at the Rafael, as well as the enthusiasm of the smart set, will doubtless put the Monterey management on its mettle.

* * *

I SEE THAT LONDON is taking up the Goulds with enthusiasm. For reasons many and picturesque, London society cannot afford to sniff at the stage connection which has stood between Mrs. George Gould and the New York set, and then, in England, one always finds it more or less of an advantage to

have been born in America. To be sure, London is savage and satiric on the subject of Americans and pretends to consider all, everyone and the best of us, boors, barbarians and tout-ce-qu'il-y-a de plus faronche. But this is either a national failing which excuses our individual faults, or else London is really snobbish enough to swallow anything that is sufficiently gilded. She is inconsistently civil to us when we are rich and does not care a tuppence ha'penny for our antecedent, in any case.

* * *

As far as the Goulds are concerned, New York might profitably take pattern. George Gould is respectable to a degree which becomes deadly and Mrs. George is not only well bred and beautiful but also clever and possessed of an exquisite tact. Her stage life, as Edith Kingdon, was like the reputation which has lived after Bayard. Not a word was breathed against her and much was said in praise. She married George Gould for his money, beyond the shadow of doubt and, I suppose, many women would have done the same—had he asked them. He must be very uninteresting to live with, and is the meanest man God has made after the image of his father. But he is a considerate husband and Mrs. Gould does not suffer for any of the necessities of life. If she has ever repented of her bargain, the world has not been taken into her confidence. Her bright face has remained unclouded throughout the years of her married life—excepting the one which followed the death of her father-in-law—to whom she was deeply devoted and by whom she was fondly loved.

A singular affection for this daughter, not of his own blood, inspired the strange, silent old man, who was as much of a Sphinx at his fireside as he was on Wall Street, and New York first stared and then smiled and finally accepted the daily spectacle of Jay Gould and his handsome daughter-in-law, and later, a youngster or two, doing the west drive, en famille and exactly like other people, as regularly as the clock struck four in the afternoon.

* * *

Helen Gould has gone abroad under the the ample wing of Mrs. Paran-Stevens, which may mean something of a social future for the younger Goulds in America. Mrs. Stevens is eccentric and Mrs. Stevens is criticised, but she survives. She has a certain power begotten of a will which was built to bend empires, and in spite of all the queer stories about her everybody visits her both at New York and Newport and anyone she chooses to take up and introduce is eventually invited. Her entertainments are everything, from grandiose to grotesque, and as she changes chefs on an average of twice a week and is as apt as possible to dismiss the latest one in the middle of the afternoon, with a dinner of twenty covers on for the evening, one never knows quite what to expect in connection with a card to one of the Paran-Stevens' functions. She is devoted to young men, and has an affectionate following among them. She addresses them all by their last names, snubs and smiles on them by turns, sends them on errands, orders them here, there and everywhere, is perfectly charming to them in illness and trouble and has a house full of them all the year round.

* * *

When Vice-President Arthur was at Newport Mrs. Stevens decided to dine him with the splendor of kings. The world and his wife were at the Casino for the concert given in his honor, and Mrs. Stevens stationed herself at the entrance doors, a little in advance of the crowd, and invited everybody who came along to come and meet President Arthur at dinner on Thursday. This was before she had asked him. When this minor necessity occurred to her, it was found that the President had promised to break bread at the Willie Sloane's on that particular evening. Mrs. Stevens put off her dinner until Friday, and forgot to tell some of the people, who came at the appointed hour and found her half through an informal spread set for herself, one of the Shepherds and John Furman. There is always plenty to eat in the Paran-Stevens' pantry, and the unexpected were feasted with perfect grace by their undisturbed hostess.

* * *

On the following day the State dinner was half under way when it occurred to Mrs. Paran-Stevens to fly into a passion with her chef and order him to leave on the morrow. He preferred, however, to go that night, and he did, and carried the butler with him. The perennial young men were instantly summoned to the rescue and divided up into foraging parties. Mrs. Wille Vanderbilt was requested to lend a chef and two men and the ices were ordered from the caterer. Everything was hours late, and when President Arthur arrived on the stroke of the clock, Mrs. Paran-Stevens was running through the hall in her matinée, searching distractedly for her eye-glasses. She is as blind as a bat and in the shadow of a heroic bronze mistook him for Johnnie Furman, although the resemblance is not startling. "You don't expect food at this hour, you fool?" she demanded cheerfully, sprinting toward the stairs. "I haven't begun to put on my rouge! I suppose I'll be late," she continued from the second floors; "so don't you stir out of the drawing room. Somebody's got to receive the canaille!"

* * *

AT BURLINGAME, the Dimonds and one or two intimate friends who were asked down for the night, were almost the only people visible about the grounds on Wednesday. The place was utterly dead, the club house deserted, not a member in evidence, and only a flag or two fluttering in the breeze—and these, for the benefit of the skeptical, let me hasten to add, were American, not English. There was such an uncertainty concerning the chances for getting back and forth that a lot of Burlingame people who counted largely on enjoying themselves and entertaining their friends on the Burlingame tracks, fields and links, decided at the eleventh hour to join the social forces at San Rafael. Everybody is not so fortunate or so debonnair as Joe Tobin and his set, who have tooled four-in-hands over the intervening country ever since railroad travel between Burlingame and San Francisco was denied them. Up to the auspicious day, however, matters went on with a rush. Walter Hobart's return with the new "brutes" and the interesting array of "wheels" created quite a flutter at the Willieboy Farm, and there were, also, one or two interesting rallies before the nets in which Wilberforce came out with the laurel.

* * *

I HEAR that Peter Robinson will assume the responsibility of this year's Jinks at Guerneville Grove. Charley Yale was originally appointed to this place, but is more than likely to be called away at the fateful moment, and has resigned in favor of Robinson. His exuberant presence removed will leave a void, but there are no plaints over the transfer of the Sire's staff. Peter is an equally efficient High Priest of the Sacred Bird, and the Midsummer festival is fully expected to be all that is unique and interesting. The Sylvan spirit will reign supreme and it is proudly promised by Mr. Robertson's supporters, in a splendor unsurpassed by the previous efforts of earlier Sires, and at about half the cost to the Club. Last year's Jinks were among the most expensive on the records of Bohemia and much confidence is reposed in Mr. Robertson's talent for uniting economy and effect. He belongs to the earlier school of Bohemians who knew how to woo the spirit of the Redwoods without the aid of electrical appurtenances.

* * *

THE COLLIERS spent the Fourth quietly at their place at Clear Lake, which is lovely enough to content them for the entire Summer. They have entertained all through the earlier part of the season. One or two people have been with them from the first, and Miss Tillie Lawler and Allan Bowie were added to the circle on the Fourth. The Delmas family has had the usual houseful at Saucelito, with water parties innumerable, and their sojourn on the Marin County shore will do much toward the brightening of Richardson's Bay. Both the Delmas girls pull a good oar, and swim like Nixies, and their particular following includes men who go in enthusiasticly for this sort of sport. I hear that a number of privileged Saucelito people row over to the Belvedere Beach now to bathe. The water is warmer on that side of the bay, and the coves are more sheltered, alike from impertinent winds and curious eyes.

* * *

SAUCELITO IS distinctly popular again this season. There was a moment in social history when the little wind-blown, fog-swept heights promised to be the Tuxedo of the Pacific Slope, and a number of people ambitious to figure in such an exclusive community rushed to build and to buy. But the fatal proximity to town encouraged the Sunday picknicker and the beer artist and the little town below the big residences became too much a way station on the road to points which lie beyond. Saucelito will always be attractive, and at intervals, like the present, popular. It is essentially fitted by Nature and propinquity to business centers for the dwelling-place of men—single men and Englishmen, bien entendu. But it will never be really fashionable. The yachts are faithful to its sheltered little shore, and to the activity of the yacht club members, who belong to the smart set, Saucelito owes its present little ripple of esteem. Ed Hopkins steams the El Primero all over the bay and up and down the coast with a freight of fashionable people, and on Saturday carried a crowd of men down to Redwood to stop over until Monday. The Frolic is also active and hospitable, and one or two rather swell breakfasts have lent a swagger expression to the clubhouse dining-room during the past week.

* * *

The efforts to establish anything in the exclusive order of Lenox or Tuexdo on the bay, have not been crowned with glittering success. The same reasons which interfered at Saucelito did not certainly extend to Belvedere, yet the result is, in a way, the same. Belvedere has the superior advantage of an almost unrivalled privacy. It is cut off and set aside from the mainland, removed from the direct line of travel, perfectly protected and ideally situated. A swagger club might be maintained at Belvedere, with every sort of diversion ready at its

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

doors and its greenwood and its stretch of beach offer a combination, scenic and suggestive, which is, absolutely, not to be found elsewhere on the coast. But the swagger club was never organized, and exclusively situated Belvedere has no more claims to social distinction than democratically placed little Saucelito, Either society was too slow to buy, or the Belvedere Company too quick to sell. An irreproachable lot of people gathered under their vines and fig trees on the charming little island, but they make absolutely no pretension to represent the rank of Mr. Greenaway's 150 or the file of Mr. Stoke's 90.

* * *

COMPARATIVE CALM prevailed at the Hotel Rafael, as the night of the Glorious Fourth merged into morning. This has usually been the signal hour for fun that is riotous among the members of the privileged sex. I remember last year the revels, celebrated in the "Tower Room", which were perpetrated with a passionate impetuosity, and nearly resulted in pistols and accompanying coffee for two of the participants. Then, there was the year before this, a playful spirit abroad by night, who sent forty dollars worth of billiard balls through a plate glass window to carom gaily against the pillars of the porch. Nor has any one had time to forget the stimulating example of snobbishness offered by a son of the bonded rich, who swept sixty glasses from the hotel bar with the tip of his Willieboy stick, because he did not favor the brand with which they were filled, called loudly for "better stuff," and amidst the plaudits of slavish satellites, delicately announced that he was "rich enough to stand the smash."

* * *

Miss Miriam Moore is accredited with the triumph of the prettiest hat seen, so far, at San Rafael. It is a wide, yellowish Leghorn, low of crown and broad of brim, wound about with a scarf of chiffon or some lovely crumpled yellow stuff, which only a perfect skin would dare, and smartly adorned with stiff black velvet bows and a single yellow rose. Miss Crocker yields to the fashionable pink, and has it largely distributed over her gowns and hats. Miss Butler has appeared in several smart pink frocks, aud Miss Ethel Murphy also goes in largely for the modish shade of rose.

* * *

THE HOFFMANS, homeward bound from a visit to Ogden Hoffman at the Anaconda Mine, and a number of well-known people coming Overland to San Francisco, were detained at Sacramento by the railroad agitation and came down by river, a large and jovial crowd. There were plenty of young people among them—Miss Hoffman, Miss Mildred Maddox and her brother Knox Maddox, home for his first holiday from Yale, Arthur Pilsbry and young Avery, who also goes to Yale this year. Their party was so large as to monopolize most of the steamboat accommodation and they had the decks and saloons, practically, to themselves. The opportunity was not to be ignored and in the spirit of the French Court, which danced while the populace hungered for its head, these members of a set removed from strikes and strifes, turned their mishap into merriment and sang from Sacramento to San Francisco. The people who responded to invitations to the Navy Ball were equally entertained during an enforced delay at the yard. The elasticity of navy hospitality is proverbial and the twenty men and maids who were detained on the Island, two days after the evening of the dance, were lunched and teaed and dined and driven and generally made much of by the "Buttons."

Moore's Poison Oak Remedy Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. Sold by all Druggists

The ball was a stunning affair. The music what one always gets at the Yard—namely, the best one could ask anywhere, and the decorations, magnificently military as usual, were artistically intermingled with the ever fashionable sweet peas of the season, and masses of the beautiful roses for which Mare Island is famed.

* * *

TIME, weariness and experience, are heavy handed and have not passed over the head of Mrs. James Brown Potter without marking their transit. In its physical aspect her face has altered; the round curves are gone and there are lines where bloom was previously. But she has gained expression and mobility, and that charm of manner which was ever the most significant of her endowments has been deepened by a certain subtle resignation quite often the price of attainment. She will appear to us on Monday no longer as a species of glorified amateur whose social idiosyncracies had conferred on her an unearned notoriety, but as an actress of unusual versatility and training. In the Eastern world where she has played so long, the opportunity of portraying many roles under the tuition of an histrion so accurate in his perceptions and intuitions as Mr. Bellew, has been taken advantage of. She has played the entire range of Shaksperean heroines from Lady Macbeth to Juliet, and while she has not developed the passionate intensity of a Clara Morris, nor yet the dramatic picturesqueness of Fanny Davenport, she has made for herself an individuality quite distinct—a charm, subtle, graceful and refined, that will enchain a section of her audience and that the most intellectual—although it may not win the plaudits of the gallery.

* * *

In their tour through India and the English Colonies generally Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew have made not only innumerable friends but much money. The experience of those who have gone through the Orient is made up of a series of disasters or a succession of triumphs. Fortunately, it proved the latter in this instance and the rewards are generous. Leaving Yokohama they disbanded the company that had gone so far with them and in San Francisco they open with a new combination which accompanies them through the States. The extent of their tour is to some degree dependent, I am told, on the reception given them here. The play Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew open in is distinctly of the modern type. The drama is psychological rather than physical in its expression and the effect is inferential rather than positive. The attention of the onlookers is not diverted by any play of fine scenery, for the background lends only the aid of its simplicity and the actors are dependent on their art. We will have the chance Monday night of seeing how the opportunity is taken advantage of.

* * *

THE GLORY of Oakland entertainments of the week was perceptibly dimmed by the spirit of uncertainty which sits astride the Oakland tracks. Many of the people bidden to the Morgan tea were afraid to cross the bay from San Francisco, or even to forsake the shelter of their Oakland homes. Trains might be stopped at any station, and one does not care to go out for high tea and find oneself forced to stay over for breakfast. Mrs. Morgan is known to be the most hospitable of hostesses and a châtlaine equal to any social emergency but a hundred or more homeless society people, unexpectedly planted on her hearthstone, might have proved embarrassing. On the whole, a scantily attended tea was preferable, if a trifle disappointing.

After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

* * *

Miss Chabot's luncheon suffered proportionately, and an exclusive gathering of Oakland beauty suggested earlier days when hostility reigned between the ranks of Oakland and San Francisco belles. It was a charming luncheon, perfectly served and a matter of fine mauve tints throughout. Naturally the conversation ran in the unaccustomed channels of labor, capital, monopolies, leagues, and the rights of the working class—all subjects which absorbed the mind of New York's emancipated butterflies for a season and a half, but which Miss Chabot has, even if undesignedly, been the first to introduce at a swagger girl's luncheon in California.

* * *

Miss Archibald asked enough Oakland people to fill six tables at her card party and the agitation of the hour did not in any way interfere with the interest in the progressive game. Competition was keen and prizes unique. Otherwise, I hear of little that is socially interesting across the bay. One engagement, indeed—that of Miss Stevens of Fruitvale and the Rev. Henry D. Lathrop of the Church of the Advent—the time of the ceremony not, as yet, given to the world.

* * *

THE SUMMER HEGIRA from Oakland began just before the Fourth and, I fancy, under existing circumstances, those who are away from home are properly and piously thankful. The family of Dr. McLean went into camp somewh ere near Shasta earlier in the season, and the Hincks have just joined them. Mrs. Charles Palmer and Miss Palmer are at Summit Soda Springs. The Millers have gone down to Del Monte, and Toby Allen and Burbank Somers are also at Monterey. The McKees are at Castle Crag, en famille, and the Tom and Will Magees and Walter Magee are registered at the Hotel Rafael.

* * *

IN THE MOST gorgeous of white brocades becomingly fashioned and perfectly fitted by Baer, I think, and veiled in countless yards of the family Duchesse, Miss Kirkham was quietly married on Monday evening. The family is still in deep mourning, and only the very intimate friends, including the Prathers, Pendletons, Walls, Halladays, Heaths, Rogers, McElraiths and McClures—were asked to the ceremony. Bishop Nichols officiated, assisted by the Rev. W. J. Ackley, and a handsome supper was served by Ludwig. The house was smothered in sweet peas, all in the distinctly fashionable shades of pink, and as the bride passed through the door to her carriages a garland of sweet peas was thrown about her neck and rose leaves scattered over her in place of the usual luck-shower of unlovely rice. A decidedly charming innovation, it strkes my fancy, artistic and suggestive to a degree.

* * *

THE NECESSITIES of a party are above the inclinations of the individual. Granting that, it is highly probable Justice Temple will be persuaded into the forthcoming battle. He has always been a Democrat, and if the Democracy requires him for victory, would it not be ungracious to refuse. Throughout the State his candidacy is expected as the solution

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

of a great difficulty, and however he may consult his personal desires, the call he has had is almost equivalent to a command. I have little doubt but that he will receive the nomination of the forthcoming convention, and if he then refuses, it will be time to look for another. In connection with the subject, some rather interesting legal complications have been discovered by the technically imaginative. Itis not so long ago that Justice Temple was elected to the Supreme Bench for a long term. There is a clause in the Constitution which forbids members of the Superior or Supreme benches aspiring to any other save a judicial office during the term for which they were elected. After serving for a brief period Temple resigned office, went back to Santa Rosa, and subsequently was appointed Commissioner. That position carries no constitutional disability, as the more important post does, so there is just the bare shadow of a question whether the responsibility of the provision is terminated by the resignation.

* * *

Though a curious combination of circumstances resulted in the apparent supremacy of Max Popper the other night, his sway is no longer potential in the party. While it cannot be said he has committed any especial errors, his incumbency has not been helpful to the party. No one questions his honesty or the excellence of his intentions, but about his administration there has been no redeeming suggestiveness, no defined policy pushed on to definite conclusion. In fact the organization of the Democracy is rather chaotic, and within its ranks there wages a warfare which is none the less bitter, if few echoes of it reach the public. Between Popper and County Clerk Haley a combination has been formed, with the *Examiner*, as its exponent. On the other side are Welborn, McNab, McEnerney and all the young, active and brainy members of the party. Of the authority of Popper they have grown impatient, and there is betrayed a tendency to find some other leader. This contest explains the cries of "Buckleyism" that have come so stridently from the *Examiner* of late. That accusation is the weapon Max and his friends purpose to overwhelm the opposing forces with. However, the Monarch has been too little of a party organ to have supreme influence, and there is so little basis for the assumption that no one has paid particular attention. Then subsequent denials and recriminations have completely broken the force of Max's virulent statements, and they appear obviously for what they are.

* * *

In the meantime the procedure of certain delegations of Democrats, who in the guise of messengers of State, have been approaching this man or the other, offering important nominations as though they had official authorization therefor, should be reprehended. Doubtless it is generous of them to devote to what they imagine are the interests of the party their valuable time, but it will provoke trouble if not curbed. The manner in which certain eminent nonenties have been receiving respectful requests to run for this office and the other would be amusing if it did not savor of disorganization, and the sooner some strong hand intervenes the better.

* * *

CONVENTIONALITY in these days is so decidedly at a discount that whosoever desires prominence must develope an eccentricity. Originality is no longer a positive enough quality to insure prominence—nothing short of peculiarity is really attentively regarded. As some one has phrased this latter-day point of view—be odd if you would be eminent. In the person of Henry Bigelow the *Examiner* has an individuality infinitely endowed with corners and angles. Not that he is devoid of suavity for his winning ways are inimitably seductive. With him it is always the unexpected that happens or rather he is so happily out of the ordinary that whatever he does and even the manner of it is tinged with peculiarity. He is original in spite of himself. Since his last exploit which was something in the nature of hunting The Kid through the fastnesses of New Mexico, Mr. Bigelow has been content to draw interest on the fame of former achievements. He has abstained from being extraordinary—at least in a public way. He is on the verge of another excursion however which will surely coerce all his previous exploits into obscurity—with but thirty cents in his pocket accompanied by a comb, his clothes and his wits, he is to sally into the wide world, or rather the California world, his immediate destination the next station and his ultimate stopping place New Orleans. In other words Mr. Bigelow has been started out by the Sunday editor to travel from San Francisco to the Crescent city with the capital of a quarter and a nickel just to see how far that sum will carry him.

* * *

For an individual less resourceful than we all know Pete to be, the task might present difficulties hard to surmount, but who could resist that winning way he has—that captivating personality whose presence the outlaws even could not debar. I am persuaded Mr. Bigelow's trip will be a species of triumphal tour. Who knows but that delegations may meet him on the way, gatherings of well wishers bearing lunch baskets and hampers laden with the delicacies of the country. Above all other things I am sure Mr. Bigelow will see to it that his narrative lacks none of those episodes that are expected in a trip of the kind, even through his journey may be as uneventful as a ride in a street car. The adequacy of his imagination is beyond question.

* * *

THOSE OF US who read Mr. Hearst's paper will have no reason to regret Arthur McEwen's return there. He has full editorial sway now, and will, as I understand it, have considerable say in shaping the policy of the paper. It is customary in certain branches of journalism to credit McEwen with a species of insensibility to the ordinary conservative attitude and this, together with occasional bold and radical utterances of opinions generally shared but seldom expressed, have earned him the reputation of a journalistic Don Quixote. While those who read his articles admit the sanity and logic of his reasoning, his common sense is just a degree too positive to suit that typical exponent of conservatism—the Front-street merchant. That his intellect quite often carries him to extremes is true, but his point of view is almost as accurate as it is striking, and in shaping a course he is far more liable to be right than men who shelter their absence of ideas beneath the cloak of stability.

* * *

Since the *Letter* ceased from troubling, McEwen has been at Cazadero, recuperating. Not because he lost time, patience or tissue over that remarkable journalistic production, for he ceased its publication before the large surplus its initial success had gathered, commenced to dwindle. He desired a basis of rest to begin work anew on, and he felt the right to a holiday. Already the power of literary expression that is so strikingly his, begins to stand out from the Monarch's editorial columns, and I am persuaded under his regimé it will not be easy to accuse the *Examiner* of indecision on vital questions.

* * *

A TENDENCY to underestimate the political quality of Col. Dan. Burns' Republican ticket is quite prevalent in certain quarters. It takes the form of questioning the advisability of such nominations as that of Major Millard for Lieutenant-Governor, of Justice Torrance, of L. H. Brown and others. Of course, I use the title "Major" advisedly. Personally, I have long been convinced that the Colonel possessed far more foresight than his enemies cared to admit, though I will confess being mystified by his selection of so apparently unimportant a personage as Major Millard for so exalted a place. Of course, geography explains more things than logic, but considering the wealth of available material, it seemed curious, this exaltation of a third-rate lawyer, who had never previously been heard about. Quite recently, however, the problem was made clear to me, and now I am in a better position to appreciate the autocrat's intellectuality. Shortly after the choice of the convention made his the second name on the ticket of the Republican party, Major Millard confided to a friend of mine in words like these:

"Pretty good thing they gave me that nomination. D'ye know I'd about made up my mind to go home to Kansas."

* * *

It may be explained that Colonel Millard is what they call in the South a Pioneer of '89. Like his predecessors of the initial occupation, he came here across the plains, but the trip was made in a palace car. Doubtless he was favorably impressed with the characteristics and society of the Southern metropolis, seeing he abstained from incursions into the region above Tehachapai. Indeed, I am told his excursion to the Convention revealed to his ambitious eyes for the first time, the fertile stretches of the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys. However, California wants, above all things, population, and doubtless the intention of Major Millard to go "home" unless he obtained political distinction in the State of his adoption induced Colonel Burns to confer the nomination. We cannot afford to have our politicians going "home to Kansas" or elsewhere, and I congratulate the Republican autocrat on having preserved us all from the loss of "Major" Millard.

* * *

A MILLION dollars and a reputation for wit grow in spite of themselves. There is Judge Greene of Alameda, for instance. Some seasons ago this eminent jurist was found guilty of a witticism, and since then it has become customary to credit any neat hit or smart repartee to this celebrity. Unlike Chauncey Depew, who never denies the authenticity of these vicarious *bon mots*, Judge Greene is kept constantly disclaiming his own cleverness, but this tendency, even by his intimates, is attributed to modesty rather than conscience. On highly valuable authority I am informed that the following passage at arms did really occur, and considering the personages involved it does not sound impossible. A case of considerable unimportance was being tried before Judge Greene by Charles F. Hanlon, who is himself not without celebrity. According to the Court method he has discovered for himself, he advocated the cause of his client as though his own, or said client's life depended on the

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degree of energy infused into the pleadings. When you know Mr. Hanlon it becomes unnecessary to accept his vocal register for all it might imply, but Judge Greene not being that fortunate took his fierceness seriously, and in answer to a violently urged objection said:

"Why, Mr. Hanlon, that is simply idiotic."

* * *

Being a gentleman of considerable personal courage, ready to resent any implication on the balance of his mentality, Mr. Hanlon asked menacingly:

"Does Your Honor mean to call me an idiot?"

"That question, sir, is not on trial before this Court?"

I am inclined to think Mr. Hanlon had the worst of it.

* * *

TO DENY the joys and all the blissful attributes of matrimony is so far from my intention that I will cheerfully concede marriage under proper conditions to be a source of unending delight. There are circumstances in connection with certain unions, however, that rather detract from their romance, though that is a property which, I am told, disappears soon enough, even in admirably regulated households. While many men have concerned themselves over the errors of what is called single blessedness, few have given appropriate consideration to the sin of premature matrimony. It is one of those offences difficult to recover from, which ties the sinning twain to discomfort—it may be ruin. This is anent the unfortunate stress which several times a day, separates a very loving young couple from each others arms, to minister to the mere vulgar necessities of their physical being. The conditions of their marriage I am hardly familiar with, but it is sufficient to say the affair was a surprise to their friends and was, moreover, regarded as exceedingly unwise because of the absence of coin on either side of the transaction. However, before the advice of anyone had been invited, the fatal step had been taken and it behooved the parents and the young people to face the situation.

* * *

She was the last girl his parents would have chosen for him, and he while, eligible enough inferentially, was totally inadequate in so far as the possession of an income goes, to support the maiden of his choosing. To his home he could not take her; to her's his tastes and aspirations refused to take him. They solved the dilemma by taking an apartment which is their home and at meal times separating for the residences of their respective parents. Arising in comparatively good time of a morning, they accompany each other a block or so while he goes to the house of his Pa., and she to the domicile of her Ma. At lunch and for dinner it is the same, though I believe both pray earnestly for a windfall or a change of luck that will enable them both to live and eat under the same vine and fig tree. It may be assumed now that both are a bit sorry they accepted one another so readily.

* * *

FROM THE superfluity of available legal talent surely President Cleveland will find no difficulty in selecting a jurist for the Ninth Circuit. On motion of Senator Dolph, I believe, the Senate created this last circuit, and though the House has not confirmed the motion there is little doubt but that it will do so in short order. It is conceded by the apparently well informed that the post will go to California and that is why, perhaps, there has been so rapid a development of aspirants. The salary is $6 000 a year, I believe, and as the incumbent is a member of the U. S. Court of Appeals, entitled to wear a gown and other accessories, the eminence is worth attaining. So far, I am told of three prominent candidates—Judge W. T. Wallace, of the Superior Court, Judge Ross of the U. S. District Court of Southern California and Warren Olney of this city. Mr. Olney has so long practiced at the Bar here that his capacity is quite familiar. He is a relative of the Attorney-General and on that account, doubtless, entitled to consideration. The candidacy of Judge Ross has the support of Senator White—quite a reliable factor inasmuch as his advocacy secured McCoppin the Postmastership in the face of Maguire's ardent opposition.

* * *

It is not suggested that White loves Ross more than some others but his promotion would make a vacancy which the Democratic Senator would be entitled to fill from the ranks of his friends. Undoubtedly Judge Wallace will take the support of the rank and file of the party and of many of its most influential members, but doubtless his innumerable enemies will endeavor to forestall his ambitions as they have done in the past. Intellectually, he is undoubtedly the peer of any man at the Bar, but I suppose the usual influences will determine the selection.

* * *

I HEARD of something diverting which occurred, last week, at the house of one of the set recently betrothed. The engaged girl was occupied in the manufacture of that fascinating little detail of feminine attire which gave the English throne its significant motto. With the privilege accorded by long intimacy with the household, there entered unannounced, a certain clever youth who enjoys the particular and pronounced favor of all the buds and is, probably, the most popular of the younger men about town.

"Honi Soit," he said, airily waving away any possible embarassment "Aren't they dear things! I wonder if I could make one!"

"You might try" she said, throwing him a spool of yellow silk and indicating needles.

He was enchanted.

"It is easier for a camel to get to Heaven than for a man to thread a needle" he observed piously, prodding the silk elastic. But he got bravely under way without a thimble, sans le dire, and with his tongue hanging out after the habit of masculinity under that of mental strain.

Of course the girl was infinitely entertained and so were other members of her family who caught the ambitious youth, red-handed, in a violent struggle with yellow bows and a silver buckle. But I understand the general enthusiasm was not shared by the fiancé.

* * *

I HEAR THAT Henry Guy Carleton, wearied by a hard season of dramatic work, has gone off to pass the long Eastern summer at some quiet resort beside the sounding sea. I think 'Sconset Beach, on Nantucket Island, is the place but I am by no means as sure of this as I am of the fact that Mrs. Henry Guy Carleton means to pass the long Eastern Summer with him. If she really spends as much time with her husband as this, she will accomplish more than all the previous Mrs. Henry Guys found it possible to do. But then, everybody agrees that the last matrimonial venture of this much-married man has been, so far, eminently successful. Mrs. Carleton is clever and agreeable and is merely entertained by the eccentricities of genius. Moreover, she has her own profession in which she is sufficiently interested to understand the claims of a kindred calling in her husband. The world is agreed, now, I believe, that nearly all the unhappiness of Carleton's several married lives, were due primarily, to his eccentric temper and secondly to that absorption in his work which carried him into his study at all hours and kept him there, indifferent to everything else, for days at a time.

* * *

As for Carleton, he speaks gaily of his past troubles when he alludes to them at all—although the various divorced wives who look to him for support must prove something of a drain on his resources. The other day, at the Waldorf Café, Tom Ochiltree was discussing hotel life with a crowd of clubmen.

"This is a good place to live" he said, turning to Carleton who joined the group. "Don't you think so?"

The Waldorf is probably the most expensive hotel in New York and Carleton shook his head dubiously.

"I mean, of course, for a man who has about ten thousand a year" urged Ochiltree. "I suppose a fellow could be comfortable here, on ten thou' a year!"

"Nun—nun—no, he cuc—cuc—couldn't" stuttered Carleton, with his evil little grin "Nun—nun—not and pup—pup—pup—pay his alimony!"

* * *

WITH SOME DEGREE of regret I am called on to reveal a bit of information that came recently to me from what seems an authoritative source. It concerns no less eminent a possibility than Morris M. Estee, the People's Choice for Governor, as enunciated by Dan Burns. The care and consideration for the purposes of the A. P. A., that the managers of the Republican party have so prominently evinced, bid me to believe that Mr. Estee was a *persona grata* in the eyes of that organization. It is asserted, with some degree of hastiness indeed, that he had subscribed to the constitution and by-laws, and had expressed sentiments which seemed to endorse all its aims and endeavors. Strange it should now transpire that he is not favorably regarded by the Grand Council of the A. P. A.—not only that, but at Sacramento this aversion was expressed to the Powers. Though no one questions his Americanism, there are serious doubts of his hatred of Popery and all that pertains thereto.

* * *

What is worse, it seems a rigid inquiry has developed the fact that Mr. Estee, years ago, committed in the eyes of the new organization, an unpardonable crime. He married a Miss Devine of San José, a Catholic. The partner of the candidate's joys and sorrows is a Spanish Catholic, and for that reason, perhaps, less dangerous than a Hibernian Romanist. Still, in the condition of feeling that prevails in San Francisco and in certain parts of the south and the interior, I fear this fact will draw votes from Mr. Estee. Who knows what malign influence Mrs. Estee might exert upon her Morris that would detract from the freedom of our institutions. It is difficult at this stage, now that the convention has adjourned, to suggest a remedy, and it is hard to see how the candidate may repair the error of his ways. The consideration, however, is an important one.

* * *

KEITH has been engaged on landscapes for so long that his possibilities as a painter of portraits has been overlooked. The command of color and the skill he has acquired in working out subtle effects of light and sky he pro-

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posses now to use in depicting heads and faces. Two or three portraits are at present on his easel, one of Irving M. Scott, which will make a strong study of a strong face, another of a bright young Berkeley man, which is a decided advance on the artist's older portraits, both for finish and effect. The features of a prominent lawyer and of a young doctor begin to stand out from other canvasses. The later landscape work exhibits how Keith has perfected his studies on color. These new pictures are full of a poetic charm, a twilight softness, which is the perfect translation of a mood of nature. The coloring is full of depth and beauty. In his studio is the best work Keith has ever done, and those who have the privilege of an entrèe there should certainly avail themselves of it.

* * *

SOLLY WALTER divides his time just now between Charlie Josselyn's ranch, and his studio on O'Farrell street. He has a charming little corner of his own, up under the sky, in the Kohler and Chase building, where he holds his classes for sketching from life and pen and ink and half tone illustration, entertains his friends and maintains the characteristic ménage of the artist. A lot of clever sketches, many by Walter himself, others signed by various men with talent in the tips of their fingers, are huddled together along the walls, with that reckless disregard of juxtaposition which can only be ventured on by the artist; several superb bits of drapery warm the chill of conventional plaster and modern wood, a huge seine sprawls over the ceiling, a suggestive little buffet graces a convenient corner and into another is pushed a wide divan, luxurious enough to couch a Turk. I was diverted to notice that "Miss Sally Walter" received honorable mention for "her" work in the *Overland Magazine*, which was exhibited at Chicago, and that several competent judges had decided that "Sally was an honor to her sex."

* * *

The feeling among artists concerning the jury awards has crystalized in a comprehensive sentiment. Those of the brotherhood to whom awards have been made, fiercely resent the suggested necessity for a revision, and the disappointed ones are of course howling for it. In case the motion is carried, there is no manner of doubt, albeit much discussion, concerning Isabella's chances for a gold medal. Arthur Matthews, slated for red, red gold, may get silver instead, and Yelland and Miss McCormack, who needless to say, cherish also golden dreams, sustain a second disappointment. I understand that Stafford, Count Vermont and George Hall sit up by night, in gloomy concourse, to count the Medals they rashly coined, while Wm. Greer Harrison, Horace Platt, Raphael Weill and De Jungs—whose sole idea in settling awards was the further glorification of Miss Hosmer—are mutually congratulatory over their early resignation from the much criticised committee.

* * *

A CERTAIN young gentleman of ancestry and fashion, whose summer headquarters are at the Hotel Rafael, has developed of late a tendency which his friends regard with mingled fear and regret. Forgetting the etiquette observed among men taking drinks, he permits himself without invitation to join groups engaged refreshing themselves in the club house. Considering everything, it has become a bit painful to hear that ornate accent of his raised above the ordinary clamor of comment, saying languidly—"Ah, yes, but we have the horses, too, you know." Then he has drifted in on an intimate gathering, and will assist them in swallowing a cocktail or a liquor, as the case may be. What is worse, perhaps, he is not too proud to take up a stand in the immediate environment of a party of drinkers, and in due course accepts a reluctant command to "won't you join us?" However, this is all apropos of a neat remark credited to Mr. Peterson, who represents the interests here of Baron Von Schroeder. The conversation had turned on wine, favorite hounds, vintages, etc., and some one asked, "What champagne does Mr. Loandso drink?" mentioning the individual to whom I have alluded. "Whatever his friend calls for," returned Peterson.

* * *

Miss Emma Wolf, the young San Francisco girl whose novel, *A Prodigal in Love*, Harpers have just published, goes but little in society, and expends all her time and thought on literary labors. The scene of her story is set in San Francisco, but there is little enough local color, the best backgrounds for her situations being the furniture of her heroine's home. This is not Miss Wolf's initial effort. She wrote another book called *Other Things Being Equal*, some time ago, but the style and handling of the new tale shows a distinct advance. She has also written some short stories for the *Argonaut*.

* * *

THE INTERESTING monarch of gossip being ruminated over by the politicians, has elements of probability, doubtless, though in influential quarters it has met denial. It is asserted that the withdrawal of M. H. de Young from the Senatorial contest was merely a temporary move to adjust his claims to office in a new peg. No one who is acquainted with the composition of the Republican Leaders' cabinet, doubts its defenselessness in the face of a bold attack. Once its elements are rigorously exposed, as might easily be done, there would be nothing for the creation but instant disintegration. Its strength is the secrecy of its maneuvers. When the *Chronicle* devoted two columns to displaying the relations between Colonel Burns and his background, the fate of candidate Estee trembled in the balance. If the impression of opposition had gone out to the country, the fabric of bluff on which Burns' pretentions were reared, must have collapsed like a card house. But there occurred a conference between the Colonel and the General, with the consequent conversion of the De Young organ to its positive mildness. Now the medium of political exchange is office, and the illuminati have it that the Propitiated One sold his amenity at a high figure. For certain of his friends he asked nominations, for himself he requested aid for his Senatorial aspirations.

* * *

It is time that all his friends should return happy, but unalloyed bliss is rare in California. At least no other aspirant received endorsement for the Senate, and so far Mr. de Young has nothing to complain of. But the announcement of his ambition will undoubtedly provoke the opposition of Deacon Fitch's journalistic team, and draw disconcerting fusilades from the *Examiner*. He knows this, and so doubtless does Colonel Burns, but the palm is worth trying for, and the aspirant, like all really great men, is difficult to discourage. Perhaps he may execute his plan of an excursion to Europe, for his lieutenants must realize his individuality is far less potent than his personality, and his candidacy from a distance would be more formidable than under his own direction. Whether he goes to Washington or not, the renewal of his aspiration marks a curious turn of the political wheel. It would be interesting to know if Mr. de Young, now that the Fair has come to a glorious conclusion, intends measures of reprisal against his Democratic contemporary. How interesting a journalistic contest might be made if either side threw away the scabbard.

* * *

THE ILL-WIND of the strike has blown prosperity to the evening papers. They have sold thousands of extra copies every day and their frantic headlines have been hysterical enough to satisfy the sensational cravings of the most morbid. Even the staid old *Bulletin* has entered the "extra" field and its exhibit of large black lettering, leaves the newsboys nothing to desire. Rather amusing it is to follow the rivalry of the *Post* and *Report*, who are racing each other as to which shall be out with the news first. Mr. Hume scored the greatest triumph by his issue of a paper last Sunday afternoon. He had the field entirely to himself. Some thirty thousand copies were sold, before the stock of paper on hand was exhausted. But the *Post* has editorialized very sensibly and justly against the strike and rumor alleges a maneuver, engineered by rivals, to have labor organizations boycott the paper. This has been the fate of the Los Angeles *Times*, whose circulation has fallen and whose advertisements have dwindled because of its advocacy of the railroad side. However, the *Post's* antagonism has not been virulent and it would surely make its reputation among business men if the unions were to declare against it.

* * *

There has been a large amount of excellent journalistic work done by the big dailies. While the *Examiner* has had innumerable columns and all the details, the *Chronicle's* news has been charily written, is less prolix and more lurid than that of its contemporaries. The summary of the situation conveys the impression of the actual condition of affairs and that it is what all of us really desire. One cannot but deplore the editorial attitude of all the dailies, for with the exception of the *Post*, they are engaged criticizing the railroad policy with a singular lack of logic and reason. Into the merits of that controversy Colonel Irish enters at considerable length in his department, so I will not infringe on it here. In the meantime, the turn in events has blotted out circulation injuries innumerable and the affidavit makers are ready for fresh exertions.

* * *

RATHER OVERESTIMATED politically, the advantages of an excellent record. No mat-

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ter how virulent the honesty of an individual, his fate is quite often determined by the caprice of some autocrat, whose sway is due to the possession of the organizing faculty. There is Assessor Siebe, for instance, whom Colonel Burns expects to turn down at the forthcoming Municipal Convention. The *Post* to the contrary, Mr. Siebe has executed the duties of his position with the degree of integrity his friends expected from him. One might urge that he deserves but little credit for manifesting the characteristic honesty of his temperament, but the history of past Assessors has led us to regard with calloused eye opportunities of personal enrichment taken fullest advantage of. Gentlemen arrogantly honorable have gone into this office ranchless and have emerged with broad acres. And the worst of it is that no one thinks for a moment of refusing the offer of their hands. Between the German and Colonel Burns the relations are quite strained, for the autocrat insists the Assessor worked against him, and failure to recognize his forthcoming greatness is one of the offenses he finds it hardest to pardon, so Mr. Siebe is not to go on the Republican ticket as candidate for Assessor.

* * *

Another whose fate has been definitely decided is Mayor Ellert, whom I understand the Colonel desires to see in control of a larger law business than that which now comes to the firm. For a variety of reasons the relations between Mayor and Boss are strained and it is said the Colonel will actually expend his hoard to prevent the Mayor returning officially to the City Hall. However, both Mr. Ellert and Mr. Siebe are disposed to give the Boss a tussle and will run as independent candidates under the Australian ballot law. Being positive men it is highly improbable either will be deterred from his intention and if neither is elected, I fear their candidacy will make that of the Colonel's nominees impossible.

* * *

THE TROUBLE between the Southern Pacific and the strikers, which has monopolized the attention of the public during the past week, has brought to light one absurd feature of our Federal System. All the communications which have been sent from the Northern District of California to Washington, have emanated from the brain of United States District Attorney Garter. Mr. Garter has advised this, that and the other. He has telegraphed to Washington that troops ought to be sent to one place and not to the next. The great and good Mr. Garter has received regular reports from Marshal Baldwin, while the latter has practically depended upon the mandates of this country attorney to guide all his actions. The peace of California practically depended upon the arbitrary ideas of this official as to what did or did not constitute good law.

* * *

Some years ago Garter was invited to address a large gathering of school teachers in Tehama County. No subject was chosen for him and it was generally thought that he would select a live intellectual topic, divorced as far as possible from politics. The whole range of human thought was practically open to the man. With inconceivable stupidity, however, he discoursed upon the benefits of "Chinese labor in the State of California." The lecture was unique in the history of political folly, and when Garter ran for Congress his views on the Celestial question were thrown at him with more vigor than politeness. By hanging on to the coat-tails of the late Senator Stanford this backwoods lawyer, who had been frowned on at the polls, managed to get the appointment of United States District Attorney. The office really does not amount to much, but it is bad enough when we have to put implicit confidence in those for whom we have voted, without being compelled to throw ourselves on the mercy of those to whom we have emphatically refused our suffrages. Surely the Governor of California, nominated in a public Convention and elected by popular vote, is the proper man to communicate with the President in regard to the prudence of ordering out the Federal troops. If the law does not read that way let it be amended. A small amount of Garter goes a long way.

* * *

WITH THE departure of the militia to Sacramento, the leading dry goods houses and ladies' furnishing establishments have been practically crippled. It is almost impossible to secure attendance for the ribbon counters, and the lace and hosiery departments have been abandoned until the return of the gentlemen who went to crush the horny handed strikers, and who effectually extinguished themselves by gallantly and heroically refusing to charge the rioters. Perhaps their conduct was all for the best, and the of't quoted passage referring to the shaping of ends by a good and kind Providence, is in this case very àpropos. Had they really charged the mob, and actually fired their weapons, there is no telling the damage they might have done themselves. The handling of fire arms is at all times a dangerous occupation. The bizarre use of loaded rifles by dilettante soldiers is frequently accompanied by the death of the unfortunate handler.

* * *

The preparation for battle was a weird performance by the dogs of war at the various armories and divison headquarters. Excitement ran to such a pitch, that the officers were in most cases unable to arrange their pistols. Many of them in moments of extreme forgetfulness buckled on their swords backwards, thus endangering the lives of all in their immediate vicinity every time they unsheathed their weapons. A prominent and soldierly appearing Lieutenant-Colonel wrestled with his revolver for half an hour in the vestibule of the Occidental Hotel. He tried it everyway but the right way. He couldn't for the life of him get the pistol on the outside of his belt, and his efforts to rest it on his hip were ludicrous in the extreme. At last, to the great relief of the frightened spectators, and to his own satisfaction, he jammed it into his pocket.

The Witness.

First Woman—I got a letter from you yesterday, but do you know, it is dated next week Wednesday.

Second Woman—Pshaw! John must have posted it the very day I gave it to him.—*Judge.*

He is a misguided youth who does everything his sweetheart asks him to do.—*Siftings.*

Women's clubs seem to be growing. The broomstick used to be large enough.—*Phila. Record.*

She—Why is it they speak of a man as a "strong" candidate? He doesn't have to lift anything, does he?

He—Er—not exactly; but his friends all expect him to carry the day.—*Buffalo Courier.*

"Dottie Dimple is going to be married in June."

"I thought it was to be September. Why has it been put forward?"

"Dottie says she's going to make sure of a cavalier for at least one Summer of her existence."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Polly.—Why do you dislike Harry Waters so? You used to like him.

Dolly.—Yes, I know; but the stupid thing keeps on sending me violets now, just because I told him in December that they were my favorite flowers. And here it's May!—*N. Y. Sun.*

Mrs. Van Brume—Have you signed the suffrage petition?

Mrs. Nue Voeriche—Yes, and I've also signed the anti-suffrage petition. I noticed that there seemed to be a little doubt as to which was the really aristocratic crowd; so I thought I'd make sure.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL.

San Francisco, July 7, 1894.

When King Debs took charge of this country he found the daily papers amongst his most subservient vassals. They took the ground that the King can do no wrong and stuck to it manfully.

People who don't take their thinking ready printed will have some wholesome thoughts which cannot see type at less than a dollar a line.

King Debs in the height and plenitude of his power announced that he could shut out of Chicago every pound of food and fuel and starve the city into submission to his demands. It will not do to hastily deny that he could do it. It is true that cities are starved into surrender only in war and as a military necessity, but it must not be forgotten that King Debs has not only civil authority. His royal right is martial as well, and he has the authority to invest an American city and reduce it by famine as a military measure.

Seriously, it will occur to every American citizen who is not a voiceless coward that the power claimed by Debs, no matter what the pretext for its exercise, is not to be left in his hands irresponsibly and independent of control.

When corporations appeared as a result of civilization, they were the means of aggregating the small capital of many into a sum large enough to do things impossible to one individual. Directed to railway building it was soon observed that corporate capital had the power to menace the public welfare and oppress the individual citizen. The common law of common carriers and the law of corporations were found insufficient to control these great aggregations of capital, and prevent their aggressions. Immediately State Legislatures, Congress and the courts began additions to the law of common carriers and of corporations, to hedge them about with limitations and subject them to control. Entirely new responsibilities were put upon them, until now corporate capital has a much narrower field and is much less independent than private capital. The law is strong enough to limit the profits of corporate capital. It dare not touch the profit of private capital. By joint action of the law and of their own necessities railroad corporations have to do many things now that they did not and were not compelled to do formerly. Watch a long freight train on the Southern Pacific, when King Debs permits one to run, and you see in it loaded cars from far New England, from Minnesota and divers distant points, stamped with the name and ownership of corporations that operate thousands of miles away, and are foreign to California. This is because the law makes it possible to load a car in Vermont for California and each road between departure and destination must haul this foreign car over its track and deliver it promptly to the consignee.

In the most elaborate detail courts and Legislatures have increased the burden of responsibility under which corporations shall perform their functions as common carriers, and the process still goes on. Nearly every State Legislature that meets in the United States and Congress itself at every session may be found considering further limitations to hedge in railway corporations.

But now a power has risen in the hands of King Debs, which claims the right never claimed by courts or Congress or Legislature, to prevent railroads exercising the functions of common carriers enforced upon them by the law. The law makes them liable for breach of contract. King Debs commands them to break their contracts under penalty of physical and financial destruction, and he boasts that he has the power of life and death in his hands to compel obedience, and can condemn millions to starvation if necessary thereto.

It is just as well to admit that his exercise of this power already seen, is evidence of its existence. Compared to it all corporate aggressions combined from the beginning, seem trifling. As these aggressions were disputed and curbed by law, the power of Debs must be curbed. He is at present responsible to no one, not even to the members of the American Railway Union. If they lose their places by obeying him, they have no recourse on him. If passengers in cars by his order left standing in the deserts at midnight die of starvation or suffer in mind, body or estate, they have no recourse on him. If a corporation do what he does legal recourse is at hand, but he is beyond the law. There is not in State or National legislation a syllable under which he can be reached. True, he may be arrested for conspiracy to be tried by an admiring jury and vindicated by acquittal!

It may seem too much to expect that just now any American politician will beard the King by proposing legal limitation of his power. But the natural course of events will correct this situation. Nature equalizes forces and rights wrongs by destruction only. When the common carriers and manufacturers and the other users of capital in the active industries of the country dare not make a contract because Debs may forbid its execution, capital withdraws from the country as fast as it can get away. The ranks of the idle lengthen as those of the employed shorten, and the King finds himself at last waving his sceptre over a land famine smitten, and in distress. Then the survivors take the King out and hang him and prosperity returns with freedom and security of contract.

The Stockton *Mail* is opposed to the "monopolizing of God's gifts," and starts in opposition to the business of the Standard Oil Company. Petroleum, considered as one of "God's gifts," was given to man chambered under ground. God did not give also a derrick and an auger and dig a well to bring the oil to the surface, nor establish a distillery to refine and fit it from its crude state so that man could use it. The Standard Oil Company does these things, and if it exact an improper profit it should be curbed and limited and made to do justice. To say that because petroleum is a natural product no one has a right to save it and fit it for human use and get paid for it is to utter an oily fancy.

The *Mail* plunges into a further generalization by saying:

"Equally the things essential to man's comfort that are in the earth concealed and which no man had a hand in creating or could create belong to no set of individuals by any right of discovery or prior occupation, but are the heritage of humanity descended from God."

Bread and wine and oil, every crop that grows and ripens, is concealed in the soil. The doctrine of common heritage applies to everything a farmer produces. Is he therefore a monopolist of the gifts of God when he takes the highest price he can get for his crop? By just such a combination as the Standard Oil Company the farmers can make food and clothing dear, if they choose. They have therefore the same power. It is not the use of a power that is alone dangerous, but the possession of it, preceding its use, since without possession the exercise is impossible. Suppose, then, we view with alarm and point with apprehension to the power of our friends, the ranchers, to monopolize the gifts of God in the fruitfulness and fertility of the soil, and demand that these, as "public utilities," be owned by the Government, to be administered for the benefit of the people!

The crude resources of Nature are within reach of all who choose to transmute them for human use. What would the *Mail* have? Does it want them used without transmutation? Then will every man be invited to chew a clod, knowing that it is an untransmuted Bartlett Pear, or sit down to breakfast on a platter of mud which contains an inchoate beefsteak, as a means of preventing monopoly of the Gifts of God.

The Greeks were a chaste nation according to the light of their time, which is all that can be reasonably expected of any people.

Yet they cultivated and developed the idea of beauty by studying Nature's most perfect work, in the human form. They built architecture around the column, and from pediment to capital it had the human body as its model and suggestion. The model we have still with us, but the idea of art formed upon it is still to be refreshed from the original source. The perfect human form is still to be seen and is to be studied with no thought except the refined idea of perfect beauty.

The newspapers are just now in a fleshly agony because Sandow, the perfect man, was made such a subject of study in San Francisco by women and others interested in art as were the Greeks. In behalf of our people we desire to say that like the Greeks they are full up to the standard of this age, which all men know is more exacting than in Greece in the

age of Pericles. The New York papers are indeed not advertising our inattention to propriety at all, but rather the nastiness of their own imaginations. No one need hesitate to say that the study which they decry excites coarseness only in minds already sodden with depravity. In normal intellects there is no disturbance of the morals. In the abnormal, as any one may learn by a study of medical jurisprudence, the faculties morally diseased are aroused unnaturally and are unnaturally gratified. To this class belong our critics.

What they criticize is in evidence of what has already been said in these pages, that California, by reason of her atmosphere and physical conditions, is to be the art center of the Continent. That New York is not to be, is proved by the claim that the study of beauty in Nature's highest developement moves her people to a violation of the Commandments.

On the 16th of February, 1893, the following paper was signed and published at Le Claire, Iowa, on the Mississippi river:

"At a meeting called for the purpose of entering into an agreement with Rapids pilots and the Brotherhood of Upper Mississippi Pilots, not to run over the rapids any steamer of any description which is piloted by any person who does not belong to a pilots association, and is at the time not a member in good standing of the Brotherhood, it was agreed on the part of the above pilots association to pay any pilot who so refuses to pilot any steamer not piloted by an association member, the price of his trip."

On May 24th, 1893, the steamer Ten Broeck was, under the foregoing, refused pilotage over the Le Claire rapids, because the captain was not a member of the Pilots' Union. The case was referred to Hon. John G. Carlise, Secretary of the Treasury, who requested of the Solicitor of the Treasury his opinion:

"Whether or not this argument of the pilots named therein is not a conspiracy to the hindrance of commerce! sufficient *per se* to warrant the suspension or revocation of the licenses of the pilots party to it."

On June 6th, 1893, the Solicitor of the Treasury, Mr. Reeve, filed his opinion that:

"The parties to the agreement in question have bound themselves, without good and sufficient reason in law, to disregard their duties in a given class of cases. In my opinion such an agreement is in effect a conspiracy; to refuse to serve as pilots thereunder must be considered to the hindrance of commerce, and renders the parties justly liable to suspension or dismissal by revocation of their licenses."

The Supervising Inspector was ordered to enforce this decision by revoking the pilots' licenses.

It will be observed that this decision covers all licensed engineers, masters and pilots on meandered streams and Federal waters, so far as punishment in advance of an overt act to carry out such a conspiracy is concerned, by revoking licenses. But the legal doctrine of the decision goes much farther. The agreement made without reason in law, and a conspiracy in hindrance with commerce, does not become so *because* the parties to it are licensed pilots, masters or engineers.

The Federal licenses are not conspirators, but the individuals are engaged in a criminal enterprise which neither takes or loses quality by reason of their official license, the revocation of which is merely the readiest means of punishment and prevention.

It will be seen that the legal principle involved goes to the quality of all agreements between organizations to tie up commerce by boycott or sympathetic strike, and is the beginning of the application of legal limitations to the power claimed by Debs to stop trade and starve the country into submission to any fantastic demand he may choose to make.

One has to be interested in the faith in temporary things shown by the people who are inviting Republicans to vote the Democratic ticket in 1894 because Estee voted for Greeley in 1872.

More Republicans will vote the Democratic ticket if the platform be a conservative statement of Democracy than can be moved by anything as ancient as the Greeley campaign.

It is entirely probable that that Mr. Estee's opponent will be a man who voted for Greeley also, and a somewhat personal and intimate acquaintance with the roads in 1872 induces the reflection that a Democrat had a slightly longer walk from his base to get to Greeley than a Republican had. Perhaps that is why Mr. Estee, Chauncey Depew, Charles Sumner, Senator Hiscock and so many others had wind and bottom left to walk back on.

If the orders of the Federal Department of Justice are carried out, it will be seen that the Government is not in partnership with anarchy, nor is it a vassal of King Debs. He graciously proposed to permit it to run its mails upon condition that nothing else moved. The orders of Attorney General Olney are such as would make the Government the ally of commerce, for it proposes to compel the moving of the mails on the usual trains, and to hold the railroads open for the passage of freight, and buckshot any one who tries to interfere. This is still a government of law and order, ruled by the will of the majority, and under this Administration it will not fraternize with King Debs.

The Stockton *Mail* is advised of a scheme to endorse the National Administration in the coming Democratic Convention. It discovered this in a recent editorial in The Wave, and being warned in time serves notices on the party that the Administration will be endorsed at its peril.

In this connection the *Mail* makes several remarks about Federal office holders. Of course, these form a pernicious class, justly outlawed and deserving of punishment. The editor of the *Mail* never held a Federal position and would hire a hack and run away from one, if it sought him. But what has that to do with the sheer party consistency and decency which dictate standing by the leadership it has created.

Does the *Mail* know of a victory won by a party that repudiated its chief, or an army that shot its general?

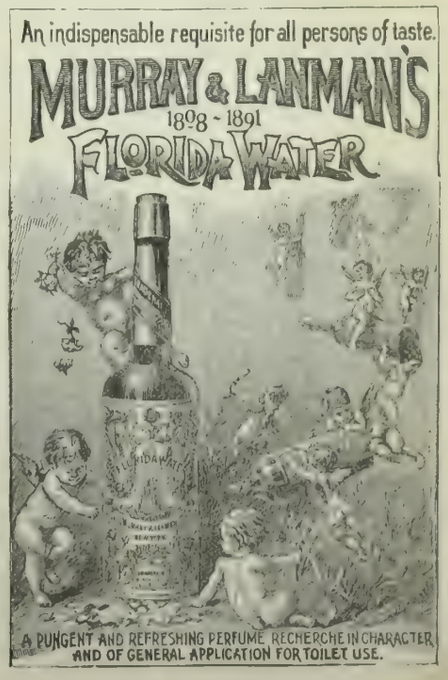
The *Mail* is daily advocating novelties in politics unknown to Democracy, and can hardly offer itself as a safe adviser of an organization most of whose principles it betrays in a very readable way.

Passengers on a regular train on the Rock Island road were held up at Blue Island, near Chicago, by order of King Debs. His men took charge of the town, suppressed its lawful authorities, and by their command, merchants and dealers were prevented from furnishing food and water to the suffering and innocent passengers. It is idle to falter with such work. Power used in that way without responsibility is criminally void. Demagogues may shout, and officers of the law may fraternize with the mob, but if there is not somewhere in our scheme of government force to punish such things, then we have no government, and might as well quit.

It is becoming plain that the boycott is an instrumentality to be used by men who individually are cowards and collectively are criminals.

Friends in Oregon report business brighter since the shadow of Pennoyer and the Populists passed away. The Democrats and Republicans who stood up together on their web feet, for civilization in that moist Commonwealth did well.

"No State shall pass a law to impair the obligation of a contract," so said the makers of the Federal Constitution, in that instrument. The Populists read to it this addition:—"But Debs may."



LIBRARY NOTES

The advance in style exhibited in the literature of the day, is most especially evident in late English fiction. One finds in the phrases of certain new writers a regard for the harmonious adjustment of words that the narrative of their predecessors lacked. It is due, doubtless, to the study of French models and the efforts made at reproducing in our own tongue the pastel form which is so popular with eminent French prose writers. I am not contending, of course, that among the rising generation are stylists with the perfect grace of Thackeray, or the refined eloquence of Newman or Arnold. The gain is not so positive in flexibility as it is in picturesqueness, color and poetic charm. The relations and blending of sentences form now a factor in phrase making rather than a fortuitous detail, and it is no longer considered effective to be jerky and inconsequent even though that type of writing may be glorified as staccato.

Two stories by English women have come to me recently whose style and manner of construction seem to illustrate my point. In both, the themes are drawn out beyond the absolute necessity of their treatment. There is an inclusion of detail which in the interest of symmetry might well have been omitted, but one finds feeling and some poetry in their pages and a felicity of expression that redeems them from the common place. *A Daughter of Music*, by G. Colmore, however exaggerated and unreal in point of plot and incident, is certainly an agreeable book to read. The heroine —a beauteous creature, whose face resembles the portrait of a woman by Leonardo Da Vinci, and expresses a strange blending of purity with the capacity for sin—is introduced in the midst of a bevy of working people, to whom she sings plaintive melodies. She is gifted with a remarkable talent for music, this Rhoda Wishelow, and it devolves on Anthony Dexter, a visitor to her home in the country, to play upon those unique sensibilities of hers, and develop the inspiration that is within her. He is a great composer, this Anthony, and beginning to love the girl, he begs her to marry him. There is another man in the case, however—Paul Garnet, who long has loved the beautiful Rhoda and who represents the principle of good as opposed to that of evil which Drexel may be identified with. With the power of his strong personality Paul combats the magic music of the composer, which seems to fascinate the girl in spite of her will. His is the victory, indeed, for he and Rhoda are quietly married, and Anthony goes out into the world to achieve fame. But he returns and in the absence of Paul, weaves enchanting harmonies on the organ, that take the girl out of herself, and off with him into the world goes Rhoda. Up to that point, and the description that follows of the illicit honeymoon in Venice, the story is admirable. But the decrescendo, wherein the two lovers grow tired and separate, and Paul finds Rhoda wandering in the streets of London, is rather slow, for there is a cumulation of punishment that saddens. The apparently complaisant husband not only curses his wife, but heaps on her indignities and reproaches too bitter to hear. Intensifying the misery, there comes in a child, the son of Anthony, who inherits the musical gifts of both his parents. Throughout, the key is highly tragic and the dramatis personæ take each other with intense seriousness. The charm lies entirely in the conception of the woman's character and in the narrative which has a poetic felicity quite rare in current literature.

Another novel, well worth the reading, is *The Husband of One Wife*, by Mrs. Venn. The exact application of the title hardly appears from the context, but the book is an excellent study of two very interesting types—a churchman who has all the admirable characters of a saint, and a delightfully charming and fascinating widow, whose capacity for winning the love of each man she meets is only paralleled by the ease she shifts favor and affection to another. One could hardly imagine two personalites more thoroughly opposed than Dr. Garfoyle and Mrs. Victoria Goldenour—he the eminent ascetic whose pure life and devoted charities have won him a unique reputation for sanctity and goodness—she, a natural flirt, who lives for the joy of the moment, who feels deeply for an hour, who reflects the mood and the disposition of the last man she talks to. There is hardly any task more difficult than that of making actual a charm so elusive and delicious as that of this woman. Yet her chameleon personality stands forth clear in spite of its vagaries, instability and inconsistencies. Like the gracious beauty of Beatrice Esmond, rendered so perfectly by Thackeray, one realizes not only the fascination she exerts, but the power and basis thereof. There is a good deal of mentality exhibited in the handling of the theme and one finds some eloquent passages depicting the character of the baron.

Current Literature comes to me filled with an interesting variety of reading matter. It is a capital publication this, affording one an opportunity of reading in clear print the choicest literary productions of the month. The extracts are generally selected with taste, though it can hardly be said they exhibit a remarkable literary development in the editorial departments of the great newspapers and magazines. One of the most attractive features of *Current Literature* is the department donated to discoveries and inventions in science, art, warfare and medicine. There is nothing that compares with it in any other publication, and one is enabled to obtain quite an amount of interesting and important information at the cost of no more trouble than is included in skinning two or three type pages.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Husband of One Wife," by Mrs. Venn. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A Daughter of Music," by G. Colmore, Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"His Vanished Star," by Charles Egbert Craddock, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Current Literature," Current Literature Publishing Company. For sale by all booksellers.

PURITY.

I sought it in the pale, unsullied pearl,
  I sought it in the gem of ray serene;
In the white bosom of the fairest girl
  That ever God had made or man had seen.
I sought it on the Alpine peaks of snow,
  And deep amid the vast, untrodden wood;
I sought it in the torrent's crystal flow,
  And in the silent desert's solitude.
At last I found it—then unknown to fame,
  Now famed as Vina Brandy; and 'tis sure
That Vina Brandy, like Ben Adhem's name,
  Leads all the rest, for there is none so pure.

"De great trouble 'bout conversation," remarked Uncle Eben, "am dat hit's onpossible ter show ez much 'rig'nality in talkin' 'bout de weddah ez yoh kin talkin' 'bout yoh neighbors."—*Washington Star.*

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LATE : BOOKS

That are Worth Reading

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ROBERTSON'S

Irremediable

A young man strolled along a country road one August evening after a long delicious day—a day of that blessed idleness that the man of leisure never knows; one must be a bank-clerk forty-nine weeks out of t e fifty-two before one can really appreciate the exquisite enjoyment of doing nothing for twelve hours at a stretch. Willoughby had spent the morning lounging about a sunny rickyard; then, when the heat grew unbearable, he had retreated to an orchard, where lying on his back in the long cool grass, he had traced the pattern of the apple leaves diapered above him in the Summer sky; now that the heat of the day was over, he had come to roam whither sweet fancy led him, to lean over gates, view the prospect, and meditate upon the pleasures of a well-spent day. Five such days had already passed over his head, fifteen more remained to him. Then farewell to freedom and clean country air! Back to London, and another year's toil.

He came to a gate on the right of the road. Behind it a foot-path meandered up over a grassy slope. The sheep, nibbling on the summit, cast long shadows down the hill almost to his feet. Road and field-path were equally new to him, but the latter offered greener attractions; he vaulted lightly over the gate, and had so little idea that he was taking thus the first step towards ruin that he began to whistle "White Wings" from pure joy of life.

The sheep stopped feeding and raised their heads to stare at him from pale-lashed eyes; first one, and then another broke into a startled run, until there was a sudden woolly stampede of the entire flock. When Willoughby gained the ridge from which they had just scattered, he came in sight of a woman sitting on a stile at the further end of the field. As he advanced toward her he saw that she was young, and that she was not what is called "a lady"—of which he was glad; an earlier episode in his career having indissolubly associated in his mind ideas of feminine refinement with those of feminine treachery.

He thought it probable that this girl would be willing to dispense with the formalities of an introduction, and that he might venture with her on some pleasant foolish chat.

As she made no movement to let him pass, he stood still, and looking at her began to smile.

She returned his gaze from unabashed dark eyes, and then laughed, showing teeth white, sound and smooth as split hazel-nuts.

"Do you wanter get over?" She remarked familiarly.

"I'm afraid I can't without disturbing you."

"Doncher think you're much better where you are?" said the girl; on which Willoughby hazarded:

"You mean to say, looking at you? Well, perhaps I am."

The girl, at this, laughed again, but nevertheless dropped herself down into the further field; then leaning her arms upon the cross-bar, she informed the young man:

"No, I don't want er spoil your walk. You were going p'raps ter Beacon Point? It's very pretty that wye."

"I was going nowhere in particular," he replied. "Just exploring, so to speak. I'm a stranger in these parts."

"How funny. I'm er stranger here too. I only come down larse Friday to stye with a n'aunt er mine in Horton. Are you stying in Horton?"

Willoughby told her he was not in Orton, but at Povey Cross Farm, out in the other direction.

"Oh, Mrs. Payne's, ain't it? I've heard aunt speak ov er. She takes Summer boarders, don't chee? I egspec you come from London, heh?

"And I expect you come from London, too?" said Willoughby, recognizing the familiar accent

"You're as sharp as a needle," cried the girl, with her unrestrained laugh, "so I do. I am here for a hollerday 'cos I was so done up with the work and the hot weather. I don't look as though I'd bin ill, do I? But I was, though, for it was just stiflin' hot up in our workroom all larse month, an' tailorin's awful hard work at the best er times

Willoughby felt a sudden accession of interest in her. Like many intelligent young men he had dabbled a little in socialism, and at one time had wandered among the dispossessed, but since then had caught up and held loosely the new doctrine—it is a good and fitting thing that woman, also, should earn her bread by the sweat of her brow. Always in reference to the woman who, fifteen months before, had treated him ill, he had said to himself that even the breaking of stones in the road, should be considered a more feminine employment than the breaking of hearts.

He gave way therefore to a movement of friendliness for this working daughter of the people, and joined her on the other side of the stile in token of his approval. She, twisting round to face him, leaned now with her back against the bar, and the sunset fires lent a fleeting glory to her face. Perhaps she guessed how becoming the light was, for she took off her hat, and let it touch to gold the ends and fringes of her rough abundant hair. Thus, and at this moment, she made an agreeable picture; to which stood as background all the beautiful wooded Southshire view.

"You don't really mean to say you are a tailoress?" said Willoughby, with a sort of eager compassion.

"I do, though, and I've bin one ever since I was fourteen. Look at my fingers, if you don't b'lieve me."

She put out her right hand and he took hold of it, as he was expected to do. The finger ends were frayed and blackened by needle pricks, but the hand itself was plump, moist, and not unshapely. She meanwhile examined Willoughby's fingers enclosing hers.

"It's easy to see you've never done no work!" she said, half admiring, half envious. "I s'pose you're a tip-top swell, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes! I'm a tremendous swell indeed," said Willoughby, ironically. He thought of his hundred and thirty pounds salary; and he mentioned his position in the British and Colonial Banking House, without shedding much illumination on her mind; for she insisted:

"Well, anyhow, you're a gentleman. I've often wished I was a lady. It must be so nice ter wear fine clo'es and never have ter do any work all day long."

Willoughby thought it innocent of the girl to say this. It reminded him of his own notion as a child—that kings and queens put on their crowns the first thing on rising in the morning. His cordiality rose another degree.

"If being a gentlemen means having nothing to do," said he, smiling, "I can certainly lay no claim to the title. Life isn't all beer and skittles with me any more than it is with you. Which is the better reason for enjoying the present moment, don't you think? Suppose now, like a kind little girl, you were to show me the way to Beacon Point, which you say is so pretty?"

She required no further persuasion. As he walked beside her through the upland fields where the dusk was beginning to fall, and the white evening moths to emerge from their day-time hiding places, she asked him many personal questions, most of which he thought fit to parry. Taking no offense thereat, she told him, instead, much concerning herself and her family. Thus he learned that her name was Esther Stables, that she and her people lived Whitechapel way; that her father was seldom sober and her mother always ill; and that the aunt, with whom she was staying, kept the post-office and general shop in Orton village. He learned, too, that Esther was discontented with life in general; that, though she hated being at home, she found the country dreadfully dull; and that, consequently, she was extremely glad to have made his acquaintance. But what he chiefly realized when they parted was that he had spent a couple of pleasant hours talking nonsense with a girl who was natural, simple-minded and entirely free from that repellently protective atmosphere with which a woman of the "classes" so carefully surrounds herself. He and Esther had "made friends" with the ease and rapidity of children before they have learned the dread meaning of "etiquette," and they said good-night, not without some talk of meeting each other again.

Obliged to be at breakfast at quarter to eight in town, Willoughby was always luxuriously late when in the country, where he took his meals also, in leisurely fashion, often reading from a book propped up on the table before him. But the morning after his meeting with Esther Stables found him less disposed to read than usual. Her image obtruded itself upon the printed page, and at length grew so importunate he came to the conclusion the only way to lay it was to confront it with the girl herself.

Wanting some tobacco, he saw a good reason for going into Orton. Esther had told him that he could get tobacco and everything else at her aunt's. He found the post-office to be one of the first houses in the widely-spaced village street. In front of the cottage was a small garden ablaze with old-fashioned flowers; and in a larger garden at one side were apple trees, raspberry and currant bushes, and six thatched beehives on a bench. The bowed windows of the little shop were partly screened by sunblinds; nevertheless the lower panes still displayed a heterogeneous collection of goods—lemons, hanks of yarn, white linen buttons upon blue cards, sugar cones, churchwarden pipes and tobacco jars. A letter-box opened its narrow mouth low down in one wall, and over the door swung the sign, "Stamps and Money Order Office," in black letters on white enamelled iron.

The interior of the shop was cool and dark. A second glass door at the back permitted Willoughby to see into a small sittingroom, and out again through a low and square-paned window to the sunny landscape beyond. Silhouetted against the light were the heads of two women; the rough, young head of yesterday's Esther, the lean outline and bugled cap of Esther's aunt.

It was the latter who, at the jingling of the door bell, rose from her work and came forward to serve the customer; but the girl, with much mute meaning in her eyes, and a finger laid upon her smiling mouth, followed behind. Her aunt heard her footfall. "What do you want here, Esther?" she said with thin disapproval; "get back to your sewing."

Esther gave the young man a signal seen only by him, and slipped out into the side garden, where he found her when his purchases were made. She leaned over the privet-hedge to intercept him as he passed.

"Aunt's an awful ole maid," she remarked apologetically; "I b'lieve she'd never let me say a word to enny one if she could help it."

"So you got home all right last night?" Willoughby inquired; "what did your aunt say to you?"

"Oh, she arst me where I'd been, and I told her a lot er lies!" Then, with woman's intuition, perceiving that this speech jarred, Esther made haste to add, "She's so dreadful hard on me! I dursn't tell her I'd been with a gentleman or she'd never have let me out alone again."

"And at present I suppose you'll be found somewhere about that same stile every evening?" said Willoughby, foolishly, for he really did not much care whether he met her again or not. Now he was actually in her company he was surprised at himself for having given her a whole morning's thought; yet the eagerness of her answer flattered him, too.

"To-night I can't come, worse luck!" It's Thursday, and the shops here close of a Thursday at five. I'll have ter keep aunt company. But to-morrer?—I can be there to-morrer. You'll come, say?"

"Esther!" cried a vexed voice, and the precise, right-minded aunt emerged through the row of raspberry bushes; "whatever are you thinkin' about delayin' the gentleman in this fashion?" She was full of rustic and official civility for "the gentleman," but indignant with her niece. "I don't want none of your London manners down here," Willoughby heard her say, as she marched the girl off.

He himself was not sorry to be released from Esther's too friendly eyes, and he spent an agreeable evening over a book, and this time managed to forget her completely.

Though he remembered her first thing next morning, it was to smile wisely and determine he would not meet her again. Yet by dinner time the day seemed long; why, after all, should he not meet her? By tea-time, prudence triumphed anew—no, he would not go. Then he drank his tea hastily and set off for the stile.

Esther was waiting for him. Expectation had given an additional color to her cheeks, and her red-brown hair showed here and there a beautiful glint of gold. He could not help admiring the vigorous way in which it waved and twisted, or the little curls which grew at the nape of her neck, tight and close as those of a young lamb's fleece. Her neck here was admirable, too, in its smooth creaminess; and when her eyes lighted up with such evident pleasure at his coming, how avoid the conviction she was a good and nice girl after all?

He proposed they should go down into the little copse on the right, where they would be less disturbed by the occasional passer-by. Here, seated on a felled tree trunk, Willoughby began that bantering silly meaningless form of conversation known among the "classes" as flirting. He had but the wish to make himself agreeable and to while away the time. Esther, however, misunderstood him.

Willoughby's hand lay palm downwards on his knee, and she, noticing a ring which he wore on his little finger, took hold of it.

"What a funny ring," she said, "let's look?"

To disembaress himself of her touch he pulled the ring off and gave it to her to examine.

"What is that ugly dark green stone?" she asked.

"It's called a sardonyx."

"Who's it for?" she said, turning it about.

"It's a signet ring, to seal letters with."

"An' there's a sorter king's head attached on it, and some writin' too, only I carn't make it out?"

"It isn't the head of a king, although it wears a crown," Willoughby explained, "but the head and bust of a Saracen whom my ancestor of many hundred years ago went to fight in the Holy Land. And the words cut round it are the motto of our house '*Vertue vaunceth*,' which means virtue prevails."

Willoughby may have displayed some slight accession of dignity in giving this bit of family history, for Esther fell into uncontrolled laughter at which he was much displeased. And when the girl made as though she would put the ring on her own finger, asking, "Shall I keep it?" he colored up with sudden annoyance.

"It was only my fun!" said Esther, hastily, and gave him the ring back, but his cordiality was gone. He felt no inclination to renew the idle-word pastime, said it was time to go back, and, swinging his cane vexedly, struck off the heads of the flowers and the weeds as he went. Esther walked by his side in complete silence, a phenomenon of which he presently became conscious. He felt rather ashamed of having shown temper.

"Well, here's your way home," said he, with an effort at friendliness. "Good-bye, we've had a nice evening, anyhow. It was pleasant down there in the woods, eh?"

He was astonished to see her eyes soften with tears, and to hear the real emotion in her voice as she answered, "It was just like heaven down there with you until you turned so funny-like. What had I done to make you cross? Say you forgive me, do!

"Silly child!" said Willoughby, completely mollified, "I'm not the least angry. There! Good-bye!" and like a fool he kissed her.

He anathematized his folly in the white light of next

morning, and remembering the kiss he had given her, repented it very sincerely. He had an uncomfortable suspicion she had not received it in the same spirit in which it had been bestowed, but attaching more serious meaning to it, would build expectations thereon, which must be left unfulfilled. It were best, indeed, not to meet her again, for he acknowledged to himself that, though he only half liked, and even slightly feared her, there was a certain attraction about her—was it in her dark unflinching eyes, or in her very red lips?—which might lead him into greater follies still.

Thus it came about that for two successive evenings Esther waited for him in vain, and on the third evening he said to himself with a grudging relief, that by this time she had probably transferred her affections to some one else.

It was Saturday, the second Saturday since he left town. He spent the day about the farm, contemplated the pigs, inspected the feeding of the stock, and assisted at the afternoon milking. Then at evening, with a refilled pipe, he went for a long lean over the West gate, while he traced fantastic pictures and wove romances in the glories of the sunset clouds,

He watched the colors glow from gold to scarlet, change to crimson, sink at last to sad purple reefs and isles, when the sudden consciousness of some one being near him made him turn round. There stood Esther, and her eyes were full of eagerness and anger.

"Why have you never been to the stile again?" she asked of him. "You promised to come faithful, and you never came. Why have you not kept your promise. Why, why?" she persisted, stamping her foot, because Willoughby remained silent.

What could he say? Tell her she had no business to follow him like this, or own, what was unfortunately the truth, he was just a little glad to see her?

"P'raps you don't care to see me?" she said. "Well, why did you kiss me then?"

Why, indeed, thought Willoughby, marvelling at his idiocy, and yet—such is the inconsistency of man—not wholly without the desire to kiss her again. And while he looked at her, she suddenly threw herself down on the hedgebank at his feet, and burst into tears. She did not cover up her face, but simply pressed one cheek down upon the grass, while the water poured from her eyes with astonishing abundance. Willoughby saw the dry earth turn dark and moist as it drank the tears in. This, his first experience of Esther's powers of weeping, distressed him horribly; never in his life before had he seen anyone weep like that; he could not have believed such a thing possible, and he was alarmed too, lest she should be noticed from the house. He opened the gate; "Esther," he begged, "don't cry; come out here like a dear girl, and let us talk sensibly."

Because she stumbled, unable to see her way, through wet eyes, he gave her his hand, and they found themselves in a field of corn walking along a narrow grass-path that skirted it, in the shadow of the hedgerow.

"What is there to cry about, because you have not seen me for two days?" he began; "why, Esther, we are only strangers after all. When we have been home a week or two we shall scarcely remember each other's names."

Esther sobbed at intervals, but her tears had ceased.

"It's fine for you to talk of home," she said to this. "You've got something that is a home, I s'pose? but me, my home's like hell, with nothing but quarrellin' and cursin', and father who beats us whether sober or drunk. Yes," she repeated shrewdly, seeing the lively disgust on Willoughby's face, "he beat me, all ill as I was, just before I come away. I could show you the bruises on my arms still. And now to go back there after knowin' you! It will be worse than ever. I can't endure it, and I won't. I'll put an end to it, or myself somehow, I swear!"

"But, my poor Esther, how can I help it, what can I do?" said Willoughby. He was greatly moved, full of wrath with her father, with all the world which makes women suffer. He had suffered himself, at the hands of a woman, and severely, but this, instead of hardening his heart, had only rendered it the more supple. And yet, he had a vivid perception of the peril in which he stood. An interior voice urged him to break away, to seek safety in flight even at the cost of appearing cruel or ridiculous, so, coming to a point in the field where an elm-bole jutted out across the path, he saw with relief he could now withdraw his hand from the girl's, since they must walk singly to skirt around it.

Esther took a step in advance, stopped and suddenly turned to face him; she held out her two hands and her face was very near his own.

"Don't you care for me one little bit?" she said wistfully, and surely sudden madness fell upon him. For he kissed her again, he kissed her many times, and pushed all thoughts of the consequences far from him.

But some of these consequences already called loudly to him, as he and Esther reached the last gate on the road to Orton.

"You know I have only £130 per year?" he told her; "it's no brilliant prospect for you to marry me on that."

For he had actually offered her marriage, although such conduct to the mediocre man must appear incredible or at least uncalled for. But to Willoughby it seemed the only course possible. How else justify his kisses, rescue her from her father's brutality, or bring back smiles to her face?

As for Esther, sudden exultation had leaped in her heart; then, ere fifty seconds were gone by, she was certain she would never have consented to anything less.

"Oh, I'm used to managin'," she told him confidently, and mentally resolved, as soon as she was married, a black feather boa, such as she had coveted last winter.

Willoughby spent the remaining days of his holiday in thinking out and planning with Esther the details of his return to London and her own, the secrecy to be observed, the necessary legal steps to be taken, and the quiet suburb in which they would set up housekeeping. And, so successfully did he carry out the arrangements, that within five weeks from the day on which he had first met Esther Stables he and she came out one morning from the church in Highbury husband and wife. It was a mellow September day, the streets were filled with sunshine, and Willoughby in reckless high spirits, imagined he saw a reflection of his own gayety on the indifferent faces of the passers-by. There being no one else to perform the office, he congratulated himself very warmly, and Esther's frequent laughter filled in the pauses of the day.

Three months later Willoughby was dining with a friend, and the hour-hand of the clock nearing ten, the host no longer resisted the guest's growing anxiety to be gone. He arose and exchanged with him good wishes and good-byes.

"Marriage is evidently a most successful institution," said he, half jesting, half sincere. "You almost make me inclined to go and get married myself. Confess now, your thoughts have been at home the whole evening?"

Willoughby, thus addressed, turned red to the roots of his hair, but did not deny the soft impeachment.

The other laughed. "And very commendable they should be," he continued, "since you are scarcely, so to speak, out of your honeymoon."

With a social smile on his lips, Willoughby calculated a moment before replying. "I have been married exactly three months and three days;" then, after a few words respecting their next meeting, the two shook hands and parted, the young host to finish the evening with books and pipe, the young husband to set out on a twenty minute's walk to his home.

It was a cold, clear December night, following a day of rain. A touch of frost in the air had dried the pavements, and Willoughby's footfall ringing on the stones, re-echoed down the empty suburban street. Above his head was a dark, remote sky, thickly powdered with stars, and as he turned westward Alpherat hung for a moment "*comme le point sur un i*," over the slender spire of St. John's. But he was insensible to the worlds about him; he was absorbed in his own thoughts; and these, as his friend had surmised, were entirely with his wife. For Esther's face was always before his eyes, her voice was always in his ears, she filled the universe for him; yet only four months ago he had never seen her, had never heard her name. This was the curious part of it—here in December he found himself the husband of a girl who was completely dependent upon him not only for food, clothes and lodging, but for her present happiness, her whole future life; and last July he had been scarcely more than a boy himself, with no greater care on his mind than the pleasant difficulty of deciding where he should spend the annual three weeks' holiday.

But it is events, not months or years, which age. Willoughby, who was only twenty six, remembered his youth as a sometime companion irrevocably lost to him; its vague, delightful hopes were not crystallized into definite ties, and its happy irresponsibility displaced by a sense of care, inseparable, perhaps, from the most fortunate of marriages.

As he reached the street in which he lodged his pace involuntarily slackened. While still some distance off, his eye sought out and distinguished the windows of the room in which Esther awaited him. Through the broken slats of the Venetian blinds he could see the yellow gas-light within. The parlor beneath was in darkness; his landlady had evidently gone to bed, there being no light over the hall-door either. In some apprehension he consulted his watch under the last street lamp he passed, to find comfort in assuring himself it was only ten minutes after ten. He let himself in with his latch-key, hung up his hat and his overcoat by the sense of touch, and, groping his way upstairs, opened the door of the first floor sitting room.

At the table in the center of the room sat his wife, leaning upon her elbows, her two hands thrust up into her ruffled hair; spread out before her was a crumpled yesterday's newspaper, and so interested was she to all appearance in its contents that she neither spoke nor looked up as Willoughby entered. Around her were the still uncleared tokens of her last meal; tea slops, bread-crumbs, and an eggshell crushed to fragments upon a plate, which was one of those trifles that set Willoughby's teeth on edge—whenever his wife ate an egg she persisted in turning the egg-cup upside down upon the table-cloth, and pounding the shell to pieces in her plate with her spoon.

The room was repulsive in its disorder. The one lighted burner of the gasalier, turned too high, hissed up into a long tongue of flame. The fire smoked feebly under a newly administered shovelful of "slack," and a heap of ashes and cinders littered the grate. A pair of walking boots, caked in dry mud, lay on the hearth rug just where they had been thrown off. On the mantelpiece, amidst a dozen other articles which had no business there, was a bedroom candlestick; and every single article of furniture stood crookedly out of its place.

Willoughby took in the whole intolerable picture, and yet spoke with kindliness. "Well, Esther! I'm not so late after all. I hope you did not feel the time dull by yourself?" Then he explained the reason of his absence. He had met a friend he had not seen for a couple of years, who had insisted on taking him home to dine.

His wife gave no sign of having heard him; she kept her eyes riveted on the paper before her.

"You received my wire, of course," Willoughby went on, "and did not wait?"

Now she crushed the newspaper up with a passionate movement, and threw it from her. She raised her head, showing cheeks blazing with anger, and dark, sullen, unflinching eyes.

"I did wyte, then!" she cried. "I wyted till near eight before I got your old telegraph! I s'pose that's what you call the manners of a 'gentleman,' to keep your wife mewed up here, while you go gallivantin' off with your fine friends?"

Whenever Esther was angry, which was often, she taunted Willoughby with being "a gentleman," although this was the precise point about him which at other times found most favor in her eyes. But to-night she was envenomed by the idea that he had been enjoying himself without her, stung by fear lest he should have been in company with some other woman.

Willoughby, hearing the taunt, resigned himself to the inevitable. Nothing that he could do might now avert the breaking storm, all his words would only be twisted into fresh griefs. But sad experience had taught him that to take refuge in silence was more fatal still. When Esther was in such a mood as this, it was best to supply the fire with fuel, that, through the very violence of the conflagration, it might the sooner burn itself out.

So he said what soothing things he could, and Esther caught them up, disfigured them, and flung them back at him with scorn. She reproached him in no longer caring for her; she vituperated the conduct of his family in never taking the smallest notice of her marriage; and she detailed the insolence of the landlady who had told her that morning she pitied "poor Mr. Willoughby," and had refused to go out and buy herrings for Esther's early dinner.

Every affront or grievance, real or imaginary, since the day she and Willoughby had first met, she poured forth with a fluency due to frequent repetition, for, with the exceptions of to-day's added injuries, Willoughby had heard the whole litany many times before.

While she raged and he looked at her, he remembered he had once thought her pretty. He had seen beauty in her rough brown hair, her strong coloring, her full red mouth. He fell into musing—a woman may lack beauty, he told himself, and yet be loved.

Meantime Esther reached white heats of passion, and the strain could no longer be sustained. She broke into sobs and began to shed tears with the facility peculiar to her. In a moment her face was all wet with the big drops which rolled down her cheeks faster and faster, and fell with audible splashes on the table, on to her lap, on to the floor. To this tearful abundance, formerly a surprising spectacle, Willoughby was now acclimatized; but the remnant of chivalrous feeling, not yet extinguished in his bosom, forbade him to sit stolidly by while a woman wept without seeking to console her. As on previous occasions his peace overtures were eventually accepted. Esther's tears gradually ceased to flow; she began to exhibit a sort of compunction, she wished to be forgiven, and with the kiss of reconciliation, passed into a phase of demonstrative affection, perhaps more trying to Willoughby's patience than all that had preceded it.

"You don't love me?" she questioned. "I'm sure you don't love me?" she reiterated; and he asseverated that he loved her until he loathed himself. Then, at last, only half satisfied, but wearied out with vexation—possibly too, with a movement of pity at the sight of his haggard face—she consented to leave him; "only what was he going to do?" she asked suspiciously; "write those rubbishing stories of his? Well, he must promise not to stay up more than a half an hour at the latest—only until he had smoked one pipe."

Willoughby promised, as he would have promised anything on earth to secure to himself a half hour's peace and solitude. Esther groped for her slippers, which were kicked off under the table; scratched four or five matches along the box, and threw them away before she succeeded in lighting her candle; set it down again to contemplate her tear-swollen reflection in the chimney-glass, and burst out laughing.

"What a fright I do look, to be sure," she remarked complacently, and again thrust her two hands up through her disordered curls. Then holding the candle at such an angle that the grease ran over on to the carpet, she gave Willoughby another vehement kiss and trailed out of the room with an ineffectual attempt to close the door behind her.

Willoughby got up to shut it himself, and wondered

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why it was that Esther never did any one mortal thing efficiently or well. Good God! how irritable he felt. It was impossible to write. He must find an outlet for his impatience, rend or mend something. He began to straighten the room, but a wave of disgust came over him before the task was fairly commenced. What was the use? To-morrow all would be as bad as ever. What was the use of doing anything? He sat down by the table, and leaned his head upon his hands.

* * * * * * * * *

The past came back to him in pictures; his boyhood's past first of all. He saw again the old home, every inch of which was familiar to him as his own name; he reconstructed in his thought all the old, well-known furniture, and replaced it precisely as it had stood long ago. He passed again a childish finger over the rough surface of the faded Utrecht velvet chairs, and smelled again the strong fragrance of the white lilac tree, blowing in through the open parlor window. He savoured anew the pleasant mental atmosphere produced by the dainty neatness of cultured woman, the companionship of a few good pictures, of a few good books. Yet this home had been broken up years ago, the dear familiar things had been scattered far and wide, never to find themselves under the same roof again; and from those near relatives who still remained to him, he lived now hopelessly estranged.

Then came the past of his first love dream, when he worshipped at the feet of Nora Beresford, and, with the whole-heartedness of the true fanatic, clothed his idol with every imaginable attribute of virtue and tenderness. To this day there remained a secret shrine in his heart, where the lady of his young ideal was still enthroned, although it was long since he had come to perceive she had nothing whatever in common with the Nora of reality. For the real Nora he had no longer any sentiment; she had passed altogether out of his life and thoughts; and yet so permanent is all influence, whether good or evil, that the effect she wrought upon his character remained. He recognized to-night that her treatment of him in the past did not count for nothing among the various factors which had determined his fate.

Now the past of only last year returned, and, strangely enough, this seemed farther removed from him than all the rest. He had been particularly strong, well and happy this time last year. Nora was dismissed from his mind, and he had thrown all his energies into his work. His tastes were sane and simple, and his dingy furnished rooms had become, through habit, very pleasant to him. In being his own, they were invested with a greater charm than another man's castle. Here he had smoked and studied, here he had made many a glorious voyage into the land of books. Many a home-coming too, rose up before him out of the dark, ungenial streets, to a clean, blazing fire, a neatly laid cloth, an evening of ideal enjoyment; many a summer twilight when he mused at the open window, plunging his gaze deep into the recesses of his neighbor's lime tree, where the unseen sparrows chattered with such unflagging gaiety.

He had always been given to much day dreaming, and it was in the silence of his rooms of an evening that he turned his phantasmal adventures into stories for the magazines; here had come to him many an editorial refusal, but here, too, he had received the news of his first unexpected success. All his happiest memories were embalmed in those shabby, badly furnished rooms

Now all was changed. Now might there be no longer any soft indulgence of the hour's mood. His rooms and everything he owned belonged now to Esther, too. She had objected to most of his photographs and had removed them. She hated books, and were he ever so ill-advised as to open one in her presence, she immediately began to talk, no matter how sullen or how silent her previous mood had been. If he read aloud to her, she either yawned despairingly or was tickled into laughter where there was no reasonable cause. At first, Willoughby had tried to educate her, and had gone hopefully to the task. It is so natural to think you may make what you will of the woman who loves you. But Esther had no wish to improve. She evinced all the self-satisfaction of an illiterate mind. To her husband's gentle admonitions, she replied with brevity that she thought her way quite as good as his; or, if he didn't approve of her pronunciation, he might do the other thing; she was too old to go to school again. He gave up the attempt, and, with humiliation at his previous fatuity, perceived that it was folly to expect that a few weeks of his companionship could alter or pull up the impressions of years, or rather of generations.

Yet here he paused to admit a curious thing: it was not only Esther's bad habits which vexed him, but habits quite unblameworthy in themselves, and which he never would have noticed in another, irritated him in her. He disliked her manner of standing, of walking, of sitting in a chair, of folding her hands. Like a lover he was conscious of her proximity without seeing her. Like a lover, too, his eyes followed her every movement, his ear noted every change in her voice. But, then, instead of being charmed by everything as the lover is, everything jarred upon him.

What was the meaning of this? To-night the anomaly pressed upon him; he reviewed his position. Here was he quite a young man, just twenty-six years of age, married to Esther, and bound to live with her so long as life should last—twenty, forty, perhaps fifty years more. Every day of those years to be spent in her society; he and she face to face, soul to soul; they two alone amid all the whirling, busy, indifferent world. So near together in semblance, in truth so far apart as regards all that makes life dear.

Willoughby groaned. From the woman he did not love, whom he had never loved, he might not again go free; so much he recognized. The feeling he had once entertained for Esther, strange compound of mistaken chivalry and flattered vanity, was long since extinct; but what, then, was the sentiment with which she inspired him? For he was not indifferent to her—no, never for one instant could he persuade himself he was indifferent, never for one instant could he banish her from his thoughts. His mind's eye followed her during his hours of absence as pertinaciously as his bodily eye dwelt upon her actual presence. She was the principal object of the universe to him, the center around which his wheel of life revolved with an appalling fidelity.

What did it mean? What could it mean? he asked himself with anguish.

And the sweat broke out upon his forehead and his hands grew cold, for on a sudden the truth lay there like a written word upon the tablecloth before him. This woman, whom he had taken to himself for better, for worse, inspired him with a passion—intense indeed, all-masterful, soul-subduing as Love itself—but when he understood the terror of his Hatred, he laid his head upon his arms and wept, not facile tears like Esther's, but tears wrung out from his agonizing, unavailing regret.

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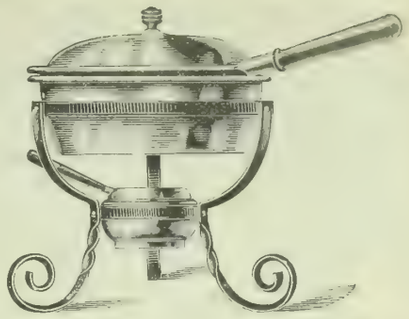

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TERMS REASONABLE ★ ★ ★ GEO. P. SNELL, Manager

"Old Lav." is always spoken of as Mr. Harrigan's best character, and "Old Lavender" is generally believed to be his best play. It is certainly so lifted away from all the others by total dissimilarity that from this point comparisons are more easily launched and the single instance of anything always looms up effectively. Personally, I am devoted to Harrigan's work. I admire everything he does, and I think he does everything equally well. But the expressive power is felt more keenly than the creative faculty throughout every one of his plays, and it is pictorially that he appeals most strongly to the artistic sense. I can fancy finding points of comparison between his singular plays or cherishing any individual preference among his characters, but I do not know whether he plays "Old Lavender" better than he plays "Dan Mulligan" any more than I know, in my soul, whether Corot or Diaz was the better artist of the two. It is enough that both are deep and satisfying.

"Old Lavender" touches the heart profoundly, and so tenderly has his author handled him in his degradation that one follows him with a sympathy that is never affronted or disturbed. It is the unique exhibition of drunkenness which has been presented to my eyes, on or off the stage, that did not strike me as at once unnecessary and disgusting. Once or twice on Monday night, at the California, that singular hush fell over the house which is a greater tribute to the artist than the most tumultuous applause. In an absolute silence, heavy with human feeling, the disgraced clerk made his way from the office of the bank and the accusing presence of his brother. And the pity of it was all there, throbbing under the sight and sense, in the broken figure, the wavering step, the unsteady dignity, the quiet hopelessness—a live, real sorrow—and, as in the presence of a sorrow that is real, expressions came heavily and slowly from the audience, honestly, unaffectedly, stirred to its heart. The same sympathy might follow "Old Lavender" through the last act did he care to make it great. The opportunity is assuredly there hedged, about as it is by the difficulty of a very unsatisfactory second in Philip Coggswell, with whom Mr. Harrigan has been singularly chary in the matter of lines, and who, through the medium of Mr. Harry Doane, manages to mouth and mumble what few have been alloted him. It is painful to think of a nature so hard and cold as that of this proud financier. It is not alone that he arrogates to himself the powers of a court of justice and brands his delightful old brother as a felon without a common hearing, but he also lacks imagination to an unpardonable degree. Fancy greeting the sister of your false wife with a Delsartean hand and

"I'm pleased to meet you, miss."

Flute!

But the scene at the coffee-stand was great—as great as tragedy.

Mr. Harrigan says he is not at home in the drawing-room—a large, elastic term, meant to cover the minor discomforts of an evening suit, a silk hat and club manners. Mr. Harrigan is right. He has nothing whatever to do with the conventions, and his company is visibly afflicted by them. I was divided between laughter and tears at the incongruity of those distinctive types uniformed in broadcloth and fine linen. A certain smothered resentment was apparent in the bearing of each and every one of them, excepting always Mr. Harry Wright, who wore a "willieboy" during morning office hours with evident joy and satisfaction in his originality. If Mr. Wright would cease to shout he would do well with the part of "Cassin." His exuberant swagger, his excess of last year's hair and this year's clothes and his handsome, sullen eyes, fit nicely to the needs of melodrama. But he roars. One is forced to respect the wicked one meets in life, because of the forceful quiet with which they go about their evil doing, unsuspected of the world, while the innocent are hung for their crimes. But the stage villain must wear his wickedness on his sleeve and bear the brand of Cain upon his brow, and especially must he rant at street corners where people are likely to overhear him and upset his plans just as the dying tenor of Italian opera, who has been stabbed through the lungs, must still go singing, swan-like, to his death.

Miss Pollock looks rather better in boy's clothes than any woman I ever saw, with the one exception of Jennie Lee, whose "Joe" everybody at the extremes of San Francisco and London has wept over. But this is "Maggie Murphy's" only claim to distinction in the character which died with little Decker, that wonderful "Rat," as much a child of Mr. Harrigan's own genius as if he had sprung from the author's brain, armed and equipped for the work before him, like Minerva from the head of Jove. He died last year in New York under circumstances that were bitterly sad, and there seemed to me an added pathos in the figure of "Old Lavender" without him. Miss Pollock is far too dainty and, in her short, blonde wig, far too pretty and far too femininely fretful throughout the part, although, in Mr. Harrigan's opinion, the role belongs in the hands of a girl, and only one man in a thousand could play it, and that man is dead.

Mrs. Langtry's London house is like unto herself—large, stiff, handsome and expensive. Crowded with curios from garret to cellar, lined with pictures and stuffed to suffocation with tapestries, hangings and draperies of every description from the looms of the Old World and the New, there is not a corner where the artistic spirit lurks to chain the fancy and to fascinate the eye. Drawing-room, boudoir, dining hall and bedroom are made up of those anachronisms which are only to be reconciled by the artist's hand, and this supreme gift was not among those the Gods bestowed upon the Jersey Lily. Rare old arms, superb bits of Eastern stuffs, priceless pottery and bibelots which might be envied of kings, are cluttered in beside fiddling little scarfs, fussy lambrequins, frivolous, senseless ornament, and truck and trash indescribable.

It is true that one corner of the drawing room is sacred to relics of the "Cleopatra" reign, and a couch, gorgeous enough to have cushioned Egypt, is overhung by a canopy, splendidly barbaric, guarded by a stack of weapons for which a collector would sell his soul and flanked by cabinets filled with scarabee, amulets, crystals, turquoises and charms galore, which breathe the spirit of the Nile. But, close at hand, is drawn the inevitable and irritiating little teatable, set forth with Dresden of the daintiest design, silver of the solid sort peculiar to the English smith and waited on by two satin covered chairs straight from a salon of one of the Louis. And so on throughout the house. A bed spread of the Elizabethian era swings sillily at one doorway, and a mass of Japanese crépe fills up another, sea green satin swathes an opposite window, the Orient insults the Occident and the Present mocks at the Past.

Only in the dressing room, with adjacent bath of marble, is visible that consistency which, however hateful in individuals, is so undeniably, so refreshingly in taste, when it marks an interior for its own. Here there are billows of lace and waves of aurora-tinted satin, enamelled woods and silver sconces, lovely, seductive couches, a maze of mirrors and a toilet table strewn with silver and cut crystal, brushes handled in Dresden or mounted in the turquoise-studded gold, which is one of the Langtry fads. At one time—during the Egyptian fit, I think—everything made for Mrs. Langtry had some turquoise and gold about it. From her parasol handle, where a flawless Robin's Egg was cradled in beaten gold, to the toes of her satin mules, sown with blue beads and glittering with golden threads. She wore turquoises in her ears, about her throat, on her fingers and on her wrists, in girdles and headdress and broidered in the strange stuffs of her gowns and, for aught I know, she may have taken liberties with history and melted them in her champagne. At all events, she spent a fortune on the caprice, lived up to it with passion while it endured, and had Tiffany working for months to quench this gold and turquoise thirst. Needless to say he led her a merry dance up into the incalculable ciphers, and I should be afraid to say, even if I remembered, just what she paid him for the mirror designed for her boudoir in the charming old house, over on West Twenty-third street, and which now hangs on the walls of her London bed chamber. It was a most intricate affair—a wide, oval, lake-like piece of plate, embraced by cupids and butterflies in continuous golden flight, perfectly modelled, exquisitely wrought and with "the eyes of Egypt" in their wings.

Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew open the Baldwin season on Monday night with one week's engagement and, three plays, all new to San Francisco—"Therese Raquin," "Charlotte Corday" and "In Society." The Zola story has everywhere provoked the conflicting opinions which pursue realism, and called forth bitterest criticism from the conservative. It is an uncomprising study in brutality, and I am more than curious to see how Kyrle Bellew and Cora Potter, two of the most refined physical types on the stage of to-day, will manage to adjust the garments of Zola speech and sentiment to their aristocratic shoulders. I hear that Bellew loves his work in this play, and Mrs, Potter must be sacrified, as she is at her best in drawing-room drama. "Charlotte Corday" has had an Anglo-Indian success, but has never been produced in this country. Three actresses of the emotional school—Fanny Davenport among them—have recently considered the possibilities of "Charlotte Corday," and Sardou once promised to dramatize the story for the divine Sarah but Mrs. Potter's author had the tact to rush into print, and the distinction of the first version, at least, belongs to her. I believe she is quite content with the opportunities afforded by "Charlotte," but at hazard, I conclude the management has wisely reserved "In Society" for a bonne-bouche.

Loie Fuller's frocks are the admiration of London, where she dances at three theatres in an evening, and is applauded with a rapturous enthusiasm most un-English. For her new Serpentine whirl she wears a gown of greenish crépe shot over with iridescent snaky scales and artfully wreathed by the shadow serpents which quiver and wriggle with the horrible beauty of life. For Miss Fuller has her own calcium artist, who manipulates the lights with a scientific hand, in perfect rhythm to the twirl of her infinite skirts. Her snakes are all there. They are neither disjointed nor divided like the features of Grover Cleveland and other great men pictured on the restless petticoats of the ordinary dancer. They writhe and twist in hideous continuity about the little flying figure, lift their deadly heads and wicked tails from out her diaphanous draperies, and start fiercely from the Medea crown above her floating hair. Women in the audience grow white and ill, and men are unaffectedly glad when it is over.

The Marion Manola-Mason muddle which was a source of Summer distraction to bored Boston, has, after all, simmered down to the uninteresting peaceful state. For in the possible legal aftermath nobody feels an interest. The row was delicious while it lasted, and so characteristic of Manola, who is never happy except when she is thoroughly miserable. This difficulty in Boston was something in regard to the Masons' salaries, which a few enterprising creditors concluded to trustee, after the brilliant opening night at the Tremont Theatre. But the Masons had already assigned elsewhere the full amount of their earnings, and wanted the Treasurer to swear a solemn oath that he had nothing whatever belonging to them. This boon was blankly denied, and on Monday evening when the call boy sounded the alarm for the stars, they were discovered in their dressing rooms waiting in defiant deshabille for the stony-hearted one to come to terms. The furious management ordered the opera, which was "Patience," to proceed without the Masons, and the cultured Bostonian, who knows his Gilbert and Sullivan, sat aghast, while Angela, Sapphira, and a few more among the love-sick maidens, divided the part of Patience up, amicably enough, between them.

Their ardor of the Stars was somewhat cooled by this counter-bluff, and they scrambled on in time for the second scene, were promptly dismissed from the company at the drop of the green curtain, and the role of Patience was assigned to the Manola's understudy, Miss Hilda Hollins. The dismissal was ignored, but fearful that they could not get into the theatre on Tuesday, the Masons refused to leave it on Monday night, and went to bed in their trunks. They were dressed and in the wings when the curtain went up on Tuesday evening's performance. Miss Hollins was also dressed and in the wings, and at the vital moment both Patiences advanced to greet an utterly bewildered audience. Manola got before the footlights first by a length, and sang the opening lines. Then the music was stopped. Still Manola sang on. Then the curtain was rang down. And still Manola sang on—no, I believe this was when she shrieked. Mason ran out before the curtain on one side, and offered his explanation, and the management sent somebody out from the other side to contradict it. Half the house stamped and applauded, and the other half hissed and groaned. It was all very thrilling, and Boston could not remember anything like it since the day the tea was thrown overboard. But, of course, it could not last, and silence was in some indefinite manner restored. The Masons went home, and the performance went on. They have sued for twenty thousand dollars damages and in the meantime, Camille D'Arville takes Manola's place, and the Masons have started a company of their own at one of the rival Boston theatres. Half the Tremont theatre people have gone over to them, and once again La Manola is floated before the public on the top wave of a grievance.

Success has gone hand in hand with John Drew since his break with the Daly Company, and the fond hopes of his failure as a star, which were cherished by the amiable Augustin, have been doomed to wither and to die. Mr. Drew's plays at the Baldwin, where he opens an engagement on the twelfth, include "The Masked Ball" and "Butterflies," and, let us hope, "Christopher Jr.," which is a new comedy, immensely clever, and brought out a few weeks ago in the East. The story turns on the matrimonial entanglement of Christopher Colt Jr., who, through a combination of circumstances funny in the extreme, marries a girl without seeing her and gives her his assumed name. Of course, the twain are made to meet and to love in after weeks, this time in propria personæ and matters are delightfully adjusted just before the drop. "Butterflies" ran for one hundred and fifty New York nights at Palmer's, and Drew's leading lady. Miss Maud Adams, woke to find herself famous after the first performance.

Otis Skinner has some new pictures—taken by Heaven knows whom—which are both hideous and idiotic. They look very much like him. It is the attitude of which I bitterly complain. Mr. Skinner is portrayed almost astride the arm of a huge chair of carven oak, with the folds of his willieboy shoved aside by one peremptory hand. The small finger of this hand explores a trousers pocket, while the thumb thereof searches in the hidden recesses of his waistcoat, and taken with an anxious yet hopeful expression of countenance, the beholder is led to judge that Mr. Skinner is feeling for his last copper. The other hand is distributed promiscuously about the foreground. Both legs are vague as to direction. One, I should say dangled, and the other—well, perhaps nature is at fault. I loathe Mr. Skinner. It is a long time since God gave mean opportunity to say something disagreeable about him.

K. A. Lundstrom, the Hatter, has gone East to purchase machinery for his new factory, which, when completed, will be the only hat factory on the Coast.—115 Geary street.

For that "out o' sorts feeling"
Take Bromo-Seltzer—trial bottle 10c.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers
Re-opening Monday, July 9th
For One Week Only! ∴ Only Matinee Saturday!
MRS. POTTER **MR. BELLEW**
And an Excellent Metropolitan Company
Monday and Tuesday Evenings "Therese"
Wednesday and Thursday Evenings and Saturday Matinee "In Society"
Friday and Saturday "Charlotte Corday"
SEATS NOW READY
Next Attraction: JOHN DREW in "The Butterflies."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager
Week July 9th
Every Evening Including Sunday. Saturday Matinee.
The Most Absolute and Emphatic Success, Mr. Edw. Harrigan's Famous Creation of
THE LEATHER PATCH
All the Original Music by Dave Braham
Reserved Seats (Night) 25c, 50c, 75c, $1
Reserved Seats (Matinee) 25c, 50c, 75c
: : : : : Next—Cordelia's Aspirations

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
KRELING BROS. ..... Proprietors and Managers
FIFTH AND LAST WEEK
Last Nights! Eclipsing all Other Successes
Harry B. Smith and Adam Itzel, Jr.
Great Comic Opera Success
STAR ★ AND ★ TARTAR
Monday, July 9, "DICK TURPIN"
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of
DAN McCARTHY IN THE "IRISH RAMBLER"
Monday Evening, July 9th, Mr. McCarthy in the Celebrated Drama of His Own Composition
"THE PRIDE of the MAYO"
Supported by Morosco's Grand Opera House Stock Company
Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c, Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Week of Monday, July 9th
A Superb Programme of New Attractions!
The Vaudeville World Strongly Represented by Our Splendid Aggregation of Picked Artists!
A BILL OF RARE MERIT! ★ Introducing Refined Novelties, Strong Specialties, and a Long List of Entertaining Acts
★ ★ ★
By Long Odds the Greatest Specialty Show in the City!
Reserved Seats 25c Balcony 10c Opera Chairs & Box Seats 50c
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

The case of Madame Patti, the divine, the expensive, grows quite provocative of sympathy. After the better part of forty years of sustained newspaper awe, and a great public kept simmering at a steady fantigue of enthusiasm the while, the prospect of a speedy relegation to the position of grandmother must be infinitely depressing to the prima donna. But Patti, with the modesty of a pupil of la bon Dieu, does not intend to evacuate before the march of Father Time without protests and more farewells.

Though unsuccessful in attempts at breaking away from "Martha," "Lucia," and other operas of the good for babies and sucklings type, Patti is giving herself one more chance. "Gabriella," an opera in one act by Signor Pizzi, will have the distinction of La Diva's efforts. Since "Valleda," a species of three-act trumpery "Norma," written by Lenapru some ten years since, this will be the first new thing Madame Patti has deigned to appear in. There is no palpitating feeling expressed over the coming event, which is to take place some time in the early season in London.

A correspondent to the *Dramatic News* sounds the trumpet and beats a big drum in ecstacies from Craig-y-nos. From the cuts it appears the plushy and stuffy furnishing would fill all the requirements of the Sloan or California Furniture Company standard. Dining room, sitting room and boudoir rant in operatic villanies of ornament; only the conservatory, used as a breakfast room, shows symptoms of good feelings. Though meaning, perhaps, a trifle too well, Madame Patti's gushing guest, has in fulsome lines drawn successfully enough the picture of a female egotist, with all the traits of a vain, selfish, silly and calculating old woman. Not one of the accomplishments of the songstress is forgotten, nor those eternal jewels, the loud condescensions of royality, and the vulgar gifts of millionaires. Asked how many languages she speaks she replies:

"Oh, I don't know so many, only—let's see—English, German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Russian!" On the subject of her age she is made to be delicious. "They tell me I am getting to be an old woman, but I don't believe it. I don't feel old. I feel quite young." This is reassuring for those who have patience enough for half a dozen more farewell tours.

Woman is proving that she can develop quite a creative gift for music, and gives promises of something better. At last a real success has been won by the sex in operatic composition. Mrs. Mildred Marion Jessup, a gifted aristocratic Scotch woman, has composed a work upon the libretto taken from an original tragic poem, "Ethelinda," by her husband. Produced over the nom de guerre of Mr. Marion at Florence under brilliant auspices. A swift success was achieved, Mascagni himself leading the enthusiasm on the opening night.

Enraptured with the services of Herr Scheel the Philharmonic Society promises to become a living feature in our services towards the divine art. Not content with a single rehearsal the new director wishes two each week, and will probably succeed in bringing our amateurs to this. Already he has made them aware that they know nothing of orchestral ensemble, and what is better, has given the society generally a feeling of implicit confidence in him, and inspired enthusiasm of a genuine kind. When a performance is given it will be a revelation of what amateur music can be led to achieve.

LESLEY MARTIN.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Johnathan Swayback called on us last week while he was up on a visit to the Fair. Mr. Swayback, who is very popular in his own home, hopes to receive the nomination for deputy poundmaster in his native village. He assures us Burns is with him.

* * *

Samuel Legall—son of Judge Legall of Humboldt—is in the city. Samuel reports that geography and Dan Burns defeated his father's aspirations for a seat on the Supreme Bench. It is too bad that geography and Dan Burns should be weightier than brains and integrity in contests of this kind.

* * *

There is some talk of Lon Adamson for Assessor. Lon is a good fellow, but since he paid Judge Spence $25 for our $100 prommissory note we have lost faith in his judgment of values. Lon wanted a pull on Burns, so we gave him a letter to Buckley. Good luck, Lon.

* * *

Mr. William Willing was in our office today. Willie wants to run for some office and sought our advice on the subject. It seems Willie's sister married a gentleman whose brother-in-law is on intimate terms with a friend of Dan Burns, and he is loth to let the opportunity pass without using his pull. If any of our readers can recommend a suitable place for Willie, it will be duly appreciated. He has not much to recommend him outside of his pull.

* * *

We take pride in calling attention to our fellow townsman, Mr. C. A. Buckley. Mr. Buckley knows a good thing when he feels it, and after an extended trip to Canada and foreign parts, he has returned to his old home to stay. Mr. Buckley's travels in the European Monarchies has not blinded him to the great good one man may accomplish under a Republican form of Government. Although an ardent Democrat when he left for his tour, Mr. Buckley, since his return, has taken a decided interest in the politics of the Republican party and he is determined that none but good men shall get on either ticket. Such patriotism should not go unrewarded.

* * *

Commodore Spreckels has taken townsman Burns off on a cruise in his yacht. Colonel Burns threw up the inside of the political situation to the press so completely before his departure, that pools are selling at 15 to 1 that he will not grow sea-sick.

* * *

Judge Fatwit was on the street yesterday denouncing the corporations for not giving up to the strikers. The Judge expects to poll a large labor vote in the coming election.

* * *

Tabitha Peaceful has not changed a particle since our childhood. Tabby's hair still wears that unkempt appearance that has always marked its keeping. She still raises her voice and lowers her record as a housekeeper shouting for woman's rights. She wears the same old hopeful smile and the same old bonnet. Occasionally Tabby brings in a poem or an article on woman's suffrage. It was through her influence with Burns that the woman suffrage plank was inserted in the Republican platform. She still retains a great influence over Burns.

* * *

We notice the daily press is advertising Mustang Liniment for Man and Beast and Burns. Will some one rise and explain?

* * *

Our esteemed fellow-citizen and merchant tailor, Mr. Twistly, has another order for a suit of clothes for Colonel Burns. Twistly will be Governor some day.

* * *

MIDWINTER FAIR BAGGAGE OFFICE.

By retaining your baggage checks until you reach San Francisco, and leaving the same at any of our offices, you will save money. Trunks, thirty-five cents each. Morton Special Delivery, the largest transfer in the city. Offices: 31 Geary street, 408 Taylor street, Oakland Ferry Depot.

Humboldt Artesian Mineral Water. Half-pints, pints and quarts for table use. 40 Third St., telephone 5822.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist.
Phelan Building, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

TO RAISE .·. $50,000

We will Sell at a Great Sacrifice

For Two Weeks Only

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF .·. .·. .·.

Paintings, Pictures,
Bric-a-Brac, Ornaments,
Bronzes and Statues and
Fine Glass and Table Ware

S. & G. GUMP, 113 Geary St.

THE GLASS OF FASHION

There is a wild hypothesis nowadays that to be happy one must be rich. One girl insists that could she but wear silk stockings every day she would know perfect felicity. Another remarks that her chief reason for wanting to be rich is that she might have her hair done by a professional coiffeuse or a *very* clever (and consequently expensive) maid twice a day. A third girl desired wealth because it would enable her to travel and see the world, whereupon her widely traveled friend promptly remarks that the more she saw of it the less she found to like in it. A fourth, less cosmopolitan in her ideas, wanted money to spend on going to the theatres. It certainly is a delightful amusement, and instead of tiring one it absolutely freshens and restores the jaded faculties. A fifth girl wants to be able to wear an unlimited number of shoes and gloves. She declares that they are the most costly items of the entire wardrobe, and I quite agree with her. She, however, has remarkably pretty hands and feet—a fact which makes her desirous of displaying them to the best advantage.

Can any one tell me what is the ulterior motive of men and dogs in looking first always at one's feet?

It is certainly not an assistance, especially if one's shoes are slightly the worse for cobble-stones. It is difficult uuder such a form of observation to be as composed and tranquil as one might desire.

I wonder very often after perusing lists upon lists of gowns designed by Worth, does it ever enter the mind of those interested in the luxurious clothes of those more fortunate than themselves, what kind of a man Monsieur Jean Worth is.

One's imagination does not stray to the extremely tall, the superbly physical, nor to the aristocratically intellectual. A little man with an aggressively stumpy nose, slighly *retroussé* tiny pig eyes, intensely conscious of much scheming and planing, and strong in his belief (which has almost become his creed and doctrine) that fashion is the inevitable autocrat of mankind. That is the picture of Worth, whose talent is the acknowledgment of positive issues which followed up by the seizure of opportunity almost amounts to genius. This is the man whose skill and cunning has decided the fate of sleeves, bodices, skirts, etc., the man whose name will descend to posterity, and will interest our descendants probably to a far greater extent than Gladstone, Salisbury, Cleveland, Grant, or even our new political boss, Dan Burns.

Nevertheless we shrug our shoulders at fashions—such a care. It would be so much easier if we could be like men. For my part, the most delightful moments of my life are in going over remnants and in wondering and speculating when the goods come home, can any possible use be made of a yard and seven-eighths of some dainty organdie. Then putting it aside and easing my conscience, which is by no means so uncommonly difficult as some might fancy, by repeating part of that old-time saying, the end of which is generally lost in oblivion or muttered inaudibly, "Keep a thing seven years."

When Lady Windermere's Fan was first produced in London the gowns were even more the rage than the epigrams, but those confections of art have now a rival. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who takes the leading part in the new drama, "The Masqueraders," is calculated to make herself famous not only by her histrionic powers but by the gorgeous gowns, which will suggest many new ideas for evening toilettes.

Her dinner dress was of pink satin brocaded in silver in a conventional floral design. The skirt had a border of handsome silver embroidery, and was draped to show an underskirt of pink satin, the hem of which was of the embroidery. The bodice crossed from left to right, fastening at the side just under the decolletage, which was cut square. A large choux bow, with long ends falling to the edge of the draped skirts, where they were caught up nattily, was placed just here; it was of pink satin ribbon embroidered in silver arabesques. The immense puffed sleeves were of the brocade, with epaulettes of the silver embroidery, and quaint turned-back and stiffened pointed cuffs of pink satin, embroidered in silver. The point was so bent forward as to show the pink satin lining. A deep flounce of pink chiffon fell from the back part of the sleeves, half veiling the elbow. It was most effective. The decolletage was bordered with the silver embroidery over chiffon, and the waist was also outlined by this gorgeous embroidery. The toilette is unique and handsome, and the talk of hundreds of the best groomed and gowned women of London.

Another pretty toilet was of sea blue satin, brocaded with lilies of the valley in gold thread. The bodice was draped with cream lace embroidered in gold, and short cascades of this pretty lace was arranged on the hips; on each side was laid a band of black satin ribbon ornamented with large circlets of narrow gold cord, with fringe of the same. The sleeves of the brocade are drawn right up to the shoulder in the center, the epaulettes being of the same handsome material, lined with black satin. The belt is is of gold sequined galon, formed by several small sequins drawn into a round, each round being fitted to the other. This is a very novel and effective trimming, having something the effect of chain armor. A third decidedly smart gown was entirely in poppy red silk, whilst yet another was of peach colored velvet embroidered in gold.

It seems cowardly of men to threaten, especially when we women admire them in each new phase of masculine atrocities, but fancy the latest threat, and one that some smart men insist upon carrying into effect in New York and Philadelphia; it is a new wine colored silk dress suit, with knee breeches and buckled shoes. Would it not be a startling innovation for the groom's best man, or the man of true importance, as some facetious people insist upon calling him, to don at one of our next weddings. I promise him advertising and notoriety, for it would be sure not to gee with the altar decorations or with the bridesmaid's gowns.

Is it not curious that tendency of the living soul imprisoned within its cell of flesh, to communicate to neighboring captives the characteristics of its individuality that surface indications cannot. What efforts, what sacrifices it makes to secure the appreciation, the homage of its equally misunderstood fellows. How it dissembles, intrigues—shall I say—lies? And all this for the purpose of preventing another construing its actions in the obvious human way, of hiding under a cloak of disinterestedness or eccentricity the actuating selfishness of its moves. Only the optimistic nowadays are given to finding spirituality in the doings of their friends, and the habit of pretense has about as much real utility as that of the strut. It carries a certaiu exterior value of course, but hardly impresses those whose opinion counts.

Most of us glorying in the possession of brothers or husbands, realize that in these days coin is scarce. It is by no means an uncommon experience this; most of us have felt the pinch. Owing to this sad condition of affairs spending the season in the country becomes out of the question. When the condition of affairs is so obvious why attribute to some other cause one's continuance in *urbe*. Alas! that I should have to write it:—among superficial worlds the San Francisco monde is singularly superficial. Believe it or not as you like, but selfishness, shallowness and insincerity are the primary characteristics of this eminently frivolous coterie. One dares trust enemies where there is no possible reliance upon one's friends. The former, at least, are more or less straightforward in their aversion, while the latter are seldom longer one's friends than prosperous circumstances render advisable. They bid you to luncheon or to dinner, and straightway there is one's name in the society column next day—*pour enconrager les antres.* I suppose if you possess anything to give, even if you refuse to give it, they will rally round you like starving sparrows impatient to be fed. But should the suspicion of adversity come your way, they shamelessly exhibit the slightness of their regard, and abandon you abruptly without even deigning to explain the reason of the desertion. Nevertheless this is the age of the modern woman with no prejudices, and a desire in her friends for conscientious adherence to the truth. REFLECTOR.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

TO THE LADIES

The lost art of plumping the figure, known to Roman ladies of rank, is recovered in the rare toilet article known as Dr. O. P. Brown's HERBAL TISSUE BUILDER. The tissues absorb it greedily, and being fed and nourished, grow plump and firm. It also gives such a lovely, clear complexion as to astonish everyone. Druggists, $1. **Trial Box** by mail with "Seven Ages of Woman's Life" illustrated 10c. Address J. Gibson Brown, Jersey City, N. J.

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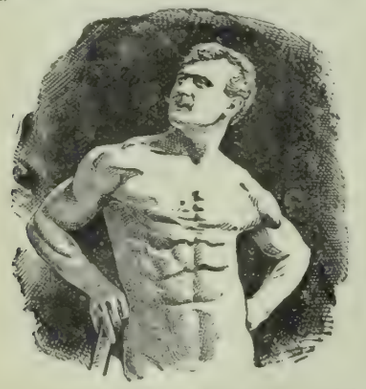
HOW TO GET THIN

What Sandow Prescribes for the Weak Fat People to Do

Art Aids Nature—The Weakest Can Become Powerful by Adhering to a Few Simple Rules—The Secret of Good Figures.

Perhaps no athelete of modern times has created a greater furor of enthusiasm by his abilities than has Eugene Sandow, "the blonde German Hercules," who held up three horses on his chest.



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Many a fleshy, weak man has admired Sandow's brawny muscles with absolute despair of ever equaling him or passably imitating him in his feats, and yet has had the desire aroused to become strong and healthy, a treat to the eyes of his fellow-men.

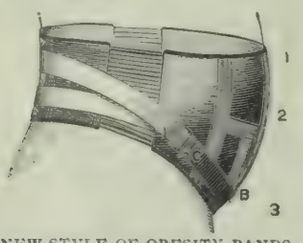
As long as the body is covered with fat any physical exertion of moment is almost out of the question. A very fleshy person simply cannot perform feats requiring agility and strength with any degree of ease. To get rid of this extra flesh is the chief duty of one who would be strong.

Dr. Edison has discovered a combination of the chemical properties of certain German mineral springs which has a marked effect in the reduction of flesh. This combination is prepared for the trade under the name of Obesity Pills. With Dr. Edison's Obesity Fruit Salt, a pleasant drink, they form a complete cure for excessive fatness, which brings in too many cases fatty degeneration of the heart and liver and other deadly diseases.

Here is what is said of these remedies by those who have given them a full trial:

E. D. Warner of Orange, Cal., writes: "I purchased Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Fruit Salts in Kansas City, Mo. I then weighed 247 pounds. Have used the medicine as directed only one week and weigh to-day 235 pounds, and can assure you that I am physically much better."

Another letter: "In one week since last writing have lost eight pounds. Yours courteously, E. B. WARNER."



NEW STYLE OF OBESITY BANDS.

Mrs. Francis Forms writes from Traver, Cal., October 16, 1892—Messrs. Loring & Co.: Inclosed find $2 50 for one bottle of Obesity Pills and one of Fruit Salts. I think I must tell you I have lost that feeling of oppression after eating, and am feeling generally better for using your remedies. Respectfully yours, P. O. Box 296.

State of Illinois, Soldiers and Orphans' Home, 514 East Capitol avenue, H. R. Mitchell, clerk.--Springfield, Illinois, January 16, 1894: A year ago I bought one of your Obesity Bands and wore it with good effect and a great deal of comfort, reducing my abdominal circumference seven inches. Now I want another band made as per dimensions inclosed. I am willing you should publish my opinion of your Band.

North Cove, Wash., July 7, 1893.—Loring & Co., 115 State street--Gentlemen: Will you please send circulars to the names below of my friends? * * * I find your bands and pills most wonderful, having reduced my flesh sixty pounds. I only took one bottle of Fruit Salt and liked it very much. Yours respectfully, MRS. W. S. KIMBRED.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Ada Ragen, Guy, Wash., September 9, 1892--Messrs. Loring & Co.: Please send to my address one 36 band and three bottles of pills. The one bottle purchased some time ago was highly satisfactory, reducing me nine pounds. With the fullest faith in your treatment, I am gratefully yours,

MR. JOHN COLE, STATE AUDITOR'S CLERK OF MICHIGAN, LOST THIRTY-THREE POUNDS. READ WHAT HE SAYS.

Lansing (Mich.), October 12, 1893.--I have taken one dose of Dr. Edison's remedies, consisting of a few bottles each of pills and fruit salt, and dropped in weight from 270 to 237 pounds, and am gradually losing still.

THE PRICE IS $1 PER BOTTLE.

Measurement for Band is the largest part of the abdomen. Measure snug at 1, 2, 3. The bands cost $2 50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents for each additional inch.

Pills $1 50 a bottle, or three bottles for $4 enough for one treatment.

Orders for C. O. D. goods must be accompanied by $1 deposit to guarantee express charges.

Agents for the Pacific Coast, THE OWL DRUG COMPANY, Market street, San Francisco.

LORING & CO., General Agents United States, Department 27, No. 115 State street, Chicago.

COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

Our San José State Incubator has closed for the term, and again numberless maidens, young and old, are turned out to fight for megre teachers' pay, and prowl for plunder from the School Boards of the community. The peaceful graduation exercises of other days, I fear, will be known no more, for if the Board meeting just closed is any indice of what is to follow, the war is on. You see, the Normal Board, holding office by the grace of Governor Markham, has been signalizing their devotion to duty by practicing economy, at least, its members say so, and events seem to verify their statements. Failing to recognise the eminent scholastic attainments of the Czar of the Normal, they made a cut in his salary of sufficient size to demoralize entirely his bump of vanity. All in the interest of economy, they say, yet we who know the motives of the powers that be, can hardly fail to read between the lines another story.

A tale, too, of revenge for punished plagiarism, where Trustee Lowe enforces his threatened sentence passed a year ago. Then a young lady, bright and charming, as all Ralph's favorites are, was suspected of using ideas not her own, in the preparation of a Normal essay. At an indignant meeting of the Faculty, the girl was disciplined; her disgrace was flaunted to the world, and the Trusees called in to administer a further cudgeling. Mr. Lowe, however, always sympathizing with beauty in distress, took up the fight, and the Principal, with all his cohorts, was beaten. With maneuvers that would do credit to the Boss of the late Convention of unholy memory, the dark-bearded Professsor succeeded in ousting the genial Ralph from the Chairmanship, and for a time his mein bespoke the victor. But the deposed Chairman hasn't trained with Tom Derby all these years for nothing. He recalled the *boleta* days of Almaden, when the miners declined his terms only to accept a reduction in wages, and by the same cunning of hand Principal Childs' salary suffered a reduction of six hundred dollars. As yet he has had time only to meditate revenge, and plan the means of its accomplishment. Of course, he won't resign; that would please the enemy only too well, so his sole course is to take the medicine, though bitter the dose, and pray that death may overtake his foe on the coming trip to Tahoe.

Speaking of medicine, and those who give it, a rumor is about that our ex-Judge's fair daughter is soon to wed a young physcian. We hope to be assured of the falsity of this, for there yet lingers in our minds the misfortunes attending the last matrimonial combination of the Judge's daughter.

I am hopeful soon of chronicling less of news unpleasant. So many of our girls are approaching the sere and yellow line of life, that even a rumor, however vague, is hailed with delight, though often tinged with envy. When the club boys began to cultivate the neighbors, I felt sure that something pleasant would follow. But, as usual, my aspirations for the certain fair matrons concerned were blighted when I saw their footpath had been moved. Girls, take an old maid's advice—don't do this—give the boys a chance to gaze in admiration on your charms, and surely before many days have passed the happy announcement will meet the eyes of

BESSIE.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY: You will remember that I wrote you some time ago regarding an aged "Don Juan," who was playing papa to a handsome young widow in this city. Well, I am now able to disclose the name of both parties. They are John Bryson; Sr., and Mrs. Lamberton. The alleged doings of the pair have been disclosed through the filing of a suit for divorce, brought by Mrs. Bryson. John Bryson is very prominent in Los Angeles as a capitalist, and was once Mayor of the city. His only marked characteristic is what he keeps, not what he gives away. The woman in the case is an ex-concert hall performer from London. She married W. W. Lamberton, but, as things did not run smoothly, she obtained a divorce from him some time ago. Since then the gallant John has been doing the honors to the fair widow. It is further alleged in the complaint that this is not the first time that John has wandered from the path of virtue and his own fireside. It is also stated that he has been cruel to his wife, and succeded in making her life a burden. The affair has created quite a sensation here, as Mr. and Mrs. Bryson have been married over fifty years. But it seems in California that it is never too late to get a divorce.

Lawrence Hanley, the star at the Grand Opera-house, recently gave an exhibition which was not on the programme. "In Idaho" was the play. Mr. Hanley did not appear that evening at the usual time, and some fellows were detailed to hunt him up. They found him on his knees, praying with the Salvation Army in the presence of an interesting crowd. He was removed to the theatre, but as far as his acting that evening was concerned, it would have been better had he remained with the Salvation Army, as he sported a highly ornate and commodious jag.

William M. Garland has just returned from attending the Republican Convention at Sacramento, looking as handsome as ever. He was one of the most popular delegates from this county. The girls are all delighted to see him again, and greatly enjoy his thrilling accounts of the Burns ratification gathering.

The epidemic here at present is that of the "sweet girl graduate." There is enough theory in an average essay to cover a ten-acre field, but not enough of the practical to conceal a square foot of real estate. One of the recent performances given on class day was by the middle class of the High School to the graduating class. The ambitious young people dramatized Scot's "Talisman." The production was greatly enjoyed, and the participants acquitted themselves in excellent style. Prominent among them was J. Blum, the son of the rabbi. As "Salandin," he looked very handsome and acted well. He is a very bright young fellow, and will make himself a career.

Rumor has it that the wife of a prominent wholesale grocer has brought suit for divorce on the usual grounds.

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The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street: For the half year ending June 30, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4⅙) per cedt per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Monday July 2, 1894.
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7.00 a m	Benecia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, Castle Crag and Dunsmuir, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
4.30 p m	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†7.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.45 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge)	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz	8.05 p m
8 15 a m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.45 p m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*11.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
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8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.47 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1.45 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
11.45 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and principal Way Stations	9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8 06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	*8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
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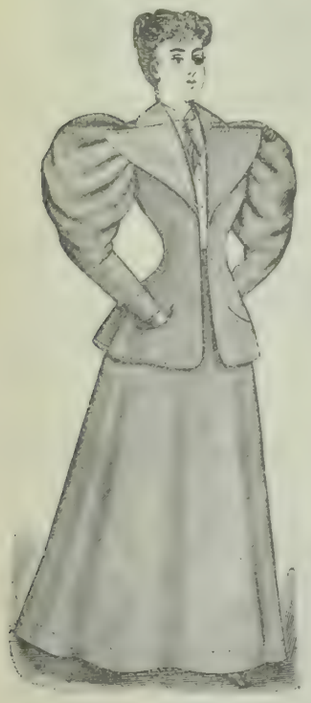

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THE WAVE

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 14, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

MISS MAUD ADAMS

[Photograph kindly loaned by L. Levin & Son, 26 Stockton St.]

The political features which for several weeks have been so faithfully photographed by the WAVE'S Portrait Gallery must yield place to-day to the interesting likeness of Miss Maud Adams, actress, comedienne and leading lady in the John Drew Company. Miss Adams' stage career has been the story of success won in a single night. When Mr. Drew essayed to star, he first looked about him for a good comedy, and then for a promising support. He secured Henry Guy Carleton's "Butterflies," and Miss Maud Adams as leading lady. The piece was put on at Palmer's, ran for over a hundred nights, and the morning after its first performance, Miss Adams woke, like Alexander, to find herself famous. New York is as swift and generous in its appreciation as it is quick and cruel in its disapprobation, and its favor has the significance of insuring certain success in other places. The New York verdict always carries weight and Miss Adams has, in almost every city, found herself heralded by pleasant expectation. She is a comedienne of the highest accepted school, although quite original in her methods, capable of rising to serious work and inspired by an arch and delicate humor. She has a cultivated and delightful voice, an attractive personality and that personal magnetism which is the sister-gift of talent.

SPLASHES

SOMETHING OF social importance will always cling to the personality of Mrs. James Brown-Potter, no matter how far her feet have strayed from the camps of the Philistines down the highways and by-ways of theatrical Bohemia. There's magic in a name—Shakespeare himself to the contrary—and the San Francisco set responded as a sort of duty, or at all events, as if it were something expected of them, to the name advertised on the bills at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening last. It was quite the most brilliant house since the Irving season last year, and in spite of the laxity of Summer etiquette, there was any amount of dress. I think I never noticed such a noticeable quantity of white distributed over an audience not assembled for operatic reasons and, like the blaze of red, which burst on the world about a year ago, it seemed to suddenly announce itself fashionable in a single night. White is infinitely more effective by gaslight, or, properly speaking, electric light, than any color, and the audience partook of splendor on Monday night to a marked and inspiring degree. I cannot say I admire the custom of removing hats after the theatre is entered. A woman is prompted to this movement by one or two reasons. Either she considers the comfort of her neighbors, or she has gowned herself with an elegance non-suited to head-covering of any kind. For the first case—one of individual courtesy—she might wear a smaller hat which would obstruct the view of the stage no more than the coiffure of the period. For the second—one of strictest etiquette—she should put the finishing touches to her toilette in her dressing-room at home. It may be comfortable as well as fashionable for women to take off their hats and make other little changes in their costumes after they are seated in the theatre, but it is certainly not becoming.

* * *

I watched a crowd of well known girls, on Monday evening, who were quite ten or fifteen minutes getting "fit" for the performance. They disposed of veils either by folding them out of sight or pinning them firmly to the plush covered backs of the seats in front. They removed their hats and had little amiable arguments with the men of their party as to who should hold the head gear. In most instances, these were ended by the girls who impaled their hats on one knee, where they were horribly in the way of lorgnettes and veils, and had to be guarded by an anxious hand throughout the evening. I observed that the girls all wore their hat-pins in their mouths during this process and fumbled with the disengaged hand to determine the state of waves and coils and braids and bangs. They also exchanged critical glances and reassuring nods. Meantime the men waited anxiously to assist them with their heavy wraps which were, also, removed in due time, and after going through those singular motions with which femininity plumes and preens its sleeves, they leaned back in their chairs with a mingled smile of contentment and relief, having been restless and conspicuous for something like ten or fifteen minutes. If it is inelegant for a woman to put her gloves on in the street, why is it not equally bad form for her to make several changes in her toilette at the theatre?

* * *

MRS. POTTER does not seem to mind making her little changes of toilette in public, I am thinking. I quite remember the shock she gave what was once her world in the mat- of "the little worm of the Nilus," but here she had, at least, the excuse of historical precedent. Nothing can excuse the abandoned vulgarity throughout the second act of the Therèse Raquin parody, and in the forbidding chill which fell upon the fashionable audience Monday night, Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew must have read the signs of failure. Up to this point the house had been unresponsive—from this time on it was frigid. It permitted itself to audibly protest when Mrs. Potter hurled herself with unnecessary violence against the floor, and it allowed itself to audibly smile when she made an unwarrantable display of unlovely arm. Otherwise it gave no outward and visible sign of any feeling whatever. I am rejoiced that San Francisco has had even this limited opportunity of arraigning herself against this order of indelicacy. Our sentiments are too often mistaken on points such as these. Persons who travel Westward from the metropolis fancy they will meet toleration if not sympathy with whatever is too risqué for the supposedly conservative palate of the East. I regret to venture on an injustice, but such persons, it seems to me, must gather their convictions from perusal of the *Police Gazette*.

* * *

Or, possibly, they read *The Standard*. This is the field where California and Californians are so frequently paraded in an unbecoming light. In this unique publication, if I mistake not, I recently studied a profound treatise on the characteristics of Miss Jennie Flood. The article was accompanied by an alleged portrait of herself, which was, in reality a cut made from an old photograph of Mrs. Hermann Oelrich taken in earliest girlhood. That Miss Flood and Mrs. Oelrichs are both Californians and both heiresses, was enough presumé for *The Standard* and, now that I consider the matter, that is nearer the truth than this paper usually gets. The confusion of identity was indeed a trifle, light as air, compared to the glaring inaccuracies which shrieked aloud from the column printed beneath the picture. I suppose we have no people more unpretentious than the Floods, who have accepted the gifts of fortune unostentatiously, and have gone about their interests and their pleasures with less display than is common to the rich. Miss Flood is amodest woman who has ignored more than one opportunity for a brilliant marriage, devoted herself to her family, and counts a host of acquaintances and a long list of affectionate friends. The sort of personal vanity, vulgar insolence and pride of purse attributed to her by this impertinent scrawl, was bred in the imagination of the scribbler to whom the copper penny a line is dearer than the coin of truth and since, as the Persians say, the Gods never record a lie without a reason for it, let us hope that this one paid for his dinner.

* * *

TO RETURN to the subject of the outward appearance of audiences, I wish devoutly that some one would definitely determine for San Francisco, the rules which control the garb of men, and that some one else, equally gifted, would tacitly enforce them. In reply to such individuals as have on more than one occasion taken particular and uninvited pains to inform me of the obvious fact that a man has a right to dress as he pleases, I would like to observe that my remarks are not addressed to persons of that class, and that I receive comments on this subject from this direc-

tion in the light of impertinent interference. I am considering the needs of men of pleasure who deem a certain amount of respect to be due the society of which they form a part, and who are willing to observe its outward forms and customs. It is senseless to ignore the fact that we are new people. However well-born and bred the individual, the community which shelters him is new, and the social institutions are only just now developing. That dress as well as deportment has a place in society, and the dress of men as equally as that of women, let no one ambitious of social equity attempt to deny. The rules which prevail in the East are inflexible, but San Francisco permits herself perfect immunity from these, and from all others. No two men here dress alike. No two men here dress even with consistency. I attribute this, not to individual independence, but to general uncertainty. I believe that if men here knew just how and just when to dress, they would conform to the régime with pleasure.

* * *

I had seriously thought of asking certain smart men in San Francisco to contribute their views on this matter and decide the minor points which are always controlled by clime and condition, although the general rule may be the same the world over. The subject of full-dress agitates the minds of most men. There is quite an ironclad convention in all Eastern cities against anything more pronounced than a dinner-coat after the first of June and most men recognize the unsuitability of a dress suit for Sabbath evening entertainments. Yet I have met Society men en grande tenue at an informal Sunday dinner and I never know who will and who will not wear full dress at the theatre at the height of the summer season. It is not a week ago since I saw four Pacific Clubmen in a glory of swallow-tails and fine linen, and at the Baldwin every night this week, the masculine part of the audience has been divided between the equally faulty extremes of satin lapels and pink cotton shirtings.

* * *

"THE WORLD which knows itself" was there. Mr. Sheldon's party included Miss Clement, the Misses Dimond, Mr. Tobin and Mr. Jarboe. They had seats in the orchestra, and carried on a sort of social telegraphy across the house with the Hobarts and Mr. and Mrs. Worden, who were guests of George Newhall in one of the stage boxes. Nods and becks and wreathed smiles were in evidence, in fact, all over the theatre, and the audience wore the friendly and informal expression of a social gathering by special invitation or preconcerted arrangement. I observed the blonde youth who has been the joy of the buds, tenderly bearing an exchange of corsage roses between two fond friends, whom an unkind fate had divided by the width of the theatre and the obligations of separate theatre parties. But the general interchange of thought and sentiment visibly altered in quality and increased in significance as the peculiar play progressed to its unpleasant end, and after the performance little knots of people were gathered in the lobby to discuss the somewhat startling features while their carriages were called.

* * *

Mr. Sheldon entertained his guests at dinner, before the theatre, at his house on Pacific avenue. He is almost the only man in town who entertains in his own home or, in truth, has a home of his own in which to entertain. He has the secret of delightful little dinners and an admirable establishment, furnished with a taste that is femininely fine and conducted with that noiseless ease which is found, oftener, strange to say, in the ménage de garçon where one efficient man-servant is, than in the households of women who have ten domestics at their command. There is scarcely an unexpected hour at which one may not safely chance in on a man friend, sure of finding him in unconcerned order, with the wheels of his domestic economy oiled to perfect smoothness and everything ready to serve from behind the screen. His service is quiet and respectful, his glass and silver beyond reproach, his linen spotless and his temper untried. I can understand why men should marry for love's dear sake or for the baser purposes of wealth, or out of pity or convenience, to satisfy the conventions or to secure companionship, but it is not included in my narrow philosophy that man should wed in order to have some woman conduct his home. So far, at least, am I of the advanced opinion of the emancipated woman. I think, of the two, man is by far the better housekeeper.

* * *

I have often wondered why so few of them exercised this talent in the West, where conveniences are many and the cost comparatively small. I think I have discovered the reason. It is the society tramp. This pest is not peculiar to California, but it does not thrive so well in the East where the expenses of bare living are so much more considerable, and the exigencies of social existence so much more severe. One must have a certain amount of money to spend on "appearances" before one can enter the charmed circle of wealth and fashion of New York and other big towns and the toll to pay at society's portal is, by no means, inconsiderable. In our hospitable land, with a certain informality which seems to be indigenous to this soil, the tramp who beats his way through society is not so readily barred out. A number of men who have gone to dwell in peace and plenty at San Rafael, Redwood, Saucelito and surrounding suburbs, tell me that they have, actually, been driven back to chambers or hotels by the hordes of men and women who, without the slightest claim to consideration beyond that which people of breeding extend to every acquaintance, have come to feed and fatten on their hospitality. And these are men who delight to entertain and on whom the question of expense need never disagreeably intrude.

* * *

ESPECIALLY, I understand, are the jovial Noahs who float in Arks moored within convenient boating distance of the shore, regarded as legitimate prey. A man told me, the other day, at the club, that when he had a house-boat last year, on Richardson's Bay, it was not an unusual thing for him to have from thirty to forty people on his hands for entertainment every Sunday. They came not only by day but by night. They came to breakfast, to luncheon, to dinner and to supper. If they saw a light shining from his cabin door they came because they were sure of finding him. If his windows looked darkly out on the flowing tide, they came just to see if he were, by any chance, at home. There was no escape from them except by flight, and there were none among them who were really his chosen friends. These, alone, held aloof and waited for an invitation to visit him when he was alone. This is not an experience unique among agreeable bachelors. I know several men who have been similarly afflicted. An ark has recently been towed away from the Belvedere lagoon and moved off the less accessible San Quentin shore because, I understand, its owners could no longer enjoy the privacy they sought for themselves and their intimate friends, by reason of the insistent demands of their lesser acquaintance. And Saucelito men who have cottages and a reputation for hospitality, complain that they are frequently awakened from slumber sound, as late as three in the morning, by parties returning from the water, or distractions in the town. These gregarious souls are cordially welcomed at this ungodly hour and, if not wined and dined, at least well beered and crackered by a supposedly enchanted host. A man's home, apparently, ceased to be his castle when he dispensed with the drawbridge and the moat.

* * *

Saucelito has been quite conspicuously gay. Commodore Harrison has the Tuckers of Oakland on board his yacht, and has given several informal lunches and dinners in their honor. Miss Claire Tucker is one of the coming débutantes, and, according to accepted custom, is gathering some social experience through the summer months. The matinée dansante, promised for Saturday at the Campbell's, has been abruptly and indefinitely postponed—no one seems to know quite why. This is something of a disappointment, for the matinée is a decided novelty in California, and the younger set was speculating happily over its possibilites. Several of the bachelors on the hill held house parties of men, and sounds of mirth and revelry by night issue from the Stauf cottage, where Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Weller are passing a week.

* * *

Another bud who will bloom into society next season is Miss Genevieve Goad, who is creating a preliminary sensation at Monterey. She is really a most beautiful girl, carries herself superbly and has the exquisite complexion which is a birthright in the Goad family. She is thoroughly self-possessed, but with the unconsciousness that is the charm of Eastern-bred girls. The Del Monte is rapidly filling up in expectation of the Tournament, and a number of men have already appeared on the scene. Walter Hobart took down the McNears, Harry Simpson, Clem Tobin, Taylor, Lougborough and Simpson on his drag. They left town, I think, on Tuesday or Wednesday, and made a good trip down. Hobart's "beasts" are travelers, and a fine looking lot, beside.

* * *

I hear that the drag was the cause of some blood on the San Rafael moon after all, and that a young man, noted for more money than manners, created a painful scene by refusing to occupy the seat assigned to him beside a certain charming girl, and trembled so near the brink of confiding his objections to the assembled and seated party on the drag that Hobart hurriedly ordered down the ladder, and, mumbling something kindly and absurd about balancing the vehicle better, routed everybody down and out and around and up again, and finally seated them with the moneyed cad in the place he had coveted and fought for.

* * *

Out of consideration for the girl who was the innocent cause of all this commotion, Hobart could scarcely afford to snub his obnoxious guest with promptness and publicity, which is regretable. So many of the sons of

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moneyed men, here, are in need of snubbing. There is an insufferable arrogance and insolent indifference rampant among them and they transfer the importance the world attaches to wealth to their own insignificant personality. I had a delicious experience at the expense of one of them not so many months ago, at the table of a man who has been distinguished as a diplomat in two worlds, has refused the presidency of all the good clubs here and is, perhaps, the courtliest man in San Francisco. Among his guests was a gilded youth who had permitted himself much license of manner throughout the evening and finally forgot—or remembered—himself, to the extent of pushing aside the hand of a waiter who was about to fill his glass with champagne.

"I don't want that," he said with charming frankness, "bring me some Burgundy!" The man hesitated and the guest turned to his host with an insolent sneer. And I suppose the sneer settled it. At all events, his host arose.

"I am not serving Burgundy at my table to-night," he said very quiety. His eye wandered to the clock. "If you leave the house at once," he paused significantly; "you will be in time to get it at any of the down-town cafés."

* * *

San Rafael seems to have repented her of riotous living and after one week of dissipation has gone promptly to sleep again. I am informed by a flippant youth who was the last of the Tennis Tournament crowd to leave the hotel, that the town is as dead as a cucumber, which I gather is very dead indeed. The Wallaces talked of remaining through July, but I believe they came down on Wednesday. Nearly everyone is going to Monterey for the twenty-first, but a number of people are in town. The Dimonds are up from Burlingame and visiting Mrs. Ed. Dimond this week. Miss Clement and Miss McKinstry, who have been guests of the Dimonds at the club, returned to town with them, and Miss McKinstry expected to be on her way abroad about this time. Of course, she could not get to New York and presumably her party sailed for Europe without her. In the meantime her people drove up from Santa Cruz to spend a few days with her before her departure and are still in town. Clarence McKinstry is also here on a visit from the North. Mrs. Hager came down from Castle Crag just before the difficulty closed the road, leaving her younger children and Miss Leslie Van Ness behind her. She has been unable to return and is naturally distressed over the detention. Nearly all of the Burlingame men prefer stopping in town until the strike is settled and railroad travel among the certainties of life.

* * *

I HEAR from Yosemite that Brett Stokes tramps the Valley with the frenzied zeal of a British tourist. He is correctly and comfortably costumed for the character in tweeds, knickerbockers and an Alpenstock, and enjoys himself quite evidently and with industry. The Pringles are also in their Seven-League boots, somewhere up in Mendocino where the entire family went into camp about a week ago. Harry Pringle got home just in time to avoid the tie-up on the railroads. They are camping in that modified manner which includes good beds, plenty of luxuries in the way of provisions and efficient servants to attend to every need. This is quite as it should be, according to my effete understanding. I regard with curiosity and awe the individual who revels in the unvarnished delights of life under the free and flapping canvas, the couch of sweet-smelling leaves, and the simple fare cooked, with his own hands, over the glowing camp fire. The picture appeals to my artistic sense, but it does not delight my mind, and it is crucifixion to the body. My personal experience with the free and flapping canvas is that it is more flappy than free, and either the wind whistles under it to congeal the blood in one's veins, or it does not penetrate it at all, and one is left to a miserable end by suffocation. The couch of sweet smelling leaves is a delusion and a snare, instinct with thorns and spikes which pierce one's linen and one's epiderm, and yet defy the most persistent search. And the simple fare is so largely bacon of that discouraging nature which gets damp when it is fried. Then the thing it is cooked in has to be washed. All this is infinitely depressing. I much prefer "kid-glove camping" with Oriental rugs and cushions strewn thickly within a pavilion á la Perse, and trained servants and all the delicacies of the season and cool things to drink. Or I can find an equal amount of rural bliss in the atmosphere of Del Monte or the Hotel Mateo.

* * *

And, àpropos, this has been a brilliant week at the Mateo. A large party of Eastern people arrived before the Fourth, including the E. S. Conways of Chicago and, owing to the strike and its attendant inconveniences, many persons preferred to remain out of town and there was not the usual exodus after the national holiday. Tennis is not very ardently pursued anywhere, this year, and the fad at the Mateo, as at the Rafael, has been for bowling. A few enthusiasts there are, of course, who go before the nets with valorous regularity and the courts are kept in fine condition but "the pins" have ensnared the fashionable fancy and some of the girls are learning to bowl as well as the men.

* * *

The Vendome's coach left the Palace Hotel on Monday morning and, with a load of twelve or fourteen people, made the trip down to San José in splendid time, over roads that have been watered every inch of the way, and with a change of horses at various "post stations," quite after the manner of ye olden times. It was an inspiring drive and an admirable bit of enterprise. The party arrived fresh and unstained by travel, and possessed of a heroic hunger. This method of travel is so delightful that I would like to see coaches run between San Francisco and various points within good tooling distance, and I believe a coaching club would pay its expenses in California as it has more than done in the East. I wonder that the end of the century spirit which thrives at Burlingame has not, long ago, found expression in a smart coach service.

* * *

Mrs. E. E. Gilmor is again in San Francisco, the guest of Mrs. Leland Stanford. She is looking exceedingly well, and has changed scarcely at all. A little less inclined to embonpoint, and with hair a trifle whiter perhaps, but otherwise the same handsome, dignified woman who left San Francisco nearly ten years ago. Mrs. Gilmor has lived with her only daughter, in Washington, during all this time, and this is her first visit, I believe, to San Francisco, which for so many years was her home. Her daughter was to have joined her here about the first of July, but has been detained in Washington by the strike, and Mrs. Gilmor is leaving town this week for Clear Lake, where her son, Walter A. Gilmor, is interested in the management of the New Carlsbad Springs. I understand that a charming hotel has been built there on the plan of the old Southern mansions, with wide verandas on every floor, big Colonial rooms opening out upon them, with a superb view of the lake, and lovely rolling hills. The chef who made the reputation of the Hotel Coronado cuisine has been engaged to attend to the material wants of guests, and much is expected from the saving grace of the New Carlsbad mineral waters. There is rather a pretty legend attached to the springs which the Indians have named Yup Lomi. A dying Indian was once carried to the edge of the spring and lfet there alone where the Great Spirit could find him at his lesiure. But the Indian drank of the waters and slept, and woke refreshed, and crept back to the camp at nightfall, and the Indians believed he had been healed by the Spirit of the waters, and they called the spring Yup Lomi, which signifies "The Waters of Life."

* * *

The stranger is still detained within the gates of Oakland and, being exceedingly well entertained during the enforced sojourn. The Sunderland girls who came down to visit the Hutchinsons, just before the strike was on, with the expectation of remaining two days and carrying the Hutchinsons back to Reno with them, are still held in durance delightful across the bay, and have been entertained by everybody. Mrs. Morgan gave them a handsome luncheon the earlier part of the week, and in their honor Miss Wall held an open-air tea, with tables set daintily forth under the trees, a pile of rugs and cushions on the lawn and all the companion delights of the al fresco function.

* * *

Carl Howard has returned from Applegate Road by way of Sacramento and the river steamer, and Mark Requa is also at home, by what mode of travel no one is quite sure. I hear that Oakland people who have sons and daughters and other intimate interests at Castle Crag are distressed over the prospect of losing them by starvation. It is said that the stock of provisions at the Castle Crag Hotel is running perilously low. But the exiles are making merry over their misfortune, and there is for the unafflicted no little grim humor in the situation.

Mrs. Henshaw has, I am informed, organized a social club at Cazadero, which is known as the Eleven O'Clock Club, and the purpose thereof is to pass the time away and divide up the cost of pleasure. A very comfortable and sensible way of getting over the difficulty of all those little social obligations which are continually cropping up at a Summer resort where there is a large and friendly party. The Eleven O'Clock diversions include rides, drives, dances, picnics and pastoral delights in general, and all expenses are paid by the Club.

* * *

THUS FAR the railroad strikers have made but very few moves in their game in Oakland. They have preferred to wait and watch the progress of events in Sacramento, the most important point in the Southern Pacific system in California. Perhaps the cleverest plays in their game so far was to par-

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alyze the entire ferry system at a single and very rapidly executed command. It was in that effort alone that the strikers caught the railroad officials napping. In all other respects it seems as though the company has forced the issue. It found little difficulty in securing men to take the place of strikers, and it lost no time in putting their services to advantage. By using them on the local lines it made them more capable to take the longer runs on the main lines, but the strikers dared not make a move until affairs were in a wretched tangle in Sacramento. Then they concentrated their forces and dealt the blow which the railroad company has considered it better and shrewder policy not to return. Even the strikers acknowledge it could have done so had it desired.

* * *

Some of the railroad officials are honestly in ignorance of the motives which prompted the American Railway Union to declare a general strike on the Southern Pacific system. Even now they cannot understand the matter, though efforts at explaining it have been made without number. Although a great war is on, there are singularly few personal antagonisms. The men speak kindly of their former employers, and there is yet to be found an official who has a harsh word for any of the men on strike. Their attitude and principles are condemned, but their character as men is without exception praised. The strike has caused no ending of personal friendships, and in West Oakland it is not an unusual circumstance to see the leaders of the strikers in earnest conversation with some of the officials. Several days ago Master Mechanic McKenzie and T. J. Roberts, President of the Union, had a talk of some interest and not a little importance. McKenzie began the conversation with an abrupt question: "Say, Roberts," he asked, "why was a general strike ordered on this system? I would like to know and can't guess."

"Because you discharged some of the members of the Union for refusing to take out a train with Pullmans," was Roberts' reply.

* * *

"That you know is not a fact," was McKenzie's answer. "The men were simply asked to give up the keys to their boxes. That request was in no sense a discharge and you know it."

"Well," said Roberts, "the general strike would have been declared, anyway. A few minutes before we took action that night on our own men, we received orders from Debs to go out."

The remark of the President of the Union is a true one and shows somewhat clearly that the alleged discharge of the employés was only a handle by which to swing the general strike with some show of justice. It is likely that the question whether or not the Southern Pacific employés were discharged will always be a disputed one. The officers of the company say the men were not dismissed. The men swear they were. It is a question of veracity between them.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the general news of the strike has been told in great detail by the daily papers, the humors of the affair have been carefully screened from the longing eyes of an unsuspecting public. It is proverbial that when a number of newspapermen get together, after the day is done, something is going to happen. Representatives of the several big papers have been for the past week quartered in West Oakland, occupying rooms in a lodging house on the point. The distance of their abode from the pier is just two miles. As the road is good and the walking easy, the reporters have indignantly refused to make the trip to the pier on foot. Something had to be done. A mass meeting of the scribes was called and Walt Brown, the bright young man who writes his screed for the *Post*, was made chairman. After due deliberation he was appointed a general committee of one to confer with strikers and railroad officials, to obtain transportation for the journalists to and from the pier. After a good deal of talk he induced the railroad people to contribute a hand car, and the strikers were talked into running the conveyance.

* * *

All went well for two days and quite a sensation was created among the inhabitants of the point by the innovation in passenger transportation. True, the sole seats on the car were of cracker boxes, but it was infinitely preferable to walking. Finally, the boys became tired of being stared at and Brown called another meeting to suggest the possibility of persuading the strikers into running a Pullman in connection with the hand car for their accommodation. Of course they have a very keen sense of humor over on the pier. At the conclusion of the meeting a pair of dice were produced and a crap game opened with consequences of the most peculiar character. One man developed such a strain of demoniac luck that another conceived the idea of inviting the supervision of a circumambient officer who, preparing to descend on the scene, warned the gathering of his coming. Straightway they got out on the roof and perambulating from domicile to structure found themselves over a hall in which the A. R. U. hold its meetings. A special committee was in session there and when the tramping of feet resounded from the skylight there was an uneasy whisper of "spies" and a delegation was told off to reconnoiter, and if necessary, to use shotguns. The position was really growing desperate.

* * *

Just as the heads of the three strikers showed over the roof Brown came forward with a demand to know the meaning of their intrusion.

"You fellows are spies," replied the spokesman, "but you'll never squeal on us." He raised his gun.

"Hold!" shouted Brown, "we're A. R. U. men."

"Then give the password."

"Come seven, come eleven," answered the scribe.

* * *

"That's not the password of the A. R. U," sneered the leader of the opposition.

"I suppose you know better than I," retorted Brown indignantly.

"What A. R. U. are you talking about anyway?"

"Why, the American Reporter's Union," returned the ubiquitous scribe who, at the moment, made his way down the fire escape, which the others had just succeeded in discovering.

Subsequently, the strikers refused the request to attach a Pullman to the hand car, and now the reporters may be seen marching in a body to and from the pier before and after meals.

* * *

THE POLITICAL FUTURE of District-Attorney Barnes appears to be troubling quite a number of persons around town. Why he should be unable to take care of himself without the benison of their thoughts is something they themselves would hardly undertake to explain. As a matter of fact young Mr. Barnes intends engaging actively in the practice of the law, and with the ability he has, must command in the near future quite a large practice. However, there is a bit of political gossip in circulation about Colonel Burns and himself that may be given for whatever it seems worth. It is declared that the Republican autocrat has decided to offer Mr. Barnes the nomination for Mayor of San Francisco. This would be in return for retiring from the Gubernatorial contest, besides securing as head of the local ticket a very popular and clever young man. This is not in consummation of any bargain of course, for there has never existed any understanding between Burns and Barnes, but is meant as a species of recognition or as any expression of the Colonel's notable gratitude.

* * *

Being quite a circumspect individual it is not probable that Mr. Barnes will find the Mayoralty an office he would especially care for. That he would be a model executive is as indubitable as his election would be certain, but no one knows what kind of a composition the Colonel's municipal ticket may be not what species of tale he is designing to hang after Barnes' name. It remains to be seen whether the autocrat is wise enough to correct the sins of omission and commission committed at Sacramento. Indeed I am not overstating the case when I say the fate of the Republican State ticket to some extent hinges on his action in town here. It raises distinct doubts in one's mind, therefore, when one is told that Senator Mahoney, for instance, is slated for Sheriff, or that E. B. Reid is to go on as Assessor. A mind that could conceive the ex-Senator as a fit and proper person to wield the honors of the shrievality can hardly be expected to give us a municipal ticket entitled to the votes of the community.

* * *

EULOGIES are always appropriate to the dead and one is forgiven for dealing out to the departed praise the most lavish. Still, I do not believe Colonel F. H. Meyers, who departed for some other sphere a few days ago, would thank any of his numerous friends for imputing angelic qualities to him. Indeed he was anything but an angel and even less a saint, this Colonel—for he was a very bluff, determined kind of fellow with quite an idea about having his way and a certain decisiveness in his manner of giving orders, that suggested an inclination to enforce them. He made his money in Nevada in mining and died possessed of a considerable fortune. It was Col. Meyers who put up a good deal of the money to build the Laundry Farm railroad and was president of the California Improvement Company—a concern that is responsible for several properties across Alameda way. In addition he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee and as strong and clearheaded a ruler as the party ever had. Altogether he was a very pleasant, popular, good-natured man, who knew what he wanted and had it as often as possible.

* * *

It is easy enough to say it, and I am persuaded there are people who believe decision of character is a virtue to be exhibited on any rag-tag and bobtail of an occasion. Like the chance of saving a life—if the opportunity never presents itself what good is the possession of daring or the skill of an athlete. There is one story about Myers that showed he had the stuff in him which makes a man a hero. Years ago he was interested in a saw mill in

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Utah in a district far removed from the ken of any surgeon. One of the men had his arm cut off a few inches above the wrist. Myers rigged a tourniquet on the mutilated member, heated a poker and seared and burned the stump until the hemorrhage ceased. It was heroic treatment, undoubtedly, but it saved the unfortunate's life. Considering the type of personality the Colonel had, one cannot but regret his taking off. He would have become quite a notable figure in the course of a year or two more. To his advocacy of free silver is attributed the insertion of that plank in the Republican platform, though his wishes therein found a strong response in the heart of Colonel Burns. To him, also, may be credited the anti-immigration plank.

* * *

ONE DOES NOT get off into the country easily these days. It is almost as difficult as returning from Castle Crag where so many eminent persons are imprisoned. Frank M. Stone, the well-known lawyer, decided to spend his holidays on the ranch of Judge Murphy of Del Norte, who in addition to judicial abilities of a high order, possesses the record of a Nimrod. For days he essayed departure, and finally flitted on an Oregon express, whose career the strikers terminated at Red Bluff. The original intention was to travel North to the Oregon line, and thence across the mountains to Del Norte, but this charming scheme the adherents of King Debs put an end to. Two days of the Sacramento Valley sun robbed Judge Murphy of some twenty pounds, and he insisted on journeying North by pony express or stage. So they started, and in all probability will steer into Trinity County, thence into Humboldt, finally reaching destination at the Judge's property where there are bear and other wild beasts. While politics are not pertinent to this paragraph, it may interest the Judge's friends to hear that he intends striving for nomination to the Supreme Bench at the forthcoming Democratic Convention. There is no reason why he should not be allowed to add weight to the decisions of that tribunal.

* * *

I AM STRUCK with the attitude of the Roman Catholic Clergy toward such of their parishioners as are engaged in the present strike, which draws from all religions, and I am possessed with the desire to urge the same upon the attention of the Brotherhood of A. P. A's., some of whom, no doubt, will term the interest in law and order displayed by the Roman Clergy as a vicious and iniquitous interference with American Citizens and American Institutions. Bishop Monogue and Father Grace, of the Catholic Clergy of Sacramento, and others of the same faith, in different localities have personally gone among the strikers to exert their influence in behalf of law and order. This is an hour when good council is a necessity. It is an hour when the Catholics and their clergy can do much to refute the evil charges of this very remarkable organization. For there is a burning in the hearts of all good Americans against the performances now going on in the labor world, and this church and its people can do much toward bringing order out of the present chaos.

* * *

THE SUPERB self-confidence which persuaded Attorney-General Hart into the late Gubernatorial contest induced in his imaginative mind the impression that his aspirations were foredestined to success. By which chain of reasoning he arrived at so undue a conclusion I am unable even to suggest, but so firmly established was his idea of capturing the nomination that he had actually promised to his friends and dependents half the offices in the executive gift. Of course, no one, not even his aid-de-camp, Colonel Kowalsky, shared the interesting deluston, though I am sure no one else had the hardihood to laugh the great man out of so curious an error. On reaching Sacramento he announced the possession of forty-three votes, but on seeing the overwhelming force of the Estee boom, he went to Burns with an offer to retire from the fight, turning over all his force to the Napa man.

"But in return, Colonel, you must put me on the ticket for Attorney-General," he remarked in that casual way he has.

With characteristic coolness the autocrat received this bold proposition.

"You'd better keep those forty three votes of yours, Hart," he said. "I guess we can make up a ticket without your being on it."

* * *

THE SUDDEN advancement of Maximilian Popper from the position of Chairman of the General Committee to that of a full-fledged boss of the local Democracy is agitating the members of that party at the present time. That the Democrats do not take kindly to the new boss is apparent in the fact that they are already trying to unhorse him and unless Popper proves himself a very superior equestrian he will soon find himself in a political ditch. While Mr. Popper has lost no opportunity in the past to declaim against centralization of power and political bosses he has always been afflicted with the eczema of ambition to become what he calls a "political leader." The title of boss is objectionable to him, although to the comprehension of the machine men of his party the distinction between a leader and a boss is a fine one. While preaching the doctrine of "getting nearer the people," Mr. Popper developed a plan of local party organization which he fondly imagined was going to make him the boss of the Democracy of San Francisco.

* * *

One of the features of this plan was a Grievance Committee constituted of one member from each Assembly District or eighteen in all. Through this committee, Popper expected to control the Party, and yet be able to deliver his anti-boss speeches and proclaim against the centralization of power, as this Committee was selected by the District Clubs, and theoretically was of the people and from the people. But Mr. Popper was destined to surprise and disappointment. His well laid plans were to come to naught. At the first session of the Grievance Committee the struggle between Sheriff McDade and Supervisor Dundan for supremacy in the Thirty-second District came up. The immediate question was the slating of a Secretary, there being two that had been selected, one by the Dundan following and the other by the Sheriff's henchmen. The latter won the fight and then it was that Popper discovered he had but four votes in the committee that he had planned would, under his guidance, control the destinies of the party. Of these four votes only two were in the committee proper, the other two being those of himself and Secretary Cusick, who, as President and Secretary of the General Committee, were, under the party plan, ex-officio members of the subordinate committee.

* * *

This defeat caused Maximilian to reverse his previous position. No longer did he proclaim against centralization of power. In short, he thought that was the one thing that the party needed. He also assumed to discover what he and every other politician had known for weeks that Christopher A. Buckley had once more become an important factor in Democratic politics. About this time Popper and Buckley had an interview at the Baldwin Hotel. While the partners in government draying and street sweeping contracts talked a good deal about business during this meeting, some time was also devoted to the discussion of politics. Buckley sought to secure a division of the profits of their partnership contracts. In this he was partially successful and a check passed between the pair the next day. But there is still an unpaid balance and the two remain business partners which is undesired, although Popper positively affirms that they are in no sense political partners. While it is highly improbable that Max would ally himself with the ex-Boss, it is a fact that this plan to make himself supreme autocrat by the appointment of men to control its elections, and which he styled a Primary Committee, was made soon afterwards. It was Mr. Buckley, I am told, who suggested the appointment of a similar committee of seven to Colonel Dan Burns, by which the latter, by judicious methods best known to himself, gained control of the local Republican party. But this may be merely another coincidence.

* * *

In order to carry out his plan it was necessary for Popper to secure the support of certain factions in the General Committee. This he proceeded to do. Sullivan and Dwyer, who still have a following in the General Committee, were taken into the scheme and given representation in the Primary Committee. The County Clerk's and the Superintendent of Street's offices were provided for. Sheriff McDade who had about thirty tried men and true in the Committee proved less tractable, he being opposed to the carrying into effect of so transparent a scheme. In the emergency the *Examiner*, which also wants to be Boss of the Democratic party, and thinks it can attain its object by means of Popper, was appealed to. McDade was sent for and whipped into line at the Monarch's establishment on Mission Srteet, and one of his deputies is a member of the Primary Committee. The final list of the committee was prepared in the office of J. J. Dwyer, and the scheme was ready to be sprung. At the meeting of the General Committee Popper delivered a camp meeting exhortation, picturing the terrible results that would accrue from Buckley's efforts to gain control of the party, and also intimating that if the resolution to make him Boss, with the power to appoint the committe was not adopted he would bolt the party. Andy Clunie, who was aware that he was to be appointed on the committee, carried out his instructions, and made a talk about our "noble leader," and the efforts that were being made to get him to organize a Non-Partizan movement in this city. The Democrats could not afford to lose him at this time. The resolution was adopted with a whoop, and Popper declared Boss.

* * *

As boss, Popper appointed his committee, but it has not received the support of the party. The Democrats are beginning to see through the subterfuge, and now declare that such a committee could not be legally appointed, except under the rules which require a notice of at least three days before the constitution of the party can be amended. This law of the party was violated by Max in his eagerness, and it may be this action will invalidate the entire proceeding. That a Committee conceived as the Primary Committee was, and composed as it is of boss-appointed

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and faction-traded men, can accomplish anything in the line of purifying the party is not believed. As has been aptly suggested by the opposition, they had better purify themselves.

* * *

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL is his own worst enemy. There is something extraordinarily ill-advised about his action in correcting the award of the art jury. It was one of those proceedings which makes the friends of this eminently competent man regret the absence of a small spice of diplomacy from his mental make-up. There was no earthly reason why Harriet Hosmer's unfortunate plaster cast should have received an award, nor had Gerichten's portrait of Graham a single characteristic to earn it the approbation of artists. It amounts to an impertinence that personal relations should win awards that were intended for merit, and I cannot but congratulate the artists who shared in the second dispensation on their determination in refusing the bounty of jury No. 2. While I do not believe the original body was specially gifted in knowledge of art, its conclusions were accurate enough to satisfy most of the artists. If Mr. De Young was not satisfied he could easily have arranged to reward his portegés without embroiling artists, jury and the public. This would have been better, not only for himself, but for the artists in question.

* * *

THE FACT is one not generally known, but Deacon Fitch is quite an adept at the terpsichorean art. Years ago when Mr. Fitch lived at Sacramento, he became possessed of the lamentable delusion that he was not graceful. He consulted his family physician, who told him that his only chance of recovery was to take dancing lessons. At that time "Old Ned" Palmer, the Dean of the bonvivants of the coast, kept a dancing academy at Sacramento. To him Mr. Fitch applied and was taught to waltz and polka. Strange as it may seem, this accounts for the Deacon's remarkable grace of to-day. Whenever "Old Ned" sees his pupil on the street he involuntarily stops as if spell-bound in admiration of the results of his art and murmurs as the Deacon turns up his trousers to cross Sansome street, "The perfect man."

* * *

No one denies that the Midwinter Fair was a marvellous performance, all the more so because it was undertaken in the face of almost inconceivable difficulties. It has given the city five months of an entertainment more brilliant than we shall see here again in years. That Mr. de Young will obtain any more recognition for his work than the gratification he has derived from presiding at meetings and administering the affairs of the grand entertainment he himself created, I do not believe. To his enemies he has given an absorbing reason for jealousy because he has done something no one else could do. They will endeavor by every imaginable means to prevent him being Senator, and that is the only possible reward that could justify the effort he has made and the chance of failure he took. However, his deserts do not justify his action in the matter of the Art Award. Rather they place more strongly in relief the error he committed. It is one his friends will regret more than he.

* * *

IF THE AUTHORITIES do not intervene the proprietors of the three evening papers will be cutting each other's throats. Never was the feeling of deadly detestation so pronounced among them. The *Post*, it seems, has awakened a degree of jealousy by its Sunday extras and by being on the streets with its second editions before its rivals and in consequence the others have almost joined hands for revenge. Even the staid old *Bulletin* aided in an endeavor to organize a newsboys' strike against the Hume organ, but the quality of diplomacy on Market and Kearney streets was equal to the emergency, and the result was an increase in the sale of *Posts*. At one time during the week the prospects looked a bit blue, for a perfect cohort of urchins was gathered round and their cries and yells made the air hideous. However, they were pursuaded finally that the attempt was a thoroughly misguided one, and with most agreeable unison they gave it up.

* * *

There are no ethics in journalism I believe —as in love and war everything is fair—but in descending to such methods it seems to me the dailies are playing rather a dangerous game for there is such a thing as conspiracy, and the penalty sometimes is a bit high. I cannot but think Mr. Hume's editorial policy has exhibited sound judgment throughout this unfortunate episode. This is the only daily paper here that has from the first exposed the error of the strikers' position. Considering the tactics of the *Examiner*, the weakness of the *Chronicle*, the inexcusable support given the cause of anarchy by the *Call* and the *Bulletin*, Mr. Hume's attitude is worthy of the support and appreciation of the conservative element of the city. I am under the impression that the organ of Deacon Fitch has sustained a serious injury among the classes it enjoyed its greatest popularity.

* * *

A WELL KNOWN local family of pronounced Milesian proclivities is just now being somewhat pestered by a couple of relatives recently arrived from the Emerald Isle. Not wishing to exhibit the raw material before, at least, one turn in the refinery of polite society, during their period of incognito, it was decided to send them to Castle Crag for a week or two under the supervision of a watchful chaperon. They assumed a common name during the visit, and spent most of their time at the country resort in going through the regulation drills of which Ed. Greenway is the acknowledged master. At first they were taught the proper and polite modes of salutation, and then the elegant bow and stereotyped smile came to pass.

* * *

They succeeded in attracting little attention during their visit, and now are completely screened from the gaze of the gossips in the elegant California Street mansion of their wealthy relatives. Unfortunately for themselves and the peace of mind of their benefactors, they rode to the ferry in an open carriage. The coachman is responsible for the publicity of their conversation on the way to the depot, which he gives as the following:

"Phere are we goin'?"

"Th' Castle Rags Oi belave."

"Phere's Castle Rags?"

"Oi belave that do be one of ther estates."

"Oi suppose they do live high ther."

"Well, Oi own't live hoigh kase Oi always loikes th' live on th' lower flure in kase of fire."

* * *

THOUGH Mrs. Potter's performance has hardly produced a profound impression here, there is no gainsaying the histrionic ability of Kyrle Bellew. It seems an age ago since I saw Orlando at the Aquarium Theatre in London. The year, I think, was 1880. I shall never forget what a fine impression his performance made upon me, although he was surrounded by a host of stars. The venture was undertaken by Miss Marie Litton, an accomplished actress. She was giving aseries of afternoon performances of "As You Like It," and had surrounded herself with a cast which has rarely been equalled since. Miss Litton herself played Rosalind and Kyrle Bellew, Orlando. Old man Farren, the greatest of all old English actors, was the Adam of the revival, while Herman Vezin, the most accomplished elocutionist on the English stage, and a great Shakespearean scholar, interested everybody by his interpretation of the melancholy Jacques. Lionel Brough, one of the foremost comedians in England, played Touchstone. It was no easy matter to make a hit among such surroundings, and yet Kyrle Bellew accomplished the difficult feat. At that time he was certainly the handsomest Orlando who had ever stepped on the stage. From his appearance a great many people might imagine him weak and effeminate. This is an error, unless he has sadly depreciated from what he was some years ago. In the early days he had the reputation of being as strong as a lion, and could throw anybody. A long experience as a miner in Australia is said to have developed his muscles.

* * *

Kyrle Bellew's father was at one time quite an interesting figure in London. He was the rector of St. Mark's, Hamilton Terrace, in St. John's Wood. This church has always been in the charge of some celebrity. In the days of Dr. Bellew, crowds used to flock to St. Mark's to enjoy the magnificent eloquence of the vicar. So beautiful a voice did Dr. Bellew possess that he was subsequently tempted to go on the public platform, and give Shakespearean readings. Those who have heard him maintain that he was one of the finest and most delightful elocutionists of his or any age. Dr. Bellew, some time before his death, abandoned the Church of England, and gave a series of services at Bedford Chapel, Oxford street. This chapel was subsequently made famous by the sermons of the Rev. Stopford Brooke, the eminent literary critic, who retired from the English Church some years ago, because, as he said, he was unable any longer to believe in the divinity of Christ.

* * *

Beerbohm Tree, the English actor, has signed with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau for an American season, and is to come over some time

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toward the end of the year. Tree is to London, what Herbert Kelcey used to be to New York, in the matter of swagger, clothes and general smartness. He is, moreover, a thoroughly delightful actor of the emotional school—something which Kelcey never pretended, or found it possible to be, either in the emotional school, or in any other school, that I ever heard of. "A Bunch of Violets," the play in which Tree and Miss Hanbury are scoring new successes at the Haymarket Theatre, is among the plays Mr Tree brings across the pond with him, and it began rather badly in London with the proverbial, but in this case, quite unexpected ending. It is superbly staged over there, as, indeed, everything is at the Haymarket Theatre. Miss Hanbury, who may, or may not accompany Mr. Tree to America—I believe it is still a matter undecided—is, apart from undeniable talent, seduisante rather than beautiful, knows the art of gowning herself to the last letter, affects velvet largely and en traine, and boasts the loveliest arms and neck that the world has ever seen, after those of the Empress Eugéne.

* * *

A Mr. Horace Vinton has been talking to the *Chicago Times*. Since Mr. Vinton is not sufficiently distinguished in his profession to be generally known, I will explain that he is an alleged actor. He has been discoursing on the success of three San Francisco men—Clay Greene, David Belasco and Ben Teal—a success which evidently and bitterly afflicts him. "I knew them all years ago in San Francisco," says Mr. Vinton; "when they were hangers-on around the theatres, and knew nothing about the stage. Now they pose as great authors and stage managers." This was not all Mr. Vinton said. In a lighter vein he accuses the three Californians as loafers and literary pirates and sworn foes to Lindley Murray. But although these accusations have more force they have less weight—being entirely false. What Mr. Vinton has been pleased to assert concerning the point from which the three started is undoubtedly, true. Neither Greene nor Belasco came into the world composing plays, nor did Teale exhibit a gift at stage management during the teething period. All three had reached the venerable old age of eighteen or nineteen before they gave evidence of talent in the professions they have adopted and any success they have therein gained is due entirely to hard work, experience and some native ability. This is very contemptible of them, and Mr. Vinton feels that he is justified in throwing mud at their heads. Mr. Vinton has at least been consistent and true to himself. He also began by knowing nothing about the stage but, unlike Greene, Belasco and Teale, he has preserved unto this day the pristine purity of a changeless ignorance.

* * *

William Hoey, of "Old Hoss" fame, whose resemblance to His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, is something more than marked, took a man up on a wager that he would drive through the streets of London in an open barouche and command the homage of the British populace. He asked three days' time for proper preparation, haunted the walks of royalty, copied Tummie's clothes, his carriage, his cane, his "cut" and his cheerful smile and got himself up so exactly after Wales, that the lackeys at the club, whence he took his glorious departure, bent the subservient back until he had walked the length of the hall. His carriage had not gone a block before the hats were off the British heads, handkerchiefs were in the air, and cheers and shouts and loud expressions of loyalty smote the London fog. He took all the principal drives of London in his triumphant course, was everywhere mistaken for the Heir Apparent, and reverentially smiled on by half the beauties in London. Success was stimulating and Hoey, who is usually rather diffident than otherwise, wanted to carry the joke to the dangerous limit of waving his hand to some member of the Royal Family. A certain doubt as to the etiquette which controls the relations of Guelph to Guelph drove him back to his club where he gave a wild dinner in honor of his triumph, invited his guests to meet The Prince of Wales and lived fully up to the royal character until the dawn of another day.

* * *

Madame Sans Gene has had rather a curious American experience, which I will respectfully borrow from an Eastern authority:

Mr. Abbey was the first to secure the American rights. Then, when he dropped it, Daly sniffed at it, and later, Charles Frohman got hold of it. But Charlie found he had undertaken more than he could handle and for some time the MS. lay idly in the hands of Miss Marbury, Mr. Sardou's transatlantic representative. How it happened that Sardou departed so widely from his usual methods as to permit his play to be thus hawked around is not explained. Anyhow, Katherine Kidder finally secured it on very easy terms, and took in Mr. Pitou as the financial partner in the production. But now the piece has a bona fide record of four months' uninterrupted run at the Paris Vaudeville, some of the managers who let the American rights slip through their fingers are tearing their collective locks. Mr. Daly, who sees an unusual opportunity for Ada Rehan in the title-role, recently offered Mr. Pitou a good-sized bonus if he would transfer the MS. to him, but this Mr. Pitou declined to do. So now, I understand, Mr. Daly is negotiating for the English rights with a view to a production of the play at his theatre in London.

* * *

To judge by appearances Editor Dargie of the *Tribune* is running a big paper over the bay these days, for the *Tribnne* is loaded down with strike news, and there is quite an amount of writing in eight pages. Indeed, he has more than held his own with the San Francisco competition, and I am told the results of his enterprise have been eminently satisfactory. Two or three thousand copies over the regular edition have been sold every evening, I believe.

* * *

A STORY COMES to me which, if true, is very suggestive. A certain young man was anxious to join the A. P. A., and presented his name through a convenient friend for admission to the inner circle. In due course the Committee on New Members investigated the ancestors, pedigree, history, married relatives and various things-in-law belonging to the young man, and were about to recommend his name be accepted, when one member of the Committee came forward at the last moment and objected, on the ground that he had found evidence against the aspirant that would disqualify him. He said:

"You all know that handball is the national game of the Irish?"

"Yes," responded the Committee, in unison.

"Well, sir, he is an expert handball player, and how could he be such unless his friends and associates were Irish?"

That settled it. The candidate was blackballed, although against the protest of his friends who nominated him.

The Witness.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY-LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

San Francisco, July 14, 1894

In view of the principles involved, any settlement of the Debs strike which leaves them unasserted and unprotected, will be only temporary. This is shown by the history of the process of controlling corporations and common carriers by law. Corporate capital implied power. Power gathers to itself and is aggressive. In contests with the rights of communities and individuals, this power from time to time yielded, compromised, sometimes surrendered. But under our system of government, nothing that touches right is to be left either to the weakness or the will of corporate power, and so those points yielded by occasional consent, and all other acts possible to aggregated capital have been made subject to the mandate of the law, and the corporations can do nothing that is not amenable at once to the law, and the people have instant recourse in the courts. It was not done in a day, but it was done.

When this had been accomplished and complete legal responsibility had been provided at every turn for corporations, a new power appeared. The owners of great industries, controlling the production and distribution of certain necessaries of life, as oil and sugar, combined in a novel form to exercise the power and secure the profits of corporate capital, but so intangibly formed as to avoid corporate responsibilities. These were the Trusts. This form of aggregation appeared in England first as an attempt of the authorities of the Catholic Church to sequester its vast landed estates by concealment of its ownership and title in a trust. After the Protestant reformation the government sought to wrest these estates from the church, and when it reached out for them they had disappeared like a shadow, their ownership had evaporated and undergone such a tenuous condensation that the law could not grasp it. But legal principles, by patient and orderly development were finally projected into the hiding place of this secret trust, and it was defeated.

In this country the history of the trusts is young. They were an attempt to exercise power without responsibility, but it is in the philosophy of human affairs impossible for this to be. Wherever power appears, there follows responsibility in equal measure. By legislation and the courts these trusts were assailed, and their intangible quality, instead of sheltering, exposed them, and the courts are holding steadily that the form of power they claim is against public policy, and that their property is subject to pursuit, to judgment, to sale for the public benefit. This then is the responsibility promptly attached by the law to the power and profits of this intangible form of corporation. As the aggregation of capital in corporate form and volume necessarily implies power, so bodily and physical aggregation of men in organization implies power. That is the purpose of organization. The American Railway Union, the Knights of Labor and the Federated Trades are organizations made for the sake of power. That power must submit to the inevitable. It may win victories, stop commerce, defy the rights of property, refuse to citizens the right to work and earn a living without joining organized bodies to swell their power.

For a time the public judgment may be suspended by the claim that this power is humanitarian, to protect labor. But in the end, the power to stop commerce, to abrogate contracts, to starve cities, to arrest the supply of food and fuel on its way from the willing producer to the waiting and perhaps suffering consumer, will be closely followed by an adequate measure of responsibility which will be the price that must be paid for its exercise.

Within a few days the water supply of a large city in Illinois was suddenly cut off in hot weather, implying awful disaster to the the people, because the "labor leaders" discovered that the coal burned under the boilers of the pumping works was hauled over a railroad on which Mr. Debs had ordered a strike and a boycott. Had the supply of water been cut off by a corporation there would have been instant recourse in the courts, and relief as prompt as the issue of a writ could be made. But there is no recourse on Mr. Debs.

His men in public meeting in Sacramento, in the exercise of the power of which he is possessed by organization, demand:

"That the railroad abrogate its contract with the Pullman Company; that it purchase the Pullman cars; and that mail and express matter only be hauled, and that freight and passengers cannot be moved"—until what? Until the railroad breaks a legal contract, and until it buys and Pullman sells to it, his cars!

This looks fantastic, but it is the definite, naked demand of Mr. Debs. It is a claim on his part:

1st. Of the power to impair the obligation of a contract:

2nd. Of the power to compel a corporation to buy, and another to sell to it, property:

3rd. Of the power to stop all transportation of freight and passengers until the two first conditions are obeyed.

To enforce these demands and to inflict the penalty of refusal, engines are killed, depots are occupied by strikers, passenger trains are held up, and passengers are denied food and water, and the crops of the country are left to return to the ground.

Let us suppose that by the physical force of organization, Debs compels obedience to his demands. Unthinking citizens draw a long breath, and say, "Well! thank Heaven, the trouble is over!"

But they will be mistaken. The trouble will have just begun.

We are in the habit of looking upon property as safe, and upon ownership as secure. But there is no property except the right to have it, embedded in the law, exists. Legal property rights must exist before property. These rights rest primarily upon freedom of contract and security of its obligation. Where these are, the accumulation of property is safe, and it is the highest incentive to individual industry and thrift, and is the prime motive of public order. Prosperity is in general existance only where these rights are held inviolable. They are the simple foundation of the general welfare here. Withdraw them and the structure falls. An assault upon them is in the interest of anarchy and chaos.

They are directly assailed by Debs, and if the power he has invoked against them can be successfully exercised, to wit: the cessation of commerce and travel until contracts are abrogated, and one man is forced to sell his property and another is forced to buy it, then his power is just the same as that of a military dictator, with his army in possesion of a conquered country, and his sword at the throat, and his hand in the pocket of every citizen.

Those who are lightly impressed fly easily to the conclusion that the best solution is for the Government to take ownership of the railroads. Leaving out of the discussion all questions of the change in form and function of the Government required to do this, let us consider that it is a solution which solves nothing. The railroads are only an incident. The field where Debs scores such a success is peculiarly inviting, and his victory over the freedom of contract, and the rights of property invites further conquests. If organization like his can compel one man to sell and another to buy, the boycott is expanded until it fills all the space heretofore safeguarded by law. What he does is claimed to be for the rights of labor. To question his doings is, therefore, easily against those rights. The citizen who questions and opposes falls within the jurisdiction of Debs, and can be compelled to sell to some one compelled to buy, and go into exile under penalty of perishing by boycott.

This is the meaning of it, and though Government follow with public ownership of the object of his first assault, the freedom of contract, freedom of speech and the rights of property pass away.

These are what the militia was called out to defend at Sacramento. These are what the militia as far as it could surrendered when it fraternized. Complaint is made that the idle, criminal and lawless, the enemies of person and property join the strikers and put their hands to illegal use. Why should they not? Instinct is strong. The burglar, ravisher, murderer and incendiary are by their condition enlisted in a warfare on the rights of person and property. In the front of Debs' line of battle is the spectacular presence of women holding their baby wagons on tracks in front of engines. Behind them are wretches wearing the spoils of virgins at the belt of their lust, and over them the sheltering wings of anarchy and destruction. These women hiss and spit at the representatives of the law and their applauding allies lick their lickerish chaps while their mouths slaver over the revel to come. The social order which these women seek to destroy found labor with an iron collar

on its neck and its face bent to the ground and woman a helpless prey to the lawless passion of irresponsible power, and it unlocked the bonds of toil, lifted labor's face to the stars and drew around the physical weakness of woman the force and protection of the law. If they are tired of the change they can undo it, but ahead of them lies no Bellamy paradise, but hell.

THE Midwinter Fair has faded like a beautiful dream. It had its beginning in the State Board of Trade and its continuance in the help given by the people to the remarkable energy of Director-General De Young communicated to all of his co-adjutors.

It lighted up a dark business winter for California, and whether it brought any money into the State or not, it put what was here in motion, and gave thousands of people a chance to share in its activity and redistribution who would otherwise have been worse off.

Its magnificent educating value cannot be over-estimated. It lifted the State upon a high plane, directly under the world's eye, and in memory and pictures carries California to the ends of the earth, robed in her sumptuous resources, and pavilioned in her resplendent beauty.

Not the least effect has been upon our own people. They have made a successful effort where failure was predicted, and have piled together for their own inspection and instruction the capacities of the commonwealth with which their own welfare is inwrought.

It was a protest against pessimism and despair and an inspiration of cheer and hope. It said daily to the beholder, not "after us the deluge," but "here and to come the millenium which is created by human hands and hearts and hopes."

To-morrow and to-morrow down the vista is sunshine and courage. Nature, the wise mother, held the treasure fast to move man's ingenuity to find and burnish it to this dazzling perfection. The passing passions of men have been, and will be; but such an exhibition of the works of man exerts an influence that is permanent above all the frictions of temper and trials of rival interest, and speaks peace, plenty and happiness, sunshine and serenity after all tempest and convulsion.

The Fair is in lasting evidence to the good use made by our people of the advantages in the midst of which fortune has placed them, and every good heart was heavy when the end came, the fairy scene passed and night fell upon the Sunset City.

It is a small spirit that fingers for the petty flaws, and a narrow heart that carries personal prejudice and private grudge into the judgment of such an effort. Let all this be dropped and forgotten, and the Fair pass into the catalogue of great things done by the people of California Felix.

THE cowardly atrocity of Wednesday which resulted in the derailing of a train of cars near Sacramento and the death of five men, cannot be too strongly condemned.

That the A. R. U. is responsible for this fiendish work no sane man will doubt.

Mr. Knox, the Sacramento leader of the strikers, boldly announced before the departure of the train, that it would never reach Oakland.

Another of the strikers, now under arrest, stated just before the train left Sacramento, that it would not get two miles from the city.

It was known in the city of Oakland the night before, and the boast was made by the strikers, that the train would never reach Oakland. And still Mr. Knox and Mr. Roberts deny that the strikers had anything to do with it.

Another significant bit of evidence proving that the members of the A. R. U. were advised that this kind of fiendish work was contemplated lies in the fact that the members of that organization who accompanied Mrs. Stanford on her trip to San Francisco, would not trust their precious carcasses on the trestle work on the way down without first examining the bridges to ascertain their condition.

Everything points to the strikers as being the culpable parties and it is idle for Mr. Knox or Mr. Roberts to "deplore" and "condemn" and "regret" in letters to the public. The thing for Knox and Roberts to do and the thing for all other men to do, who make loud claims to respectability, and who denounce this act, is to withdraw from the suspected organization; then, and not till then, will the public believe them to be what they claim.

Another thing that suggests itself to thinking men is the wide variance between the riotous actions of the strikers and the lamb-like, peaceful, pronunciamentos of King Debs, which appear from time to time in the press. Messrs. Knox and Roberts claim, when these Debs orders are brought to their attention, that they are not official and that Debs has instructed them to pay no attention to press reports. This forces the conclusion that Debs has one set of instructions for the public ear and another and a private set for the strikers, and that Knox and Roberts know this.

The officials in charge of the railroad at Sacramento certainly showed poor judgment in dispatching the train without first having the entire road examined, or sending a pilot in advance, for in the presence of their boasts that the train would never reach Oakland they must have had ample warning that the men would resort to something of this kind.

CHICAGO is just the center in which Debs might have expected to get the most allies in any unlawful enterprise. The Anarchists chose it for their base of operations. The slayer of its Executive fattened unhanged in jail. Smallpox was epidemic there a month ago, and when the Board of Health attempted to protect the city by sanitary measures in a ward peopled by non-English speaking foreigners, the officers were mobbed by frenzied men and women. These classes joined Debs' humanitarian strike, and under his leadership stoned to death engineers who stood to duty, for humanity's sake, of course. They held up train loads of passengers in the intense heat, and refused food and water to crying women and children, for humanity's sake.

They shut down pumps and cut off water supplies of towns, exposing the people to general suffering and to general conflagration, for humanity's sake. They stoned and shot firemen while engaged in their duty fighting fires that had been set by the strikers, for humanity. These several humane acts, and countless like them, were, of course, not in violation of law at all.

THE tariff bill will soon be through conference and become the law. Its good features will vindicate the full body of the law, and make a foundation for future changes to accord with these. It is hardly possible to make such a change without some diseases appearing in the measure. The fault of the Republican tariff policy was that it was built son the dieases of the revenue law. It is our policy to build upon its health, and we will be there to do the building. Let our loins be girded. Ours is a war song, and not a threnody.

MR. DEBS' men visited an armory of the California National Guard and demanded possession of all the arms and ammunition it contained. They were persuaded to grant a truce of a few hours and before it expired the guns and things were locked up in the county jail. When Debs demands the use of the National Guard also, perhaps the only way to protect our citizen soldiery against seizure will be to key them into the humble but safe shelter of the jail along with their guns.

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THE MAN WHO THINKS HE THINKS

A Problematical Dialogue.

Scene. Night in San Francisco Bay. Fore deck of river boat, steaming ponderously towards Ferries. Monotonous plash of paddle wheels. Sound of bells from ships. Figure in slouch hat in attitude of Napoleon at Elba, stands with folded arms against the taffrail. Its eyes wander over the hills and hollows of the city distinguished between the cold gleams of electricity and the twinkling glares of the gas. It moves. It is M. M. Estee. He is mumbling to himself; he occasionally waves his arms, smiles convulsively, shrugs shoulders as though deriving pleasure therefrom.

ESTEE (*soliloquizing*)—"The boycott is the only weapon the laboring man has against the rich." (Plunges his hands into pockets and walks to and fro). "Yes, sirs; I say it."

Sudden change in demeanor. Bows cordially, extends right hand to shake with some imaginary being, raises left simultaneously as if embracing friend, walks round thus, smiling and chattering in a half audible tone:

ESTEE—"Property rights!" (*grits teeth*). "Constitutional guarantees!! Law and order!!!" (*Raises his forefinger menacingly.*) "It is damnable, sir. Yes, damnable." (*Stops in terror at his own temerity, and looks about curiously*

Out of the shadow of the pilot house a figure steps. It is no shadow but a veritable man, who softly approaches the candidate and taps his arm.

STRANGER—"Mr. Estee?"

ESTEE (*recovering himself*)—"What's that—who are you, please?"

STRANGER (*confusedly*)—"I thought you were Mr. Estee."

ESTEE (*re-assured*)—"Well, well, young man—now what *is* your name?"

STRANGER (*determinedly*)—"Are you Mr. Estee, or are you not?"

ESTEE—"You forget it is very dark out here, young man. Can't even see my own face. But I think you're right. Estee—yes, I believe I am Estee."

STRANGER (*decisively*)—"There's not a doubt of it in my mind now, sir."

ESTEE (*patronizingly*)—"Yes, indeed; but what makes you so sure."

STRANGER—"Oh, just because of your indecision, sir. It identifies you."

ESTEE (*smiles in sickly way*)—"Ha, ha; that's clever now; but what can I do for you?"

STRANGER (*reluctantly*)—"I'm a representative of the *Chronicle*, sir, and it's about that interview you had in the *Examiner* last week. We want you to deny it."

ESTEE (*genially*)—"Is that all—why deny it, of course—not a word of truth in it."

THE REPRESENTATIVE—"Then what are your views on the strike?"

ESTEE (*regretfully*)—"My young friend, you have no idea how worried I am. The hideous noise of this boat simply distracts me. I cannot think, and you know, to have an opinion, one must think."

REPRESENTATIVE—"But have you really no opinion at all on the subject? When the *Examiner* man called on you at your ranch, there was no noisy boat there."

ESTEE (*in tones of irritation*)—"True, but—but—why, I had lost a very valuable heifer calf the day before. You have no conception, my boy, how little calves and things entwine themselves around my heart until they reach marketable size."

THE REPRESENTATIVE—"But the strike, Mr. Estee. Your views, your opinions?"

ESTEE (*emphatically*)—"Yes, yes; the strike. Strange that man Debs name runs in my mind so. If it was DEB, it would spell BED backwards, and Debs has made the Beds for many men to lie upon. You see I have given the matter some thought" (*ingeniously*).

REPRESENTATIVE (*In determined tones*)—"I suppose you will always stand for law and order?"

ESTEE (*hurriedly*)—"Of course that will depend largely upon whose laws and whose orders you might refer to. I couldn't stand for the laws and orders of the Czar of Russia. You see, my friend, this is a complicated question. You newspapermen don't understand it. It requires thought. Now, how can you expect me to think with this steamer churning away as it is?"

THE REPRESENTATIVE (*drawing a note book*)—"You believe labor has the right to organize and to assert its manhood?"

ESTEE—"My dear boy, of course, if it has any manhood. I—why—but, by the way, who sent you to see me?"

THE REPRESENTATIVE—"I thought, Mr. Estee, you would like to have an opportunity of explaining your position and cramming the lie down the throats of your adversaries."

ESTEE (*in tones of relief*)—"Ah! Nothing would give me more pleasure than to have you denounce it as a lie, a base fabrication, a—a—but don't commit me on the subject—don't you understand, my friend—don't commit me."

THE REPRESENTATIVE (*despairingly*)—"Then you refuse to give your views?"

ESTEE (*throwing his arm round his neck*)—"By no means. There you go again. Why will you misunderstand me—?"

THE REPRESENTATIVE—"But what are your views?"

ESTEE (*exasperated*)—"Now, my dear boy, don't I tell you I can't think here, smoke blowing right in my face, this incessant churning of the boat; don't you understand me, man?"

THE REPRESENTATIVE (*resigned*)—"I think I do, Mr. Estee."

ESTEE (*in tones of great relief*)—"There goes the whistles, we are nearing the slip. I must get my valise—must leave you—but make the denial strong, make it string out, don't commit me."

The boat landed, Estee is met by committee, bundled into a hack, kept in hiding until the departure of the next steamer. His views on the strike are not yet known.

NO PULLMAN CARS.

The strikers and the public generally will be glad to know that Groom & Nash, the hatters, 942 Market street, under Baldwin Hotel, secured (without a Pullman car) a fine line of the latest New York hats before the strike. Many business houses are without stock, but Groom & Nash got a shipment of fine hats before the tie-up.

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PRESENTS

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LIBRARY NOTES

The latest effort at local novel writing draws attention to the wealth of material there is here for fiction. The history of California told artistically with the style of a Prescott or a Washington Irving would make as romantic a story as the Conquest of Mexico. In the rise and fall in the analyses and development of the notable men who led life here in early days there is opportunity for biographical writing of the highest order. Bret Harte has idealized the sordid existence of the miners into a series of imperishable romances. He has touched gracefully the old Spanish life and given us charming pictures of the ancient adobes and dark-eyed senoritas. Besides he has caught perfectly the atmosphere of the valleys, and the Sierras—that California air which we all know so well—and no one else has put so perfectly into words. The Success of *Ramona* has shown the romantic possibilities of that old Spanish occupation. Full though it be of inaccuracies and of exaggerations, the style has a certain quality in it that mirrors the sleepy life of those departed years—a quality that to me was absent from the brilliant and infinitely more accurate pages of *The Doomswoman*. That, a literary performance of far higher order than half the books that have made London and American successes these months past, received in but a slight degree the attention its merits deserved. Its author has written other tales of California but none with the color and vividness that, this book has.

But Mrs. Atherton has but touched on the mass of material that awaits the skilled pen of the literary artist—what chances for character study in the lives of the pioneers, in the search after gold, not only in the mountains but amid the gambling dens of San Francisco. Think of the romantic possibilities of the vigilance days, of that stormy period when there were impromptu hangings on the plaza, when men's lives would be sacrificed for an impertinence. Think, too, of the great stock excitement, when millionaires were created and destroyed daily, of Ralston and his enterprises; or to go back, of the wonderful fortunes which the railroad quintet achieved. Behind all is a background of brilliant sunshine, of blue ocean, of giant mountains and plains billowed with verdure and wild flowers against which to play one's tragedies or comedies as the case may be.

Here is a rather pretty story, *A Prodigal in Love*, written hy Miss Emma Wolf, the scene of which is set in San Francisco. But it is only the city in name, by streets, by illusion to clubs or buildings—not our conservatively turbulent town wherein it seems almost anything might occur and nothing ever takes place. They are all very charming or exceedingly beautiful people who figure in the pages of this tale. The hero is a novel writer, romantically good looking, who wanders into San Francisco to close up the estate of some ancient relative who has left him a little property and a cottage at Sausalito. The heroine, Constance Herriott, has the carriage and dignity of a queen combined with an inimitable and admirable loveliness that wins the heart of the hero and causes him to lay serious siege to her affections—a course of proceeding she does little to discourage. But Miss Herriott has the responsibility of four sisters, one of whom, Eleanor, a most beautiful maiden just entering society, complicates the situation by falling passionately in love with the novelist herself.

After appropriate demonstration Mr. Kenyon offers his heart and hand to the majestic Constance, and she loving him with all her strength says no to his beseechings, because she has vowed a dying mother never to leave her sisters until they are grown up or at least married. When one is on the inside, so to speak, and knows how terribly the heroine suffers it is possible to pardon her, but from the point of view of Hall Kenyon the situation must have been somewhat inexcusable. Having a vivid impression that the maiden was by no means indifferent to him he is suddenly assured he has been in error and flung over without a word of explanation. The dialogue between the elder sister and her lover is listened to by Eleanor who suffers tortures of jealous rage which, at the end of the interview, is all directed against the classic sister. Next day she wanders out alone to the Cliff House, and sees there meanderingly distracted on the verge of the ocean the man she loves. Promptly she goes to his rescue, and with an almost unparalleled devotion escorts him to his home in Saucelito. Unfortunately there is no last boat, and there she has to remain until morning. By the earliest steamer the virtuous Constance arrives, and insists positively on an immediate marriage. The problem of adjusting the two temperaments and inducing Mr. Kenyon to fall in love with Miss Eleanor is then grappled, he having a trick of disappearing at important moments. In order to cure him of this unfortunate propensity his wife finally steps out of view, and it is only on the appearance of a novel which her husband has casually given her the manuscript of, that her whereabouts is discovered.

It is not an especially thrilling or romantic tale this *Prodigal in Love*, and there is no especial depth or power in the characterization, but the plot, such as it is, is dexterously handled, and the interest is well sustained. The family life of the Herriott's make some charming domestic pictures, and the style exhibits the greatest concientionsness and devotion in the picking of words and phrases. In fact, the precision of sentences is a little too pronounced for artistic effect, though the fault is one Miss Wolf will easily be pardoned. All through, both style and dialogue show a distinct advance on *Other Things Being Equal*, this writer's initial effort in fiction.

ORACLE K. B.

It is related that it once fell to an Atchison man to break the news to a woman that her husband had been killed. "Do you know," he said, calling at her house, "that with your light hair and pretty complexion you would break every heart in town if you were dressed as a widow?" She blushed and laughed. "And you are one," he added; "your husband was just blown to atoms in the boiler works, but then black is so becoming to you."—*Atchison Globe.*

A Critical Moment—Papa had just laid his youngest hopeful across his knees prepatory to administering a sound drubbing, when a visitor was announced, and the "educational process" had to be temporarily suspended. When the visitor had left after a short interview, the stern parent tapped his forehead and asked the youngster, who had crept into a corner:

"Hum! Paulchen, what were we talking about just now?"—*Unsere Gesellschaft.*

"Well, Joseph, did you take my letter to M. de Y——?"

"Yes sir, but I am afraid he won't be able to read it, for he is blind."

"Blind?"

"Yes sir: while I was standing right in front of him in his private office he asked me twice where my hat was, and I had it on my head all the time—ha, ha!"—*Le Petit Calaisien.*

Sympathetic Stranger (to tramp)—Amid the vast population of this great city have you never found a voice that took you back to the scenes of your childhood?

Tramp (with disgust)—Naw—allus had to walk.

First Quack—Here is a letter it would hardly do for us to publish. A man writes; "I have just taken the first bottle of your medicine——"

Second Quack—Well?

First Quack—There it breaks off short and is signed, in another handwriting, "per executor."—*Exchange.*

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The pink shade of a single lamp supplied an air of subdued mystery; the fire burned red and still; in place of door and windows hung curtains, obscure, formless; the furniture, dainty, but sparse, stood detached and incoordinate like the furniture of a stage-scene; the atmosphere was heavy with heat and a scent of stale tobacco; some cut flowers, half withered, tissue-paper still wrapping their stalks, lay on a gilt, cane-bottomed chair.

"Will you give me a sheet of paper, please?"

He had crossed the room to seat himself before the principal table. He wore a fur-lined overcoat, and he was tall, and broad, and bald; a sleek face, made grave by gold-rimmed spectacles.

The other man was in evening dress; his back leaning against the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets; he was moodily scraping the hearth rug with his toe. Clean-shaved; stolid and coarsely regular features; black, shiny hair, flattened on to his head; under-sized eyes, moist and glistening; the tint of his face uniform, the tint of discolored ivory; he looked like a man who ate well and lived hard.

"Certainly, sir, certainly," and he started to hurry about the room.

"Daisy," he exclaimed roughly, a moment later, "where the deuce do you keep the note-paper?"

"I don't know if there is any, but the girl always has some." She spoke in a slow tone, insolent and fatigued.

A couple of bed-pillows were supporting her head, and a scarlet plush cloak, trimmed with white down, was covering her feet, as she lay curled on the sofa. The fire-light glinted on the metallic gold of her hair, which clashed with the black of her eye-brows; and the full, blue eyes, wide-set, contradicted the hard line of her vivid-red lips. She drummed her fingers on the sofa-edge nervously.

"Never mind," said the bald man, shortly, producing a note-book from his breast-pocket and tearing a leaf from it.

He wrote, and the other two stayed silent; the man returned to the hearth rug, lifting his coat-tails under his arms; the girl went on drumming the sofa-edge.

"There," sliding back his chair, and looking from the one to the other, evidently uncertain which of the two he should address. "Here is the prescription. Get it made up to-night, a tablespoonful at a time, in a wine-glassful of water at lunch time, at dinner-time and before going to bed. Go on with the port wine twice a day, and" (to the girl, deliberately and distinctly) "you *must* keep quiet; avoid all sort of excitement—that is extremely important. Of course you must on no account go out at night. Go to bed early, take regular meals, and keep always warm."

"I say," broke in the girl, "tell us, it isn't bad—dangerous, I mean?"

"Dangerous!—no, not if you do what I tell you."

He glanced at his watch and rose, buttoning his coat.

"Good evening," he said gravely.

At first she paid no heed; she was vacantly staring before her; then, suddenly conscious that he was waiting, she looked up at him.

"Good-night, Doctor."

She held out her hand, and he took it.

"I'll get all right, won't I?" she asked, still looking up at him.

"All right—of course you will—of course. But remember you must do what I tell you."

The other man handed him his hat and umbrella, opened the door for him, and it closed behind them.

* * * * * * *

The girl remained quiet, sharply blinking her eyes, her whole expression eager, intense.

A murmur of voices, a muffled tread of foot-steps descending the stairs—the gentle shutting of a door—stillness.

She raised herself on her elbow, listening; the cloak slipped noiselessly to the floor. Quickly her arm shot out to the bell-rope; she pulled it violently; waited, expectant; and pulled again.

A slatternly figure appeared—a woman of middle age—her arms, bared to the elbows, smeared with dirt; a grimy apron over her knees.

"What's up?—I was smashin' coal," she explained.

"Come here," hoarsely whispered the girl—"here—no—nearer—quite close. Where's he gone?"

"Gone? 'oo?"

"That man that was here."

"I s'ppose 'ee's in the down stairs room. I ain't 'eard the front door slam."

"And Dick, where's he?"

"They're both in there together, I s'ppose."

"I want you to go down quietly—without making any noise—listen at the door—come up, and tell me what they're saying."

"What? Down there?" jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"Yes, of course—at once," answered the girl impatiently.

"And if they catches me—a nice fool I looks. No, I'm just blowed if I do!" she concluded. "Whatever's up?"

"You must," the girl broke out excitedly. "I tell you, you must."

"Must—must—an' if I do, what am I going to git out of it?" She paused, reflecting; then added: "Look 'ere—I tell yer what—I'll do it for a half a quid, there?"

"Yes—yes—all right—only make haste."

"An' 'ow d' I know as I'll git it?" She objected doggedly, "It's a jolly risk, yer know."

The girl sprang up, flushed and feverish.

"Quick, or he'll be gone. I don't know where it is—but you shall have it—I promise—quick—please go—quick."

The other hesitated, her lips pressed together; turned, and went out.

And the girl, catching her breath, clutched a chair.

* * * * * * *

A flame flickered up in the fire, buzzing spasmodically. A creak outside. She had come up. But the curtains did not move. Why didn't she come in? She was going past. The girl hastened across the room, the intensity of the impulse lending her strength.

"Come—come in," she gasped. "Quick—I'm slipping!"

She struck at the wall; but with the flat of her hand, for there was no grip. The woman, bursting in, caught her, and led her back to the sofa.

"There, there, dearie," tucking the cloak round her feet. "Lift up the piller, my 'ands are that mucky. Will yer 'ave anythin'?"

She shook her head. "It's gone," she muttered. "Now—tell me."

"Tell yer?—tell yer what? Why—why—there ain't jest nothin' to tell yer."

"What were they saying? Quick."

"I didn't 'ear nothin'. They was talking about some ballet-woman."

The girl began to cry, feebly, helplessly, like a child in pain.

"You might tell me, Liz. You might tell me. I've been a good sort to you."

"That yer 'ave. I know yer 'ave, dearie. There, there, don't yer take on like that. You'll only make yerself bad again."

"Tell me—tell me," she wailed. "I've been a good sort to you, Liz."

"Well, they wasn't talkin' of no ballet-woman—that's straight," the woman blurted out savagely.

"What did he say?—tell me." Her voice was weaker now.

"I can't tell yer—don't yer ask me—for God's sake, don't yer ask me."

With a low crooning the girl cried again.

"Oh, fer God's sake, don't yer take on like that—it's awful—I can't stand it. There, dearie, stop that cryin' an' I'll tell yer—I will indeed. It was jest this way—I slips my shoes off, an' I goes down as careful—jest as careful as a cat—an' when I gets to the door I crouches myself down, listenin' as 'ard as ever I could. The first thing as I 'ears was Mr. Dick speakin' thick-like—like as if 'ee'd been drinkin'—an' t'other chap 'ee says somethin' about lungs, using some long word—I missed that—there was a van or somethin' rackettin' on the road. Then 'ee says, 'gallopin', gallopin',' jest like as if 'ee was talkin' of a 'orse. An' Mr. Dick, 'ee says, 'ain't there no chance—no 'ow?' and 'ee give a sort of a grunt. I was awful sorry for 'im, that I was, 'ee must have been crool bad, 'ee's mostly so quiet-like, ain't he? An', in a minute, 'ee sort o' groans out somethin', an' t'other chap 'ee answer 'im quite cool-like, that 'ee don't properly know; but, anyways, it 'ud be over afore the end of February. There, I've done it. Oh, dearie, it's awful, awful, that's jest what it is. An' I 'ad no intention to tell yer—not a blessed word—that I didn't—may God strike me blind if I did! Some 'ow it all come out, seein' yer chokin' that 'ard an' feelin' at the wall there. Yer 'ad no right to ask me to do it—'ow was I to know 'ee was a doctor?"

She put the two corners of her apron to her eyes, gurgling loudly.

"Look 'ere, don't yer b'lieve a word of it—I don't—I tell yer they're a 'umbuggin' lot, them doctors, all together. I know it. Yer take my word fer that—yer'll git all right again. Yer'll be as well as I am, afore yer've done—oh, Lord! it's jest awful—I feel that upset—I'd like to cut my tongue out, for 'avin' told yer—but I just couldn't 'elp myself." She was retreating towards the door, wiping her eyes, and snorting out loud sobs. "An' don't yer offer me that half quid—I couldn't take it of yer—that I couldn't."

* * * * * * * *

She shivered, sat up, and dragged the cloak tight around her shoulders. In her desire to get warm she forgot what had happened. She extended the palms of her hands toward the grate; the heat was delicious. A smoking lump of coal clattered onto the fender; she lifted the tongs, but the sickening remembrance arrested her. The things in the room were receding, were dancing around; the fire was growing taller and taller. The woolen scarf chafed her skin; she wrenched it off. Then hope, keen and bitter, shot up, hurting her. "How could he know? Of course he couldn't know. She'd been a lot better this last fortnight—the other doctor said so—she did't believe it—she didn't care. Anyway, it would be over before the end of Febraary!"

Suddenly the crooning wail started again; next, spasms of weeping, harsh and gasping.

By-and-by she understood that she was crying noisily, and that she was alone in the room; like a light in a wind, the sobbing fit ceased.

"Let me live—let me live—I'll be straight—I'll go to church—I'll do anything! Take it away—it hurts—I can't bear it!"

Once more the sound of her own voice in the empty room calmed her. But the tension of emotion slackened, only to tighten again; immediately she was jeering at herself. What was she wasting her breath for? What had Jesus ever done for her? She'd had her fling, and it was no thanks to him.

"Dy-sy—Dy-sy——"

Front the street below, boisterous and loud, the refrain came up. And, as the footsteps tramped away, the words reached her once more, indistinct in the distance:

"'I'm just crazy; all for the love o' you.'"

She felt frightened. It was like a thing in a play. It was as if some one was there, in the room—hiding—watching her.

Then a coughing fit started, racking her. In the middle she struggled to cry for help; she thought she was going to suffocate.

Afterwards she sank back; limp, tired and sleepy.

The end of February—she was going to die—it was important, exciting—what would it be like? Everybody else died. Midge had died in the summer—but that was worry and going the pace. And they said that Annie Evans was going off too. Damn it! she wasn't going to be chicken-hearted. She'd face it. She'd had a jolly time. She'd be game till the end. Hell fire—that was all stuff and nonsense—she knew that. It would be just nothing—like a sleep. Not even painful; she'd be just shut down in a coffin, and she wouldn't know that they were doing it. Ah! but they might do it before she was quite dead! It had happened sometimes. And she wouldn't be able to get out. The lid would be nailed, and there would be earth on the top. And if she called no one would hear.

Ugh! What a fit of the blues she was getting. It was beastly, being alone. Why the devil didn't Dick come back?

That noise. What was that?

Bah! only some one in the street. What a fool she was.

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She winced again as the fierce feeling of revolt swept through her, the wild longing to fight. It was damned rough—four months! A year, six months even, was a long time. The pain grew acute, different from anything she had felt before.

"Good Lord! What am I maundering on about? Four months—I'll go out with a fizzle like a firework. Why the devil doesn't Dick come, or Liz, or somebody? What do they leave me alone like this for?"

She dragged at the bell rope.

* * * * * * * * *

He came in white and blear eyed.

"Whatever have you been doing all this time?" she began, angrily.

"I've been chatting with the doctor." He was pretending to read a newspaper. There was something funny about his voice.

"It's ripping. He says you'll soon be fit again, as long as you don't get colds, or that sort of thing. Yes, he says you'll soon be fit again"—a quick, crackling noise—he had gripped the newspaper in his fist.

She looked at him, surprised, in spite of herself. She would never have thought he'd have done it like that. He was a good sort, after all. But she didn't know why, she broke out furiously:

"You infernal liar! I know I shall be done for by the end of February. Ha, ha!"

Seizing a vase of flowers, she flung it into the grate. The crash and the shrivelling of the leaves in the flames bought her an instant's relief. Then she said quietly:

"There, I've made an idiot of myself; but" (weakly) "I did't know—I didn't know—I thought it was different."

He hesitated, embarrassed by his own emotion. Presently he went up to her and put his hands round her cheeks.

"No," she said; that's no good, I don't want that. Get me something to drink, I feel bad."

He hurried to the cupboard and fumbled with the cork of a champagne bottle. It flew out with a bang. She started violently.

"You clumsy fool!" she exclaimed.

She drank off the wine at a gulp.

"Daisy," he began.

She was staring stonily at the empty glass.

"Daisy," he repeated.

She tapped her toe against the fender rail.

At this sign he went on:

"How did you know?'

"I sent Liz to listen," she answered mechanically.

He looked about him helpless.

"I think I'll smoke," he said feebly.

She made no answer.

"Here, put the glass down," she said.

He obeyed.

He lit a cigarette over the lamp, sat down opposite her, puffiing dense clouds of smoke.

And, for a long while, neither spoke.

"Is that doctor a good man?"

"I don't know. People say so," he answered—*From the Yellow Book.*

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Steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2 and 4 P. M.; leaving El Campo at 11:15 A. M. 1, 3 and 5 P. M.

A subtle resemblance to Sarah Bernhardt has prevented Mrs. Potter from becoming a pleasing actress in drawing - room drama where her artistic limitations are not disagreeably in evidence. She is a beautiful woman from the crown of her head to the turn of her throat and she cannot help her figure. She might—as has been somewhere suggested—disguise it but there is something really attractive and Bwone-Jones about the angles and the attitudes into which her pitiless bones betray her. I like them as I like the picturesque awkwardness of her walk. That walk has never changed. It is a part of the Potter personality. It was just as individual on the New York pavement as it is on the New York stage and I can remember when Mrs. Potter approached a Fifth Avenue coach by exactly the same singular locomotive process she now employs to get on and off the boards.

I do not, in fact, see many changes in Mrs. Potter. She has acquired a fine stage sneer—very high-bred and very haughty, very beautiful and very Bellew. Except for this she is quite the same as on the night of her New York début. If she could recover from that fever of imitation of the divine Sarah, which has now reached the delirium stage of a French accent, she would be quite delightful in the light roles suited to her dainty talent. She is lovely to look upon, although I am rather bored by the monotonous disorder of her hair and the natural tones of her voice are sweet and satisfying. She has assumed the present rauque quality as she has assumed the French accent, the careless coiffure, the significant glance and certain recurrent postures, and for the same reason. They are not as she would have them nor as we would have them either. To drop the voice into the throat and speak between the teeth is not to find the chords of harmony which lie in Bernhardt's velvet tones. A succession of significant glances which set an audience wondering what on earth they signify does not suggest the glance of Bernhardt who has a meaning for the sweep of every eyelash. To rest the elbow on the table and the chin within the hollow of the hand and thus to look out on life beneath a line of level brows, is a trick of Sarah's, certainly, but she does not fall into it under the stress of all the various emotions, whether joy or sorrow, rage, jealosy or despair. When one has the beauty and the charm and the talent of Cora Potter, it is better to be one's self rather than a weak and puerile imitation of another woman—albeit the greatest woman the stage has ever seen.

"Thèrese Raquin" was a vulgar shopkeeper, with the rapacious passions, the ferocity and the treacherous cunning of a brute beast. Her lover was a poltroon and a knave. And both were faithless even to their instincts. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew are to be congratulated on their blank failure to live down to the Zola ideal and they are to be pitied because it occurred to them to try. The story is not inspiring and one accepts it shudderingly, among other hideous truths which Zola has told to the world. But the force of it is indisputable. There is a penetrating horror about that turmoil of evil raging under the gray life lived in the back parlor of a shop. Circumstance, surroundings, people—all vulgar and commonplace. They have nothing but their crime. It is their life, their meat and drink, their thoughts by day, their dream by night. It absorbs and it destroys them. And all this while that other dreary life goes changelessly on.

The dramatist has left only a suggestion of this masterly contrast, and that suggestion Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew combine to annihilate. Beyond an elegant boredom, expressed by sardonic smiles and an eternal stocking, Mrs. Potter's "Thèrese" does not suggest the misery of repression, and her manner, even when swayed by the noisy tumult which she mistakes for emotion, belongs to the Faubourg St. Germain. Mr. Bellew's "Laurent" is attired with an elegance which would satisfy the soul of "Him." "Madam Raquin" looks like a dowager Duchess and the friends and familiars of her household are quite irreproachable from a social standpoint. Only "Camille," too fretful, too peevish, too insistent even for the unbearable invalid of Zola, has the manner and the bearing of the people —and he has too much of them.

The second act, however, preserves something of the Zola spirit—the quality of indelicacy. Mrs. Potter coquets with realism by publicly getting into an appalling orange nightgown. The friends of the family run in and out of the bridal chamber and make suggestive remarks which bore the bride and embarrass the audience until Mr. Bellew arrives and significantly removes his coat and vest. And at two or three in the morning, the aunt-in-law walks in, without knocking, to inquire, artlessly—"What are they doing?"

It is unpardonable.

The saving grace of wickedness is wit and it is one of the compensations of life that these two so often go hand in hand. The truly good are to be admired and envied although they are not agreeable to live with. But the utterly bad have nothing to recommend them. When people are bad from instinct and without purpose, when there is no intelligence which guides them in their evil, when they merely descend into it to wallow and do not even enjoy themselves or feel satisfaction in their moral isolation—they become that which is worse than wicked—namely, vulgar and that which is more inexcusable than either—namely, stupid. And to the expression of moods such as these, Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew have lent their Dresden china personalities. The highest praise that can be awarded either of them in "Therèse Raquin," is that they are both and equally out of place.

In the "Leather Patch," Harrigan does not shine with that effulgence which is calculated to leave his company in semi-eclipse and I was better entertained by his work at rehearsal on Monday morning, when he entered into every part in the play, than by his performance on Monday evening, when in all the solemnity of broadcloth and beaver he made his undertaker's bow across the footlights. There is more or less amusement behind the linen at a Harrigan rehearsal. The types are all there, and it is astonishing to see how little they depend for individuality on their make-up. Only Miss Lillian Flynn, who is as dainty as a flower with her delicate profile, fine, pale skin and lovely long-lashed eyes, does not suggest either the "Tough Girl," or her later Hibernian effort. I rather fancied her conception of her part in "The Patch"—it was in quiet contrast with Miss Moore's noisy "Widow" and the brogue, if intermittent, was beyond criticism when it was there and after I learned that this was Miss Flynn's first effort at Irish character, I decided that she was an exceptionally bright and attractive little girl.

Harry Wright was a surprise to everybody as the Baxter-street Jew. The dialect, make-up and especially the clever business with the hands, were quite equal to the work of Frank Bush, who has been devoting himself to this line for almost as many years, I fancy, as Wright can count. His dancing was, as always, violent and offensive, and this actor reminds one of Harry Dam's "Pious Servant Girl," who was all right until she heard music. Mr. Doane was another agreeable sensation. His talents have evidently been hidden, heretofore, beneath a bushel of uncongenial parts waiting for "Jefferson" to drag

them out into the light. He was a fitting companion character to "Carline"—which is praise of the ungrudging kind—for I find Mr. Sparks' work brilliantly good. He is the best "nigger" on the stage to-day and, with true respect to the traditions, I doubt if there was ever a better.

The voice of one lad rises above all the rest to soar and sing like the lark at Heaven's gate. It is the particular property of Mr. Joseph Mooney, aged seventeen, who was once a choir boy in the big New York Cathedral and has recently exchanged the wonderful soprano of his childhood for the clear pure tenor, so unusual and golden a gift. Mooney has been with Harrigan's Company for three seasons, and began his theatrical career in "Paddy Duffy's Cart." He is devoted to the life, but says he likes to sing "in the town"—which is New York, bien entendu—better than on the road; that he'd rather play with Harrigan than with anybody; and that the ambition of his life is "to get the black off and stand out in front and sing in a full dress suit."

A Shakespearian spirit is suddenly abroad in the land and among the inspired is Wm. H. Crane. With an entirely new company, superb sets designed by Captain Thompson, and a stage book written by himself, Mr. Crane contemplates the production of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in a garb elaborate and unparalelled. Mr. Crane admits, with characteristic candor, that he intends to follow closely on the heels of Henry Irving, whom he regards, like the most of us, as a passable actor, a great man and a greater stage manager. The methods employed at the London Lyceum are suggestive, but they are also expensive. Few American managers have cared to enter into a trans-Atlantic rivalry. Daly stages Shakespeare better than anyone in this country, and his efforts beside Irving's are as darkness unto light. Every novel stage contrivance, every sensible innovation, every new effect and illusion is seized upon with eagerness and without regard to cost, by the management at the Lyceum in London and after months of labor to produce a play on certain lines, Mr. Irving is quite capable of demolishing the entire fabric, to reconstruct according to his latest conviction and with the divine patience which belongs to genius.

The Rosenfelds are busy with plans for a Shakespearian revival and talk of Julius Cæsar, to be staged in gorgeousness, at one of the Broadway theatres. The famous Meininger Company had a flat fall with this very enterprise, in New York, not so long ago but they played in German, and the public may agree with the Rosenfelds, that Shakespeare is not to be translated. Everybody is not, however, of this same mind. The Japanese, for example, who are not only translating Shakespeare into the Japanese tongue, but remodelling him to suit the Japanese taste. Scenery and costumes are to be subjected to the necessary modifications and Japanese sentiment substituted for the Shakespearian soul wherever the spirit of the translator so wills it. This is delicious. I have seen many a liberty taken with Shakespeare, but a frenzied effort to live up to his lines and his century and his architecture has usually characterized the transgressor. It is with painful effort I can now conceive a little Japanese Romeo, swearing by the inconstant moon beneath the shadow of a bamboo tree, while a small Japanese Juliet scuffles to the apothecary's in her Obi-bound Kimono and takes her little shoes off, neatly, ere she lays her down to die.

To look over Morosco's during the present successful season is to recall Coquelin's commentary, "The public is a great child. You cannot deceive a child, but you can amuse it with simple tricks." For many years this "great child" has turned its ample back on the ambitious efforts of various managers who have emblazoned the portals of the Grand Opera House with announcements extraordinary. But it runs eagerly now to enjoy the wholesome little Irish drama, light with laughter and song and dance, and bright with characteristic Irish humor, and it does not even care to be critical. It is the same old story. The public would rather have a glimpse into the homely life it knows, or remembers, than the brilliant vision of an enchanted land which is not within its possible experience. It feels in touch with the humble phases of joy and sorrow which everyone must smile and suffer under on the way through the world, while it shrinks from the higher emotions which exalt and disturb. It is better amused by the live pig which runs squealing across the stage than by all the mechanical contrivances which have ever been invented to cheat the glance and to deceive the eye. And especially does the infant delight to get its entertainment at a reasonable figure.

ALICE RIX.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

John Drew opens at the Baldwin on Monday evening next in Henry Guy Carleton's play, "The Butterflies." The comedy has had a sucessful Eastern run and Drew is so popular in San Francisco that the same experience, it may be prophesied, awaits the performance here. Maud Adams, Anna Belmont, Kate Meek, Olive Berkeley, Lillian Florence, Louis Baker, Harry Harwood, Leslie Allen, Arthur Byson and Frank Lamb, make up a strong comedy company and in addition to "Butterflies," they will produce "The Masked Ball," that clever comedy in which Mr. Drew made his debut as a star.

Mr. Drew will be followed by the Empire Theatre Stock Company of New York who will present "Sowing the Wind," "Liberty Hall" and other Eastern successes. David Henderson's American Extravaganza Company in "Aladin, Jr."; Charles Frohman's Company in "Charlie's Aunt"; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; Alexander Salvini, Warde and James, and Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company swell the list of attractions advertised for the present Baldwin season.

The patrons of the Tivoli will rise in revolt if the rules against the sale of "Standing room," now agitating New York, should, by any chance, be enforced in San Francisco. "Dick Turpin" has filled the Opera House every night, quite to the outer doors and those who arrived too late to procure seats were willing enough to stand. Old English life makes a picturesque setting for light opera, and the gypsy color which is thrown into the second act of "Dick Turpin," is in charming contrast with the other scenes. The music is pleasing, costumes attractive, and the companyis well cast according to its various possibilities.

"The Cruiskeen Lawn" is offered at Morosco's for next week's attraction, with Dan McCarthy as "Paddy McFadden" and Miss Lou Ripley cast as "Norah." Miss La Verne plays "Kate Carney," and Alice Condon "Little Kate Carney." Gussie Ellemberger takes the part of "Annie Quinn," Kittie Kerwin that of "Nellie Daley," and "Michael Kelly," "Silas Stone," "Dublin Dan," "Gill Riley," "Mr. Carney," "John Henry," "Captain Connor," "Michael Clancy," "James O'Reardon," "Joe Caffrey" and "Mrs. Kelly" are impersonated respectively by Wright, Huntington, James Brophy, Charles W. Swain, Carl Smith, E. J. Holden, Leslie, George Hermance, Frank Weeks, Fred Hunter, Sydney Robertson and Julia Blanc.

The Orpheum has had an attractive bill this week and promises a better one yet for the week to come. San Francisco is always ready to patronize a good Vaudeville and the Orpheum management has tact enough to keep up the spice of variety so necessary to this kind of an entertainment.

The new company engaged for the Orpheum will arrive in time to open Monday evening next. Detained by the tie-up of the railroad, the advent of the Braatz Bros., Conners and Staley, O'Brien and Carroll, Chas. H. Duncan and Lydia Yeamans Titus, will be the more welcome. Mrs. Yeamans Titus, late of the Hallen and Hart Combination, is a prime favorite with San Franciscans and the management may be congratulated on that engagement alone.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers
Beginning Monday, July 16th
First Stellar Advent
Mr. JOHN DREW And His American Company Direction of Chas. Frohman
Monday, July 16th--First Week
THE BUTTERFLIES
Henry Guy Carleton's Comedy, presented for over 150 Nights at Palmer's Theatre, New York.
Monday, July 23d--Second Week--**The Masked Ball**
Monday, July 30th, **Christopher, Jr.**

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager
Week July 16th
Every Evening Including Sunday. Matinee Saturday.
Beats Them All!
MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN in His Great Original Character, "Dan Mulligan," in one of his most successful plays in three acts, entitled
"CORDELIA'S ASPIRATIONS"
Unique Stage Effects and Novelties! Entirely New Scenery for This Production!
All of the original music by Braham: "Just Across from Jersey," "Dad's Dinner Pail," "Samuel Johnson's Cake Walk," "Wear the Trousers, Oh!"

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Production of the Season! The Ideal Romantic Opera! Companion Piece to "Robin Hood"
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Book by H. Grattan Donnelly
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Next Opera, "RIP VAN WINKLE"
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Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of
DAN McCARTHY in "The Pride of the Mayo."
Monday Evening, Mr. McCarthy in
"THE CRUISKEEN LAWN."
Supported by Morosco's Grand Opera House Stock Co.
Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Week of Monday, July 16th
ARRIVAL FROM THE EAST
Of Our Talented New Company of Specialty Stars:
The Braatz Bros., O'Brien & Carroll, Conners & Staley, Charles H. Duncan, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Etc., Etc.
They have finally arrived after long delay by the railroad blockade.
Reserved Seats 25c Balcony 10c Opera Chairs & Box Seats 50c
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

THE GLASS OF FASHION

Society now seems to be mainly composed of "new clothes" people and of "old clothes" people. Of the two, the latter are decidedly to be preferred.

"New clothes" people resemble inferior copies of superior pictures set in inappropriately pretentious frames. They possess little intrinsic value, but much of their importance is due to the ingenuity and pertinacity with which they advertise themselves. Everything that they have is offensively new, showy, stagey and unexpected. As they stroll along the street the rich silks and satins of their frocks rustle and crinkle aggressively, and the fashions which they exhibit upon their persons are so prematurely up-to-date that they enforce the notice of even the most unobservant.

Their carriages, so as to compel attention, are generally colored with brilliant hues or unusual contrasts. The liveries of their servants are seldom sombre or subdued, but are strange and over-sumptuous Their houses are inordinately decorated, having no possible conception of the distribution of their effects. How often we see a much bespotted carpet with a profusion of huge flowers of all the loudest colors covered in places with exquisitely dim rugs of the finest order, and then a chair, without the least inkling of an idea that it is absolutely killing the rug, placed right in the center.

The perpetual purpose of these people seems to be to force themselves into public notice, and with elaborate and incessant ingenuity to stamp an impression of themselves upon the memories of their neighbors much as the manufacturers of patent drugs and of patent soaps strive to popularize their individual wares.

Wherever the world congregates, hither hastens the host of "new clothes" people with fresher frocks, more fashionable friends, more surprising equipages, and more irrepressible evidences of exuberant prosperity than their neighbors.

When they go to church it is to the most fashionable; if they subscribe towards a charity, it is to one which is especially well advertised and patronized by the most exclusive. Then they give more than others do, so as to advertise themselves most. Should a well-known person marry, from their *elegant mansion* comes the most effusively magnificent present. Should a well known person die, they tender the most sensational wreath. Day and night their entire activity is directed to the continual advertisement of themselves, and of every circumstance of life, however sacred or however solemn, however serious or however trivial, be it a birth, a marriage, an illness, death, religion or benevolence, it is utilized as a means of self-advertisement.

Private life, private sentiments, private sympathies, private prejudices, none of these are for them. Their all-engrossing purpose is to stamp themselves upon the memories of their neighbors.

Still, we have fashions as incoherent as a feverish dream and equally vivid. Notions are borrowed from nearly every land and every century. Classical draperies should cling to a perfect figure, and be associated with the poetry of motion or of repose. They go ill with nervous, jerky attitudes. Plastic imperfection is at a greater advantage when combined with the Botticelli corsage or the long-waisted, high-sleeved corsage of the Valois. Dressmakers are still running into the harliquinades. Gowns made of artfully combined remnants of silk, satin, velvet, and gauze often of discordant tones, and still worked up into concords hold their own. They best suit the young and slender.

One of the most charming and effective gowns for calling I saw yesterday at the California; it was black satin—that rich, full satin which falls so gracefully—the skirt was flared a la Paquin with an *organ* back. The waist was chiffon of the same color made very full over the basque of satin and gathered in at the waist into a black velvet belt which fastened in front with a large amber buckle the handsomest I have seen. The sleeves were huge and caught at the elbow with velvet ribbon in dainty knots. Around her neck the muchly-gathered chiffon was held in place by a full pink velvet collar. The bonnet was small and compact and harmonized exquisitely with this most artistic costume.

Another gown which created the demon of jealousy to rage in my breast was of heliotrope cashmere of the softest and silkiest texture made over silk of the same color. The seams were of insertion about five-eighths of an inch in width displaying in all parts of the gown the charming silk effect. The hem on the skirt was also of insertion and the entire gown full of pleats, gathers and lace suggested the elegance and luxury of imported gowns.

When one hears of mourning in so agreeable a form as black moussetine-de-soie over silk foundations and black chiffon relieved with shirt sleeves the horror of all those heavy materials is much lessened and nowadays even the most woe-begone can gown themselves so as not to identify themselves with cemeteries and hearses.

A stunning evening gown of rich black moiré trimmed with bands of maize-colored satin brocaded with blue flowers made me think that after all art is more abstract than we fancy. Had the weaver of this gown not exactly understood that the bodice must be trimmed with Kroniton lace, opalescent pearls and embroidered in black jet it never could have been the magnificent success it was.

So much, too, lies in one's manner. Alas! how fearful it would be "to see ourselves as others see us." To be loud, dashing, nervous, irritable, bored, no matter how well gowned a woman is she should endeavor to remember that every action accentuates the lack of femininity, which even the most mannish endeavor, in the privacy of their own minds, to cultivate.

The latest corset is a dream of black ribbon with an insertion of whalebone; the lace is deep, and of the finest quality, and edges each insertion, but is so narrow as not to be at all obtrusive. This corset is almost as short as a riding stay.

White is still the prevailing color in hats, stocks and especially gloves; white gloves are so much more dressy than the handsomest mauves, tans or greys and not in the least more expensive. A knot of magenta ribbon in the hair proves a very charming relief to the sombre brown or black mass which encircles the face. It is much more dressy than a comb and decidedly more effective.

Belts of black velvet with long sash ends spangled with gold are again in vogue, and promise to play much part in all the new belted frocks. REFLECTOR.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

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A STRIKE WITHOUT A GRIEVANCE.

A strike without a grievance is rather a novel feature, yet such is the condition of affairs to-day on the lines of the Southern Pacific Company, as all of its employés were apparently happy and contented with their hours of service and the remuneration therefor; in fact, it had been generally supposed that there was not a road in the United States where there was such general good-will and kindly feeling as existed between the officials and employés of the Southern Pacific Company, partly for the reason that the former very largely arose from the ranks and therefore thoroughly understood the duties and requirements of all employés. Whenever any labor organization, representing any branch of the service, felt that its members had anything to complain of, or were suffering from any hardship, it has been the practice to send a grievance committee to the Southern Pacific Company's headquarters where a conference would be held with the railroad officials, in every case heretofore resulting in an amicable adjustment.

In the present instance, the employés seemed to realize the utter powerlessness of the Southern Pacific Company to adjust the differences involved in the controversy between Mr. Pullman and his workmen, the issue being entirely foreign to this Company's affairs and to our west coast, so they determined to ignore the former method of settling difficulties, through the appointment and negotiation of a grievance committee, and merely notified the Southern Pacific Company in a brief and informal telegram that the A. R. U. had declared a boycott on all Pullman cars and that the Company must immediately stop running all such cars.

There was no intimation in the message of warning as to who the A. R. U. represented, and all that the Southern Pacific Company knew about it was that there was such an organization, and that it was called the "new idea;" neither was there any explanation as to why this organization had not proceeded upon the usual lines of courtesy by appointing a committee to confer with the officials of the company before issuing its mandate, that has resulted so disastrously to the interests of our State. Naturally, the Southern Pacific Company paid no attention to such an indefinite and anonymous notice, knowing that its own employés had no cause for grievance, and not believing that they could be induced to join any movement tending to injure the property upon which they depended for a livelihood, merely for the purpose of coercing the proprietor of the Pullman Works, located more than 2,500 miles distant, into doing that which he had declared he could not afford to do for his local workmen in his car manufacturing shops, situated in the town of Pullmon, Illinois.

However, the issue was enforced upon the Southern Pacific Company, notwithstanding its repeatedly published statement that it had a three-fourths proprietary right in its Pullman cars, which certainly represented the controlling interest, and its further earnest appeal not to be drawn into a controversy which it had no power to adjust and in which it had no interest.

While the strikers have widely proclaimed that they obstruct nothing but trains drawing Pullman cars, yet the fact remains, as has been attested by the daily newspapers, that the strikers have drawn the fires from all locomotives that they could get possession of, whether in switching, suburban, interior local, or in through service, and they have obstructed the movement of all trains, including those on the narrow gauge to Santa Cruz and on the Coast Division running to Monterey, where no sleeping cars have ever been used.

Furthermore, notwithstanding that representatives of the A. R. U. stated on Monday, the 9th instant, before a committee of merchants and business men of San Francisco, that they obstructed nothing but Pullman trains, yet on page 3, column 2, of the *San Francisco Examiner*, of July 10th, in an interview with the chairman, Mr. H. A. Knox, of the A. R. U. at Sacramento, he is made to say that:

"The position of the A. R. U. was in no way changed. It would not permit the running of any trains unless the demands of the organization were complied with."

Manifestly this statement is unequivocal enough to be sufficiently clear to be understood by all. The position of the Southern Pacific Company in respect to this matter is identically the same as that of all other roads, on which the strike has been ordered, and it is certainly a strange commentary on our Republican institutions and form of government if one man, or set of men, can, through the aid of the miserable boycott system, force a disinterested party to make the fight that he or they are unable to make, thereby, through the means of coercion, force the unyielding party in compliance with demands the justice or injustice of which we shall not assume to determine.

B. A. W.

A PARALLEL CASE.

A gentleman was talking to-day with a disaffected railroad employé who was trying to justify the present boycott of Pullman cars.

"Look here," said the first party, "let me make a comparison, and ask your opinion of it."

"Here is a man shoving a jack-plane, or driving nails, or doing something of that sort over in the town of Pullman, two or three thousand miles away, who thinks he is not getting quite as much pay as he thinks he ought to have, and he quits—strikes."

"Here is another man, say over at West Oakland, cleaning cars or firing an engine or throwing switches. He is perfectly contented, has no fault to find with his work nor his pay. He never saw the man at Pullman; never heard of him before; don't care a rap for him, and wouldn't give him a dime if he met him hungry to-morrow; but he will go on a strike and take the bread out of his children's mouths in an attempt to compel the employer of the man at Pullman to pay him as much as he thinks he ought to have."

"Now, suppose that all the railroads in the country were united under one organization and had all agreed to pay a strictly uniform scale of wages. One of them, say the C.& N.W., experiences a bad year, owing to short crops, or for any reason, and decides to reduce wages ten per cent."

"Then suppose the Southern Pacific or the Northern Pacific or any other member of the Association should also reduce wages *because the C. & N. W. has done so.* Do you mean to say that anyone endowed with even the feeblest spark of intelligence would claim that there was any justice in this, or think the employés of the other lines would so regard it."

"But," says the railroad man, "the other lines would not have the same reason for a reduction as the C. & N. W. They had not experienced a bad year."

"Neither has the man who sweeps out cars over at West Oakland experienced a bad year," was the reply. "He is in every way satisfied with his work and his pay, and admits it."

The railroader went out to oil up his think machine and see why it was that it would not work.

G. F. R.

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Take Bromo Seltzer—Trial bottle 10c.

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Dividend Notice
The German Savings and Loan Society, [illegible] Street: For the half year ending June 30, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1894.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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Dividends on term deposits at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of four and one sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum for the half year ending June 30, 1894, will be payable, free of taxes, on and after July 2, 1894.
S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY
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For the half year ending June 30, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1894.
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

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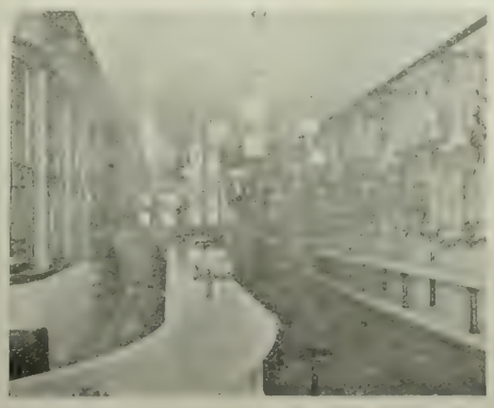
The lost art of plumping the figure, known to Roman ladies of rank, is recovered in the rare toilet article known as Dr. O. P. Brown's HERBAL TISSUE BUILDER. The tissues absorb it greedily, and being fed and nourished, grow plump and firm. It also gives such a lovely, clear complexion as to astonish everyone. Druggists, $1. **Trial Box** by mail with "Seven Ages of Woman's Life" illustrated 10c. Address J. Gibson Brown, Jersey City, N. J.



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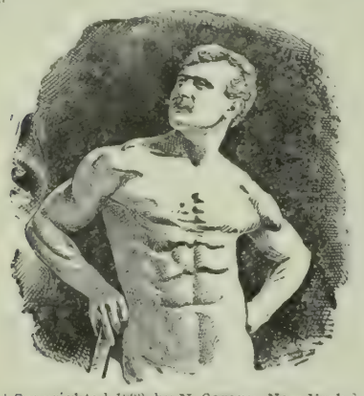
What Sandow Prescribes for the Weak Fat People to Do

Art Aids Nature—The Weakest Can Become Powerful by Adhering to a Few Simple Rules—The Secret of Good Figures.

Perhaps no athelete of modern times has created a greater furor of enthusiasm by his abilities than has Eugene Sandow, "the blonde German Hercules," who held up three horses on his chest.



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Many a fleshy, weak man has admired Sandow's brawny muscles with absolute despair of ever equaling him or passably imitating him in his feats, and yet has had the desire aroused to become strong and healthy, a treat to the eyes of his fellow-men.

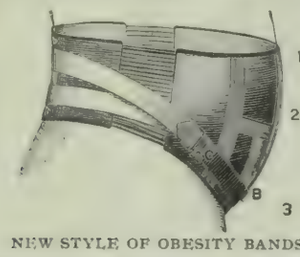
As long as the body is covered with fat any physical exertion of moment is almost out of the question. A very fleshy person simply cannot perform feats requiring agility and strength with any degree of ease. To get rid of this extra flesh is the chief duty of one who would be strong.

Dr. Edison has discovered a combination of the chemical properties of certain German mineral springs which has a marked effect in the reduction of flesh. This combination is prepared for the trade under the name of Obesity Pills. With Dr. Edison's Obesity Fruit Salt, a pleasant drink, they form a complete cure for excessive fatness, which brings in too many cases fatty degeneration of the heart and liver and other deadly diseases.

Here is what is said of these remedies by those who have given them a full trial:

E. D. Warner of Orange, Cal., writes: "I purchased Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Fruit Salts in Kansas City, Mo. I then weighed 247 pounds. Have used the medicine as directed only one week and weigh to-day 235 pounds, and can assure you that I am physically much better."

Another letter: "In one week since last writing have lost eight pounds. Yours courteously, E. B. WARNER."



NEW STYLE OF OBESITY BANDS.

Mrs. Francis Forms writes from Traver, Cal., October 16, 1892—Messrs. Loring & Co.: Inclosed find $2 50 for one bottle of Obesity Pills and one of Fruit Salts. I think I must tell you I have lost that feeling of oppression after eating, and am feeling generally better for using your remedies. Respectfully yours, P. O. Box 296.

State of Illinois, Soldiers and Orphans' Home, 514 East Capitol avenue, H. R. Mitchell, clerk.--Springfield, Illinois, January 16, 1894: A year ago I bought one of your Obesity Bands and wore it with good effect and a great deal of comfort, reducing my abdominal circumference seven inches. Now I want another band made as per dimensions inclosed. I am willing you should publish my opinion of your Band.

North Cove, Wash., July 7, 1893.—Loring & Co., 115 State street--Gentlemen: Will you please send circulars to the names below of my friends? * * * I find your bands and pills most wonderful, having reduced my flesh sixty pounds. I only took one bottle of Fruit Salt and liked it very much. Yours respectfully, MRS. W. S. KIMBRED.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Ada Ragen, Guy, Wash., September 9, 1892--Messrs. Loring & Co.: Please send to my address one 36 band and three bottles of pills. The one bottle purchased some time ago was highly satisfactory, reducing me nine pounds. With the fullest faith in your treatment, I am gratefully yours,

MR. JOHN COLE, STATE AUDITOR'S CLERK OF MICHIGAN, LOST THIRTY-THREE POUNDS. READ WHAT HE SAYS.

Lansing (Mich.), October 12, 1893.--I have taken one dose of Dr. Edison's remedies, consisting of a few bottles each of pills and fruit salt, and dropped in weight from 270 to 237 pounds, and am gradually losing still.

THE PRICE IS $1 PER BOTTLE.

Measurement for Band is the largest part of the abdomen. Measure snug at 1, 2, 3. The bands cost $2 50 each for any length up to 36 inches, but for one larger than 36 inches add 10 cents for each additional inch.

Pills $1 50 a bottle, or three bottles for $4 enough for one treatment.

Orders for C. O. D. goods must be accompanied by $1 deposit to guarantee express charges.

Agents for the Pacific Coast, THE OWL DRUG COMPANY, Market street, San Francisco.

LORING & CO., General Agents United States, Department 27, No. 115 State street, Chicago.

COUNTRY GOSSIP

SACRAMENTO.

The strike has occupied our time and attention the entire week. Naturally society has been painfully dull. Had the trains been running it wouldn't have brightened things up much, for most of us are ready to leave for the Summer resorts.

Mrs. Dud. Lindley has been doing Lake Tahoe. Much to her disgust and disappointment she has to remain there unless she braves the staging down, which is not only monotonous but wearisome. The wife of the Professor of music has gone to your city. She left her baby in charge of a neighbor, but now the father has possession of the child. Mrs. K. at first had our sympathy, but now that she has thrown propriety to the winds, people are disgusted.

Miss Haff, the popular contralto of the Clunie Stock Opera Company, has resigned her position. She was such a favorite. The boys all admitted she didn't "handsome much," and she wasn't graceful, but her voice was so rich and melodious. She had an inimitable dash, and her kick was a *trifle* daring, both of which pleased the masculine element.

The Governor is enjoying the quietude of his Pasadena home, and has left the duties of his office for others to attend to. His absence at this trying time has caused much unpleasant comment. Then, again, the Sheriff has been derelict in his duty, but the reason is obvious. He has received the Democratic nomination, and by shirking his duty will gain the sympathy of the strikers!

Mary O'Neil is visiting her father, Grove L. Johnson. It amuses her acquaintances to hear her tell of the extensive entertaining they intend doing in Washington when *pa* goes to Congress. He hasn't gone yet, and if he suffers half the unpopularity his family does, he will be apt to remain in the malarial berg.

Dr. G. L. Simmons, accompanied by his wife and son, are in the East. They will probably extend their trip to Europe. How evident it is that the Simmon's have never entertained since the big wedding which united their only daughter to the inconspicuous son of the banker. The guests were so many, and represented all classes, that the hostess found it necessary to employ several detectives to watch the presents. The wedding was a success, for the invited ones furnished the house of the newly-married couple.

The soldiers are on duty at Capitol Park, and these sultry evenings most of the girls find it convenient to wander in the vicinity of the encampment. The boys aren't very good looking, but somehow men in army array seem to possess a fascination over the weaker sex. Take our own boys for instance. There is Frank Smith. He hasn't a very soldierly appearance, but we girls all like him. We taunt him some about dropping his arms and running away when the General gave the signal to shoot, but then he takes it so good-naturedly that we almost forgive him. Then there is Will Ormsby. He is not a very *big* soldier, but then he makes up in bravery what he lacks in stature. If a riot should occur, Will could conveniently hide if he was so disposed. Ira is another of the boys that is a soldier, "every bit of him." His bravery is remarkable. Then last, but not least, is Bert Adams. His pleasant suave manner fascinates us all, and in soldier clothes he is simply bewildering. Despite the fact that we are dying for some excitement, and nothing else could satisfy us but a real live war, we hope there won't be for Bert's sake. We probably could give up the other boys, but Bert, never.

The announcement that the Clunie Stock Opera Company had disbanded was received with surprise and regret. Lina Crews, the charming soprano, has become almost a necessity. Her last appearance was in "Girofle-Girofla," and she scored a flattering success. Her rendition of the drinking song introduced none of that vulgarity which some actresses seem to think lends a charm to the part. The tenor, Valerga, was a pitiful failure at love making. Lina looked so sweet and tempting in her bridal dress that the man must have been adamant to resist her.

The Rev. Mr. Koehue has resigned from the Congregational Church, much to the relief of all. His weekly attacks against the Catholics were uncalled for and unprovoked. To gain notoriety some ministers take desperate steps. When cheering and applauding is permitted in a house of worship, we think it time to quit.

Things have been quiet at the Sutter Club since the death of Jack Burke. His taking off was so sudden that his friends have not recovered from the shock. As a club man he was popular; for society he cared little. He was always a welcome guest, and had it not been for a little romance that clouded and saddened Jack's early life, society would have seen more of him.

The attendance at the swimming baths is increasing daily. There are no bathing facilities at Capitol Park, so the soldiers find it convenient to bathe in the tanks. There are two or three hundred bathe there daily. After marching through the hot and dusty streets, a plunge in the tanks is not only refreshing, but a necessity. However, the usual number of people from our town will not patronize the baths until the soldiers leave. It is anything but pleasant to seek sport in a place that has been used as a bath tub for an army.

SISTER SUE.

SACRAMENTO, July 9, 1894.

SAN JOSE.

San Jose, sleepy in social happenings, awoke last week from its lethargy, and the hotel grounds have resounded with the merry laugh of gay revelers. True, some of our girls were disposed to be a little critical; but then, Manager Snell is making a successful season, and he can afford to ignore the sneers of the embittered and wrinkled spinsters, who found the ball-room crowd "too mixed." One wouldn't care what these old maids said if they were themselves entirely invulnerable to the shafts of the critic; but it does make one sick to hear certain personages talk of their idea of society. We who know how frail are the walls of their own glass houses, how gory and even alcoholic are the skeletons in their own closets, only smile in disdain at their puny social efforts. But then strangers may be impressed, and Bessie's warning, "be careful what you say, girls," should not go unheeded.

Neither Edna, Meda nor Belle would attend, because, forsooth, the Irish contingent held back. These girls, however, have since expressed such sorrow that I forgive them.

Our best people and all the clans were there. The Morrisons, Barkers, Beans, the Booksins, the Bowdens, the Fields, Amelia Plank, Bessie Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Wehner, Miss Ida Wehner, Cecelia McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Williams were all there and appeared to enjoy a royal evening.

Speaking of the critical ones I actually saw Johnny Auzerais and his wife in your city the other day—together, too, a thing before unheard of. If old John, from his far-off home among the stars, could see how the madame enjoys life now-a-days I fear he'd drive Peter from the gates ajar in his effort to get back to earth once more. Why, driving parties, cards, and dinners galore, make the San Carlos street house an attractive center. She wants, it is said, to go to Paris in the Spring and trusts nothing will occur to prevent her.

I learn to-day that the widow of our dead jurist is up in arms against one of her former friends. You see Sam's wife, like her liege lord and master, is one of the pillars of the feminine end of the A. P. A., and a short time since, with great eclat, boasted of her friendship for the "escaped nun" who recently lectured here. In the old days, immaculate Judge Belden was the friend of Sam, his heart was open to the woes heaped upon Mr. B—— by an ungrateful constituency and his pocket ever open to the frequent calls of Sammy's needy family. The Judge's widow, devout and sincere in religious belief, resisted the insinuation thrown at her faith, and the coolness thus engendered continued until the clerk's better-half asked for an explanation. This promptly given was as promptly met by a flat denial. However, we all believe Mr. Walters who heard the boastful utterances, and now the Belden threshhold is never crossed by the fair, but ungrateful, recipient of the dead Judge's bounty.

GUSSIE.

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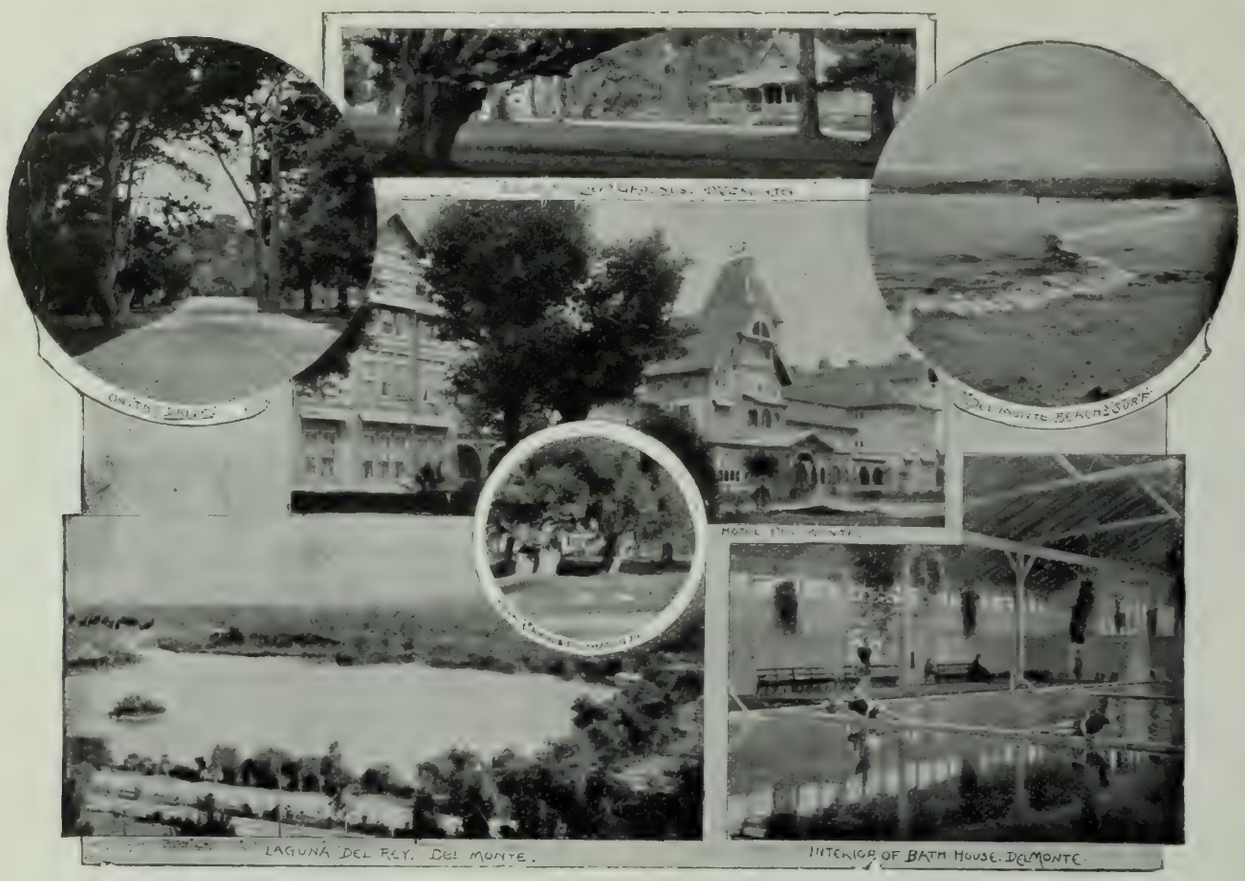

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7.00 a m	Benecia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, Castle Crag and Dunsmuir, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
4.30 p m	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†7.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.45 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz	8.05 p m
8 15 a m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.45 p m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*11.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

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‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.47 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1.45 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
11.45 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and principal Way Stations	9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	*8.48 a m
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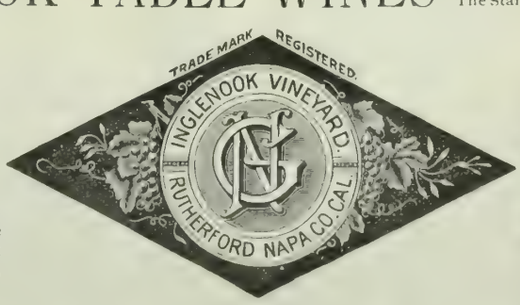

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Receives deposits in its savings department, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

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Inside its burglar proof vaults at prices from $5 per annum upwards according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of without charge.

Dividend Notice

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street: For the half year ending June 30, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth ($4\frac{1}{6}$) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1894.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

222 Montgomery St., Mills Bldg.

Dividends on term deposits at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum, and on ordinary deposits at the rate of four and one sixth ($4\frac{1}{6}$) per cent. per annum for the half year ending June 30, 1894, will be payable, free of taxes, on and after July 2, 1894.

S. L. ABBOT, JR., Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

101 Montgomery Street. Cor. Sutter.

For the half year ending June 30, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1894.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

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A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak
Perfectly Free from any Poisonous Ingredients
Its Application is followed by Immediate Relief
A few Applications Produce a Cure
A Perfect Cure Guaranteed

It is also an Excellent Remedy for Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers

Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle

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Cotton Sail Ducks

22-inch, in all numbers Medium, soft and hard

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Heavy Naught, Wagon and Draper Ducks

From 30 to 120 inches wide

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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 21, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"A SHUT MOUTH CATCHES NO FLIES."

No one who realizes the vast fund of political, social and economical information the Republican candidate for Governor possesses will believe the interval of silence he is inflicting on the community is the result of natural selection. It is conceivable that he is bursting with views on the "strike," on the "rights of property," on "labor organizations" and kindred subjects, and, if permitted, would undoubtedly announce all of them in clarion tones. But the Colonel has learned discretion, and the Candidate, gagged by the policy of masterly inactivity, is permitted to grow more and more inflated with the accretion of his private opinions. It is to be hoped he may soon be given relief, for if this tremendous expansion is allowed to continue, who knows what terrific calamity may not happen. Suppose Mr. Estee were to burst?

SPLASHES

THE PRESENCE in town of so many Burlingame men, driven from Country Club precincts by the forceful inconvenience of the recent strike, has had its visible effect on the University Club. Not only have the city Club rooms taken on an unwonted gaiety of expression, considering the season of the year, but there are women in the dining-room at luncheon nearly every day and several quiet little dinners have banished the midsummer monotony of city club life. The table at the University strikes me as unusually good just now and the service is as it always has been, satisfactory. I have been slightly surprised to notice a certain tacit discourtesy evinced by some men belonging to this club toward women who have been lunching with other members. It is incredible that an intelligent man should suppose that he may conduct himself at his club as he might in a public restaurant. Yet I have observed that some of the University members do not rise when women are seated beside them at luncheon—even when an acquaintance exists—do not even lay aside, momentarily, the weapons of the table nor cease to masticate the desired morsel while yielding a hurried nod, or a more extended greeting, as the case may be. I can only infer that it annoys these men to meet women at their Club. But it may be suggested that as long as that subject was once discussed at length, considered in every light, voted on and passed by an almost unanimous decision, it would not be derogatory to the dignity of the Club to treat its visitors at this late day, with some degree of respect.

* * *

At heart, I believe the California man is far more chivalrous than any other man in the world except perhaps, the Southron. But the outward and visible sign of his inward and spiritual grace is not conspicuous or, in many cases, even distinguishable. In the earliest days of California when Montgomery Street ran a river of mud after every rain that fell, I am told that the Sir Walter Raleighs of San Francisco were wont to fling down their pioneer cloaks for the infrequent woman to walk upon and in this excess of courtesy the demonstrative spirit seems to have forever escaped. At least it was not included in the heritage left unto their sons. Toward woman in the aggregate the Californian is considerate. He yields her place in the crowded car, he protects her in the crush, he stands aside for her at the ticket office and he defends her reputation in nine cases out of ten. Toward woman as an individual, he is, often, barely civil. He certainly forgets many of the small graces with which every Eastern-bred man veneers his insufficiencies. He permits her to climb unaided, in and out of public conveyances and to place her own chair at either the public or the private board. He does not rise when she rises or stand because she stands. He precedes her when he ought to follow and often forces her to take the lead.

* * *

To this carelessness on the part of Western men, I attributed a trick peculiar to Western girls—that of prancing into theatres and other public places, far in advance of their escorts, directing the seating of a whole party, even offering suggestions to waiters or other attendants, while the superfluous man dawdles, voiceless, in the background. This is superlatively bad form and to be seen nowhere, I think, outside of San Francisco. And nowhere else, I am sure, would have occurred an incident which attracted my attention the other night in a fashionable restaurant where two smart women were dining with a man well-known at all the clubs. I noticed that one of the women gave the orders and generally directed the repas a trois and the obliteration of the man was, thus far, not unusual enough in San Francisco to be startling. I must confess, however, to something of a sensation when she called for the check, tipped the waiter and walked to the desk a trifle in advance of her companions and settled the account. I know nothing of the cause, circumstance or conditions—only the incident. It struck me as most unlovely. If a woman is not on sufficiently good terms with a man to accept a dinner at his hands she should not dine with him in public. If she desires to cancel earlier obligations and has not her own establishment, there are quiet possibilities about a hotel and preliminary settlement at the office. If he cannot afford to pay for her dinner she should not outrage and humiliate him by paying for his. I can fancy no set of conditions, in truth, which warrant a woman in dragging a man out to wine and dine him in a public place and deliberately paying the cost of his appetite out of her pocketbook, under his embarassed nose.

* * *

I SEE no indications of the cycling epidemic in the smart set of San Francisco. It is true that any fashionable fever is apt to wear itself out, elsewhere, before it is taken up here but still there is apt to be some interest expressed in its progress. One hears no more of the fad in San Francisco, however, than if all Paris, London and some of New York had not, literally, gone mad with wheels in their heads. I devoutly hope it may stay where it is. The exercise may be one that is healthful and exhilarating, but as a feminine accomplishment, taken with the attendant pomp and circumstance of costume, it is neither a thing of beauty nor yet a temporary joy. Absurd for woman to wheel in a skirt—however full and baggy and bifurcated. And I am agreed with the bitter and eloquent Bierce that woman caught in anything else should be thrown to the mice.

* * *

Much pleasanter to contemplate is the possible interest in horseflesh which the coming show will awaken among the swell women here. The sentiment has already begun to flourish and the association is taking into consideration the requirements of the wives and relatives of box holders in many of their preparations. I understand a handsome café will be added to the members' rooms at the Pavilion and made as attractive as possible for quiet breakfasts, luncheons and dinners, not only during the show but for weeks before. As soon, in fact as the Pavilion is ready for the preliminary training and exercising. There are few good whips among the girls here and the later sets have not gone in for riding as their elder sisters did, say ten or twelve years ago. There was a furore for the saddle, I remember, then and the Park run was bright with girls, well mounted and smartly habited as early as seven o'clock on every fine morning. Mrs. Martin, then Carrie Colton, was acknowledged to be the star horsewoman of her set and wore the first light habit, with a short skirt, that was seen in San Francisco. Then there was a spurt of phaeton driving—brief and not particularly brilliant, naturally, when one considers that most styleless of all vehicles. And then suddenly, the Western world seemed to forget all about horses—except indeed for racing purposes.

* * *

COACHING SEEMS to have taken hold here this season—that is, the spirit of it—for

private drags are not yet in sufficient number to justify us in classing coaching among our social diversions. But the hour, I believe, is at hand and Hobart and Simpkins and one or two other progressive spirits have set an inviting example. Meantime the amusement is being hired by the hour. A number of good coaches can be had, especially on the Marin county side, and Bolinas makes a delightful trip. San Rafael and Saucelito people started the fad a few weeks ago and there have been several parties out, to stop over at the hotel at night and make the return start in the early morning. Very lovely and refreshing—barring the fog—which does not lend enchantment to the early morning at Bolinas Bay. On one of the drags last week, were the Ames, Hoopers, Hushes, Williams and Magees. Miss Alice Ames and the Hoopers have just come down from San Rafael, where they have been visting the Neals. San Rafael is still lifeless and Saucelito excessively high-spirited. Life goes luxuriously on at the Vendome, a shade more quietly at the Mateo and at Del Monte, the anticipatory spirit prevails.

* * *

BASEBALL, the Tennis finals, the concert at noon and the cotillion in the evening, make up an exciting programme for this Saturday, at Monterey. The set put in a definite appearance at the hotel about Thusday, only a few arriving earlier in the week as most people altered their plans to fit railroad detention and waited over for the John Drew opening at the Baldwin—of which more anon. Among those who went down to Monterey on Thursday were the Hobarts, Clark, Crockers, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, who has a large party, the Donahues, Martins, Murphys, the Moores, Hoopers, Taylors, Popes, Talbots and Breezes. Downey Harvey registered on Wednesday also W. F. Goad, whose daughters have been at the Del Monte for several weeks, and the Magees whose party includes the Misses Hush. The McNear boys who, with C. D. Bates Jr. wheeled down from town, made good time and had a fine run down. The plan for the cotillion which will be led by George Newhall and danced by fully forty couples, are on the most extensive scale and regarded with an absorbing interest by the younger set, the members of which, from the first, urged the necessity of winding up the Monterey tournament, as at the San Rafael rally, with a fashionable rout. The Del Monte ballroom is in most respects unrivalled and the floor certainly capable of being brought to that point where a sunbeam would slip on it. The best music has been arranged for under Huber's direction; no care has been spared to insure the success of the supper and the decorations and cotilion favors are both handsome and unique.

* * *

Much dress is expected, more even than at the San Rafael Tournament Ball, for the toilettes at Monterey this year are quite beyond the display of any earlier seasons. The women are utterly smart by day and by night. So many of the extremely fashionable duck costumes are worn—not the kind that come by the dozen at all the big shops this year—but tailor made affairs with inimitably cut skirts and unapproachable coats—made in fact, quite as the most extreme cloth frocks are fashioned for street wear in the season. They are very smart and becoming, especially those in white with huge collars and sleeves of pale blue linen. Walter Hobart's drag lends no little dog to Del Monte and it seldom stands under cover. At Monterey, as at San Rafael, Hobart is delightfully impartial and generous in his attentions and everybody of his acquaintance has, I think, been asked to ride. He evidently takes genuine pleasure in this new plaything and shares it nobly with his friends. It is a very handsome turn out. The horses are strong and stylish, the men correct, the brown livery in quiet taste for this sort of an outing rig and the whole affair decidedly good form.

* * *

BY NO MEANS the least impressive feature of the latter San Rafael season is the equipage of Colonel Kowalsky. This gifted raconteur has chosen the Rafael for the scene of his vacation and is installed there together with a very swell turn-out of the phæton order, a high stepping mare panoplied in rustic harness, and a man in unimpeachable livery. Not even the connoisseurs can find a detail out of tone in the entire equipment and the Colonel smiles the smile of one confident against criticism as he takes the reins into his admirably gloved hands. It is unnecessary to add that his summer suits express the dernier cri in the sartorical art and that his shirts are veritably things of beauty. All this immaculateness, I am told is the result of an earnest study of the dictates of "Him" in *Vogue*, for whose admirable commentaries and directions Colonel Kowalsky has recently forsaken the California Reports, Supreme Court decisions and other forms of law.

* * *

THE PLAY at Saucelito on Tuesday evening, given for sweet charity's sake, was really very well done by the amateur company and any slight inadequacies should be veiled from unkind criticism by the cloak which covers a multitude of sins. The affair was generously attended and, I hear, quite a brilliant financial success—several hundred dollars standing to the proper side when all expenses were reckoned for. All Saucelito was in attendance, a number of people from San Rafael and Belvedere, as well as a crowd from town. The Le Comte girls were exceedingly clever and decorative to a degree. Miss Le Comte was quite gorgeous in a dinner gown of palest blue satin cut Pompadour, huge sleeves, sans dire, and with a singular and most effective little Mercury coiffure. There were several suppers after the performance, at the various Saucelito cottages, and one or two of the larger parties assembled at "Johnson's" for Bohemian beer and the kindred sandwich.

* * *

POLO AT BURLINGAME on Saturday with a fine day, a fresh field, a good game and a well dressed and enthusiastic crowd. The Robinsons, Holbrooks, Wilsons and others of the Redwood, Millbrae and Menlo Park set drove over as usual in their own rigs and the club grounds were gay with smart turnouts. The field had been rolled and sprinkled into fine condition and the riding was exceptionally good but some of the ponies are getting on a little too much flesh—it strikes me. There is to be another game on Saturday and a little brisk work will do the "jolly beasties" no harm. John Drew is the guest of the club during his stay in San Francisco and in spite of the tie-up which involved his train and interfered with his reception at Burlingame, it is still hoped he may find it possible to spend some time there.

* * *

Drew 'is one of the most popular of men among men. He is quiet, unassuming and thouroughly correct, in addition to brains he has breeding and under a singularly retiring manner, conceals the spirit of the true sportsman. He handles a gun, drops a line, sends a ball and, above all, sits a horse better than most men, for he spends much of his leisure time in the saddle and has a very decent stable of his own in New York. When he was here before he went in largely for athletics of the violent kind and exercised daily at the Olympic Club, of which, I believe, he is still a member.

* * *

THE BOHEMIANS have formulated their plans for the summer festivities and as I understand them, Stanton will sire the Low Jinks and Peter Robertson has decided on a Gypsy entertainment in the Redwoods and the High Jinks this year will take on, under his direction, the picturesque and inexpensive Romany flavor. As I mentioned before, the club was a trifle appalled by the financial consequences of last year's elaborate celebration conducted by the lavish hand of the princely Redding and it has pinned its faith, this time, to the canny Peter. There are wondrous possibilities in the Romany idea—camp fires, costumes, kettles and all that sort of thing, set appropriately in the heart of the Redwoods and neither the electric nor orchestral effects, which last year quite doubled the expense of the Jinks, will be needed to lend artistic value to the scene. The eighteenth of August will see the club in camp and, as yet, the papers are not fully decided on—something to do with Romany customs, though, undoubtedly.

* * *

THE C. P. HUNTINGTONS are entertaining some of their Californian friends at "The Homestead" their beautiful country house at Throgg's Neck, Westchester, one of the loveliest spots on the Sound. The place, if I remember rightly, was once included in the tremendous Havemeyer tract and it is at the extreme end of the Neck, its lawns and lovely gardens hanging picturesquely over the water and its wide, comfortable, old-fashioned house looking to the West. The house, itself, was built during the unpretentious period of New York country architecture, after the Colonial fever and before the rage for rough stone. It is built of wood and painted a dark slate, has a length of wide veranda and a suggestion of hospitality about the wide and dignified approach which redeems it from the common place and of course, it is a dream of luxury within. The grounds are superb and the Huntingtons are exceedingly generous with them. Westchester county people and visitors from the Country Club are permitted to drive through them, on application at the Lodge and on Saturday afternoons, after the Polo match, a string of smart traps usually turn into the Throgg's Neck road. At present, the Huntingtons have no plans beyond the Summer at The Homestead but Mrs. Huntington talks of Europe later in the year.

* * *

ON FRIDAY night Mr. Newhall took out the Carolans, Hoffmans, Moores, Hobarts, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyd, Will Heath and about twenty others on his yacht "Virginia" and after slipping all about the Bay anchored off Angel Island for a "Night in Venice" celebration on a small but brilliant scale. Colored fire, rockets, Roman candles and every sort of picturesque illumination were touched off from the vessel and reflected over the Bay. A band was on board as a matter of course and somewhere about the charmed midnight hour, supper was served on little tables set out

Dr. R. F. Verrinder, Surgical Treatment of Diseases and Deformities of the Mouth, Jaws and Teeth. 206 Kearny St.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

on the deck—supper of a most elaborate Terrapin and Champagne order.

* * *

AND APROPOS of elaborate spreads, the luncheon given by Mrs. Breeze to Mrs. Dougherty was served, I understand, from one o'clock until half after four with all the ceremonious elegance appropriate to a feast of such duration. The Breeze dining-room is in that solid, heavy, rigidly English style which, in some manner, suggests the state banquet served in splendor. It was lavishly decorated on this occasion in the fashionable shade of pink, with masses of roses and sweet peas banked on the buffet and mantel shelves, and the cards, favors and flowers on the table, at which fourteen covers were laid, were all in the same delicate tint. The cards were particularly dainty and, it is needless to add, the mênu delicate and everything perfectly served.

* * *

I AM informed on excellent authority, that there is absolutely no truth in the rumor which connected the name of a prominent, wealthy and widowed attorney of San Francisco and that of the pretty and charming divorceé, who owed to his legal efforts her liberation from ties distasteful and matrimonial. Neither has there been, as was also reported, the slightest estrangement between the charming widow and the daughters of the attorney, who, on the contrary, received every attention and kindness at her fair hands, during their recent visit to New York. I understand, however, that Mrs. Grundy has much to answer for in the way of outraged feelings and that the reputation of San Francisco as a scandal monger and mischief maker is hopelessly established in one Eastern mind. Apropos of the daughters who are handsome and noticeably aristocratic, I hear of an amusing experience they had at Tiffany's—rather a significant commentary, too, on the snobbishness of New York. I believe Tiffany at one time engraved some plate for the family and the die of the crest was left at his establishment and having selected several pieces of silver on this last visit, one of the girls went to the desk to order them marked.

"I would like to have a crest put on these pieces of silver," she began.

The haughty clerk picked them up without waiting for the conclusion of her sentence and favored her with a condescending smile.

"Well!" he said, blandly "You had better leave the selection of it to us, as we have had a great deal of experience in such matters!"

"Ah, yes!" said the San Francisco maiden demurely —"but you see, I would really prefer to use my own."

* * *

SUMMER RESORTS have suffered irretrievable loss through the strike. Happy the host whose old guests could depart and new ones come. Happy the chéf whom stern necessity did not reduce to garnishing and serving his soup meat with savory sauces under the enticing nomme de guerre of "Boef a la Creole," and "Ribs de boef, horse radish," etc. Byron Springs has been vouchsafed immunity from all these preying ills. Here guests have come and gone at their own sweet will. A popular route to the springs during the height of this most uncivil war was offered by the Stockton steamer to Antioch and thence by stage, a most refreshing sixteen mile drive, with well conditioned horses and commodious vehicles. The old familiar way to Byron station by rail, and thence two miles by stage, all fashionable and all ailing San Franciscans know. The latter route is open now but the river line had its advantages and the charm of novelty even in these rapid days of steam and electricity.

* * *

The denizens of Howell Mountain have laid down their arms to a large party of Oakland incursionists. The T. C. Coogans, Al. Reddings, Dr. C. L. Goddards, A. C. Slessingers and Lieutenant Kearny, U. S. N., make merry with the youngsters among the hills and dales of Napa County. Dove-shooting, tennis and picnics serve to while away the laborious holiday hours. News of the strike comes as though from a foreign land.

* * *

Miss Edna Snyder, a graceful but diminutive Miss, just turned seven, entertained in an exceedingly agreeable manner some two dozen little friends at her home in Oakland, on Wednesday afternoon last. "From two to five," the invitations ran, but six o'clock found some rebellious youngsters unwilling to depart, so charming was the cheer.

* * *

THE GEORGE WHEATONS, father and son have chosen to take the Athenians seriously and the Club's last Parliamentary chirp, signed by the radical and revolutionary "Rats," has resulted in the resignation of these two prominent members. How much of a basis they have on which to build a grievance, is a matter of some conjecture and more argument. What seems to be quite definitely known is that the members have chafed and grown restive under the sort of military discipline to which they have been subjected by the House Committee, an august body wherein Wheaton pére figured in connection with the chair. The grave responsibilities of this position were fully appreciated by the Chairman and he enforced rules and regulations on the Athenians with a cast iron inflexibility hitherto stranger to the ease and peace loving club. Reform asserted itself in every department and the privileges of members were restricted to a degree which kept them successfully away from the Clubroom.

* * *

The "Chirps" room on which much money was spent was never opened; the restaurant and bar were given over to alien hands with mercenary understandings, dissatisfied members became delinquent in the matter of dues and just before the last election, financial difficulties came and looked in at the door of the Athenian Club. An opposition to House Committee rule declared itself in the name of the "Rats," with a proclamation on the order satiric, which created something of an uproar when read at an official meeting. This manifesto was pronounced to be in more than questionable taste but was, apparently, no less effective on that account. It carried the day and W. W. Foote was elected President of the Club. Mr. Wheaton resented this action on personal grounds and promptly tendered his resignation, accompanied by that of his son.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. A. Palmer Stanton entertained Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew at dinner, on Sunday afternoon at Mt. Lenox where the Stantons are spending the season, having left their country home at Walnut Heights in charge of the H. B. Pasmores. Mr. and Mrs. Thorn and Dr. and Mrs. Moliere were asked to meet Mrs. Potter who looked exceedingly handsome in an art gown of Worth's, a clinging, graceful affair in unrelieved white which is particularly becoming to Mrs. Potter's flower-like loveliness. The guests were gathered about a swell, round table, lavishly decorated with Jacqueminot roses—a flower for which Mrs. Potter cherishes an ardent fondness. The mênu was a triumph of the cuisine classique and served with all the dainty, decorative accessaries, now regarded as indispensable to the fashionable feast.

* * *

THE MARRIAGE of Miss Fannie Dam and Lieutenant Hilton was celebrated at St. John's Episcopal Church at Oakland. The bride wore the regulation white satin and tulle but departed somewhat from the conventions by entering the church on the arm of the groom. I understand that the bridal journey will, also, be out of the common groove—covering many miles of lovely California country through which Lieutenant and Mrs. Hilton will drive at leisure. Other Oakland weddings are announced for the near future. Miss Albright and Mr. Bray will be married in September, the ceremony to take place, I understand at the Church of the Advent. Miss Stevens of Fruitvale and Dr. Lathrop are to be united in the holy bond some time during the latter part of August. Miss Newman's wedding takes place in October and that of Miss Minnie Campbell and Lieutenant Carmen will be celebrated in the early Winter. An engagement is announced between Miss Zillah Endon and Mr. Kendall.

* * *

The Oakland week has not, considering the season, been dull. Mrs. Farnum's whist party given at her Fruitvale home, was a delightful affair of several tables and brilliant triumphs at "the silent game." The Wellmans, Brays, and Albrights carried a lot of people out yachting the other evening, cooked a supper and spent the night aboard the vessel and the First Presbyterian Church was the scene of a social on Tuesday evening, in honor of the Rev. and Mrs. Coyle, Rev. and Mrs. Campbell Coyle and Rev. and Mrs. M. F. Smith, which was attended by all the representative people of the congregation. The church rooms were beautifully decorated and after a brief address of welcome delivered by George Gray, an elaborate supper was served.

* * *

A number of Oaklanders are wandering from home. Dr. Woolsey and the W. W. Footes are sojourning at Highland Springs. Bert Brayton, with a large party, has gone into camp somewhere about Eureka. Miss Griffin and her brother left for Alaska by the last steamer. Congressman and Mrs. Hilborn are idly touring about the country in their own conveyance and Mrs. H. A. M. Miller and her daughter are visiting in Berkeley, for an indefinite period. Berkeley, by the way, has returned to the primitive delights of picnicking. Mrs. Morgan took out a large party, all Berkeley people, to Lake Chabot about four o'clock in the afternoon, dined them al fresco and gathered them back beneath her hospitable roof for a dance in the evening.

* * *

EXTRAORDINARY as it may seem, there were other and even better reasons for the postponement of the great Republican ratification meeting than the death of Colonel Meyers. We are all agreed that was a lamentable event, and worthy to be mourned with due sincerity, but the other reason was even

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After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

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more adequate. If the statement does not wear too positively the air of a truism, it may be said there is precious little enthusiasm in local Republican ranks. The ascendancy of Colonel Burns and his cohorts seems to have crushed the spirit out of the party. So when the ratification meeting was inaugurated and preparations made for gathering a crowd it became evident that the attendance of the merest corporal's guard could alone be depended upon. There is no disposition to exalt the candidate for Governor to the skies on plaudits, and even less of a tendency to wax joyous about the brilliant career of Lieutenant-Governor Millard. A reasonable jubilance might have been evoked by the Supreme Bench candidates and over Judge Fitzgerald, who is one of the best nominations on the ticket; but think of the others—that long list of blanks. The most rabid of party men could hardly cheer them with steam-power.

* * *

Some of the intelligent personages clustered at the shrine of Burns, realized the condition of affairs and rather than have a tame and sober entertainment, they took advantage of the opportunity and postponed the meeting. By those who are supposed to know, I am told that comment on his loquacity is rapidly producing undue discretion in Dan. No longer does he flow with damaging admissions and genial announcements whenever the *Examiner* sends to him a reporter. In fact he is as cautious as an antiquated periwinkle and vows he will not again be caught babbling. The subject of Dan naturally suggests that of his friends. I am told that Senator Mahoney is not nearly so anxious to be Sheriff as to preside over the destinies of San Quentin. He is credited with an ardent ambition to succeed Warden Hale and if Dan decides the Jessup estate and other causes may militate against his candidacy for the Shrievality, he will calmly and gracefully resign that particular pretension and anticipate occupying the handsome house on the hill that overlooks the big Marin county prison. One cannot but think how his inimitable experiences would become the post.

* * *

THE DEAR OLD saying—"when doctors differ"—in these days of eclectic physicians and homeopathic surgeons, obtains frequent illustration. Naturally, an allopath whose science is entitled in his own mind to the brilliant distinction of infallibilty,—objects to discussing ailments and remedies with disciples of other schools not sanctified by tradition. There is in San Francisco a practitioner of some eminence who, possessed of a species of intuitive medical ability, has had a degree of success that neither his diplomas nor the ethics of the profession, entitle him to. Still he cures more frequently than he kills and that in these days of vermiform appendices is more than a distinction. Calling himself an "Eclectic" he attends many of the "First Families" even though his competitors refuse to enter into consultations with him, and refer generously to his attainments as those of quack and nurse combined.

* * *

Quite recently a patient of the Eclectic was unfortunate enough to have a complaint that baffled ordinary diagnosis. In spite of being treated for a variety of unmentionable diseases he steadily grew worse and his condition finally became so desperate that a surgeon of eminence was summoned to decide on the especial ailment. Of course he refused to consult with the family physician but was willing to listen to such worthless experiences as that functionary had picked up in the course of his experiments. The symptoms all in, the eminent surgeon communed with himself a while and declared authoritatively that the patient had nothing less than a tumor in the liver and must be operated on instanter. Now, the chances of recevery from that form of dissection is about one in ten and both the family and the Eclectic hesitated. Thereupon another eminent practitioner was sent for and made acquainted with the condition of affairs and after due consultation with his colleague, he voted in favor of the liver theory and pronounced for an immediate recourse to the lancet. Confronted by two such authorities the family wavered, but the Eclectic was firm.

* * *

While hesitating in favor of the solitary chance, Surgeon No. 1 was called out of town. He wrote regrets and explanations to his friend and taking for granted that extremities would be proceeded to, he added, "*telegraph me the result of the post mortem.*" For once, however, delay proved the reverse of dangerous, for the Eclectic became firmer than ever, and the family decided to let nature take her course. She did. Two or three days later the patient was on his feet and now he is round town buxom as ever—wondering what that post mortem would have developed.

* * *

QUITE as diverting is the story told on a certain other eminent practitioner, whose social pretensions are fully as pronounced as his medical attainments. Following the very excellent custom which has now quite a vogue in the profession of diagnosing any mysterious stomach ache as appendicitis, he decided that a certain young gentleman who subjected himself to his tender mercies was suffering from this baleful ailment. Even now no one exactly knows what he did have—peritonitis, perhaps, or something related thereto. In due course an operation was pronounced the sole chance of saving his life, and with all the honors of surgery he was laid out, chloroformed and the internal region where appendices are generally found, was exposed.

* * *

Alas, for the reputation of the great man who held the lancet, the young man had no vermiform appendix at all. As some of us are unfortunate enough to have more fingers than anatomy calls for, or more joints than the law allows, the patient was unfortunately destitute of the gland in question. However, there was one important conclusion derived from the operation—besides the death of the young man—it was definitely discovered that he, at least, was not suffering from appendicitis.

* * *

IT MIGHT savor of irony an intimation that only a mild degree of interest is invested in the coming Congressional Convention. This is the organization that selects a candidate to succeed Mr. Loud, at which the aspirations of Julius Kahn, Colonel Hersey of San Jose, and H. C. Firebaugh will be put to the test. That the incumbent is a candidate most of us have realized, and that he has powerful friends is pretty generally known. However, Julius has the backing of General de Young and the support of a number of influences his agreeable personality has made for him. What advocacy save that of his environment Colonel Hersey depends on no one seems to know, for it is whispered Secretary Kelly, of the Railroad Commission, is in the fight with a chance of winning, hands down. That some pledge was given the Rea-Kelly combination of Sacramento is a matter the politicians have all decided in the affirmative for the Santa Clara delegation was solidly "programme," and it is assumed it was not supporting the Colonel for fun.

* * *

But slight attention has recently been given to the candidacy of Alfred Bouvier whose chances are better, perhaps, than his opponents imagine. In the event of Loud being found impossible, rumor has it that the forces in his favor will range themselves behind Bouvier. He has had an ambition in that direction for many years, and I believe is more thouroughly familiar with all that pertains to Congress than any of the other aspirants. He is one of the men who would certainly be heard from. However, the choice is in the hands of Col. Burns, as San Francisco has in the Convention 71 votes, Santa Clara 22 and San Mateo 8. It is to be organized on the 26th.

* * *

AS A TOPIC of conversation the strike maintains its pre-eminence. One has it at breakfast, at the club down town—in the restaurants. It is true the evening papers have mercifully ceased their extras, but their first pages are still donated to Debs, Knox, Roberts & Co., while the dailies have packed columns and huge pictures every morning. considering the space the affair has already devoured one may be forgiven hoping for a change of literature very soon. Surely a hundred scandals have been developing all these weeks that opportunity and spare reporters will bring to light. However, the stars of the various local rooms are still gathering items across the bay and I suppose nothing of rare interest will transpire until they return. One semi-readable tale of an encounter on the Mole is told by an eminent journalist conversing with a Deputy Marshall named Delaney, who in the olden days paid fealty at the shrine in which Chris Buckley was idol. He is physically considerable of a personage, this Delaney, capable of hitting as hard a blow as any occasion may require.

* * *

Mournfully contrasting with the present the good old past, when he figured at primaries, and gallantly waded into the misdirected voter he said:

"There's too much diplomacy around here for me. Why, its the devil to stand round and watch thim sthrikers killin' ingines and destroying property before your eyes, and be under orders to smile at them and say, 'Go away from there, gents.' Now, will ye believe it the boss sat on me the other night for a mere nothing. Some of the boys were having a bit of a time with a piece of a track out there and I went up to one of them and said: 'Now, my dear fellow, don't destroy this property, please,' and thin I passed him a dug in the mug. Would you believe it, I was told to use more diplomacy? It's a club, not diplomacy, I'd use."

* * *

IT IS CUSTOMARY to attribute to the Californian mining operator extraordinary skill at manipulating deals. Instances might be piled, Ossa on Pelion, descriptive of the capacity certain prominent citizens have exhibited at unloading on unsuspecting investors quartz and placer properties at most advantageous profits. Emerging with a fortune, they give

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dinners, enjoy society and are regarded by the more scrupulous or less daring among their friends as men of true greatness and worth. Clever as some of us have proved ourselves at this form of exploitation, the best men on Pine Street are embryos in comparison to the manipulators of Wall Street, New York. The Supreme Court has now before it a suit against the Spring Valley Gold Mining Co., in which there is developed a degree of audacity that strikes one as Napoleonic.

* * *

It is to be assumed that the perpertrators, who are gentlemen of some standing in Gotham, required coin, for their original step was to incorporate a Mining Investment Company after which they bonded the Spring Valley Mines then offered for sale at $200,000. Very promptly, two hundred thousand shares were issued to the promoters at $1 each, and this stock, with the exception of a block to retain control, was placed upon the market at $5 per share. It was rapidly taken up at that figure and the profit—nearly three quarters of a million—was pocketed by the clever manipulators. But they were not content even with so magnificent a reward, for soon after they parted with another large parcel, keeping just enough to qualify as Directors, and then ran the property into debt with Rideout's bank and the Bank of California.

* * *

Next, to reimburse themselves for the money they had paid for their stock, but which they claimed to have advanced for the property, these daring gentlemen issued $200,000 in bonds on the mines, most of which, by an inside arrangement, they confiscated themselves. The final step in the game is the most diverting of all. They permitted the banks and the first creditors to obtain judgment against the mine, whereupon the bondholders, the manipulators, caused suit to be prosecuted to foreclose on the property. It is unnecessary to say that the resulting litigation is eminently readable. The affair is an admirable instance of the art of making something out of nothing.

* * *

FOR THE FIRST time in many moons the Bohemians met again around a characteristic board as in the days when the "Duck Crowd" often did congregate at the Frenchman's on Merchant street. Somewhere in the vicinity of the Club, I understand, an Austrian restaurateur and his French wife have established a thirty-five cent table d'hote which is good enough to attract such bon vivants as Bendix, Bigelow, Landsberger, Charley Graham and kindred spirits. This is the first "joint" the Bohemians have accepted as their particular property and privilege since the halcyon days before the *Examiner* moved up from lower Montgomery street and the Frenchman had turned his back on his old quarters, left his trusting nature behind him and opened a new establishment on Montgomery street which he conducted on strict business principles.

* * *

I think it was Morphy who immortalized this déménagement with a wail entitled "Closing the Whiskey Belt" the pathos of which drew tears of blood from the Bohemians. Not a man among them but owed for his dinners like an artist and a gentleman and feared in consequence to pass the Frenchman's door. On Monday evening Dr. and Mrs. Younger entertained a number of Bohemian Club men in a delightfully informal fashion—music, by The Bendix', Landsbergers and Mrs. Younger, and Charlie Graham, shining with accustomed brilliancy, as vocalist and raconteur. The Youngers are devoted to this sort of a gathering and have, in turn, a potent attraction for the socially shy Bohemian. Mrs. Younger is, herself, exceptionally clever and talented and plays really remarkably well.

* * *

THERE IS HARDLY that fine feeling existing between the Election Commission and Registrar Evans that should prevail among functionaries entrusted with the performance of eminent public duties. Registrar Evans, who by the by is a something-in-law to Colonel Dan Burns, is anxious to appoint a number of workless but necessary deputies in his office. This high public duty the Election Committee, with much diplomatic cleverness, scorns to perform. Good Mr. Evans, now at his wit's end, I am told, will himself venture the appointments and subsequently mandamus the recalcitrant Board into decent submission. If in the juggling of the assignment of this portenteous litigation, it reach a department wherein presides some stalwart party Judge, then all may be well, but such things slip sometimes. With the becoming diffidence which distinguishes me from all other eminent journalists, I venture to suggest that Colonel Burns at once see Buckley and prevail on him to promptly let a contract on the old partnership basis, to his friend Popper, that these objections may be swept to the winds on a square-yardage basis as he used to sweep the streets some time ago.

* * *

THAT THE Republican form of Government is responsible for curious anomalies is something no observant Oaklander will venture to deny. The local prognosis of that region have time and again elevated to the stage of public life types of individuality whose painful ineptitude would elsewhere have been obvious prior to election. Not so very long ago a spasm of nonpartisanism swept over the Athens of the Pacific and thrust into office some seven candidates for the City Council there. Among them was a person named Dalton, whose logic and rare forensic abilities fitted admirably his life's vocation—the moulding of scrap iron into window weights. The distinction conferred on the fellow had its natural consequence, for he has developed a series of ambitions, chief of which is the Alameda county Assessorship. Being a noisy friend to labor he has in the furtherance of his aspirations made himself busy lately fitting his scrap iron logic into the contemporary labor problem.

* * *

Mr. Dalton has taken the trouble to inform his little world with all due seriousness that "strikers do not always have his sympathy—but in *this* case he is in hearty accord"—and so on, with much elaborations of detail. It might be unkind to suggest that the ready sympathy of this candidate for Assessor has been enlisted by the fact that most of the strikers live in his immediate neighborhood, but being of a curious turn I would like to have this distinguished official explain just what kind of strikes do not harmonize with with his fine sense of the eternal fitness of things, stating also wherein the present disturbance on the Southern Pacific lines commends itself to him. En passant, it might be interesting to learn what Mr. Dalton would have done to suppress the spirit of lawlessness and seek the violence of which his friends and constituents have been guilty, had he been elected presiding officer of the Council—(a calamity that at one time seemed imminent) and was compelled by the absence of Dr. Pardee to act as Mayor of Oakland. That functionary, by the way, has been at Castle Crag while Oakland has been enjoying forms of excitement recently in vogue there.

It is sincerely to be hoped that no further opportunity be given Mr. Dalton to inflict his curiously crude thorns upon Oakland, but that the conservative and influential element over there will permit him to retire to his scrap iron and window weights. Perhaps then he may realize the degree of his own unimportance and the inefficiency of demagoguery as a method of obtaining political prominence.

* * *

IT IS CHARMING to know of the beautiful stained glass windows Ex-Senator Fair has had put in his mausoleum at the Laurel Hill Cemetery. There is something so exquisitely appropriate about the designs—Charity, Resignation, St. Cecelia, the Spirit of Christianity—that one marvels at the millionaire's artistic taste—a weakness he is not ordinarily credited with. Think of the costly marble interior of this admirable tomb flooded with rays of gloriously colored light filtered through the richly ornamented panes. To enjoy eternally an illumination so beautifully tempered, one might die with a certain degree of gratification. As light is a factor in tone, surely it will be a most artistic atmosphere that of the Ex-Senator's tomb — not only artistic but sanctified by its passage through Charity, Resignation and St. Cecelia.

* * *

After all it is only an apt precaution of the ex-Senator's—illustrative of his inimitable business acumen—this project of being bathed eternally in holy light. Imagine, though, if there is aught in the theory of reincarnation his recrudesence as a philanthropist—or worse still—as a spendthrift. A recent medical discovery imputes mavelous virtues to colored light and if the living are affected why not the spiritual essence of the great departed which according to Madame Blavatsky, remains in proximity to its mouldering remains.

* * *

SPEAKING OF the Ex-Senator reminds me of his continued absence from San Francisco. He is still at Yuma I believe, and if you inquire at the office the reason of his detention, you will surely be told he is in that warm region merely on account of his health—a statement which has elements of truth in it. But the defense of his physical being against prevailing ailments would not alone suffice to keep from the scene of his possessions this genial old millionaire. There is another and more potent reason. Most of us know all about the great work Fair is doing over North Beach way, how he is winning from the waters a large area of sand and seaweed. Strange as it may seem there are covetous individuals who view with alarm these encroachments of the millionaire and are only waiting his return here to serve on him injunctions and other legal processes to compel him to desist.

* * *

And he knows this, the cunning old fellow, knows it better than the gentlemen whose injunctions, tied up in red tape and formal sealing wax, await his arrival here. I am pursuaded, therefore, that until the reclamation is on the verge of completion, his cheery, genial countenance will not be visible on Montgomery street or in the marble corridors of his beloved Lick House.

* * *

TANDEM DRIVING is just now particularly in vogue among Newport women

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and women of the smart set at Lenox, Tuxedo and the Westchester Country Club. This fashion was launched—oh, chose étrange!—in Philadelphia, where the sport was not confined to the Country Club roads, but was indulged in on town and park drives. The smartest tandem carts are built on the Eiffel Tower plan and a girl must be excessively swagger to stand the test of the most conspicuous box in the world. Of course, the New York women look well at it and by some strange vagary of fashion, or, perhaps, because of the reasons just hinted at, the correct thing for tandem-cart apparel is not the severely masculine paddock coat, pot hat and generally mannish rig, but rather something exceptionally frivolous and summery, as if the fair Jehu were merely swung up into the air to make a picture of herself.

* * *

But it is quite a mistake to suppose Philadelphians are an ultra conservative lot, despite the pretensions of the illustrious clan Biddle. The women are, on the contrary, rather larky. There are girls' clubs in the City of Brotherly Love made up of the thinnest upper crust of the social pie where audacious revelry is the chosen order of entertainment and the tendencies are thoroughly Bohemian. The Philadelphia maiden knows the taste of wine when it is red in the cup and even the flavor of Turkish tobacco delicately prepared in the "cigarette d'une dame." She is quite as flirtatious as the New Yorker and apt to be more independent in the pursuit of pleasure—as, witness the tandem fad. She is certainly human and delightful and, it must not be forgot, has had both time and proximity to New York to aid her to recover from the narrow asceticism of her ancestors.

* * *

Philadelphia women who drive so well, are nevertheless, not impressive on the box. The Quaker City maid is graceful, winsome, well-bred and well-dressed—she is often rarely beautiful—but she is seldom or never, smart. Mrs. Freddy Gebhardt is an exception but she would be an exception anywhere. In the matter of utter smartness Mrs. Gebhardt is a woman in a century. There is a tradition to the effect that the Biddles, who, as all the world knows, have become the synonym for polite Philadelphia, cherish a prejudice against smartness as one of the evidences of immorality. And, as a family, they may be said to have escaped it, consistently. There is not a smart woman among all the Biddle beauties and even the heir apparent to the Biddle billions, who goes to England twice a year, apes the English nobility, spends one or two fortunes, annually, on his wardrobe and a third on his stables and is inwardly devoured by a desire to outwardly shine in defiance of his family principles, only succeeds in being a very unnoticeable young man. That solid respectability which clings to its white marble steps and its black, Southern servants in this regenerate day of rough stone fronts and imported gentlemen's gentlemen, keeps a detaining grasp on the skirts of its younger generation. Whatever else admirable and attractive its daughters may be, they are lacking, absolutely, in the indefinable quantity of style.

* * *

THERE IS more relief than joy in Bohemia over the conclusion of the Club's negotiations with Simeon Wenban. After much figuring and bargaining that worthy capitalist has accepted the sum of $25,500, and in consideration thereof, has released the institution from its contract to occupy the gorgeously expensive edifice on Sutter street. So it is *Vale* to the great new building scheme, and all pertaining thereto, and the Club settles down quietly in its present comfortable quarters content that such expansion as may be deemed necessary be done on Post street. Arrangements have been made with Wm. M. Lent, the owner of the building, for a new lease under even better terms than that existing, for there is to be added another story with additional bedroom and other accommodation, besides possibly enlarged quarters for "Jinks" and other festivities. Incidentally, there will be a redecorating of walls and ceilings according to the very latest craze.

* * *

Considering how difficult it will be to convert the Sutter street structure into anything like a paying property the Club has certainly got out of its contract on exceedingly good terms. It will cost at least $75,000 to reconstruct the edifice—that is, at least, if it continues impossible to persuade the Pacific Union Club to move its lares and penates there. There is an outside chance, perhaps, that Mr. Wenban may be more successful treating personally with President Henry Scott and his brother directors than the committee of Bohemians was. Besides, he will hardly exact six per cent on his investment. It would be an admirable chance for the aristocratic institution to obtain an edifice exclusively its own, and even though times are very hard, there is no reason why the chance should not be taken advantage of. At a minor outlay the details of the interior can be modified to fit Pacific Union requirements, and besides, it is pretty thoroughly understood that a lease of its present quarters can never again be obtained at the terms now enjoyed.

* * *

Now that the project is dead, in so far as Bohemia is concerned, it may not be inopportune to congratulate the institution on the financial capacity of its late President, Al Gerberding, and of Mr. Redding and Mr. Sloss, Jr., who were, in the main, responsible for the Wenban contract. These three gentlemen, at least, are distinguished for special credit for their exertions in the connection. A little calculation might have shown how difficult would be the task of paying such a rent as the contract imposed, but the idea of a new building intoxicated the oldest and sanest of the members, and after all, perhaps, the ringleaders are hardly more to blame than the rank and file. However, scapegoats are a necessity and when one swears over the good $25,000 gone for nothing, the objurgations are especially pointed at Gerberding *et. cie.*

* * *

NOW THAT Utah has been admitted into the Union, it is reasonable to anticipate the early return here of Colonel Trumbo. It is many moons since he departed for Washington, and if one may believe rumor, the bill creating the new State owes its passage largely to his personal exertions. An experienced San Franciscan alleged with much positiveness once, that, of all Californians at the National Capital, the best known was "Ike" Trumbo, and that, to-day, seems more of a fact than ever, even though Generals Maguire and Geary have distinguished themselves in Congress. His earliest visit to Washington was made in the interests of the Mormon Church, I believe, but subsequently he went there as the representative of the great silver mining interests of Colorado and Utah. In the campaign that resulted in the Sherman Silver Purchase Bill he cut an active figure, and through his large interests in Utah silver properties, profited largely by the increase in the value of the white metal.

* * *

An intimate friend of the late James G. Blaine, Trumbo had access to that statesman's quarters at all times. He is on similar terms with Secretary Carlisle and many of the most influential Senators and Representatives. Considering the influence he has in Washington one recalls with gloomy surprise the telegram which certain misguided asses belonging to the late Mining Congress sent on to Washington decrying his efforts on behalf of the hydraulickers. A delegation of Californians cuts about as much figure there as a party of representatives from Bakersfield would here. Owing to Trumbo's familiarity with the forms of procedure in vogue back there, the legislation was given a vigorous helping hand, and this fact being recorded brought out a jealous fool or two here disclaiming the act and the individual. It was typically a San Francisco act, but the victim was too liberal-minded to think of resenting it. Now that Utah has been admitted, it is by no means improbable that Colonel Trumbo may be sent to the Senate from there. Like many other wealthy Salt Lake City men he has made San Francisco his headquarters for several years past, but his main interests are in Utah, and no one would be particularly surprised if he were selected to represent the new State in the upper house. In the meantime, he is expected here very shortly, and will have an enthusiastic welcome from his friends.

* * *

A SWARM of college youth has swept over the town as thick as locusts in the golden autumn. One stumbles over Harvard and Yale men at every street corner and the woods are evidently full of them. It is impossible to mistake them—the Seniors distinguishable by that colossal boredom which afflicts man in no other station of life and the Freshman full of freshness as usual. The "Book and Snake" pin, or the "Cloister"—I believe that is the other—adorns members of the separate fraternities and I understand that the awful mystery surrounding these secret societies may not be touched on by the unhallowed hand. A reference to the decoration which, by the way, is a singularly hideous little affair, in both cases, is the signal for total abstraction or a change in conversation so sudden as to leave the questioner with a sensation of dizziness. Somewhat inconsistently however, these pins are worn at the world, as it were, in a manner to invite comment, and the unwary naturally

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invites a snub when he meets a Fresh in full evening attire with the "Book and Snake" conspicuously fastened to the left hand lower corner of his satin faced waistcoat. I understand the laws of the societies compel members to wear the badge night and day, and I presume they are religiously and nightly removed from the satin faced waistcoat and pinned prominently to some portion of the pajama. Dr. Moffatt, the Harvard graduate who is taking a brief vacation from arduous hospital work in New York, has been made much of during his San Francisco visit. He leaves for the East on Saturday and I gather that several maidens will wear the willow.

* * *

THERE IS a deal of humor in the Democratic situation for one who watches events. The efforts of Max Popper to disclaim complicity with Buckley and Rainey are almost laughable when one remembers his business relations with the ex boss, and the coup the *Examiner* made in fostering that unfortunate on the Republican party. It is a fact not generally known to the rank and file of the party that Max was the second person to welcome Buck home. Shortly after his return he proceeded to Livermore and with affectation of much secrecy, was ushered into the presence of the ex-Dictator. The mutual greeting, I am informed by a certain merchant who saw the conference, was warm, and the two friends strolled off to one side and had a long talk over politics, doubtless, and such interests as they have in common. When it was time to depart for town the merchant discovered himself to Max, much to the latter's discomfiture, and the first question this new leader advanced to him was: "What are you doing here?" "What are you?" was the reply. Neither would give the other any information.

* * *

They travelled together until the train reached Fruitvale, and then the astute Max said to his companion, "We'll leave the cars here and ride around the country a bit before returning to town. It would not do, you know, for any one to think I had been up at Livermore, you know, and in that way no one will suspect." "I don't see why?" said the merchant, who is rather a stalwart in his way and persuaded that it is really an honor to be friendly with Buckley. He complied, however, and they rode up the Mole on an Oakland local. A politician named Charles McGreevy saw the two get off, and a day later, meeting Max, asked where he had been, and the illustrious Maximilian gave him what, in the vernacular, they call a "steer." While it is best in one way that Popper should be the head of the party, for it is generally conceded the party ought to have a head, I am under the impression that this last move of establishing a Central Committee of seven was an error. Considering the supremacy of Dan Burns in the Republican ranks, and his advisory committee, which by a curious coincidence has also seven members, it would have been better policy to avoid even the appearance of "Bossism." On either side a leader and committee are in supreme control, though the advantage is with the Republicans, for the Colonel shares the throne with John D. Spreckles, whereas there is no such influential business man modifying the will of Boss Maximilian.

* * *

What makes Mr. Popper's latest pose so extraordinary is its inconsistency with his own oft expressed views. He has ever announced himself opposed to centralized power and yet by this new move he converts himself into a boss of the most unalloyed type. In the days of the Sullivan-Dwyer regime, Max was as positive as any one else in his opposition to the Advisory Committe's sway, yet his own organization comprehends a body equally objectionable. It will be interesting as time goes on, to see whether Popper is really chief or is ruled by his underlings. For instance, Purifier Clunie advocates Supervisor Dundon for Sheriff, in order that he may be attorney for that functionary. It is not incompatible with the probabilities that Andrew J. will combine with his colleagues to nominate this friend of his, and in the same manner other aspirants will have their causes served.

* * *

THE HONOR of discovering Expert Breckinfeld belongs to Arthur Rogers, I believe. Of course the existence of that gentleman was established to the satisfaction of Managers Scrivner and Steel some years ago, but his talent never had public attention focused on it until the Martin will case commenced. Judge Coffey, who is inclined to be critical, and several of the most captious members of the Bar, who have listened to the evidence, pronounce him the best equipped expert they have ever heard testify. His evidence is given so clearly and with so evident a degree of honesty that it carries conviction. His preparation, too, has been most elaborate, and that in itself is a strong point. So far he has baffled Attorney Johnson's smart cross-examination, and I am impressed with the idea that it will be difficult to discredit the effect of his testimony. The positive manner in which both Breckinfeld and Expert Schmidt of the German Bank pronounce the second will and the several letters, forgeries lead me to anticipate sensations ere the case goes much further.

* * *

In spite of the rigorous inquisition of the Sacramento attorney, the moral effect of Mayor Pond's testimony was not minimized, and his evidence, backed by the testimony of the experts, will prove difficult to discredit. It is certainly the most interesting criminal case the city has had in years, and in the dailies it offers a most welcome relief to the "strike."

* * *

THE AMENETIES of the law are often very instructive. Here is attorney Lougborough as the representative of the Weiland sisters wreaking vicarious vengeance on attorney Shortridge who is the defender of Mrs. Clara Catherwood—all because that lady through Mr. Shortridge, has called into question the accounts of her brother-in-law, W. S. Keyes. Mr. Shortridge is the attorney for the Wieland estate and Mr. Loughborough represents Mr. Keyes who is guardian of his little daughter Azelia, an heir of the Hastings estate. Now the Keyes' side had decidedly the worst of the encounter with Mrs. Catherwood and the latest suit rather discredits the legal talent of attorney Loughborough who is put in the position of ignoring the law which compels a parent to support his daughter. Whereupon, Attorney Loughborough calls for an accounting in the Wieland estate, protests against some $2000 paid Mr. Shortridge and questions the management of the executors, Robert and Charles Wieland.

* * *

The episode would be amusing, but for the comments on the financial misfortunes of Charles Wieland, whose difficulties have already been aired in the courts. He has certainly been given decidedly the worst of it by the papers and by his relatives, and has paid very dearly for monetary mishaps which in another would have escaped attention. He is a generous, whole-souled young man, whose mistakes are not such that time cannot rectify, and it is about time he had fair play and a chance to recoup himself. The treatment he has had savors too strongly of persecution to make agreeable reading. As for his accounts, I am confident they will be found straight as a string when the time comes.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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The disturbed condition of public affairs, the strikes and the riots consequent upon them, are so prominently before the public that it behooves every thinking mind to investigate the causes that have led to complications so disastrous. To attribute all that has occurred to the labor organizations involved is the only conclusion the facts seem to justify, and I commend consideration of them by the taxpayer, on whose shoulders the expense of the extravagances now occurring must eventually fall. My conception of the orderly conduct of affairs does not quarrel with the principle that labor has the right to organize for lawful purposes; neither have I narrow antagonisms toward the law-abiding, foreign-born craftsman who has left the scenes of his childhood, where the dust of his forefathers commingles with the traditions of serfdom and slavery of labor, where the lines between aristocracy and respectability are determined by birth, and those between respectability and serfdom are set by occupation. Yet it is the foreign-born craftsman and the control he has acquired over labor organizations that accounts for these disturbances in the labor world of America to-day.

No American boy, before the days of labor unions, ever had his childish mind perverted at the fireside of his father by the discontented declamations of his elders. The lesson taught the American youth in those homely times was that labor was honorable, that advancement from apprenticeship to the journeyman, to foreman, to superintendent and to proprietor was open to every willing workman, and that disgrace did not accompany an ambition to accommodate the hours of labor to the employer's needs.

But that this fine spirit has passed away needs no proof; that American labor has been degraded; that American labor unions and trade organizations are controlled by the foreign-born craftsmen are unfortunate facts that have been demonstrated some time ago.

In 1887 the Labor Bureau of New Jersey reported that of the total membership of one hundred and fifty-eight labor unions, fifty-two per cent was foreign born, and says:

> Our calculations hardly give a fair idea of the *influence* of the foreign-born element, which is said to be far more favorable to organization than the native-born. The parents of very many members classed as American-born were immigrants. Generally speaking, the native-born mechanic gives way to the foreign-born, so far as trade-union membership is concerned, as we proceed from South to North.

In Illinois, the hotbed of the present trouble, the Labor Bureau for 1886 announced the proportion of American-born in the labor organizations of that State as *thirty-two* per cent, and went on to say:

> The proportion of Americans in the Knights of Labor is considerably greater than in the trades unions, the former being *forty-five* and the latter *twenty-one* per cent.

The labor reports from Wisconsin, New York and other States are simply repetitions of those here quoted. Mr. Peck of New York, whom the *Century* characterizes "as a devoted friend of organized labor," in his report for 1886 says:

> The large majority of our tradesmen and mechanics are foreigners. Indeed, in many large industrial establishments there is not a single American at work. This is the sworn testimony of several of the largest manufacturers in the State. Of course, the presence of so large a number of foreign-born workers cannot but have an injurious effect upon the trades in which they have practically secured a monopoly; for that monopoly means the exclusion of American labor.

In the same connection it is interesting to remember that a census taken of the *un*employed who recently marched across the country as "Coxeyites" and "Commonwealers," demonstrated that over *seventy-five* per cent of their number were American-born. And the reports in the press further showed that the acts of violence perpetrated in the name of the "Commonwealers" were, in most instances, led and instigated by men with foreign names. The most disgraceful riots, the most wicked and outrageous crimes, the most damnable and hellish atrocities perpetrated in the name of American labor are directly attributable to the foreign-born element in the trades unions. During the labor riot of 1886, in Milwaukee, the leader was a professional agitator, who had not been in America three months. The streets of Milwaukee resounded with the cry, "Kill the militia and burn the mills!" The Commissioner of Labor of Wisconsin stated in his report that the rioters were all foreign-born, so far as he could learn. The anarchist riots in Chicago were absolutely instigated by foreign-born men and women, who, under the pretense of friendship toward the workingman, took up the cry of, "Eight hours a day, work." Sixty per cent of the Homestead rioters were foreigners, few of whom could speak the English language. It was in this ferment that the elemental depravity of the labor hordes was most strikingly developed. One stroke of diplomacy was to poison the food intended for the consumption of the "scabs" who were housed in the company's works, in the hope of killing the entire force. Murder and arson were mere incidents of the strike.

The riots now going on in the mining regions in the East are controlled by foreigners unable to speak the English language. Stores and cities are looted. American-born citizens who attempt to take the places of the striking foreigners are reviled and beaten by foreign men and women and their lives threatened. The same treatment is accorded to the American law officer who attempts to interfere. It is also true that the striking Pullman employés, who are originally responsible for the present difficulty, are, for the most part, foreign-born mechanics. And yet, in the name of "*American* Liberty," in the cause of "*American Labor*," the slighest grievance, imaginary or real, is made the basis of widespread disorder, violation of law, destruction of property, murder, arson, pillage and theft.

Is it not time for true American labor and true American manhood to put a stop to existing conditions? Time for them to inaugurate a new and better system of labor organization—one which will not antagonize their country's laws, nor violate public and private rights, nor under the shallow pretense of protection to American labor, stoop to acts of violence and shame. This foreign control of our labor organizations is openly hostile to American labor. It opposes the American boy learning a trade, either at a trade school or as an apprentice. Their regulations have practically deprived him of the right to learn a trade in the shops which they control, and that on the ground there is not sufficient work to go around. They have the audacity to claim that the apprenticeship system tends to glut the labor market and to reduce wages. Yet, while this deceitful sham still rings in the ears of the disheartened American boy, who is turned out in the land of his birth a compulsory tramp, the incoming foreign immigrant is warmly received into the ranks of organized labor without questioning his skill or his character.

Lying at the root of this objection to the American boy is the fact that he would not be easily led; that he would not respond to the commands of a Debs, a Sovereign or a Gompers, unless those commands were reasonable and based on sound judgment. The Order of Locomotive Engineers and of Railroad Conductors offers a shining example of American independence in the A. R. U. strike. In the membership of those organizations, thank God, the American-born are still in the majority, and manfully refused to submit to Mr. Debs, because his commands were not based on reason. Some one has said: "A labor union under American control would become a miniature republic; not as it is at present, an unthinking machine, controlled by one man."

At last Mr. Pullman succeeded in getting his statement before the public. It was offered early in the strike, and its publication in San Francisco was refused by at least one paper, unless at a cost which the gentleman in charge of it refused to pay. It demonstrates that the Debs' strike was based upon a lie, and that the reverend gentlemen in this city who were swift to add to disorder, believed a lie, and therefore, according to sound scripture, can "be damned."

The facts, as stated by Pullman, are known to many many men in San Francisco. Those who have visited the town of Pullman, where, as at Eisen, in Germany, and Salton, in England, an employer sought to relieve labor of the physical and moral disease of the tenement house system, will remember the fine and commodious, lighted, drained and pleasant houses rented to the workmen for $36 per room per year, so that a five-room house cost $180 per year, or $15 per month, and a seven-room house $21 per month, with no tax on the occupant for police, street cleaning, and many other expenses charged in cities. At the store,

goods were sold at cost, as a matter of convenience solely, for the place is fifteen miles from the stores and shops of Chicago.

Pullman proves that his stock is not watered, and that half of it is owned as an investment for the support of women.

To all this may be added that Mr. Pullman, starting as a poor cabinet maker, at Grand Rapids, did not become a millionaire by cornering the food or raiment of the poor. His fortune was made by purveying a luxury to the rich and well-to-do, who were willing to pay for extra comfort and service while traveling.

His hand never added to the burdens of the poor by touching the necessaries of life, and his is peculiar amongst the great fortunes of this country on that account.

THE *Examiner* says:

Every miscreant who had a hand in Wednesday's train wreck should be brought to the gallows.

Then the editor of the *Examiner* should hang, for he is the meanest miscreant in the lot. From the beginning he incited the strikers to riot and murder. If the laws of California were enforced he would now be in jail charged with train wrecking, as an accessary before the fact, and therefore the principal, and on trial would be convicted, and end his distinctly vile and reprehensible career by having his neck broken or his breath cut off on the gallows at San Quentin. The poor devils whom he urged to crime are far less guilty than he, for they had the courage to execute what he, like a coward, advised. As a coward and a murderer he will go branded henceforward in the estimation of every man who can appreciate the value of evidence, and judge justly of the conduct of another. It surely becomes him finely to join the law in pursuit of men whom he lured and incited, inflamed and advised into a path that ends on the trap of a scaffold. But, when they die, their blood will be on his head, like that of their victims, and the innocent wives and children whom they leave to sorrow and disgrace can look upon him as the wretch who led their dishonored dead into crime, deserted them like a coward, and applauded the executioner as they expiated their mistake and his crime.

IT has been plain to every observer that the Populist party siezed upon the recent strike to propogate defiance of the law, and overthrow public order. The leaders of that party settle in the vicinity of disorder as naturally as cholera and typhoid over a green pond.

Their candidate for the Supreme bench, Judge Gibson, made indecent haste to call a meeting in Oakland, and speak to it in abuse of the law. In mitigation of his offense it may be pleaded that he denounced only so much of the law as he knows, and that is so little, that the great body of the law did not feel his anathema, but his intention was bad. In contrast to all this red mouthing, put this calm American utterance of Archbishop Ireland:

"Labor, too, must learn the lesson that the liberty of the citizen is to be respected. One man has the right to cease from work; but he has no right to drive another man from work. He who respects not the liberty of others, shows himself unworthy of his own liberty, and incapable of citizenship in a free country."

It is to be hoped that the Democratic State Convention is far enough away to catch the influence of the sober second thought, the reaction which follows these unwholesome spasms, and that it will stand by the old ideals of American freedom, and rights of person and property. If it fail, and try to ride behind Debs and Cator, the fate of the party here may be read in what overtook it in Oregon.

THERE is much unneccessary criticism of the sending Federal troops to points in this State during the strike to suppress lawlessness and crime. The answer to it all is that no troops were sent where the local officers of the law had done their duty. None were sent to the town of Alameda, because Chief Rogers of the police did his duty in the beginning, and continued to the end. He was the only officer in Alameda County who did this, however. The crime-inciting press complimented the Sheriff on his popularity with the rioters, a popularity which threatened to cost the taxpayers of Oakland a fine sum for property destroyed. To excuse this by saying that Oakland sympathized with the strikers in their lawlessness, is to excuse a fault by a falsehood. Light heads may have been turned, but the solid property-holders of that city, who are taxed to pay salaries of officers who are salaried and sworn to uphold the law, did not sympathize nor fraternize with its violators, and they will remember on election day the officers who did.

IT is hardly to be expected that the awards of the Art Jury at the Midwinter Fair will please everybody. But is there sufficient ground for the wrath of one artist who, aided and abetted by a step ladder and a bilious temper, extirpated his canvass and left the frame hanging with a rag, representing a blue sky, in one corner? He explained that he had refused $4,000 in mining stocks for the picture, and a cash offer of $1,000. What he will take for the cloth when cleaned of its defacing pigments is not stated.

This method of stabbing inoffensive linen in order to get his knife into the ribs of the jury, is not to be commended. It manifests a temper incompatible with the high and noble calm in which art should be invested. Then the throwing away of $1,000 in these times is a piece of reckless extravagance, which no truly economical person can endorse. It is to be feared that the petulant artist will come to a modest display of his skill in lettering on country barns to advertise the purgative virtues of "Drastic's pills," or "Pulmonary's pneumonia plugger," where no jury can molest nor make him afraid, if he continue to shred canvasses upon which Robert Underwood Johnson has set the seal of his approval.

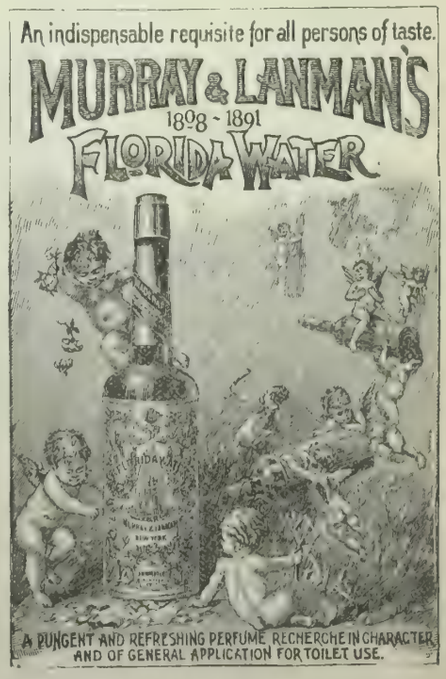
IT was amusing to see how readily the English press despaired of the Republic during the late strike. They should have remembered their similar state of mind when our civil war broke out. But the Republic survived that struggle, and emerged from it with larger liberty and a confirmed hope. England must not misinterpret things on this side of the ocean. Our cranks and fanatics have a clearer and wider space than abroad, it is true, and their mouths, so to speak, get their tails over the lines, and run away some times, but they finally collide with law, pick themselves up and are brushed off in jail.

The Federal Union is greater than the labor unions, the corporations, trusts, and all combined, and will continue to stand as the safeguard of civilization after Macaulay's New Zealander has finished his inspection from the ruins of London Bridge.

THE Iriquois Club shows a warm-hearted tendency to fraternize that does more credit to its extreme sociability than its Democracy. It has joined the Populists in favor of the Government going into business as owner of all public utilities, and now applauds Mr. Debs for ordering the impairment of contracts. The Iriquois should beware of entangling alliances.

THE people of Oregon deprived Pennoyer of his official dunghill from which to do his chanticleering at a bad time for that political rooster. If he were in a position to do it his voice would be raised for anarchy now in a way that would send Altgeld to a throat doctor for repairs.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S short reply to Altgeld's long letter had in it a clear By-the-Eternal ring that assured law-abiding Americans that the funeral of public order was not yet at hand.



REVEREND ANARCHISTS.

A great many trades union meetings have been held this week, and much anarchy and nonesense have been talked, but it has been left for the Bay Association of Congregational Ministers to outdo all other competing trades, and to disgrace themselves, their congregations—if they have any—and the body to which they belong in the eyes of the civilized world. To their honor be it said, there is a minority of sane and honest men in this association, and we strongly recommend them to leave it. *Sociis a noscitur* is a very old and true saying. We are indebted to the *Examiner* for a report of a meeting of these reverend gentlemen on Monday last at Bethlehem Church, and, as none of them have disclaimed the sentiments attributed to them, we presume we may accept it as substantially correct.

The meeting was opened by the Reverend Dr. Pond. Among other things, he said: "We know there are many people who are anarchists, and will hang on the skirts of any movement like the present strike." *We* know now, at least, that this number includes a majority of the Bay Association of Congregational Ministers. Everyone knows that there are two classes of anarchists—those who are sincere, but ignorant, and those who know better, but are dishonest. In our opinion there is no question to which class these reverend gentlemen belong, but let them choose for themselves. "It is," continued the Reverend Pond, "an abomination in the eyes of God and man for George Pullman to refuse to arbitrate." Friend Pond, hast thou forgotten, if thou ever knewest, two texts in that volume thou pretendest to revere, and which thou hast apparently studied to but little purpose, which say, "Judge not, that ye be not judged," and "Who made thee a judge and a ruler over men?" But the Reverend Pond cares for none of all these things, and continues, "The strike has started right, is on sound ground, and will succeed." It is the Gospel according to Pond that non-union men should be dragged from trains and half beaten to death; that a city should be laid waste by fire; that millions of property should be looted and destroyed; that the Government of the United States, to save a great city from destruction, should be compelled to order its soldiers to fire upon great mobs of ignorant, blasphemous, frenzied rioters. Is this the "revolution of peace" of which pratest? Is this starting right? Is this sound ground? Is this success? Dost thou, Reverend Pond, from behind thy black coat, and in receipt of thy comfortable stipend, preach sedition and encourage these ignorant masses to retaliate and fire on the soldiers? If so, thou art a traitor to thy country; if not, thy words have no meaning.

But the Reverend Pond is outdone by the Reverend Hatch. "There is not," says the latter reverend, "one iota of Christianity in the attitude of the Southern Pacific. They have law on their side, but Huntington is looking at the thing wrong side up." To thee, also Reverend Hatch, we may say, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Mr. Huntington has law on his side, and rebellion has thee on its side. "There has never been one advance towards human rights that did not go against the law," continued Hatch. Was the emancipation of the negro in this country and in the West Indies lawless? Was the emancipation of the serfs in Russia against the law? or is the persecution of the Jews in some countries of Europe an advance towards human rights, because it is against the law? How dost thou presume to teach who thyself knowest so little? Were it so, all murderers, highwaymen, thieves, seditious ministers, and such like, would, of necessity, be patriots and heroes, and thou, Reverend Hatch, as an encourager and abettor of all these crimes, would be both, and assuredly thou art far from being either. "I think," continued Hatch, "the men of Sacramento have done right. No man gets what he wants, unless he takes it." Of which gospel art thou a minister, Hatch? Of the gospel of plunder? Is it not written, Thou shalt not steal? Thou shalt not covet thy neighbors' goods? Thinkest thou no man covets thy black coat? thy well filled pockets? even the hat that covers thine head? and wouldest not thou run howling to the first policeman, if coveting them, he took them? And is it not well for society that, such being thy sentiments, there are some policemen about to attend to such reverend bandits as thyself?

"I am in sympathy with the strikers," said the Reverend Wikoff. "These men would not dare to undertake what they have, did they not know themselves to be a power." Verily, friend Wikoff, there is much method in thy madness. "Make to thyself friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness." Keep in with the powers that be, friend Wikoff. Pretend to be as mad as they are, and encourage them in their folly. They will feed and clothe thee, Wikoff, and though some may be shot down, thou wilt take very good care not to expose thy reverend skin as a target for the bullets of the soldiers, or thy clerical pate as a sounding board for the staves of the police. "Here," says the Reverend Wikoff, is the United States Government siding with capitalists, what are the ministers going to do?" What is the answer to thy question, Wikoff? There are only two answers possible, only two. They are going to conduct themselves like peaceable, well-behaved and loyal citizens and support the government of the country which shelters them; or they are going to set themselves in opposition to that government, and, too cowardly to take an active part in the violence they encourage, urge on the ignorant masses to their certain destruction. Is it not written? "He who is not for me is against me." Reverend Wikoff, if thou believest what thou preachest, why dost thou not take thy stand with those as deluded as thyself, and whom thou encouragest to resist the Government of thy country, and thyself offer active resistance, instead of skulking in safety behind thy black coat? Other priests greater, better, and wiser than thee have done so. Doubtless thou hast thy reasons Wikoff, sound, computable reasons. It is safer to talk than to act now-a-days that thy priestly order no longer rules the world and men and women cannot now be persecuted to the death for even holding opinions, let alone expressing them. Think ye reverend gentlemen who thus encourage rebellion, that the blood of those ignorant rioters shot down by the soldiers in Chicago and those who, if they only follow your advice, may be shot down at Sacramento, does not lie at your door, and at the doors of those who, like you, have egged them on to break the laws of their country, and resist its government.

After all this treason and anarchy, it is pleasant to listen to a wise and good man:

"The brethern should be temperate," said the Rev. Dr. Mooar. "I am sorry for the remarks made here today, which if repeated in a crowd would create a riot." And again: "In the present strike, they (the strikers) have stopped all the wheels of commerce, and broken not only the human, but the divine law. We do not justify rebellion." Fortunately for the reputation of the Congregational Church, there were other reverend gentlemen who spoke in the same strain, the pity is that they were in a minority.

Since the above was written, we have received the intelligence of the dastardly murder near Sacramento of the engineer, Clarke, and a number of United States troops, and the horrible maiming and wounding of others.

As usual, the A. R. U. repudiates all knowledge of the outrage, although this man Knox, the head of the Union in this country, told us exactly what would happen. No opposition was to be offered by the Union to the starting of trains, but no train would get more than a few miles from Sacramento, and this one did not. According to Knox, this murder is the act, not of the strikers, but of their sympathizers, among whom he probably, rightly, includes the reverend gentlemen of the Congregational Church. Dr. Mooar, at the meeting, deplored the intemperance of the language used, and said it was calculated to produce a riot. It has done more, it has contributed to produce murder. Such language coming from the lips of men of supposed education and intelligence could have but one result. While riot and pillage were doing their deadly work, these men, forgetting their sacred character and their high calling, were not ashamed to stand forth and denounce the Government of their country for endeavoring to re-establish law and order, because, forsooth, in their ignorance and conceit, they choose to assume that Mr. Pullman, a man celebrated all over the world for the consideration and liberality with which he has always treated his workmen, is now treating them harshly. To justify the end these strikers had in view, and to denounce the Government for attempting to check the lawless means which were being used to attain that end, was to justify these means, and was a direct incitement to further violence which has even culminated in murder. The question of the so-called Reverend Mr. Wikoff is now most pertinent—What are the ministers going to do? Are they going to continue inciting the ignorant and the vicious to riot, pillage, murder, and open rebellion against the Government? Or, are the other ministers of the Congregational and other churches going to come forward and denounce the criminal and disloyal utterances of these men, and like all other good citizens, array themselves on the side of Law and Order?

A SONNET.

KEATS.

Sweet son of Song, Apollo did thee mold,
Thy lips he touched with fire brought from Heaven,
Thy mind he dressed with brede of Grecian gold;
In all thyself there is no trace of leaven.
The secrets of all words, of air and earth,
Of sweet and bitter, right and wrong, were showered
On thee, most puissant singer, at thy birth;
The muses robbed themselves so thou wert dowered.
Thy gemméd thoughts in words of wonder clad
We scarce can follow as they mount the skies;
So sings the lark with joy of morning glad,
When starlight fails and lingering darkness dies.
Jove caught thee up to charm the sated gods,
When Virgil sleeps or when great Homer nods.

May 12, 1894. C. W. DOYLE.

"You—you will not do anything rash, Mr. Haralon8, will you?" exclaimed the young woman, in a trembling voice.

The rejected lover, pale but resolute, rose slowly to his feet.

"Henrietta Plunkett!" he answered through his set teeth, "I will! Just as surely as you stand there—proud and heartless beauty that you are—I shall be in the South Sea Islands six months from now, the happy husband of fourteen wives?"—*Tit-Bits.*

The Old, Old Sorrow.

He clapped his hand upon his breast!
"What is it, John?" his wife cried. "Speak!"
And John in faltering voice confessed
That the letter she had given him with instructions to mail at once, as it was of the utmost importance, and he had promised so faithfully he would drop it in the letter-box as he passed the post-office on his way downtown, had been forgotten until this moment and he was very sorry to say he had been carrying it in
His inside pocket for a week. —*Chicago Tribune.*

"There's no understanding women," complained Newly Wedd to his best friend.

"What makes you say that?" asked that gentleman.

"When I fail to bring Lizette flowers and candy, she says I do not love her as I did when we were engaged. And when I bring her flowers and candy she grumbles about my extravagance, and says I ought to try and save money, now that I have a wife to support."—*N. Y. Sun.*

First Gentleman (entering the apartment of second gentleman)—About a year ago you challenged me to fight a duel.

Second gentleman (sternly)—I did, sir.

First gentleman—And I told you that I had just been married and I did not care to risk my life at any hazard.

Second gentleman (haughtily)—I remember, sir.

First gentleman (bitterly)—Well, my feelings have changed; any time you want to fight, let me know.

From the beginning of darkness every vehicle must have a lighted lantern. Darkness begins when the street lamps are lighted.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

NO STRIKE HERE.

The San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railroad is not affected in any manner by the railroad strikes going on all over the United States, except that it has increased its business and the summer resorts along the line of the road are rapidly filling up. This company uses no Pullman cars and is not connected with any line that does and therefore trouble on its line for that cause is out of the question. We make this statement to reassure our readers who may contemplate an outing for the summer that they need have no fear of any inconvenience of this character on this line.

There are a large number of points of interest for tourist and health seeker on this line of road.

This is the season for summer jaunts and exceptional arrangements have been made for the accommodation of ladies unattended. The agent of the company will map out a journey for you, arrange for teams and numberless other accommodations, and will sell you a ticket at San Francisco, that will cover all ordinary water, railroad and stage transportation on the route.

Get up a party among friends and you will enjoy it hugely.

HOUSE FURNISHING

A comfortable and beautiful interior is more satisfying than all exterior decoration. It is easy to obtain, too, without a great outlay of money. Goods of low cost are now made of such excellence of design and coloring that it is more a matter of good taste than a long purse.

We have everything with which to furnish a house completely:

CARPETS
FURNITURE
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CURTAINS
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In any manner, as regards style or price, that may be desired.

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LIBRARY NOTES

She is not fascinating, the *Cleopatra* of Mr. George Ebers, but she is really a much better person than most of us imagined. She loved her several offspring with a plentitude of devotion, and through several chapters wears mourning for the departed Antony. Her accomplishments were almost as numerous as those of a German professor, or at least of a star reporter, for she seemed to know everything about anything by intuition, and participated in a philosophical discussion with the same facility she displayed in a council of State. Besides these minor attractions she had, like the Apostles, the gift of tongues, and talked to every stranger in the dialect of his environment. So you see she must have been a very clever lady and quite embarrassing to converse with if one had aspirations in the direction of wit or learning. The conscientiousness of Mr. Ebers' effort at depicting the varied charms of this Egyptian siren is obvious. One feels how erroneous the judgment of all those who depicted her voluptuous, self-willed, an implacable tyrant, monstrously selfish, heartless, frivolous, fascinating as a snake. On the contrary, she is really respectable. She adores Julius Cæsar with a love that casteth out fear or misunderstanding, and for Mark Antony she exhibits a passion which deifies its object. She is even jealous of the minor attentions he may show other women—imagine the Serpent of the Nile jealous? She decorates herself to receive him, and uses love philtres and enchanted cups to retain his devotion or to secure his obedience. Had she but flaxen hair, a certain embompoint and a pink and white complexion, she would blend charmingly into a reputable Teutonic household, and if she but lived in San Francisco, might be elected for two terms President of the Century Club.

Of course, the entire two volumes of this important novel are not devoted to Cleopatra. There is a sub-plot, in which figure Dion, a noble Macedonian, who loves Barine, a fascinating Alexandrienne; Georgias, a great architect, whose adoration is the possession of Helena, the daughter of the eminent philospher, Didymus; Philostratus, a designing orator; Alexas, his wicked brother; Archibius, a monument of all the virtues; Charmian and Iras, who all figure in the embroglio, throw side lights on the wondrous loveliness of Cleopatra, on her gentle tenderness and her supernal learning. Considering the purpose and the extreme length of the descriptions, I am sure the local color is eminently correct. The pillars in the temples and the statues in the palaces undoubtedly were all that Ebers depicted. It is equally certain that the details of the battle of Actium and the preceding naval conflict may be taken as gospel, for he is nearly infallible is this German novelist who, in creating a conceivable Cleopatra, has converted the most fascinating, fickle and flexible of women into an industrious *frau*, the mother of a family who, in the effort to preserve departing charms, paints, powders and pads, who weeps oceans of tears at the death of her Antony, and whose superb voluptuousness is only a matter of fine eyes, a small mouth and a tendency to discuss philosophy on slight provocation.

Miss Helen Gardner's *Official Patriot* is undoubtedly a very fine fellow, who incarnates all the virtures, and, cursed with a vigorous conscience, has a very difficult time of it. If Parson Davenport were a trifle less saintly and long suffering, if the old Squire had been but a bit more implacable, and all the "niggers" a little less amenable, devoted and generous, the probabilities would have been enhanced. As it is, one is embarrassed by the terrible example of this exceptionally good man, who succeeds in doing exactly what he ought, and that in the face of a situation whose practical characteristics suggest an opposite course; by the devotions of his wife, whose thoughts are inevitably charitable and good; by his sons, who grow up with the best characteristics of their parents. The sole shadow on the canvas is that of the General, who swears; but even he has redeeming characteristics, and only does so out of habit. A good deal of skill and thought are displayed in the manner in which Southern conditions prior to the war are sketched. With a degree of justice the subject rarely receives, the attitude of the slave-owner is stated, and one is left reflecting—what other course was left for them? The best bit of the book is the interview between Griffith Davenport and Abraham Lincoln. The scene between them is adequately handled and the dialogue seems to be characteristic.

The last *Pall Mall Magazine* is hardly up to its predecessors. The stories are almost as commonplace as though published in the *Cornhill*, and the poetry is eminently second rate. It is to be hoped Mr. Astor has not cut down the salary list, for, with the exception of Meredith and Viscount Wolsley, there is not an eminent name in the list of contents. Of course, there is Pomona's "Travels of Stockton" and Zangwill's "Without Prejudice," but the latter is far less amusing than he succeeded in being at first—perhaps because he is obtaining an American audience, and is endeavoring to live up to the seriousness of being published by *Harper's*.

An inability to find Charles Egbert Craddock interesting doubtless exhibits a lack of proper literary feeling. Quite a reputation attaches to this name and the efforts which conferred a positive degree of distinction on the great Smoky Mountains. The confession may rob my opinions of credit in highly respectable quarters, but I must confess to having endeavored in vain to wade through *His Vanished Star*. Not that it is unskillfully written for it is full of passages of admirable description, Indeed Miss Murfree is master of a style instinct with a kind of graphic power. She compels one to realize the storms and sublimities of that picturesque region as Black does the lights and shadows of the Highlands. But the latter writer paints his scenery in transparent tones and lays in his details with inimitable dexterity. Miss Murfree's efforts are bold, more dashing—stronger, perhaps, far less pleasing, but they are also infinitely less readable. It is quite impossible, however, to find the dramatis personæ of these mountains entertaining, and though Colonel Lucy and his family are all possessed of striking individualities besides an utter lawlessness that seems like fine literary material, they move so slowly and in so many words and talk so lengthily in the passage from episode to event that one loses sight of their pastimes and forgets their aspirations. Moreover in contemplating some climatic disturbance that is thrown in doubtless to increase the effect, one's attention is diverted from the purely human interest though as there is but the shadow of a plot, that is slight enough. If Miss Murfree would give less attention and space to character and context and more to the insignificant details of plot and dialogue she might make even the Smoky Mountains entertaining. It seems to me though, she has exhausted every imaginable vista thereof and has caught on her pen the most obscure phases of its climate. If she would but collaberate with M. Quad, whose skill as a fabricator of brief tales is but seldom atluded to, the book would be well worth the reading.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Cleopatra," by George Ebers. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"An Unofficial Patriot," by Helen H. Gardner. Arena Publishing Company, publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"His Vanished Star," by Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"The Pall Mall Magazine." For sale by A. M. Robertson.

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The Revolt of the Wife

A page from the Domestic History of the Twentieth Century

by Robert Barr

Mr. Madax sat before his desk in a most despondent attitude, his head in his hands and his hands in his hair. Things were going badly in the city, as, alas! they often do. Mr. Madax was alone in his office in Old Gold alley. He wanted time to think, and had given orders that he was not to be disturbed. All the thinking he appeared able to do did not seem to help matters, so at last he pulled himself together and paced up and down the room. Finally he stopped and said to himself: "That seems the only thing to do. I shall consult with my wife. I wish she came home more frequently, and then we could talk over these matters."

He seized a telegraph blank and wrote: "Mrs. John Madax, 20 Bullion Court, city—Can you run over to Old Gold alley for a few minutes? I wish to consult you on business. MADAX."

He rang the bell for a telegraph boy and sent the message; then paced up and down his room again, waiting for his wife to appear. Instead there came a prompt answer, which he tore open and read feverishly: "Sorry I can't come this forenoon. Too busy. Call on me at one o'clock and I will take you to the club, where we can lunch and have a quiet talk.—JOAN MADAX."

The worried man consulted his watch. It was not yet eleven. It would be more than two hours before he could see his wife. He sat down at his desk and devoted himself for those two hours to what business there was in hand. Then he brushed himself up a bit, took his walking stick and drove in a hansom to his wife's office in Bullion Court. After having sent in his name, a neat little girl showed him into a room and told him that Mrs. Madax would be with him presently. She was sorry to keep him waiting, but she sent a copy of the *Sketch* for him to look over during the interval. The *Sketch* was a paper started in the nineteenth century, and was at that time considered to be rather in advance of other slow-going weeklies. Now, however, it was thought to be the correct paper for a man to read, although the women paid little attention to it. In the reception room two or three other men were waiting, nursing their hats. Presently the office girl came in, and told them all, except Madax, that Mrs. Madax couldn't possibly see them until later in the day, as she had an appointment, and would they be good enough to call about four o'clock. So the men took their departure, and Madax was left alone with his paper, although his wife entered very soon after. She was a tall woman, with fine, clear-cut, decided, features. As far as the upper part of her was concerned she was dressed almost like a man. She wore a somewhat glaring necktie and a stand-up collar. Her brown hair was cut short and parted at the side, while the hair of her husband, dark and streaked with gray, seemed to part naturally in the middle. The neat tailor-made skirt which Mrs. Madax wore had pockets at each side, high up, and very similar in cut to a man's pockets. Her right hand was thrust into one of these pockets, and she jingled some coins and keys as she entered the room where her husband was waiting.

"Well, John," she cried, "excuse me for keeping you; but we have had a very busy morning. However, if you are ready now I am. We will go to the Pine Ear Club and have lunch." She approached her husband as she spoke and patted him with some affection on the shoulder. He looked up at her and smiled. Somehow her influence had a soothing, protective air about it, which made the man feel he was not battling with the world alone. One of the numberous girl clerks came in with a long ulster, which Mrs. Madax put on, thrusting one hand in the armhole and then the other, while the girl held the garment by the collar. When Mrs. Madax had buttoned up the ulster and put a jaunty round hard hat on her head she looked more like a man than ever, and Madax seemed almost effeminate beside her.

"Is my brougham at the door?" she asked the girl.

"Yes, madam."

"Come along, John; we have no time to lose," said Mrs. Madax decidedly, and, leading the way, she opened the carriage door, whereupon he stepped inside.

"To the Pine Ear Club," said the lady to the coachman.

She took her seat beside her husband, and the carriage drove off toward the West End. In a short time it drew up before a palatial building standing where the Hotel Metropole once stood. This, as everyone knows, is the Pine Ear Club—the sumptuous resort of women engaged in business in the city. It is higher priced than the Carlton or Reform, but is much more luxurious than either of these old-fashioned men clubs.

"Call for me at half past three," said the lady to her coachman.

The stately doors of the club were opened by two girl porters, and the couple entered. The lady wrote her husband's name in a book which was on a stand in the hall, and together they entered the large dining room, where they took their places at one of the small tables set for two near one of the large front windows.

"We will take the regular club lunch," she said to one of the waiters. "And bring a bottle of '84 champagne—a large bottle."

"I—I don't think I care for champagne," said Madax, hesitatingly; "it gives me a headache."

"Nonsense," cried his wife; "a glass or two will do you good. You look worried."

"I am worried, and that is what I wished to see you about."

Well, we won't talk business during lunch, if you please," adding, as she leaned back in her chair, "it's a habit I never indulge in. It's bad for one. We can have a talk in the smoking room afterward. How are the children?"

"Very well, thank you. The girl is a little hard on the boy, and knocks him about a bit, but they are getting on very well."

"Poor little fellow," said Mrs. Madax. "Boys are such a worry to their parents, when one thinks that they have to encounter this world alone. I must run down and see them next week, if I can."

"I wish you would," said Madax; "the children miss you very much. Why don't you come home oftener?"

"Well, very soon I expect to be able to do so," she replied," but, like you, I have a great deal on my mind at present, and the market requires close watching."

"Can't you come home with me to-night," he asked. "The children would be so pleased to see you."

"No," she answered. "I have to take Sir Cæsar Camp out to dinner to-night."

"To-morrow night, then?" he suggested deprecatingly.

"No," said the lady, shaking her head; "it's worse still to-morrow night. I have a lot of stockbrokers dining with me at the Holborn."

"It must cost you a lot of money, these dinners on every night."

"Yes, it does," said Mrs. Madax, "but my experience is, if you want to make a good business deal with a man, you must first feed him well. I always see that the wines are irreproachable. I will say one thing for the men, that they always know good wine when they taste it."

"Well," said Madax, "I will tell the children that you send your love to them, but I think, you know, that a woman shouldn't lose sight of her children, even though business is absorbing."

She urged him to take his share of the champagne, but Madax declined, saying, "A man must keep his head clear for business nowadays."

"Yes," said his wife," "I suppose a man must."

There was a slight tinge of sarcasm in her voice, and she put unnecesaary emphasis on the noun. Madax looked grieved, but said nothing. How often do women in their thoughtless rudeness cause pain to the tender hearts of those who love them!

After lunch was over, Mrs. Madax led the way upstairs to the private smoking room, which she had reserved for their use. It was in a corner of the club building overlooking a bit of the river, and commanding a view of Charing Cross railway bridge.

"We will be quite undisturbed here," she said, "and can talk business."

Ringing a bell to give an order, she asked her husband: "What will you drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," he replied, but added afterward. "I will have a glass of milk and soda, if you can get it."

"You will smoke, of course," said his wife.

"A cigarette," answered Madax.

When the waiter appeared, Mrs. Madax said, "Bring a glass of milk and soda, some of the best Egyptian cigarettes, two Havana cigars and a glass of special Scotch with seltzer."

When these materials were brought and the waiter had disappeared, Mrs. Madax walked to the door and turned the key in it. Her husband lit his cigarette from the match she held out to him, and then biting the end from her own cigar, she began to smoke. She thrust her two hands deep down in her pockets, and began to pace up and down the room.

"Now, John," she cried, "what's the trouble?"

Mr. Madax's name was Billy, but everybody called him John, because his wife's name was Joan. Mr. John Madax was the name he was known by.

"Some months ago," began Mr. Madax. "I went into a wheat deal, and I don't quite see my way out."

Mrs. Madax stopped in her pacing and faced her husband in surprise.

"A wheat deal?" she cried, "which side of the market are you on?"

"Oh, I'm on for a rise."

His wife made a gesture of despair and began walking up and down the room again.

"What in heaven's name did you buy for a rise for?"

"Well," said Madax, very humbly, "you see, the American wheat crop had practically failed, and I thought I was pretty sure of a rise."

"Why didn't you speak to me about it?" she cried.

Her husband blushed uneasily.

"I wanted to do something off my own bat," he said. "Of course, I had no idea at that time there would be a corner in wheat."

"Corner!" she cried, contemptuously, "there's always a corner, there's bound to be a corner. Don't you know enough not to look to the United States any more for indications of the wheat market? India and the Baltic hold the key to the situation."

"Yes," I know; at least I know now," he said; "but there is no use in upbraiding me for what I have done. I am up to the neck in wheat, and the signs to-day are that it is going lower than ever. Now, what would you advise me to do, Joan?"

"Oh, advise you!" she cried. "What's the use of coming to me when it is too late? I advise you to get out of it as cheaply as you can."

Her husband groaned.

"I am afraid," he said; "that will mean practical ruin now."

"Well, my opinion is, that wheat is going lower still."

"Then it is utter ruin for me," said Madax, dejectedly.

Mrs. Madax stopped once more in her pacing the room and confronted her husband.

"John," she said; "why don't you give up your office in the city and go home and take care of the children?"

A spark of resentment appeared in the man's eyes as he gazed at his wife.

"I don't want to be entirely dependent on you," he said at last.

"Pooh," said his wife, and then she added, "I will make you a handsome allowance for housekeeping and as much as you want besides. You are worrying yourself to death about business. You ought to take a run to Brighton, or go off to Monte Carlo, and give up bothering about city affairs."

The man sighed.

"That's all very well, but you don't see that I want to make some money for myself."

"But you are not making it; you're losing it. You

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say you are up to the neck; how much does that mean?"

"Twenty-five thousand pounds," he said with a sigh.

"Dear, dear," she said; "and I suppose that is all the money you have."

"It is more than all the money I have," he answered.

"I wish you had spoken to me before; it is too late now. Don't you see that?"

"Yes; but I had something to propose. You spoke of taking Sir Cæsar Camp to dinner. Now, I don't know what you want to get him in on, but I do know that I could get him on my side of the wheat deal, and he would bring in others. Then we might be able to stop the break in the market."

Mrs. Madax's eyes sparkled as she looked down at her husband.

"Can you really do all that?" she asked, almost breathlessly.

"Yes, if I had any assurance that we would get out with a little profit. It seems to me that all their influence thrown in on our side of the market would give us rise enough to get out of the hole at least."

"Oh!" said his wife, "that is a different matter. I didn't know you had any plans. Yes," she added, after thinking a moment with knitted brows; "that's a first-rate idea. How much money do you think it would all total up to?"

"About a million," said Madax, pleased to see that he was getting more attention than censure.

"A million," said his wife more to herself than to him.

"Are you certain you could get all that amount on your side of the market?"

"Quite certain."

Mrs. Madax, as she continued her pacing up and down, seemed to be making some mental calculation. She finally asked:

"Who are you runuing against? Who is at the head of the corner?"

"Oh, that," said Madax, "none of us knows. The business is done through the Tokio and Jamboree Bank, but we don't know who is behind it."

"Now, doesn't it strike you that the first thing for you to do is to find out who you are butting against? If its a stonewall the sooner you know it the better, so that you can stop before your head gets hurt. If it's a hedge you might manage to get through. It would have been my first work to find out who was against me."

"But," said her husband, "don't I tell you that I didn't know there was anybody on the other side of the market."

"Oh!" said his wife, impatiently, "you can always count on somebody being on the other side of the market. So you can't find out who it is?"

"We can't," said her husband.

"Very well," she said. "Now listen to me. You have got twenty-five thousand pounds in this, and if you can get all the money of Sir Cæsar and his friends to help you I will guarantee that you will come out with double—that is, fifty thousand pounds."

"Do you mean it?" cried her husband, eagerly.

"I mean it," said his wife, solemnly.

"And may I tell Sir Cæsar that you said so?" he asked.

"No; whatever information I wish Sir Cæsar to have I will give him myself. You will tell him that you have had private information, and are not allowed to mention the dealer's name."

"Very good," said Madax, with an intense relief in his face.

"Do not let it get out," continued his wife. "Use all your force and see if you can raise the market and as soon as the price gets up, sell out at once. Have all your plans made for selling out. Promotness is the thing in these matters. Now, I must go. I will drop you down at your office."

Mr. Madax knew what his wife said about the markets generally came true, so he, in great jubilation, telegraphed Sir Cæsar Camp and others to meet him at his office, and they did so. He told them that he had private information about the market, and after some slight hesitation, they all went in. He arranged with them that the sale would be made at once after the rise.

Next day it was announced that a million of money was put against the corner, and wheat sprang up a few points, but not as much as they had expected it would. Madax could have sold out without loss, but saw that he would not double his money, for the corner was stronger than any of them had thought, but after the slight rise down went the price of wheat again. The very bottom seemed to have dropped out of the market. Madax's twenty-five thousand pounds were swept out of sight, and so was the million that his deluded friends had put in with him. All confidence that Madax had put in his wife had now departed, so he merely telegraphed to her that he was ruined, and went home a broken man.

About 8 o'clock that night a carriage drove up to the door, and his wife sprang out and let herself into the house with her latchkey. When she entered the room her husband never looked up, but she crossed to where he sat and patted him gleefully on the back.

"Come, come, my poor infant. Cheer up!" she said.

Madax's only answer was a groan of anguish.

"And so your little twenty-five thousand has gone with the rest?" she said.

"You told me I would double my money," he said; "and I believed you."

"Of course you believed me, and here it is," she said; taking her check from her purse. "There's my check for fifty thousand pounds, so you have doubled your money."

"What do you mean by that?" said her husband, looking up.

"Mean? You poor child. I mean that I am the head of the corner. It doesn't matter now who knows it. That was the reason I had Sir Cæsar and the others dining with me. I had no idea that you were on the other side, and when you told me that you could get them to assist, it seemed too good to be true; for I did want that million. Husbands are of some use after all. Now, my boy, you take that check and go down to Monte Carlo. I may be able to go after all this work is over. I am very much obliged to you for the million you threw in my way, and consider it cheap at £50,000. Draw on me for all your expenses while you are at Monte Carlo. I am sure you will find the tables much less expensive than the London wheat market. I am sorry that I can't stay with you, but I am on for a dinner in the city. Those who were with me in the wheat corner are giving me a dinner to-night. I am due there at 9 o'clock. I am sorry I can't wait to see the children. Give them my love and tell them I will run down in a few days and pay them a visit—that is, unless you take them with you to Monte Carlo. It must be lovely down there just now. Well, ta-ta. Take care of yourself and your check. I may see you at Monte Carlo."

And with that she left the room and was waving goodbye from the carriage window as the dazed man stood watching her through the open door, before had quite realized the situation.—*New York Sun.*

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MASKS AND FACES

Beginning with an impossible situation, Henry Guy Carleton carries some quite impossible people through a series of impossible incidents, to which he has given the name of "Butterflies." The result is delightfully absurd, inconsequently amusing—not a comedy in any sense, neither clever to any marked degree, nor original in any one particular, but a light, cool, colorless little farce, mildly exhilerating, after the manner of Apollinaris, and refreshing in about the same way, following on the orgie of emotions which rioted over the Baldwin stage last week. On Wednesday evening the house was smartly attired and infinitely civil. For a full minute John Drew stood under the pattering of fashionable kids and the tapping of patent leather pumps, with his hand on his heart and his remarkable eyes plunging over the theater to include everybody, from the gallery to the pit, in a wide glance of appreciation. The Drew eyes have always been a family feature, and are made much of—from mother to son. Since his emancipation from the conservative Daly régime, John Drew, it seems to me, makes even more of his and, also, of his hands, which are long, lean, restless and effective. His figure is, in 1830 parlance, "of remarkable elegance," and his wardrobe so scrupulously cared for that one is sometimes tempted to believe the farcical tale that he left the Daly Company because Augustin forced him to sit on his coat tails. He is a charming comedian, quite alone, to-day, in his line of work, with methods original and satisfying. In "Butterflies" he creates a fascinating personality from meagre material, is delightfully entertaining in spite of restricted opportunity, swift and wicked in the rather tame skirmishes with Mrs. Stuart Dodge, dainty and caressing in the limited love scenes with her daughter.

Miss Maud Adams is thus far merely pleasing—slight praise of the damning quality after the triumphs she is known to have counted in the East. But "The Masked Ball" is said to give her the opportunity for the airing of that genius which is successfully concealed from us in "Butterflies," where she pleases by reason only of a refined individuality and in spite of an insignificant stage presence and rather painful affectations. Miss Belmont easily and somewhat noisily gathers all the laurels unto herself. She is one of the most uncontrollably joyous young women I have seen for many a moon and there is that which is magnetic and irresistible about her mirth. She reminds me strongly of May Irwin, in appearance, manner and particularly in the Kansas quality of her resounding speech—the May Irwin of old Daly days ere she sighed for stellar heights or, to gain them, had committed the crime of "Mammy! Come Kiss Your Honey Boy."

In "Cordelia's Aspirations" presented by the Harrigan Company this week, at the California Theatre, Mrs. Yeamans is sadly remembered and still more sadly missed. "Cordelia" is as much a part of that unique personality as "Old Lavender" is like a glove fitted to Harrigan's hand. I can as easily picture a new Old Lav as I can accept a second Cordelia. Mrs. Yeamans is an old woman. She is worn, weary and sometimes exasperating. During her last season with the company in New York, her indifference approached that of the divine Bernhardt. She dragged her lines and dawdled through her scenes and yawned confidingly into the faces of her audiences. She was openly tired and unaffectedly sleepy and she wanted to get through and to get home and to get to bed. But while she was on the stage—she was Cordelia. Without her, the play is lifeless and dreary, the players uncertain, the dialogue uninspired and "Daniel," even in Harrigan's best vein, as this dear, uncomfortable, old Irishman is certainly cast, was suddenly widowed and solitary.

This is the first time the new company has been conspicously disappointing and on the whole its members have had much to contend against. They were heralded by odious comparison and judged by a standard of prejudiced loyalty to old favorites. Their individual merits have been applauded but a general flawlessness seems to have been expected. Harrigan's plays are merely series of specialties and with him are several artists—Sparks, Doane, McCarthy, little Mooney with his lovely voice and young Ned Harrigan, as a dancer—who could, singly, hold the stage in Vaudeville. Strange if, collectively, they may not lend a certain amount of brilliancy to a stock company. Our critical faculty has certainly not been nourished on the perfection of other visiting stock companies. The New York manager long permitted himself the luxury of believing that anything is good enough for the West and we have cheerfully and repeatedly paid out our dollars to strengthen him in his convictions. Why not admit the truth?. Half San Francisco is now familiarly interested in the feud between the powers that be, which has placed two theatres at a disadvantage and robbed a hitherto impartial newspaper of all importance as a critic.

The Harrigan company—which is not nearly so inadequate as it has been painted—has merely fallen in the thick of the fray.

In view of little Miss Pollock's wierd and elfish appearance, her bizarre frocks and her coiffure hysterique, it is diverting to learn that she thinks "all San Francisco women look like jays." I would not repeat this if I thought San Francisco women would mind or if I thought Miss Pollock's opinion—judging from the outward expression of her—counted for anything. I am repeating it because I think it is so funny. Little Miss Pollock has the excuse of extreme youth. I understand that she is not more than twenty and she has worked very hard. Her talent runs in a single, little, narrow groove but it is beyond criticism as far as it goes and if it has not been appreciated here, this is because the artistic value of it has not been understood. Maggie Murphys do not live outside of New York. The same may be said of the "Tough Girl," immortalized by Ada Lewis and fairly well lived up to by Lillian Flynn, but the broad sweep of this character cannot fail of appreciation anywhere. The type which Miss Pollock mirrors to absolute perfection of each minor detail, is the independent and honorable little New York working girl who may be met anywhere along lower Broadway and some of the intersecting streets. These girls are invariably trim, small and aggressively neat. They can all sing in that small, shrill, childish treble. They can all do a step. They all talk with a certain little snarl which is utterly "New York" and quite apart from the Western drawl. They all earn at least eleven dollars a week and conscientiously spend a certain portion thereof on trim little skirts and neat little boots and hats and hair ribbons and a "party-dress." They go through the world with their hands in their pockets and a fine American scorn for the idle and they early marry into their own class and bring up their daughters to be "perfect ladies."

NAT GOODWIN announces David Garrick for next season, and will open his Chicago engagement in the early Autumn with this play, reserving the comedy written for him by Henry Guy Carleton for the edification of Boston in the coming Spring. In David Garrick lie untried possibilities for the Goodwin talent. It is talent of an unusual order and it has risen within easy recollection, from the lines of broad burlesque to the higher fields of artistic comedy, where "the spring of laughter lies close by the fountain of tears." I am not agreed, however, with the dramatic enthusiast, who shouts to us from New York that the world is about to see the greatest Garrick of them all. Garrick is not a great part and Goodwin has stopped just this side of greatness. His artistic possibilities have been limited by his domestic follies. I think "follies" is not an uncharitable word. The friends of brilliant, unfortunate Eliza Wetherbee found a harsher one.

The stage which gilds the vices of women does not plead against the short comings of men. No actor has found it possible to wade to prominence through the mire of scandal, which has helped many an actress, devoid of talent, to fleeting notoriety and has become so thoroughly established as the means to this end, that the scandal is sought after with eagerness and advertised with splendor. This is the unique instance where greater license is accorded to women than to men. The world is quite decided on this point and the inconsistency thereof does not in any wise disturb the fact. The man who depends on the public may not offend it and, among its ideals, is cherished the name of wife. Husband is spelled with other letters. This sentiment is no respecter of persons. Charles Coghlan has gone down before it, Nat Goodwin has been defeated by it and Boucicault, with all his genius and, alas! with all his eloquent excuse, was pitilessly sacrificed to it.

Katherine Kidder, who has purchased Sardou's "Madame Sans Gene" for a song and threatens to star in the play under the management of Pitou, is rather an interesting personality. I think she played "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fountleroy" out here, but I am not sure. She did in New York, anyway and played it exceedingly well—wretched, feeble part that it is—and certainly looked everything that is lovely and gentle and youthfully maternal after Reginald Birch. She is still very young, Miss Kidder, and belongs to Evansville, or Evanston, whichever it may be—a suburb of Chicago. She went on the stage in the very teeth of her family, who are of the church-churchy order which regards the stage as the direct downward path to perdition and it was one of the little ironies of life that she should have caught the stage fever at the Sunday-school festivities, where she "sang songs and spoke pieces," after the manner of other good little girls, who are well brought up in rather small places. It is true, I understand, that Miss Kidder determined to adopt the theatrical life before she

had ever witnessed a performance in a real theatre and that sort of desire which cries aloud before it is spoken to has a right to expect consideration. As she was gifted with such a burden of inexperience, Miss Kidder may be forgiven for having spelled her name "Kathrhyn," posed extravagantly at the photographers and indulged in other amateurish idiocies, especially as she subsequently reformed and does none of these things now.

Lydia Yeamans-Titus was received this week, with frantic enthusiasm, at the Orpheum, where the bill, throughout, is good. The audiences have numbered from fifteen hundred to two thousand people, and their sentiments have been undivided. Mrs. Titus looks better for a month's idleness in the sunny South, sings, in spite of the slight cold, with accustomed taste and ease, and has added a new song and two small, stuffed cotton cats to her Baby act. She had a half dozen recalls on her opening night, and graciously responded until limp with fatigue and almost voiceless, she ran through a pantomime in a final effort to please. In her dressingroom, I learned that the gossip of recent difficulties with the Hallen & Hart combination was quite groundless. They parted, on the contrary, in the most friendly manner, and Mrs. Titus did not sing in Oakland because it was to her financial advantage to remain at Los Angeles. Her future plans are quite uncertain. For two weeks she will sing at the Orpheum; possibly, for four—after that she and her clever husband have a handful of tempting offers to choose from.

ALICE RIX.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

The audiences at the Orpheum have, this week, taxed the seating capacity to the utmost and every night numbers of the disappointed have been turned away. The new programme quite justifies its extensive advertisement by the management, and Lydia Yeamans-Titus and the Braatz Brothers divide the honors of the entertainment. Several new people are announced for next week and the present attractions will be spiced with some pleasing variety. The Wilmots date their departure for Europe immediately after their Orpheum engagement and will make their final "wheel" before a San Francisco audience, the last of this week.

Next Monday evening, at the California Theatre, Edward Harrigan and his Company will present "McSorley's Inflation"—a play which is as popular in the East as any of Mr. Harrigan's characteristic productions, and filled with the tuneful and catchy melodies of Braham. "McSorley" is a stranger to San Francisco, as this play was not in Harrigan's repertorie on his earlier visit to this city. He impersonates the typical New York politician of a certain Ward and is at his best in the opportunities the role offers. The dialogue is bright, and the scenes original, as usual, with the author, are faithful to the life portrayed.

"The Masked Ball" will be given by the John Drew Company next week, at the Baldwin Theater. The comedy is the work of two clever French dramatists, and calls the powers of the entire company into play as the interest is not centered as usual in one or two parts. Mr. Drew's first success as a star, after his withdrawal from Augustin Daly's New York Company was made in "The Masked Ball," and this play also served to win fame for Miss Maud Adams, the leading lady of Mr. Drew's Company. The play will be presented at the Baldwin Theater, with the original New York cast.

The Tivoli has a revival next week of "Rip Van Winkle," one of the most picturesque and melodious of light operas and full of possibilities for the talent of the company. The romantic opera founded on Irving's story of Sleepy Hollow, is familiar to nearly all theater goers, and the Tivoli was one of the first managements to stage the production. It had a long and popular run before in San Francisco, and its announcement for next week has been received with satisfaction by Tivoli patrons. "Rip Van Winkle," the title role, is in the hands of Ferris Hartman, and Miss Salinger will play Gretchen. The scenery is romantic to a degree, and the music in Planquette's most delightful vein.

Dan McCarthy brings his engagement at Morosco's to a brilliant finish this week and on Monday evening, Theodore Roberts opens a short San Francisco season with "The Octoroon." The sale of seats is already very large and the management confidently expects its usual success in filling the big house to the upper galleries. In "The Octoroon" Mr. Roberts sustains the role of "Wahnotoe"—an Indian Chief—in which character he achieved success in the East. He will be remembered by San Francisco as "Kephron" in Sardou's "Cleopatra"—at the Baldwin, three years ago, where he shared the triumphs of Fanny Davenport and Melbourne Macdowell. Since then, Mr. Roberts has been associated with Charles Frohman's No. 1 Company and made an impression in another Indian character very similar to that of "Wahnotoe" in "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—as presented by Mr. Frohman's Company.

The conductor approached the man who carries lighted cigars into public conveyances.

"No smoking," said the conductor.

"I ain't smoking," was the reply.

"Your cigar is."

"Well, I can't help that. This is a strong cigar and it does as it pleases."

"Well," said the conductor, "you can take your choice. Either you or the cigar will have to be put out."

And the man, after some thought, rubbed the cigar on his shoe and put it out.—*Washington Star.*

Poor Mike was very ill—almost as ill as he was short, and what that meant those who know him can best say, for physically he was hardly more than a dwarf.

The doctor was called in, and after investigation, informed Mrs. Mike that her husband was suffering from actinomycosis, a name which appeared to strike terror to the soul of the anxious woman.

"Act pwhat?" said she.

"Actinomycosis," replied the doctor.

"Him?" cried Mrs. Mike. "Ah, docther, how can yez say thot? A little man loike Moikel couldn't hould the name of ut, much less the disaze that goes wid ut."—*Harper's Drawer.*

The man from Tamarack Valley had tucked the napkin under his collar band and was looking around the restaurant when the waiter assailed him.

"Soup, sir?" inquired that functionary.

"What sort?"

"Green turtle, sir."

"Um—any other kind?"

"No, sir."

"Well, bring it along and I'll see about it. Summer is comin' on and a man's got to be particular about eatin' too many green things. Sure you ain't got none that's ripe?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

At the Whist Table.—Mrs. Bragg—Our John is such a forgetful thing! He makes me so provoked. He's so different from me. Why, I remember everything I really believe, and forget nothing.

Mr. Bragg.—Didn't you know that suit had gone around three times already?

Mrs. Bragg.—Had it? Well, there! I never can remember what has been played.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Conscientious Barkeeper.—Policeman.—You say you always refuse to sell a man liquor after he has had as much as is good for him?

Bartender.—That's my rule. When he begins to see double I bounce him.

"An' a good rule it is. But how do you know when he begins to see double?"

"When he hands me five cents for a ten cent drink, and insists that he paid me ten."—*New York Weekly.*

The teacher in geography was putting the class through a few simple tests. "On which side of the Earth is the North Pole?" she inquired. "On the North side," came the unanimous answer. "On which side is the South Pole?" "On the South side." "Now, on which side are the most people?" This was a poser, and nobody answered. Finally a very young scholar held up his hand. "I know," he said hesitatingly, as if the excess of his knowledge was too much for him. "Good for you," said the teacher, encouragingly; "tell the class on which side the most people are." "On the outside," replied the youngster, and whatever answer the teacher had in her mind was lost in the shuffle.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ought to Work Both Ways.—"Cyrus," she said reluctantly, "I don't think I would make a good wife for a poor man."

"Then you would make a mighty poor wife for a good man," replied Cyrus, grabbing his hat.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Muggins—So you made your *debut* as an actor last night, eh? How did you get on?

Footlite—Oh, I got on all right, but I couldn't get off quick enough.—*Philadelphia Record.*

AMUSEMENTS

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Monday Next, July 23d--Second Week

Mr. JOHN DREW And First Presentation of BISSON and CARRES Comedy

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As Performed for over 300 Nights in New York.

Monday, July 30th—Third and Last Week--Mr. JOHN DREW

First Three Nights--**Christopher, Jr.**

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

We hear much nowadays of the strike, politics, religion, woman's rights and the power of the press, but where is the one topic which generally engages all girls' minds at this season? The one subject, which, as the Summer gradully wanes, waxes stronger and more fervent, and without which no country resort can call itself successful. This is the Summer flirtation. But to-day we are absolutely free from it; the frivolity of it is looked upon, even by the least worldly, as something void of taste or judgment.

Is it that men's charms are less potent? Perhaps men are less sentimental, less chivalrous, have time only to discuss the problems of the day, and their own distinctly masculine pleasures. Is it that they do not seek to wile away the warm mornings with a fair charmer languidly breathing soft, sweet notes of love into a willing ear, becoming utterly oblivious of the realities and inevitable crosses which surround them?

Perhaps the fault lies with the girls. Nowadays they are so much more independent, have so many more resources in themselves, are so infinitely superior to the Summer-man that his company is tiresome in its ineptitude.

So the willing man and the charming girl in muslin, lace and leghorn hat pass their time in a hundred other ways, and occasionally revert to other seasons and wonder if the game is worth the candle. If, in the end, the great and only desire of life will be fulfilled—will woman, in her present attitude toward man, realize her highest ambition and put him on the pedestal that she has built for him? Could man but understand the motive of the woman who lives for something, he would, by every means in his power, endeavor to strengthen her cause by assisting her in all the higher branches, thus helping her to gain as great intellectual force as he has physical vigor.

This, like all great ends, cannot be gained without a struggle, and the harder the combat the more glory in success. This struggle to raise woman above her surroundings is the cause of the downfall of that odiously insufferable pastime—a summer flirtation. It attained nothing; its memories were futile, so far as pleasure went, for often as the man whose company became agreeable, whose personality proved amusing, departed like the summer zephyr, to waft his sweetness around other flowers, separate shocks were inflicted on the lingering blossom left blooming alone. The effect occasioned by this was to make woman more obdurate, harder, and less sympathetic, the inevitable consequences falling upon man, for in the end it is he who has to suffer by finding the girl in whom he placed his trust only heartless and cruel.

Never before have girls looked quite so adorable as this year. Fashion and fabrics tend to make them pretty. Who could not be charming and agreeable in laces and ribbon-bedecked gowns. White carries its head erect as it marches triumphantly at the head of the great procession of colors. White hats, veils, shoes, gloves, parasols are more the rage now than ever before. Even the shirt-waists must have white collars and cuffs to be quite up to date. It is not necessary to have stiff collars to one's shirt-waists; the latest fad is to have white crépe gathered tightly around the neck. For my part, I prefer linen, for dim remembrances of a small childhood, when a silk handkerchief was a sure preventive of sore throats will persist in asserting itself and reminding one that linen always is immaculate in its appearance and crépe unless changed daily does not look well.

The theatre waists of to-day are so dainty. They bring one back to those dear old-fashioned silks which our grandmothers wore. One that particularly attracted my attention, was a cream white, soft silk, with tiny sprays of lavender (the lavender with which we scent our clothes) sprinkled over it. So odd were the sprays in their design that I had to inspect it closely to see were they really woven with the silk. The waist was trimmed with black insertion, which made the contrast severe in its charm. Another waist of pink chiffon made me most envious, but how disastrous even a cape is to chiffon sleeves. They are always seriously impaired ere the wearer reaches the theatre.

Why do not people who own carriages use them at night? Is it the delicacy of the horses they fear, or that of the coachman? From the appearance of the horses driven by our carriage people I think it would be using a great deal of judgment to drive them at night, especially on foggy nights, if only to give them an opportunity of taking pneumonia, or some other disease. Think of the saving to the public eye and to those unable to afford carriages, who would be spared the pain of seeing such teams, knowing all the time how easily their owners might do better. However the "horse show" may appeal to the pride of a few. Even now, I hear of any number of people who are scouring the stock-farms to find horses worthy of the name. There are some, too, who are buying carriages with a view of exhibiting in the show, and then perhaps the Park will be more fashionable and the streets less full of "ruts" and holes than they are at present. But perhaps this is asking of the municipality too much.

REFLECTOR.

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Open Letter to Col. Burns

COL. D. M. BURNS,
San Francisco.

My Dear Colonel:—I am a plain California farmer. I have never met you, but Colonel, poor and freckled though I may be, I know there are times when a man, no matter how humble, must lay down his hoe and his modesty to enter into communion with the great men of these United States. And, Colonel, you will not feel hard toward me if I speak to you on terms, which at ordinary times might seem familiar. I am sure you will not, Colonel. I have watched your career from the day when you was a plain man like myself until you became the general manager of the Republican party, and one thing I have seen with pleasure is your willingness to associate with any of the boys from Governor Markham down.

But Colonel, this is no time to mince matters. Times are hard. It keeps wife and our eleven bright boys hustling to make both ends meet. Last year we had a big fruit crop, but prices were low. We realized the cause to be the obnoxious purchasing clause in the Sherman Act, and when Congress removed that we all heaved a sigh of relief. Mr. Sherman, Mr. Cleveland and other Republicans told us that gold would begin to come this way, and we felt a good deal better. But times did not pick up after that, Colonel. The gold kept on going toward Europe. About one-half of the banks in the country became discouraged and quit. Peaches went down to ten dollars per ton, and the canneries experienced the same tired feeling that was the cause of inducing so many of our brightest financiers to continue their researches behing steel doors. Wine became so cheap that people drank water because it was more fashionable. I was about ready to sell my farm and engage in politics, for I was discouraged.

I was feeling this way Colonel, when I chanced to meet my old friend Morris Estee one day. Morris and I lived on adjoining farms a long time and used to swap work during the busy season, so I said to him: "Morris, I am tired of this hard life. Here I've been for thirty years raising prunes, warts, blisters and children and getting poorer every year, and I am going to quit." Morris said I was a fool; that the cause of it all was what the Democratic party threatened to do with the tariff. Just wait a couple of years. We will knock it out and you will be all right. And, Colonel, after Morris' encouraging words our family rolled up its sleeves and went to work again. We were getting along well, crops were growing nicely, and I never saw stock look better at this season of the year. Morris was nominated for Governor, our soap factory had resumed and confidence seemed in a fair way to be restored, when an order came from Mr. Debs to tie up the railroads. Stand pat, he said. We have stood ever since, Colonel.

Colonel, it is not necessary to describe to you the hole Mr. Debs has prepared for all of us. But in this trying hour, when neighbor is arrayed against neighbor; when labor and capital have put on the gloves and waived all rules; when Morris is afraid to say anything, pro or con; when the peach borer and the scale are vieing with each other in conspiring to undo the down trodden agriculturist; when interstate commerce has become impossible we turn to you, as the one man who can bring order out of chaos. We have appealed to Marquis Pullman, but in vain. The general managers tell us they have nothing to arbitrate. Gresham and the Chinese minister are playing poker for points in the nice new Chinese treaty, and the State department can do nothing. We have appealed to Congress, but Mr. Geary says they are so——busy getting out their handsome new polka-dot tariff bill they have no time for small matters. We have appealed to Debs and Knox for relief but they are so busy in raising bail bonds they can do nothing. Morris will say nothing until the trouble is over, for Morris as a candidate, is a very cautious man, and so we come to you, Colonel. You will not disappoint us.

Colonel, the way you handled things at Sacramento in June gives us confidence. In the name of California vinyardists, knee deep in mortgages and phylloxera, I ask you to end this strike. In the name of thousands of wine men, who are haunting damp solitude in cellars, trying to figure a way out of indebtedness, I beg you to untie the railroad knot. In the name of countless prune-growers, who ever and anon pause in their pastime of mopping fungus from their trees to curse Congress for not raising the duty on foreign prunes, I look to you to straighten out Debs, the railroad officials and other violators of the law. In the name of the California sheep men, who are rapidly forsaking wool for coyote culture, I pray you to end this unseemly strife. In the name of the thousands of politicians in this State, who are brought face to face with a scarcity of beer and an advance in whisky, I appeal to you to again start the wheels of commerce. And, lastly, Colonel, in the name of the patient, long-suffering, uncomplaining American people, who are living in dread lest the present strike will furnish Congress with a pretext for extending its session, I urge most strenuously that you call off the strike. Do that, Colonel, and we shall see our soap factory resume, our maccaroni factory start up, Morris will give us his views, Governor Markham will be found and confidence will be restored.

THOMAS RYE.

MILPITAS, July 16.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

At present writing it is not apparent why the following letter should have been delivered at this office. Probably disturbance in the mails had something to do with it, or possibly it is due to the fact that Stow, Burns, Pillsbury and Major Gillis all have offices in our building, and things got mixed in some inexplicable way. However, we print the communication for what it is worth. We will watch with interest the publication of the address to compare it with this letter.

"HEDGESIDE, July 15, '94.

MY DEAR DAN:—So much has been said concerning the present deplorable strike, and so many of my enemies have attacked me, and so many of my friends found fault with me, for not having expressed some views on this subject, I have blocked out an address to the public which I am anxious to submit to you.

THE EXORDIUM.

I have made this quite lengthy because it deals in generalities. I speak feelingly of America as the land of freedom, the home of the liberty-loving man and woman. I speak of the children cradled in the lap of a liberty-loving motherhood, and more of that kind of perfectly safe stuff that will please both sides. There is nothing in this that my bitterest enemy can criticize.

ACTS OF VIOLENCE.

I then take up Acts of Violence, and, adhering closely to Debs' orders to the A. R. U. and the subsequent official declarations of Knox and Roberts, I roundly denounce every act of violence which they have denounced. This ought to be perfectly safe, for I say only what the strike leaders themselves have said. I then take occasion to applaud the leaders for their peaceful attitude and condemn the anarchists who hang on the skirts of this movement and by their illegal actions threaten to degrade labor to their level. Of course this is somewhat dangerous ground, but I have so welded the abusive part with praise that it will be hard to distinguish where one begins and the other leaves off.

I found it most difficult to fit in the demands of the railroad end of the question, but I hit upon a device which you must admit is ingenious. It is this: Every *act* of violence committed by the strikers and *condemned* by Debs, Knox and Roberts, impinged upon a *right of property*. (Do you follow me?) I condemned these *acts*, likewise, and *then*, to fit the railroad side, reverse the position and speak feelingly of the *rights of property* but *only* of the rights of property that have been impinged upon by the *condemned* acts of violence.

I flatter myself this is clear, and would like to hear you say so. It was an inspiration obtained from watching a young heifer on the farm dispose of an annoying gad fly. He whisked him off on one side with his tail, and when the pest took position on the other side, he whisked him off with the same old tail. It was but a step from "same old tail" to "same old tale," and then the idea flashed through my mind, as ideas do sometimes. One tail is enough for a heifer, and so on, and so on—you can readily perceive how my thoughts flew from brain cell to brain cell until it formulated itself into this ingenious device.

THE PERORATION.

I close with what I think is a beautiful flight of rhetoric on the grandeur of this great American Republic; and I have just let myself loose on patriotism, and when my brain lagged, as though it had a Pullman car attached, I transposed and improved upon some of Blaine's, Webster's and Harrison's best utterances to fit the case, and flatter myself it sounds well. I have read it to Fritz, my Swedish boy, and he could not repress his admiration. Let me know when it is time to send it out, or how you think it best to make it public; because, now I have it finished, I am simply mad to have it out.

It is unfortunate that a campaign so auspiciously inaugurated and that promised to be so fruitful, should have been marred thus early. See Bill, and if possible get him to consent to my giving them a rap on arbitration. It would help me wonderfully.

I don't want to complain, but it seems to me our people are neglecting some good points. Why don't some of my newspaper friends demand that Webster state his position? Of course he'd come out flat-footed for the strikers, but then they are going to vote for him anyhow, and he might be so radical as to drive into our fold some level-headed fellows who feel inclined to support him otherwise.

Have you seen to it that the Democrats will nominate a rabid anti-corporation ticket? This is important. It will divide the People's Party strength and ought to force somebody to put money into our fight. I don't seem to be badly wanted by anybody. It seems to me my fight now is to get in a position where I will be considered the least of three evils. Perhaps you are attending to all these things, and perhaps I should not have called them to your attention, but if you insist on keeping me up here on the ranch I will worry about them in spite of everything.

Please let me come back to my office. Wire me if I am to come. Yours sincerely,"

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

For several days our city has been the scene only of warfare and of strife. The tramp of military, the clash of arms has disturbed our slumbers, and the fond hearts of fair women have almost broken at sight of loved ones marching in stern battle array. True, it is now all over, yet for days to come memories of the strike will bring tears to motherly eyes. Our militia, as you know, at one time the crack company of the State, has degenerated into an assembly of weaklings hardly fitted for more than ballroom activity. When the call came, the boys, clothed in garments gay, faces pale, with fearful forebodings, went from office and shop to meet the more ghastly faces of those at home. For the poor Colonel, my heart bled with sympathy. Typical soldier, as he is, in fact about the only one in the command, he at once relieved his captain, and by every art known to the veteran, strove to bring the company to a sense of their duty, and their danger, for to Harry Edwards and his royal youngsters is due the glory of suppressing the insurrection here. Harry, you see, rejoices in the title of King, earned, I believe, in some famous and victorious bout with Bacchus. King he is though, for with the "royal family" at his back he awed the strikers, and by physical force and battle music, captured and held the enemy's guns. Our Sam was there too, in spirit though—until it was over, his spirit alone materialized. He did don the badge of office after the meeting was quelled, but only, it is said, for the purpose of guarding the train that bore the Major's daughter; and now, 'tis said, she loves him more for the dangers he has passed. With this possible exception, the boys did noble work. Handsome Dan Murphy arrested one of the brownies; James Rea covered himself with glory, and Mr. Masson wears the laurel wreath of conquest. Mr. Rea's ire was aroused by the German Editor's rejoinder to a polite request to move. "*Gut heil,*" the Teuton said, and the strong arm of the Railroad Commissioner enforced the mandate of the law. Jim didn't understand the language of the Fatherland then nearly as well as he does now, and is now celebrating his awakening in many bumpers of champagne.

The Associated Charities and the fair Editoress of the *Santa Clare* are at loggerheads. It was certainly unkind in Reverend Mansfield to preach that terrible sermon about the Romanists, and it is now the depth of cowardice for him to try to escape the consequences of his uncharitable and un-Christian remarks. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if next Sunday the reverend gentleman proclaimed to his parishioners that the Pope of Rome was actually the leader in the recent strike, and his enlightened congregation would believe him. It does seem strange how the Reverend gentlemen will try to explain away their harsh and absurd charges against the Mother Church when they fear they may lose a few dollars.

Take, for instance, the Reverend Logan who gallantly gave the use of his church to an ex-priest from Oakland, who for several days and nights occupied Logan's pulpit while hurling abuse and ridicule at the Pope's Irish, is now trying to tell us that among these same Irish are numbered many saints, and that the Associated Charities will do a good and great work if they can only induce our city council to give him a salary of thirty dollars a month for keeping the books of the Association. No, they did not ask this amount of the council that they might employ some needy and deserving man, but boldly demanded it for "sweet Charity's sake" to pay Reverend Logan, who certainly draws a salary from his church and does not need that much extra spending money. Oh! it's a holy concern this Associated Charity business and we are all glad that Carrie Stevens Walter is on their trail and will give to the public the inside workings of the organization.

That curses, like chickens, come home to roost has been verified here. The great and mighty Superintendent of our city schools, Professor Russell, who has posed as the friend and advocate (?) of the Catholic teachers in the public schools here, has been ousted from his position by the gallant school board, who steadfastly refused to inquire of any teacher what her religion is. But then the Superintendent is not so badly off financially, as his wife has made loads and loads of money selling a medicine she has patented. I think Mr. Russell blames the Pope for having him "fired" and is going to contest the matter in the Courts.

Many of our people are disappointed about their summer trips. The Barkers were to start for Tahoe two weeks ago but the roads were tied up; and just think of Minnie as having all of her calico dresses packed in separate boxes and now having to unpack and wear them here. The Luxs are at Santa Cruz, at the Sea Beach. The Beans, Clarks, Moores, Planks, Parks, Rhodes and Spences are spending the summer in San José.

BESSIE.

SACRAMENTO.

Another week of dull stupidity has passed. The only exciting incident has been the arrival of the regulars. They are now on duty at the depot, but the girls dare not wander in that vicinity. We have heard all sorts of yarns about their bravery, and are just dying to see them drill. We hope to have an opportunity when the strikers have been finally subdued and peace reigns once more supreme.

Did you know that Will Douglas belonged to the militia? He does, and it seems there has been quite a joke going the rounds of the town about him. It is alleged that his maternal relative has been on the verge of prostration for fear a riot would occur and her son would be killed. She pleaded with her friends to use their influence in having Will put in the rear ranks. The Governor has distinguished himself by his total indifference to the outcome of the strike. His petty excuses about not being able to return to Sacramento during the strike have been laughed at. The truth of the matter is this. He was enjoying the quietude of his Pasadena home, and if he had been so disposed could have traveled by boat. His intention was to remain there until the trouble had subsided. The Citizens' Committee looked at the matter differently, however, and sent a telegram demanding his presence. He responded, but his policy proved his guide as usual and he has been as silent as the proverbial clam.

A garden party is to be given this evening at the Sullivan residence. The affair is under the auspices of Mrs. Halsey Smith, Mrs. Orcutt, Mrs. Lozier, Mrs. Winn Davis and Mrs. Sullivan. It is given by the young ladies, and the number of regrets sent by the gentlemen must be discouraging to those so anxious to entertain. Dancing is to be the order of the evening, but with the temperature up at 104 degrees, one is apt to feel too languid to indulge. I will tell you all about who was there in my next.

How very particular some people choose to be. Since our handsome dentist was concerned in that little escapade with the pretty Jewess, some of the girls have actually refused to go driving with him. It is quite a relief not to see any of those letters in the local papers formerly written by the banker's daughter now doing Europe. They were not intended for publication, as they were domestic letters and should have been read in the privacy of the home. It became quite monotonous for the public to read how much the daughter paid for an underskirt in Rome and a parasol in Paris. It certainly subjected the family to unnecessary ridicule.

July 17, 1894. SISTER SUE.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY:—

The strikes have been simply abominable. Here I have been down here with just lots of nice chatty things to tell you, for two weeks past and just on account of that miserable old tie up they had to wither and die, but after all it is just as well, for there is plenty going on now to tell, and also some predictions to be made. Society, as an aggregation, has been dull. Everything has been stale and flat, and even if it had been otherwise, it would have been equally as unprofitable as has life here for the last two weeks. In the way of marriage, though, there has been considerable activity. Society regarded as a condition implies a gathering wherein harmony and quiet prevail. Therefore I mentioned matrimony in a separate sentence. A thing apart, as it were, a sort of "another story." The principle interest was directed to the nuptials of Dr. Walter Lindley, Superintendent of the State Reform School at Whittier, and Mrs. Hardie, which took place on Wednesday. Dr. Lindley is a most worthy gentleman if for no other reason than that he is the brother of his brother, Hervey Lindley, the Southern California edition of Dan Burns, and when added to the fact that he is an eligible widower, his greatest frailty, that of being a man, is at once lost sight of by the worthy ladies and he becomes the recipient of their regrets and, strange to add, condolences.

The bride is the widow of the late Mr. Hardie who, it will be remembered, met such an untimely end several years ago at the hands of some Indians while he was traveling in Arizona, the Indians shooting him in the back when he was not looking. After his death, the family requested, so rumor has it, that certain heirlooms, in the shape of silver spoons, be returned to them. His widow refused and has since, in fact, remained obdurate. If this latter be true, they can be used at the Reform School for the bright little boys to eat their porridge with, as no doubt they will have more use for such things than the family.

On Tuesday night, Miss Grace Aull of this city and Mr. W. H. Newhall of Chicago were married at Redondo Beach. The bride is quite a striking looking young woman, and some here have gone so far as to declare her to be very pretty. Of this latter I think there will be but little difficulty for Miss "Pretty" to prove an alibi, as the bride's features are not exactly similar to a Sèvers china cup in the way of formation. But little is known of the groom, except that he is a traveling man, which, of course, implies a great deal.

All join in wishing both the young and middle aged couples happiness.

Speaking of matrimony, I think that something in this direction will soon be announced. The dinners by a mutual friend, and these coaching parties to Pasadena, followed by supper at the California Club, are but the fragments of straws, but they show in which direction the wind is directing the flame of a young man's affection. I have got something awfully interesting to tell next week, but it will have to be confirmed first, so I will not tell it this letter.

Yours devoted,

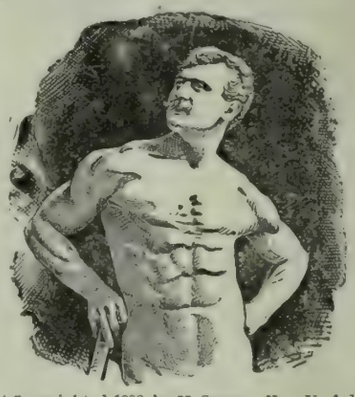
BECKY SHARP.

HOW TO GET THIN

What Sandow Prescribes for the Weak Fat People to Do

Art Aids Nature—The Weakest Can Become Powerful by Adhering to a Few Simple Rules—The Secret of Good Figures.

Perhaps no athelete of modern times has created a greater furor of enthusiasm by his abilities than has Eugene Sandow, "the blonde German Hercules," who held up three horses on his chest.



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Many a fleshy, weak man has admired Sandow's brawny muscles with absolute despair of ever equaling him or passably imitating him in his feats, and yet has had the desire aroused to become strong and healthy, a treat to the eyes of his fellow-men.

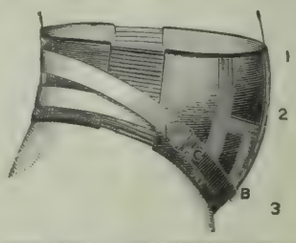
As long as the body is covered with fat any physical exertion of moment is almost out of the question. A very fleshy person simply cannot perform feats requiring agility and strength with any degree of ease. To get rid of this extra flesh is the chief duty of one who would be strong.

Dr. Edison has discovered a combination of the chemical properties of certain German mineral springs which has a marked effect in the reduction of flesh. This combination is prepared for the trade under the name of Obesity Pills. With Dr. Edison's Obesity Fruit Salt, a pleasant drink, they form a complete cure for excessive fatness, which brings in too many cases fatty degeneration of the heart and liver and other deadly diseases.

Here is what is said of these remedies by those who have given them a full trial:

E. D. Warner of Orange, Cal., writes: "I purchased Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Fruit Salts in Kansas City, Mo. I then weighed 247 pounds. Have used the medicine as directed only one week and weigh to-day 235 pounds, and can assure you that I am physically much better."

Another letter: "In one week since last writing have lost eight pounds. Yours courteously, E. B. WARNER."



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Mrs. Francis Forms writes from Traver, Cal., October 16, 1892—Messrs. Loring & Co.: Inclosed find $2 50 for one bottle of Obesity Pills and one of Fruit Salts. I think I must tell you I have lost that feeling of oppression after eating, and am feeling generally better for using your remedies. Respectfully yours, P. O Box 296.

State of Illinois, Soldiers and Orphans' Home, 514 East Capitol avenue, H. R. Mitchell, clerk.—Springfield, Illinois, January 16, 1894: A year ago I bought one of your Obesity Bands and wore it with good effect and a great deal of comfort, reducing my abdominal circumference seven inches. Now I want another band made as per dimensions inclosed. I am willing you should publish my opinion of your Band.

North Cove, Wash., July 7, 1893.—Loring & Co., 115 State street—Gentlemen: Will you please send circulars to the names below of my friends? * * * I find your bands and pills most wonderful, having reduced my flesh sixty pounds. I only took one bottle of Fruit Salt and liked it very much. Yours respectfully, MRS. W. S. KIMBRED.

An interesting letter from Mrs. Ada Ragen, Guy, Wash., September 9, 1892—Messrs. Loring & Co.: Please send to my address one 36 band and three bottles of pills. The one bottle purchased some time ago was highly satisfactory, reducing me nine pounds. With the fullest faith in your treatment, I am gratefully yours,

MR. JOHN COLE, STATE AUDITOR'S CLERK OF MICHIGAN, LOST THIRTY-THREE POUNDS. READ WHAT HE SAYS.

Lansing (Mich.), October 12, 1893.—I have taken one dose of Dr. Edison's remedies, consisting of a few bottles each of pills and fruit salt, and dropped in weight from 270 to 237 pounds, and am gradually losing still.

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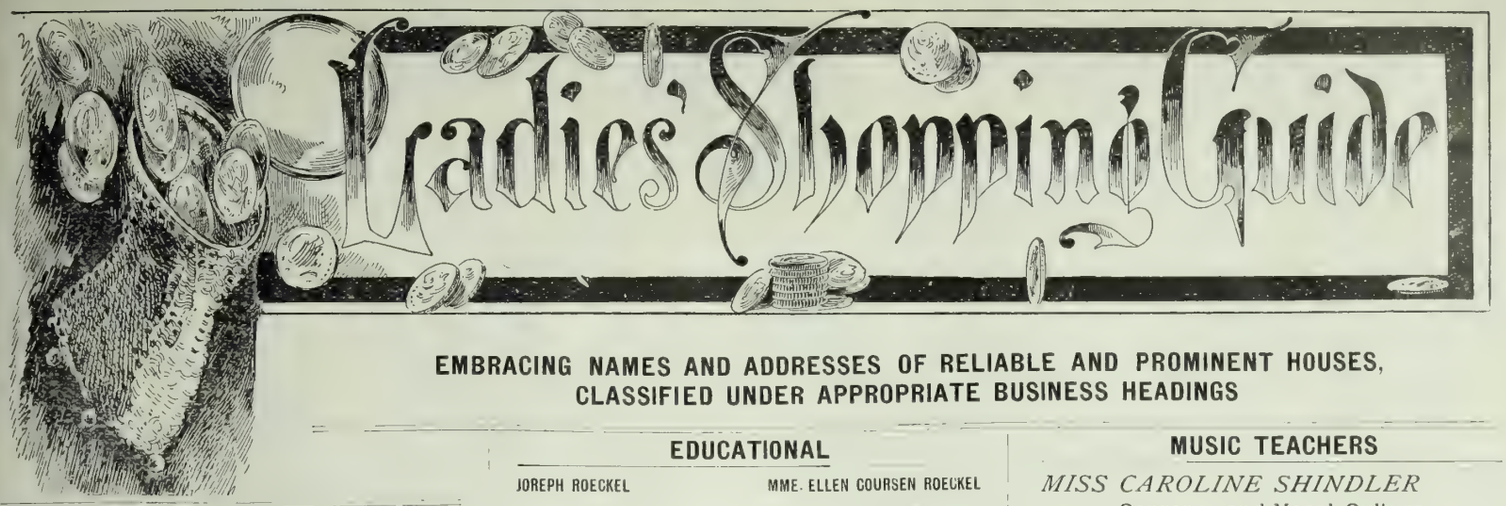

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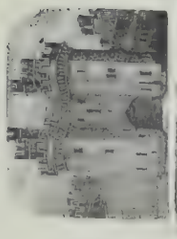

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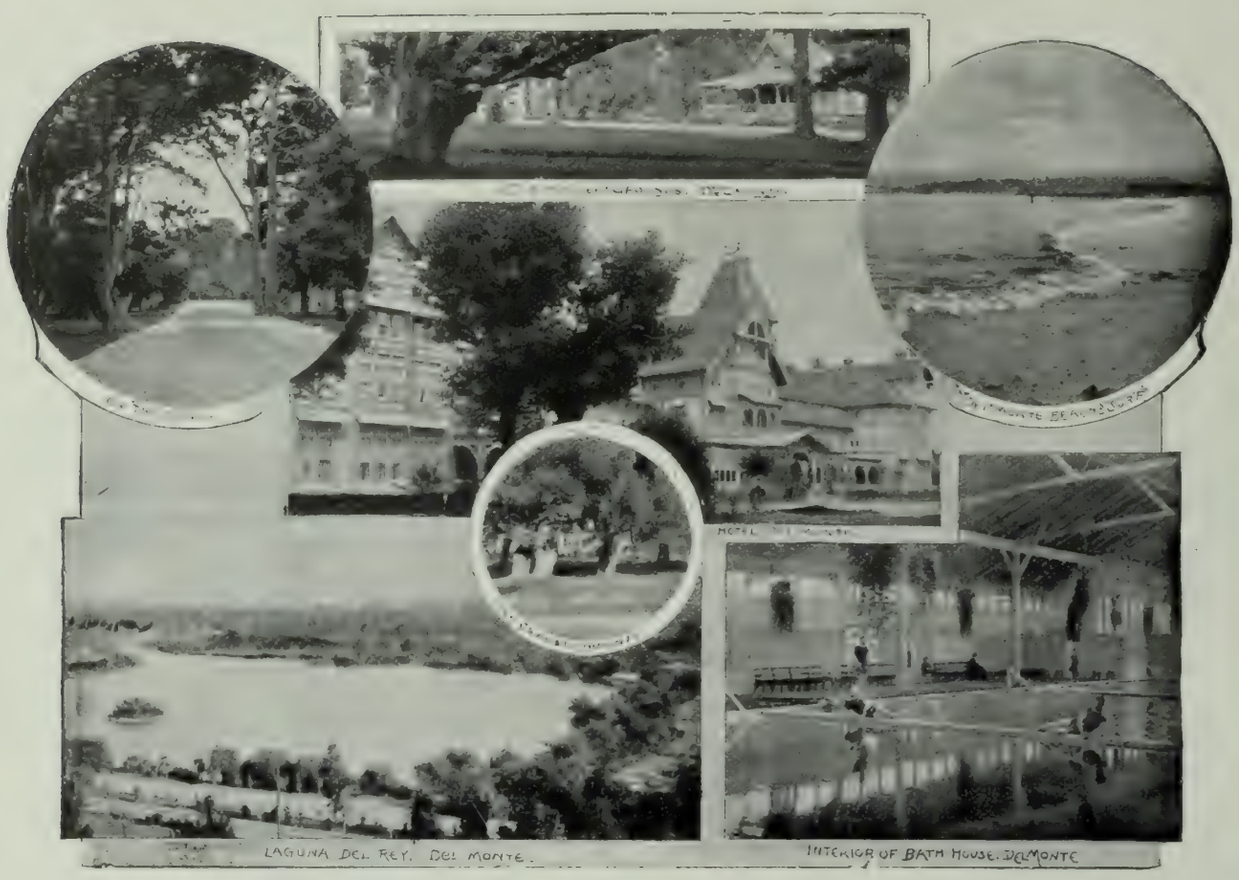

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LEAVE	FROM JUNE 10, 1894.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6.45 a m
7.00 a m	Benecia, Vacaville, §Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, Castle Crag and Dunsmuir, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and *Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, §§Rumsey, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
4.30 p m	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†7.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.45 a m
	SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge)	
‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz	8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.45 p m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*11.50 a m
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	COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)	
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‡7.30 a m	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.47 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1.45 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
11.45 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and principal Way Stations	9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	*8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations	†7.26 p m

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FROM OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, *9.00, 10.00 and *11.00 a.m., ‡12.00, *12.30, 2.00, *3.00, 4.00 and *5.00 p. m.

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays only.

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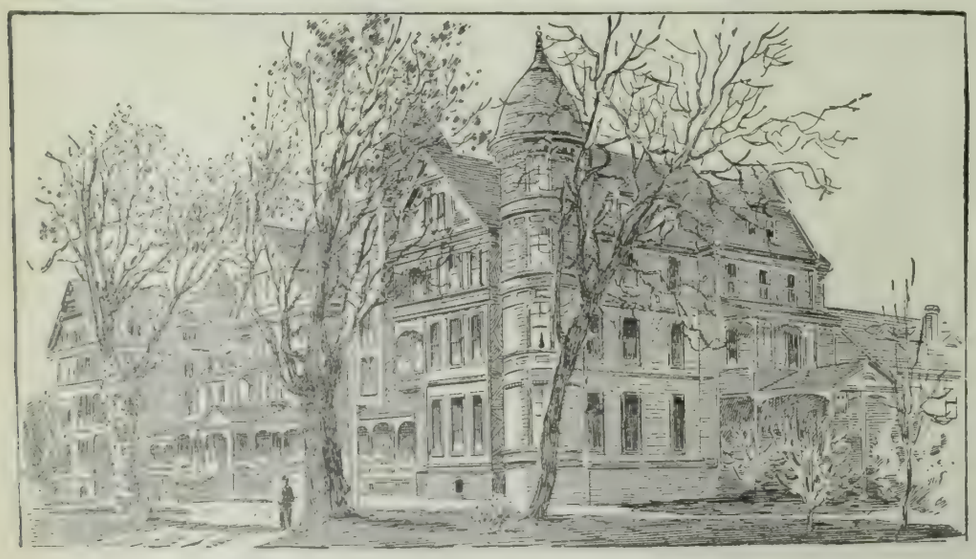

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 4. San Francisco, July 28th, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter.

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 28, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE NOSTRUM THAT SICKENED LABOR.

Now that the epidemic is over and the physicians of government have time to compare experiences and to consult over remedies, it may be well to draw attention to the utter collapse of the far-famed panacea "Debs' Restorer." That it has absolutely failed to effect a cure in even one instance is patent to all who have been deceived into using it, and the stuff must now be consigned to the limbo of quack nostrums—thoroughly discredited—discarded by the professions and the public. The vogue that a fake remedy like "Debs' Restorer" obtains may astonish all reflecting minds, but let it be remembered the public is easily cajoled and the appearance of efficacy is often taken for its demonstrations. The widespread ruin and disaster caused by the use of "Restorer" are without remedy, unfortunately, though one may hope the experience gained at such terrible cost will prove to laboring organizations and the world at large the danger of resorting to quacks and their nostrums. How much better it would have been had the decoction been shaken rather than taken. The use of "Debs' Restorer" has cost us all many millions and several lives.

SPLASHES

I HEAR that Miss Sperry and Prince Poniatowsky are being extensively entertained and infinitely congratulated in New York, where, it is now understood, the wedding will be celebrated. The original plan of a State ceremony in one of the European capitals has been very sensibly abandoned, together with all idea of keeping up a European establishment. Poniatowski has virtually declared himself an American. He will be identified with an American enterprise, live like an American gentleman, who does not disdain to earn his own American dollars and marry an American wife. This affair is proclaimed by the friends of both houses to be a love match, and the fact that a title figures in it and that the Sperrys have allied themselves to wealth are mere incidents, not to say accidents, of fortune. Will Crocker has not purchased the Prince for his sister-in-law, and whatever settlement he may choose, out of his generosity, to make upon her has not been submitted to Poniatowski for approval. Miss Sperry has an income of about five hundred dollars a month from her share in the incorporated Sperry Flouring Mills at Stockton, and the Prince must certainly realize as much as this from journalistic effort in New York, unless he has mistaken his vocation.

* * *

On an income of twelve thousand a year two young people may dwell in comparative comfort in New York City, and aided by a Princely title, even satisfy their social ambitions. Mr. McAllister's set is rather fond of big names. On more than one occasion they have proved the sesame to doors which obstinately resisted the pressure of a golden key. As the Princess Poniatowski, Miss Sperry will be more secure, socially speaking, in New York than with all the Crocker millions behind her while in Europe, where Princes grow as thick as cherries in June and money means an incalculable lot, more than it ever does in America, she might find herself the smallest sort of a droplet in the social bucket, unless she could afford to pay liberally for the distinction of being a splash. The twaddle about exclusive Europe becomes mawkish.

* * *

The meaning of the word is no longer understood, except at Vienna and, spasmodically, at St. Petersburg. Beginning with Great Britain, anyone may be presented—anyone who has not the bar sinister of a divorce on the recently acquired escutcheon—and after a bit, when Mrs. Guelph has obligingly ceased to reign, I have no doubt this slight restriction to soaring ambition will be removed by her Democratic son. In Paris, the Republic is wider than it looks, deeper than it sounds and money is not only King but God. The haute noblesse still cherishes the predjudices in the beauty of sincerity, but they are obscured by a dismal poverty into which the socially inclined do not care to burrow and, occasionally, they are choked, or at all events, silenced. The young Comte de la Rochefoucauld, be it not forgotten, has, with the consent of his family, albeit to the horror of his friends, just married Louise Radziwill, whose father has dragged a splendid name through the mire of half a century, and whose step-mamma was Mlle. Blanc, part proprietress of the most famous of gambling hells and known all over Europe as the gilt-edged daughter of Monte Carlo.

* * *

Paris was in an uproar over the announcement of the fiançailles. The Jockey Club, of which the Duc de Dondeauville, father of de la Rochefoucauld, is President, seriously considered requesting his resignation, but in the end no one had the courage or the heart to carry the resolution. A recent letter from Paris informs me that not a member of the House of Orleans could be induced to attend the marriage, although the Duke and Duchess of Chartres, and the Princess Helen of Orleans were all three in Paris at the time, and the Duc de Dedoudeauville is the acknowleged leader of their party. I believe the old Queen of Spain, who is, possibly, the most disreputable of all the crowned heads, was in evidence, and Paris had something witty and wicked to say about fairy godmothers, and all that sort of thing. For years, the Radziwills have been snubbed in every capital of Europe.

* * *

The doors of all the Embassies have been closed against them, and society has turned its back whenever their once distinguished name was mentioned. But when "the whitest hand in France" had need of money, it did not hesitate to plunge into the Radziwill coffers, and in spite of the row over the mésaliance, now that it is un fait accompli, the social atmosphere is already mellowing. Prince Radziwill and his Monte Carlo Princess have been honored by cards to one or two of the more formal functions at the Legations to which the Comte and Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld—or rather the Duke and Duchess of Bissacchia, as they are now known through a Neapolitan title, once purchased by the Duc de Doudeauville and conceded to his son on his marriage—were invited, and in the minds of social philosophers, it is only a matter of time when their limitless wealth will carve the way for them, or at least for their children, into the innermost circles of Europe.

* * *

WITH OTHER Californians Mrs. Catherwood has been amusing herself at the Westchester Country Club. We are there, it seems, in numbers. I hear that on the seventeenth, when a big Polo match was played on the Club field, the porches and dining-rooms of the Club house read like a chapter from Monterey at the height of one of the old seasons. The Huntington's had a large party over for luncheon from Throgg's Neck and a dozen smart traps belonging to San Francisco people, were out from town. Mrs. Aiger drove herself in a handsome mail phæton and beside her was Mrs. Willie Allen, the famous Southern beauty, who is always made much of in New York. Joe Grant had a seat in Mrs. Robinson's Victoria. Mrs. Catherwood was in a smart Demarest phæton with Miss Jennie Catherwood holding the ribbons, the Huntingtons and their party, which included the Prince and Princess Hatzfeld, in some of the luxurious Huntington carriages and the La Montaynes in a mail phæton, driven by Mrs. La Montayne.

* * *

The County Club Polo field is the best in America and the Westchester men play a lively game. The silks are the English pink, which we call scarlet, and with white riding breeches and buckskin leggings lend a picturesque brilliancy to the grounds—which lie at the base of the hill below the club house and are quite rich in green approach. When I was there, three years ago Porter, who married Miss Havemeyer, was conspicuous in every game. He rides like an Indian, any way, every way, and always well and usually—without his hat. This article of attire is always lost in the first rush and never rescued or remembered until it is beaten to rags under

the ponies' hoofs. There was a club tradition that Porter bought his polo caps by the dozen and at a reduced price, somewhere on lower Broadway—certain it is that he always entered the field provided with a white serge cap and as invariably left it behind him. He is the most enthusiastic of the County Club sportsmen, lives in his handsome house on the Club grounds all the year round and has some of the smartest traps in the County. Mrs. Porter is a splendid whip and prides herself on her stable of cobs, which she drives both tandem and four-in-hand.

* * *

The Harry Jeromes are at Mayence, taking the fashionable cure for the fashionable malady of nothing in particular. Mrs. Bob Hastings is also abroad, and was last heard of at the Hotel Bristol. Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair returned from their European trip and are in New York for a week or two before going down to Newport for the season. I hear that Mr. Maitland Kersey's golden chances with the California heiress are again the subject of interested speculation. It was whispered that Mrs. Oelrich carried her sister off to Europe with the desire and intent of distracting her mind from sentimental dreams of the attractive and ineligible Maitland. If this be true, the experiment was not attended by any very glittering success, for Miss Fair still smiles on Mr. Kersey. Of that there is not the slightest doubt, but whether there is any very serious thought behind the smile, time and Mr. Kersey's superior fascinations will determine. Meanwhile it is believed from certain unmistakable signs that hope springs eternal in the Kersey breast. The affair with Will Mackay is off—if it ever existed—and I hear Mackay père leaves New York for California this week.

* * *

THE LATE Miss Marguerite Wallace possessed a most interesting personality. To the type of her beauty the word "lovely" applied with rare appropriateness. She was a very exquisite creation, tall, slender, eminently refined, graceful as a lily and as delicate. She was certainly most fascinating, and that with a subtle charm which defied analysis. Intellectually, Miss Wallace had inherited a large share of her father's mentality, and though the exceeding reserve of her nature precluded any display, she was extraordinarily well read and exceedingly intelligent. The degree of literary ability she possessed, had she cared to develop it, would undoubtedly have won her a name in the art world, for it was real talent of the finest quality. Of what are ordinarily considered accomplishments, Miss Wallace had few. She could ride or drive the wildest horses, and was never happier than when breaking in a recent equine acquisition. But she really had a wide culture, and, in conversation, a wit as subtle as the charm of her individuality. It was the opportunity of only a very few and intimate friends to appreciate her, and their regret at her early death will be deep and sincere.

* * *

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT and ball at Monterey were everything that was expected, which is saying a good deal, in view of all the anticipatory rustle. The string of arrivals kept up all day Thursday and by Friday afternoon the hotel, big as it is, was crowded. Everything has been said by the papers about the Tournament beyond the fact that the splendid playing of the finals on Saturday afternoon can scarcely have too much praise. The rallys were really remarkable, even from such experts as Hubbard, Stetson and the Whitney boys, who by the way, look sufficiently alike to be confusing on the courts. Miss Hooper's work, in the doubles, was undoubtedly brilliant; she was closely run by Miss Hobart and Miss Clark, and Miss Hush, also played well. I cannot admire woman at tennis, however, no matter how clever her game. There is something in that restricted race back and forth before the nets which is violently opposed to feminine grace, and the loveliest face in the world acquires a squinty anxiety, most unbecoming, as it follows the frantic flight of the swift, uncertain ball. To be comfortably costumed—barring the impossible bloomer—she must wear a short shirt and a loose waist, and thus appear one-half her height and twice her width and emphasize her insufficiencies. For man's superior "reach" asserts itself on the courts and I have sometimes wondered if it was after watching tennis doubles that George Moore penned that finely critical differentiation "Man's figure is the nobler made because it rises to the head."

* * *

NOBODY paid much attention to the ball game, which was sandwiched in between so much besides of more absorbing interest. I believe, however, that it was well played and exciting—especially to the Clan Magee, which goes in so enthusiastically for the game. The ball in the evening was what the set went down for, and although there were fewer couples in the cotillion than perhaps were expected to dance, it was nevertheless a brilliant affair, the figures graceful and the favors, which were supplied by the hotel, handsome and many of them unique. Of course, there were the usual "boobies" among them, jumping-jacks, tin horns and toy drums, but also a quantity of stars and badges, excessively decorative, and some huge stage jewels, rubies, sapphires, amethysts and turquoises set in brilliants and attached to ribbons, which a number of girls promptly arranged as fillets, a la Cleopatra, with an effect gorgeous and fanciful. Mr. Newhall's triumph was the "candle figures," which was striking in the extreme. Eight or ten pretty girls were mounted on chairs in the center of the ballroom and provided with lighted candles in grand brass candlesticks. These, held out at arms length, at a tantalizing distance from the floor, were to be extinguished by the man agile enough to spring lightly into mid air and still possess breath enough to puff out the flame. I cannot admit that the men were picturesque at it, but the girls certainly were.

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The frocks were all deliciously summery and simple with that fine French simplicity which costs more, by the yard, than anything else. Miss Hoffman was, I think, the only girl on the floor in the regulation ball gown—a stunning pink affair with just a touch of jet to give it distinction and in which she looked handsome and statuesque as usual. The rest of the girls went in, most becomingly, for sheer stuffs and gracious colors, full, soft petticoats, lacey frills and big bouffant sleeves. Miss Hobart, in white, enjoyed her accustomed belledom and before the cotillion was half over, she was so hung with favors of various sorts and kinds that somebody said she only needed a string of popcorn and some lighted tapers to look like a Christmas tree. She is said to be the best dancer in San Francisco, and is distractingly piquant and clever. The Goad girls were among the beauties—Miss Genevieve in a frock, pale, pink, New Yorky and indescribable, more than ever suggestive of a sketch by Gibson. In glancing over the ballroom it seemed to me that every other girl wore pink—except that I remember Miss Marie Lane as distinctly lovely in the palest shade of blue. But pink is evidently in high vogue and it creeps into the costume of the hour in some insinuating way when it does not color it entirely. Impossible to give individual mention to all the pretty girls and smart matrons who were of equal importance in the success of the ball. Space and adjectives are both inadequate. I can only refer the unsatisfied to the dailies which indulged liberally in lists of names—to the exclusion of some other things which I shall enjoy talking about.

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The supper was highly elaborate and everything perfect in its way—oysters, terrapin, salads, ices—and champagne in streams. When the crowd thinned after the last dance, a few congenial spirits, led by the irrepressible Mr. Harvey, sought the seclusion granted by the hotel parlors in the cool, dim dawn and gave a refined imitation of Midway Plaisance attractions. I understand that Mr. Harvey proved his ability as a champion "Spieler," and that Walter Hobart, Addison Mizner, Harry Simpkins and one or two other men of the younger set, developed astonishing talent in the tortuous dances of the Orient. The Club house was not patronized on Saturday, with the ardor which, on Friday night, led people with rooms on the adjacent side of the hotel to see blood on the midnight moon. On the whole, I think there is less of that sort of thing everywhere this year. I believe I found occasion to comment on the decline of the midnight dissipation at San Rafael where the night of the Fourth of July was passed this season in comparative peace and quiet and the wild and senseless orgie is socially, I should say, on the wane.

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LIFE AT Monterey is very luxurous and very liveable. Breakfast at the last gasp just before the doors are bolted to clear away for luncheon. Everybody down about the same hour except the early morning maniac whom nobody cares about meeting at the Christian board. The men in flannels, the girls in cool, crisp duck, ready to loiter down to the Tanks where the crowd congregates at eleven and gets into the water by twelve. It is surprising with what ease the Californian takes to the sea. I have seen girls at Newport, Narragansett and Bar Harbor under a swiming master for an entire season, who could not begin to strike out at the end of it as easily and securely as California girls who are novices of a few weeks. There is Miss Miriam Moore, for example, who less than a month ago, stood, a pretty and envious figurante on the steps of the Lurline and dared not venture after her more accomplished friends, into water above her waist. After less than three weeks of practice at Monterey, she flings herself into the surf and swims out to the raft with a plucky if somewhat irregular stroke. Perhaps Miss Moore's ability is a trifle unusual, but nearly all California girls share her courage and self confidence in the water, and California men swim magnificently—as they ride—with scarcely an exception. At Monterey, the Harvey children, mites of seven and eleven, would put the chicken-hearted of any age or clime, to blush. They not only swim and dive like ducks and go out to the raft as regularly as the hour comes around, but regard the seventeen-mile drive as a mere bagatelle in the way of an afternoon canter, and sit their

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horses with the ease of young savages. They are bright and charming children, the belles of this Del Monte season and wear their honors with unconscious grace.

* * *

After luncheon, which lags from one till two, there is that lazy hour when people silently steal away to reappear in time for the four o'clock drive, in fresh frocks and rejuvenated complexions. There are several smart, private rigs at Monterey besides the much discussed Hobart drag—noticeably Miss Goad's little trap, a light, trim, four-wheeled affair, painted black or very dark green, quiet, elegant and eminently good form. The donkey carts are used a great deal and considered no end of fun. There is some riding—not very much however, and Miss Hooper, who rides as well as she plays tennis, is unquestionably the star horse-woman. Four-in-hands go out to any extent, and the drag party is a favorite form of entertainment. Mrs. Martin sent out a big party on Saturday, complimentary, I understand, to Miss McKenna, who is one of the prettiest girls at Del Monte, and chaperoned by Mrs. Downey Harvey. Dinner is decidedly a function of importance. Eight o'clock, or the quarter before, seems to be the chosen hour and everybody dresses amazingly well—the girls carrying huge bunches of roses, quite the latest fad, I gather. The Goads have anywhere from three to six each, of these dinner bouquets to choose from every night, and have, generally speaking, the innings at Monterey this season. They are very stunning girls, and moreover got down to Monterey in advance of the rest and had time and unrivalled opportunity to establish their belledom. They wore some adorable frocks, "simple little muslins" made by inimitable modistes, and go in for picture hats which are ravishingly becoming.

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A MARRIAGE of more than passing interest to the monde living south of Tehachapi is that of Miss Inez Shorb and Dr. White, U. S. A. Miss Shorb is the eldest daughter of J. de Barth Shorb of San Gabriel. Dr. White's name is a familiar one in Navy circles, as he is regarded among the brightest of the young physicians in the service. After the marriage the happy pair go to live at Annapolis, where Dr. White is stationed for three years. Miss Ramona Shorb, who has been in town for several weeks past as the guest of Mrs. Kirkpatrick at the Palace Hotel, returned home recently. She is quite a striking looking girl, and inherits the good looks and vivacity characteristic of her family.

* * *

The report that Miss Dimond contemplates being born again, through the medium of water and the spirit, and will embrace the creeds of the Roman Church before wedding that good Catholic, Mr. Joseph Tobin, is, I am assured, a mere invention of some agile fancy. I understand that the matter has not yet been discussed by those most intimately concerned, although there is almost certain to have been, as usual, some sentiment in one or both families, such as the conflict of faiths is sure to evolve. The less conservative Protestant usually yields a point or two, for which his church does not hold him reprehensible, but the canons of Catholicism, as understood by the Church of Rome, admit of few concessions. This is always a delicate matter, even for speculation. Perhaps it would be as well to wait for Miss Dimond and Mr. Tobin to volunteer their intentions.

Mrs. Collier made such a success of the "Living Pictures" which with the assistance of some of the pretty girls who were her guests, she got up as a diversion for her house party over the Fourth, that last week she was induced to repeat the tableaux for Sweet Charity's Sake. The little town of Lakeport has long sighed for a free reading-room, and toward the furtherance of this laudable ambition, Mrs. Collier and her friends cheerfully contributed their artistic efforts. The Pictures were given in the Town Hall, which was packed to the doors, and the stage offered rather a better opportunity than the rooms at Clear Lake. The figures were posed within an enormous gilt frame, with cunning effects of drapery and admirably adjusted lights. The Collier girls, Miss Cohen and Miss Lillie Lawler were among the girls who took part in the tableaux, and they are said to have posed very gracefully. Some friends of the Colliers' went up from here for the night, and the entire population of Lakeport turned out for the unusual occasion.

* * *

TALBOT CLIFTON has been royally entertained at Burlingame since his return from Mexico. He is probably the most popular Briton who has ever been the recipient of American hospitality, and one of the exceeding few who have thought it worthy of some degree of appreciation. John Drew has also been a guest at Burlingame and the particular guest of the Tobins. He goes down, again, I believe, this Saturday, to remain until "Christopher, Jr.," calls him to town for rehearsal. The Tobins have been faithful visitors at the Baldwin all through the week and have had a box on the opening night of both the Drew plays. The audiences have been distinctly fashionable and the light toilettes particularly striking—not confined, by any means, to the Monday evenings. White silks, satins and brocades, pale colors and lace galore, picture hats and pale gloves—such a display as has not been seen in a theatre here since the old Patti seasons at the Grand, when it was fashionable in San Francisco to go to the opera —not without bonnets, but in the biggest hats that could be bought. On the first night of "The Masked Ball" there were several large parties, a crowd came up from Monterey on the late train for this express purpose, and all the well-known people in town were in the theatre. Miss Owens entertained her party, including the Misses Dimond, Miss Clarke, Mr. Tobin and Mr. Simpkins, at dinner and also gave a supper at her home after the performance. Mr. Drew and his company visit the Lurline regularly. Drew is an expert swimmer and the ethereal Miss Adams, robed for the bath, is said to create a piercing sensation.

* * *

I hear from New York that Mrs. Catherwood's engagement to Mr. Zimmerman is "off." Circumstances interposed in an unexpected way, I believe, and there were religious difficulties of a nature hard to surmount. Rumor has it that the affair is by no means disposed of permanently and that time may modify the immediate obstacles.

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I UNDERSTAND that Mrs. Moses Hopkins, who entertained a number of people, among whom were Miss Hillyer and Miss Holbrook, at Del Monte, had another large party at Saratoga Springs in Lake County. The guests included the Benedicts, Miss Porter and Bayard Redfield, who came out to attend the Lockwood-Redfield wedding, and Mrs. Hopkins could scarcely have chosen a more characteristic spot to impress the Eastern eyes. Saratoga Springs are in a little valley something like twenty miles east of Ukiah, hidden by thickly wooded mountains and approached by one of the picturesque gorges which California shares only with Canada. Colonel Warfield of the California Hotel management, is the present proprietor of the Springs, and his liberal policy is made manifest in many improvements. As this has always been a favorite camp ground, small cabins, provided with stoves and other potent ameliorations of strict camp life, may be rented by those who wish to play lightly at roughing it, and there is beside a regular camp ground where one may go into camp in dead earnest and with every desired discomfort theroto attached, and be in easy reach of good beds and an excellent dinner at the hotel, when courage waneth and the heart grows faint.

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THE OAKLAND week has been conspicuously quiet, as the fashionable world took wing for Monterey and the Tennis Tournament Ball. The Magees, McNears, Allisons, Hushes and Taylors departed early in the week, and it was confidently expected that one of the Magees, at least, would returned wreathed in laurels. Oakland is sufficiently proud, however, of Charley Hubbard's success, to say nothing of the triumph of Miss Hush, and one community cannot expect all the tennis prizes. The only brilliant event recorded locally in fourteen days was the opening of the Macdonough with Mrs. Potter and Mr. Bellew in that astonishing play, "In Society." The Potter engagment was accepted as a social circumstance, and the Four Hundred of Alameda County turned out in a body. The house was exceptionally brilliant, for dress was extreme, and nearly all the girls and younger married women appeared without hats. Miss Blanchard, who is a brunette and a beauty, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. J. Valentine, and was given a small tea on Saturday, with about thirty guests, I believe. She wore a stunning gown of pale blue and white silk, and received very gracefully for so young a girl. Mr. Powing is sharing the delights of his beautiful yacht with any number of appreciative friends, and had a large party out again last week for luncheon. His guests on the last cruise were Miss Hutchinson, Miss Bell, Miss Sunderland, Miss Ella Wall, Miss Prather, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Howard, Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Moore and Mr. Avery.

* * *

A large portion of that congregation which describes itself so explicitly as the First English Evangelical Lutheran Church of Oakland, sought out and surprised Mr. and Mrs. Moller in their home on Tuesday last, decorated the spacious halls and rooms with choice flowers, and expressed their sentiments of regard and esteem through the medium of Mr. P. M. Fisher, who delivered a brief and eloquent address. The evening was passed most enjoyably, and concluded in the manner of all good, old-fashioned surprise parties. Mrs. Morgan indulged in another evening picnic at Berkeley this week—quite as delightful as the last, and insured the success thereof from the very start by inviting fifteen men and only five girls.

* * *

THE DECLINE and fall of Max Popper is hardly as fertile a subject as that which Gibbons expanded into seven volumes, but it is pregnant with political moral. This is an instance of circumstances being too strong for the individual. Gifted with admirable intentions and some tact of manner, Max lacked

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the independence of character and the courage which are the foundations of leadership. He forgot that a prominence is maintained by the same form of exertion by which it is attained. Having arrived at the summit of his ambition he imagined himself a species of idol on a pedestal far removed from the vulgar necessity of aiding his friends, and the proper object of incense and adoration. Unfortunately, the men who elevated him were unable to accept this view of the situation, and, unreasonable as it may seem, Popper resented aggressively their interference in his scheme of passive existence. The consequence of conversion from figurehead to fighter was the internicine warfare which has ended in the fall of the idol.

* * *

When Maximilian Popper accepted the Democratic leadership no one doubted either his capacity or the excellence of his intentions. Though his political identity was founded on that of Buckley, whose associate he had been, the tendency was to regard him as the good principle of the partnership—the leaven of virtue in the dough of corruption. He brought to the reorganized party the shrewdness it was presumed he had learned from affiliation with the Mammon of Unrighteousness, combined with a personal propriety his evil connections had never deprived him of. It soon became apparent he had little of the light that shineth in the darkness, but was a man as other men, of no great fertility of resources, and of far less energy than the part called for. His conduct of the last campaign developed neither suggestiveness nor industry, and exhibited on occasions a capacity for petty jealousy that surprised the men responsible for his elevation. I have always believed the Democratic sweep of California was a disappointment to Max for he had predicted so energetically its defeat.

* * *

The particular pose of Maximilian Popper after the success of Cleveland was that of proud impartiality. As leader he could not afford to be identified with the cause of any candidate. The obligation of his high place precluded the expression of personal predelictions. It was at this time he began to lose friends. Later on came the realization that the basis of popularity is the conferring of favors and then when it was too late, he commenced finding places for some of his intimates. In spite of the eminence of his position he found office holders considered themselves under no obligation whatever to him, and the series of disappointments he met with unsettled his attitude. He ranged himself in antagonism to the men who had refused his requests and laid the foundations of the enmities that have resulted in his own undoing. He was sufficient of a figure, however, to have preserved his prominence but for the error he made in accepting the management of the local organization. Thrown upon his own resources, compelled to act and think enactively by the recurrence of problems demanding decisiveness, Popper developed an impatience of opposition and an intolerance of opinions save those that harmonized with his own.

* * *

Stung by the defeat of his project to have the State Convention at Santa Cruz, Max determined on an open manifestation of hostility. Unable out of his own resources to organize an effective opposition, he called the *Examiner* to his rescue and set a flying the ridiculous Buckley bug-a-boo—this after Mr. Hearst's journal had cleverly fastened the obnoxious ex-boss on Colonel Dan Burns and the Republicans. He combined then with the forces of County Clerk Haley, who cherishes an ardent hatred of Sheriff McDade, and there was a "lining up" of forces over the Postoffice primary proposition, which Mr. Popper and the *Examiner* determined should pass at any cost. The attention excited over his resuscitation of Buckley persuaded him of the efficacy of that cry as an instrument of compulsion. Therefore, he was interviewed at intervals in his organ, and having created his man of straw, was made General to fight him. The story of how Will Hearst compelled McDade to throw his strength for Max's leadership is pretty well known in the party, and, for the time being, it seemed as though he had snatched victory from his opponents.

* * *

However, the cannonading began. Past association unfitted Popper to head a fight against Buckley, and the tactics of the enemy were to suggest a secret agreement between the erstwhile partners for the control of affairs. The very weapon Max had used for his own aggrandisement was adroitly turned against him, and the attacks were more than he could withstand. With its usual consistence and loyalty, the *Examiner* had no sooner made him General than it deserted his banner, and poor Popper was left unprotected against the hot shot of the *Chronicle*, so he resigned, or rather turned tail under fire. It will be no great consolation for this deposed chieftain to realize in the broad interval he will have for reflection, that if Buckley becomes again an active principle in Democratic politics, that ascendency is due to his own tactics. The intimation of that dread name persuaded the men who once did reverence at the shrine that Buckley was back again, and many have returned to their allegiance. But a little tact on the part of the new administration may banish the impression, and the ex-boss will be allowed to revert to the bucolic obscurity he is said to covet.

* * *

THE CURRENT of the Anglo-California Bank's career will not be seriously disturbed by the death of ex-Governor Low. It is difficult to unsettle the prosperity of a firmly founded institution, and he is indeed an able financier whose passing away produces collapse. Admitting all this, it would be unfair to assume his position in the bank as that of a figurehead. On the contrary, he subserved a most useful purpose in the ménage, and brought to the conduct of its affairs an intellect of unusual excellence and capacity. By this I do not mean to picture Governor Low as possessed of a potent individuality; he had none of the aggressiveness of disposition which makes for leadership. But he possessed a mind equably balanced and I think his judgment was admirable. He had the talent that distinguishes born jurists of considering impartially both sides of a given proposition, and deciding accurately the weight of evidence. In an arbitration he was especially valuable, and those who knew the man rarely challenged his conclusion. Besides, he grasped easily the details of a complex problem, though the tendency of his mind would hardly lead him to gathering them.

* * *

In the bank, questions of policy were generally determined by the late ex-Governor. He interposed admirably between Mr. Steinhart and Mr. Lilienthal, and in his judicial way settled many mooted points. I don't imagine his estate will excite much attention in the Probate Court, as prior to his death he transferred to his wife and daughter all his real estate, bonds and the large parcel of stock he held in the Sutter Street railroad. He was worth, I believe, about $300,000. Considering the career of F. F. Low it is not unreasonable to argue from the prominence he attained that his type of mind is really the one which wins most often the world's prizes. No one would style him a brilliant man, and yet he was elected to Congress, was Governor of California, subsequently represented this country in China, made a fortune and ended his days manager of a great financial institution receiving for his services a large salary. That is eminent success as life goes, and yet most men would be inclined to deny him a greater talent than respectability.

* * *

IT WOULD be difficult to conceive a personality in more direct contrast to ex-Governor Low's than that of E. L. G. Steele. The type of the latter's mind was in no sense judicial; his best conclusions voiced his quickest intuitions. An aggressive, active, generous man, he delighted in good fellowship, in the exertion of his faculties, and he entered into the pursuit of enjoyment with that same exuberance which he brought to the conduct of his business. He was highly vitalized, was Steele, and there was something compelling about his personality, even for men whose opposition his aggressiveness provoked. When he directed the operations of the American Sugar Refinery it was often commented on that he could sell cargoes to merchants whose preferences led to patronizing Spreckels. And yet, with all the talent and capacity he evinced in so many ways, Steele was never chosen for political honors; he never realized the especial object of his later ambitions—to be President of the Bohemian Club. Yet there was hardly any honor, political or social, that F. F. Low desired he could not have had for the asking.

* * *

It was in the management of the American Refinery that Steele developed a mechanical genius, which offset the capital and huge power of the sugar trust. He so modified the machinery and methods of refining that he was able to undersell his rich rivals, and waged war so successfully on them that eventually they acceded to his own terms. The deal he made netted him a profit of several hundreds of thousands. His ability, however, was executive—he had not the talent for investment, and I believe his fortune will hardly prove as large as his intimates anticipate. One recalls the energy Mr. Steele attempted to infuse into the overland railway scheme, but that idea had no business value, and was foredestined to failure. He retired from the mercantile business in which his original success was won, because that line of endeavor has ceased to be profitable, but he had, some time prior to his death, determined to try mining, and had been fortunate enough to find an admirable property, whose development would have added materially to his wealth.

* * *

NO ONE at Sacramento was more keenly alive to the dignity of his position as U. S. Marshal than Barry Baldwin. Representing Washington, he was very naturally the important personage round railroad headquarters, while his Traffic Association affiliations made him a *persona grata* with the daring strikers. There are many amusing tales being told about the manner in which this unique official comported himself at the several crises, but the best of the collection is one that

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describes how he met the regulars under General Graham. That personage was really under the Marshal's orders, so that Barry was virtually Commander-in-Chief of all the forces at the Capital, a position of dire responsibility. When in the course of events he was notified that the troops had arrived at the landing and had disembarked he considered it incumbent on him to pay them the compliment of a personal reception.

* * *

It was a fine sight, that body of admirably drilled and equipped men marching along, the officers so neat and natty in their trim uniforms, the soldiers with their bright accoutrements and formidable weapons, moving with eminent precision—all so business-like, so complete. Graham, on a charger, led the martial array. Down upon this fine aggregation came U. S. Marshal Baldwin. He wore a little straw hat, a short box coat and light trousers, and, horror of horrors, he was mounted on a bicycle. Imagine the meeting—the dignified Graham on one side garbed in all the glory of epaulettes and brass buttons, on his war horse, and Barry Baldwin in his straw hat mounted serenely on a bicycle.

* * *

IT IS a reasonable assumption that when the war clouds have lifted and peace resumes her white-winged sway there may be an inquiry into the causes that precipitated that militia esclandre at the Sacramento depot. It is hardly true to say that "somebody blundered," because several glaring errors were committed by warriors who ought to have known better. Indeed, there was an absolute failure in the matter of preparation in equipping the troops, in providing rations. The commissary department was sadly unequal to the occasion and the officers wilted when confronted with a condition and not a theory. Still, the requisite degree of obedience would undoubtedly have been developed but for the curious indecision of the U. S. Marshal. Had he but acted with a mild degree of vigor and decision the scene that precipitated so much unwelcome criticism on the National Guard would never have occurred. In the huge crown gathered at the depot there were only about fifty strikers; the rest were spectators—Sacramentans gathered on the scene to witness the fun.

* * *

Of fun there was plenty. Led by the malcontents the crowd joined in guying the soldiers. Then, after several consultations with the officers in command Baldwin, accompanied by two strikers who held American flags over his head, climbed on an engine and made a speech. In expostulatory, apologetic tones he begged: "Now gentlemen I must really ask that you go away from here. Please go, gentlemen!" and much more in the same style. It was really a pitiable spectacle, and no one who heard the derisive applause of the crowd could fail to sympathize with the man so obviously unequal to a situation that required courage and positive decision of character. When the troops marched off amidst ironical cheers and hoots there was a disgust so deep and profound among their officers, that Baldwin received but little encouragement to attempt further aggressions. On the same night at the dictation of a group of strikers, he ordered the soldiers away from a vacant lot near the depot, where they were encamped, to the Capitol grounds. Marshal Baldwin asked that the men be given until the following morning to decamp, but the strikers were insistent. Thereupon this proud and courageous representative of the U. S. Government gave in.

The Best Suppers in Town at the Cafe Riche

OVER GROVE JOHNSON'S cross-examination of District Attorney Garter in the Martin will case much merriment was evoked by the latter's declaration that he had done in recent years much work for nothing. Considering Mr. Garter holds a Federal position of prominence, it is generally assumed he is well paid for his devotion. The contrary is the case, however. The salary of the United States Attorney is but $500 per annum. For actual compensation he must look to the fees the Government allows, which average, I believe, $50 for a conviction and but $20 in case of acquittal. During habeas corpus days the post was highly lucrative, and the incumbent found his receipts considerable; but there is little stirring in the Federal world of late, and I imagine Mr. Garter has been compelled to the exercise of strict economy. There was rather more point to the declaration of disinterestedness than met the ear, though the tendency is not one that Mr. Garter exercises with pleasure. It is very near a certainty, I believe, that Caminetti's partner, Mr. Magee, will soon succeed to the post. The delegation has declared for him.

* * *

HOW LIKE a faded prima-donna venturing on her "farewell tour" does Estee's campaign open. Robbed of his jewels! His insignias and emblems of lodge-craft stolen! Now that this good man has unlimbered and unbuckled all the crafts of statesmanship and vote-catching he kens so much of, I expect to see him daily in the press. First—Estee robbed! Next it will be a fire in some hotel—Estee making his escape, skipping lightly among the chimney tops. Later on, perhaps, he will be shadowed by some creature who threatens dynamite and sundry other fearful consequences if he does not marry her. To what extent may not this juggling go? True, most people had forgotten he was a candidate at all, but why resort to this stale trick of staler actresses? Mr. Estee's advance agent should invent some new device.

* * *

THE CONFIDENCE of coming triumph beams glowingly from the intellectual countenance of Colonel Dan Burns, and subdues even the irridesence of his diamond shirt studs. With the charming suavity he is liable to exhibit if the occasion or the candidate demand no show of forcefulness, he announces the battle already won for Estee. "Why," says he, "it's certain. We will come up from Tehachapi with eight thousand majority—how can we fail then?" Echo asks—how, indeed? Not content with voicing this certainty, the great man, whom everyone knows is somewhat of a gamester, is engaged in backing his prediction with Candalerian gold. In extenuation it may be added he is equally certain of San Francisco, and speaks of his candidate's majority in the metropolis with a degree of confidence that begets a fear he may know whereof he speaks. All this surety is but the result of optimism and imagination, for, considering everything, he is really a very young boss, this Colonel Burns, and it is not incumbent on him to know everything.

* * *

Considering the independent parties in process of formation—the Non-Partisan and Citizens' tickets already looming up on the political horizon—it might be argued the Colonel's confidence is but another name for blindness. Still, in that Napoleonic way he has, he may so manipulate his convention as to present the voters a city ticket of some character, *sans* Mahoney, Maher, Daly—*sans* everything that smacks of ancient politics. Then, indeed, the party may be in it. One might suggest to the Colonel, who boasts so proudly of his Southern majority, to remember what he forgot at Sacramento there is a North. Perhaps he may have reason to.

* * *

ANENT the pitiable efforts Adolph Sutro is making to induce the Supervisors to return that $6,000 check of his, rather a funny story is told. Under the new law all franchises put up for sale are disposed of to the highest bidder. In the asking making good of that stupendous "bluff" of his the old gentleman demanded from the Board the right to build the five cent line and in the usual way bids were called for. On the last day he appeared before the Street Committee with two envelopes—one containing a check for $5,000, the other, a check for $6,100. Trembling with apprehension, he waited to file his bid until the last moment, intending if no one else appeared to put in the smaller check. The time was nearly up when a functionary came in with a pretentious looking envelope which he filed with all due formality, whereupon Adolph reluctantly put in the larger figure. Imagine his rage and consternation when, on opening the official looking envelope, a dollar bill was found. And well might it for the innocent greenback had cost the old gentleman just $1,100.

* * *

THE FICKLE GODDESS had few votaries at the Fair. Though it is the popular assumption that the financial results to the Administration were everything that could be desired, there is no question but several very enterprising gentlemen came out of the cause much poorer than when they entered it. Viscount Corneley, for instance. One may have reasonable doubts about the purity of this nobleman's record, and it is highly improbable he had any other motive in aiding the Fair save the hope of personal aggrandizement, but neither contention alters the fact that he labored indefatigably for its success. The participation of foreign exhibitors, such as it was, had its origin in the energy and earnestness of the much-abused Corneley, whom, I understand, retires into private life with hardly enough to go East with. In my opinion Corneley has been unfairly treated. Mr. Hearst has used his identity as a means of attack on the Director-General. His projected Equestrian Festival was riddled by the *Examiner* in its crusade against the Fair. Altogether he has been a victim far more deserving of pity than reproach.

* * *

Leopold Bonnet is another whose expenditures have exceeded his income. The Electric Tower project failed either to pay for itself or to return aught to its inventor. It made a very beautiful spectacle, but the majority of people were content to see its glories from the court rather than give twenty-five cents for the privilege of ascent. He is trying to have the edifice re-erected down town, but I fear, in the present condition of local finances, his success will hardly be positive. We are all familiar with the failure of the Vienna Prater. It would be amusing to announce the many shrewd gentlemen whose judgment was proved at fault in that affair. Even the '49 Mining Camp, though it had every appearance of prosperity, announces the darkest financial results. Large sums were taken in, it is true, but the accounts show the expenditures swallowing up the receipts. Sam Davis, who obtained the concession and expected to make a liberal sum out of his idea, retires with

nothing. The gambling department, it seems, yielded but fifteen per cent of its returns to the management, so from that source but little revenue was obtained.

* * *

Yet, if one may believe those in authority the consessionaires, in spite of their complaining, retire from California with profits. No one questions the gains of the scenic railway, whose proprietors paid the $15,000 cost of construction out of the receipts of the first few weeks. Carroll Cook and Ned Foster made a good many thousands out of tamales. "Pharaoh's Daughter" coined money, some of the restaurants proved eminently profitable. In the Liberal Arts Building, Mooser retires with but three cases of goods and profits of $7,000. Wahlis, of the Austrian glassware, sold nearly everything, and that at rates high enough to bring tears to the eyes of a city dealer. The Swedish pottery and paraphernalia were renewed three times—in fact, most of the exhibitors were clever enough to dispose of their goods, and but few return home out of pocket. These are the facts, though I know the majority are engaged repining the moment they saw California. Indeed, I am told, there are gentlemen connected with the mining camp who, according to report, fared well enough, but that is another story.

* * *

The prosperity of Count de Vermont is a subject one approaches with enthusiasm. Out of the Turkish Concession he has made money; some say $30,000. Taking advantage of the brilliant anticipations rife prior to the opening of the great show he disposed of his space at most profitable rates and after paying all expenses retires with that handsome surplus. Besides the lump sum he has made, he drew one hundred a week for his services, and no one connected with the Fair has had more amusement out of his stay in town. He has lived luxuriously, gave dinners and has every reason to congratulate himself on coming to California. Colonel Boone, too, has less to regret than his loudly expressed grief might indicate, and Foote, of Museum fame, will have ample funds to go East on should he decide to return there. So, though the fickle godess has but slender thanks, it is rather because of the economy of her favors than on account of her absence.

* * *

BETWEEN THE socialism of the moment and the platform of the Populists, he is, indeed, a daring politician who confesses to possessing wealth. The individual with Gubernatorial or Senatorial aspirations who happens also to have broad acres, bonds, or merely a house or two in the Western Addition, is liable to allude to his properties as the pranks of fickle fortune—a condition of affairs not entirely lamentable, but in no sense the consequence of financial genius. There is Senator Langford of Stockton, for instance, whom the grangers allude to respectfully as "Honest Ben." He owns several thousand acres of San Joaquin County, and is accused of being worth something like half a million dollars. A very homely old gentleman is the Senator, with no pretensions and whiskers galore, whose features express that fine old integrity which has won him his soubriquet. But he is a politician, is "Honest Ben," and quite as alive to the theories of the moment as any one else.

* * *

Conversing with a friend of mine over the worldly affairs of another aspirant, he alluded apologetically to his own prosperity. Coming to California behind a flock of sheep, he had not the faintest intention of acquiring wealth or acres. But circumstances and the avidity of his rivals compelled him to pick up a few square miles of San Joaquin County, and 'ere he realized his good luck, the neighbors were raising wheat all around him, and in the course of events the sheep were driven off into the foothills and reapers and harvesters were gathering bushels of golden grain from his possessions. Of course, he profited by the operation, and in due time, out of his earnings, bought more land. But, as he says himself, he became a proprietor purely out of self-protection, without hope or aspiration, so no one can accuse him of being heartless, though he is a capitalist.

* * *

John Milholland, New York's last political celebrity, is on his way to San Francisco, traveling with all the speed he may. He is decidedly a personage—by profession a newspaperman—manager of Whitelaw Reid's *Tribune*, and universally regarded as the cleverest political leader and manipulator in Gotham. Among the achievements to his credit is that of transmuting the *Tribune* office from a non-union to a union basis, and healing the rupture between Reid and the labor organizations. His latest work has been that of forming Republican clubs throughout New York, and with so signal a degree of success that he has to-day one of the largest personal followings in the Empire State. Individually, Milholland is a very brilliant and fascinating man, with great personal magnetism. During his stay here he will be the guest of Mrs. and Miss Cavain at their home on California Street.

* * *

GENERAL HEUSTON has been received among his old friends in San Francisco with a magnificent cordiality, and the Bohemian Club is unaffectedly delighted to have him again in its midst. Next week a dinner will be given in his honor, and Bohemians are hoping that he will evince all the old-time interest in the coming Midsummer Jinks. The General was always of inestimable value on such occasions, and flung himself into the work of preparation with tireless energy. He was wont to go to the scene of the celebration some three weeks in advance, establish his camp there among his corps of workmen, and give his personal time, attention and labor to the perfection of his plans. The Bohemian Club will never forget the enterprising spirit which determined and succeeded in damming Austin Creek and providing club members not only an unrivaled plunge, but erecting on its brink bath houses which were as comfortably, if not as luxuriously, appointed as those of the Lurline Baths.

* * *

Meantime, the general scheme for the High Jinks is being perfected by the committe under Peter Robertson. The idea is to include the members, either as participants or audience proper in the celebration and all are invited to interest themselves to the fullest extent. Stewart has promised the music in appropriate Romany measure, and club voices and club talent generally will be called on to render it. The Gypsy encampment in the grove, with tent town glowing in the light of pitch torches and blazing bonfires, weird strains of Romany music to soothe the ear, and the comforting reflection that all this is going to be not only heavenly but inexpensive, has taken firm hold of the Bohemian fancy, and the club is already enthusiastically obliged to Peter.

* * *

The motif of the Low Jinks is still shrouded in blackest mystery. The most rigid of exclusive spirits prevails this year and the fiat has gone forth that the weaving spider must keep away from Guerneville. Nothing easier than to guard a secret in that vicinity! Cut off by the Russian River on one side and on the other three by woods impassable except for the little footpath which leads over two miles or more to a flag station on the Narrow Guage line, the Grove may be regarded as reasonably safe from invasion by the hordes of the Philistines.

* * *

At an official meeting on Tuesday last, a resolution was adopted to accept the proposition of Mr. Wenban, to liberate the Club from its embarrassment in regard to the new building on payment of $25,000—this sum to be payable in three years' time at yearly payments of one-third the amount. The rumor that Mr. M. H. De Young is at present, in pour-parlez with Mr. Wenban concerning the rental of the new Club-house for the uses of some Club now in process of incorporation, was only lightly touched on by the Bohemians. The friends of Mr. De Young seemed to think that after his experience with the Midwinter Fair and relatively, the appreciative incapacity of the San Francisco public, he would not be likely to saddle himself with any immediate responsibility of even a semi-public nature. At all events this phase of the question was not seriously considered, and the above resolution was adopted. Such a settlement would be a more fortunate conclusion than the Bohemian Club dared hope for, and after the difficulties with which it has recently been brought to face, must appear in a most satisfactory light. Once again the tact of the Colonel President and the wisely directed energies of the present Board of Directors has made its weight manifest in the interests of the Club.

* * *

AS I indicated some time ago there does not appear in the rank and file of the party the jubilance over the control of Colonel Burns that one might expect. Of course, he has most of "the works" in his possession, for he has been careful to secure the machine in most of the districts, but some of the subsidiary leaders are not satisfied to merge their identity entirely with that of the autocrat,

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

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and if he be not uneasy over the murmurs, it is because ignorance is bliss. Among the most important discontents is that of Ed. Donnelly in the 36th District. He is a man of wealth and character, who has a turn for politics, and when Burns set about his fight with Kelly and Crimmins, he enlisted the South San Francisco bucher in his cause. He won. But the Colonel forgot a pledge he made Donnelly, and the result was the defection of a section of the San Francisco delegation at an important moment in the late convention. It is said the autocrat resents all exhibitions of personal will, and he is determined to turn Donnelly down.

* * *

It is history that a row between the late Bill Higgins and the gallant Ed. cost the party a Senator and an Assemblyman in the 36th, when Hearst was elected Senator, and it is notorious that a similar effort at ignoring him deprived Kelly and Crimmins of two votes in the Legislature that sent Stephen M. White to Washington. The two episodes indicate that Donnelly's power is not that of the machine, but that he possesses a large personal following. The "workers" may not always be with him, but he usually controls the votes, and on election day that is the important thing. Under the circumstances, I can quite agree with a loyal friend of the administration, who made the point that Dan had better keep in with Donnelly.

* * *

MR. HARRISON'S play "Runymede, or Sherwood," is, in all probability, already at its destination, and we shall next hear of it in process of rehersal by the Ward-James Company. I saw some of the original water color sketches for the scenes and costumes, by Solly Walter, who has been most faithful to the spirit of that romantic period of English history, and given some charming suggestions for color and grouping. The King in the cell of Friar Tuck, with the jovial monk standing upright before his huddled, crouching Majesty, is a delightful bit of work; the best, perhaps of all when its dramatic value is considered, although Robin Hood and his merry, merry men are all finely and correctly costumed, and the slender men in the old Abbey porch, full of shrinking grace, and throughout the series of pictures, the russets and yellows of the woods, and the cool grays of the cloistered walls seem to have subtly tinged the artists' brush. There are infinite possibilities for the picturesque in this play, and I understand Mr. Harrison has delved deep into wood lore, and forest craft for his dramatic effects.

* * *

CHRIST'S CHURCH, at Saucelito, had a picture wedding on Saturday last, when Miss Ella Le Count, daughter of Joseph Le Count, of San Francisco, and Ensign George R. Slocum, of the United States Navy, were united in the holy bond, at the hour of two forty-five, by the clock. The church was delightfully decorated with all the brilliancy which belongs to army or navy weddings, added to a charming arrangement of ferns and flowers. The ushers, all in the service, contributed the splendor of gold lace and brass buttons, and the costumes of the bride and her Maid of Honor, Miss Susie Le Count, were in the fashion of the First Empire, than which there is nothing lovelier. The bridal robe was of heavy white moiré antique, quite capable, I should imagine, of standing entirley alone, which I understand is the proverbial test of fitness in this old time texture. It was confined beneath the bust by a girdle of pearls, with a clasp of pearls and diamonds, and the high carsage covered by a deep fichu of point de Venise—this, and the very bouffant sleeves meeting the gloves—the necessary concessions to American prejudices required of a bridal costume á la Josephine.

* * *

Even in Europe, it is only Royalty which now goes sleeveless and decolleteé to the altar, and the American mind could scarcely conceive of a bride who was not extremement colleé. The low cut corsage is so distinctive a feature of the Empire gown, however, that it is seldom successfully suggested without it, but the fichu happly harmonizes the anachorism, and Miss Le Count and her sister could scarcely have chosen prettier or more becoming frocks. Miss Susie Le Count's costume was in apple-green brocade, worn with a wide Leghorn hat trimmed with green chiffon and ostrich tips. Even the long gloves of undressed kid were in the same odd and vivid shade, and one note of contrasting color artistically supplied by a huge bunch of pale pink roses, carried loosely in the hand. The maids wore petticoats of pink mousseline de soie under bodices of white silk brocaded in pink rosebuds, big Leghorn hats trimmed with pink chiffon, pale pink gloves, and carried clusters of sweet peas. As for the little flower girls who are something of a novely at the American wedding, they were simply a fluffy mass of white beruffled swiss and pale pink silk.

* * *

There need be no doubt of the ability of Charlotte Perkins-Stetson to make her series of talks on social questions interesting. Besides her very positive personality, she has ideas equally positive, and is not in the slighest degree chary about expressing them in a pointed, precise way. Union Square Hall is the locale of the lecturess, and on a Wednesday evening she holds forth on what are really the topics of the moment. One startling characteristic Mrs. Stetson possesses, and those whose point of view is diametrically opposed to that she has cultivated, will as readily admit it as her friends—she is thoroughly honest and sincere, and speaks only her convictions.

* * *

WHEN Expert Breckenfeld was being cross-examined by Attorney Grove Johnson as to the degree of influence the proximity of a dying wife may have upon the handwriting of her husband, he recoiled before answering, in a way that suggested to close observers some reason for his hesitation. Sad to say, he, too, had come to give evidence, from the deathbed of a dearly beloved wife. Some days before the Martin trial began Mrs. Breckenfeld was examined by several physicians and their verdict was that she had but a short time to live. One can realize the cruel strain the answering of such a question as that of Attorney Johnson imposed and the witness showed far more than an ordinary power of restraint in responding with the business like precision he did.

* * *

Sensational as the developments of the case have been, I am assured the future promises to be even more startling. The individualities of the participants already take on extraordinary colors, and throughout the week the attitude of the public has been—what next. So far, the conspicuous role has been filled by Grove Johnson, whose quality of wit seems particularly journalese. The opportunity of the coming week is Mr. Delmas' who will cross-examine Mr. John Martin's witnesses.

The Witness.

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THE WAVE
A SOCIETY LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

San Francisco, July 28, 1894

A letter is received from a rancher in Placer County, who, after raking the strikers fore, aft and broadside, says:

"This lawless strike, and the great loss it has inflicted, has converted me to Government ownership of all the railroads. Then there will be some security against turbulence."

There is no doubt but what the same process has worked in the convictions of a great many people. It is in its essence the same idea that has always raised itself into prominence, everywhere that ignorant and corrupt leaders have gained such control of a large number of people as to march them against law and combine them for the destruction of property. The Debs' strike has destroyed enough perishable and other property in California to have paid all the freights on the commerce of the State for three years. Looking upon this loss the owners of the property cry out, as they have always, for the strong and steady hand of the Government to protect. It is the old demand for "the man on horseback."

Concerning it, let us consider some of the economic conditions that will follow, and inquire dispassionately into their effect upon California. Go amongst the producers along the entire Atlantic seaboard, and you find one universal, prevalent and unvaried complaint, against cheap rail freights from the West. Cheap Western freight on the long haul has destroyed the profits on the wheat fields of New York. It has sent dressed meat from the West so cheaply to the market block in the East, that the farmer there no longer has sale at a living price for his pigs, cattle and calves. When the Federal Government proposed any form of aid to irrigation of the arid lands West of the 100th Meridian, the farmers of the East united in a protest against it, because irrigation and low freight meant to them an insufferable competition. California fruit goes to Chicago, 2,500 miles, for a freight charge of about one cent and a half a pound. The Eastern fruit grower finds his market cut by a showier and cheaper fruit than he can produce, and sees near at hand the time when his trees and vines must be cut down, and when cut, the prospect of meeting the same cheap freight competition with whatever staple crop he plants and harvests.

If the Government own the railroads of the country they are to be run, as the Populists say, in the interest of the people, as the Government is supposed to run everything within the sweep of its functions. But that means, in the interest of a majority of the people, for the majority has political control of the Government, and when it runs railroads, their policy and management will of necessity be a political and not a business policy and management. In the West we are two millions of people against sixty-four millions in the East. With that vast majority resides the political control of every function of the Federal Government. Does a Californian stop to consider the effect upon the fate of an Eastern politician of his advocacy of a cheap freight Eastward from California? The fruit importers and the farmers and producers would mash such a candidate just as flat as California would mash one who takes the stump here as an advocate of a higher Eastward freight than we now pay.

The first invasion of the field of transportation by the Federal Government was the passage of the Inter-State Commerce law. That measure was initiated by the West. But before it became a law the country's political majority in the East amended it to aim a fatal blow at the Western producer, and make a high freight on his long haul. This was done in the celebrated fourth clause, which forbids a decrease in the charge per ton per mile with an increase of distance. The West rallied to the rescue of its producers, but the best it could do was to get a proviso that the operation of the fourth clause might be suspended, in special cases, by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Senator Hearst, who was then in the Senate, saw clearly the fatality to California of the fourth clause of the Act, and said that "we have the longest haul there is and must have it cheaply."

One does not need to be a prophet to see, then, the disaster to California and the thinly populated West of Government ownership and political control of railroads. In this State where the desire to inflict harm on the Southern Pacific is wind in the bellows of the politician, this issue is presented on its merits as a misfortune to that railroad company. But let it be remembered that the Government cannot seize it, or any other railroad property by confiscation. The Central Pacific, beginning at Ogden and ending at Roseville, may be taken for its debt to the Government, after judicial judgment, but the first mortgage bondholders have equities and interests that no government can confiscate, and their bonds must be paid either by Federal taxation of which the East will pay ninety per cent, or by the freight or passenger revenues of the road of which California producers and people will pay ninety per cent. And when either process is finished and the Government owns the road it will own a property for which it has paid on the scale of its cost of construction in the time of the highest price of such construction, and a property which it can duplicate now for half of that cost. To this it may be answered that the Government should avoid this by construction of a parallel road at the present low cost of such work. Very well, a conservative estimate of the cost of a new line and its equipment is thirty millions of dollars. To get that money the Government must ask the Eastern taxpayers for ninety per cent of that sum to build a line to destroy their products by cheapening Eastward freights from California. Does any man doubt the fate of such a proposition submitted to our rival producers in the East, who hold over us a popular majority so appalling as that which exists there?

To turn to another phase of the question. This demand of Government ownership of railroads to shelter them against lawlessness and crime is supported by those, also, who hold the theory that private ownership of any thing is a crime. When Herr Most cried out a month ago, "the private owner of property is a thief; to hell with him," he voiced this war against those who have by those who have not. The Government then is to protect only what it owns.

In the recent Debs' strike the rights of property were involved. He claimed the power to destroy the freedom and obligation of a contract. The ownership of all property, corporate and individual, rests upon contract Destroy that and there is no property except such as the strong hand can hold by superior force. Fortunately for the rights of all property down to the title to the laborer's cottage, the brunt of the resistance fell upon the corporations, which were amply equipped for defense. They were the picket line of property rights, and their defense was for the benefit of every rood of the farmer's land and of every shingle over the poor man's house.

But let us suppose this corporate property all under ownership of the Government, held by the strong hand, and the red mouth of Herr Most shouting "to hell with private property and its owner," and Debs' red hand signalling all the elements of anarchy and disorder to destroy the freedom and obligation of contract on which all property rests. Will there be a Federal question of free transmission of the mails, of open post roads and inter-State commerce, upon which to invoke Federal power and protection? No!

It will be seen, then, that in its economic, political and moral aspects, Government ownership of railroads has not a leg to stand on in California. Has it any other respect? Let some one say.

The situation at Washington is not unprecedented. Its like was amongst the experiences of both Jackson and Lincoln. For six weeks the one thing desirable has been to get a tariff bill through the Senate and in the hands of a conference committee. A careful reading of the record as divulged in the speech of Senator Gorman and affirmed by Senators Harris, Jones and Vest amply acquits the President of any consent to the permanent compromise of the party principles, which are immortal in his statement of them. It is also apparent that the Senators above named had no expectation that the Senate amendments would be agreed to by the House. From this there is only one deduction, which is that if those Senators adhered to the Senate bill they accepted the responsibility of defeating tariff reform and continuing the McKinley bill in force. By silence the President would become a participant in this result. His courage and his confidence in the people were equal to the emergency, as they have been in every high and exciting crisis of his administration. The terms used in his Wilson letter were perfectly justified. If the Senate, by adherence in

conference to its mutilation of the bill, defeated the reform, "perfidy" is the mildest word that is descriptive of its action.

The Maryland Senator cannot impress the country by divulging confidences. Every man watchful of events has noted the action of the Senate. The people have seen free coal, free metallic ores, and other most desirable features of the bill which conformed to the expectations of the country and to the policy of the party, stricken out, and have hoped and trusted that when the measure reached the calm consideration of a conference these features would be removed, and that the Senate would recede. That the trust was shared by the President is the one fact made perfectly plain by the heated statements of the Senators who oppose him. One feature of their arraignment, and that which they intend to be the strongest, is the weakest. It is their boasting of their mighty work in securing party success in the national campaigns in which Mr. Cleveland has been a candidate. Mr. Gorman carried Maryland, Mr. Jones carried Arkansas, Mr. Harris carried Tennessee, Mr. Vest carried Missouri! The people, who carried Wisconsin, Illinois, Connecticut and California without the assistance of these Senators, and so made victory possible, have an opinion that when they nominated Mr. Cleveland against the opposition of Senators Gorman, Harris and the rest, they nominated an incarnation of character, approved by the American people, and a leader whom they will not desert to follow a strange flag.

The course advised by Senator Gorman and his coadjutors loses the tariff issue to the party. Come what may in this Congress, the President's course saves that issue and intensifies it.

THE prospective war between China and Japan, of which Corea is to be the theatre, is of peculiar interest to Americans. The commander-in-chief of the Corean army is an American, Col. McE. Dye, a graduate of West Point, who served through our civil war in the Union army; thereafter he was commander of the Egyptian forces under the Khedivate of Ismail Pasha, and was badly wounded in the foot by a poisoned ball in an expedition against Abyssinia. After a long sojourn under treatment in Switzerland, he returned to this country and was made Chief of Police in Washington. The King of Corea requested Gen. Phil Sheridan to select for him an American officer to organize and command his army, and on Sheridan's recommendation Col. Dye was chosen. After the experience of Li Hung Chang with Gordon in the Tai Ping rebellion, it is highly probable that the Viceroy will look for English officers to lead the armies of China in the coming war, and in that event it is natural that Americans will be sought for the same purpose by Japan. Our principal interest, however, especially on this coast, is commercial. In the recent Chilean war, San Francisco was the center sought for food supplies and munitions of war and this city will hold the same relation to both China and Japan.

In view of this, the new treaty with China should be speedily ratified since it guarantees our commercial relations with that Empire, which can be exploited without prejudice to the like relations already enjoyed with Japan. It will be the first great war during this century between two strong Oriental powers, and its incidents and results will greatly interest the whole western world, and to none of the powers will they be of greater importance than to us.

Political and social San Francisco will have a further interest from the fact that Mr. Clarence Greathouse is the legal and political adviser of the King of Corea.

WHILE the next Legislature is tinkering with our statutes it might, with credit to itself and profit to the State at large, yield some attention to election laws. To comprehend an innovation such as our needs require, some one should enter into the spirit of the thing to-day. Senators Ford and Earll, both lawyers, and both honest men, Senators Burke, McAllester and Gesford, from the other political side, should confer on the subject and decide on a course to pursue. Senators Matthews, Whitehurst, Langford, Orr, McGowan and Hart, all able and honest men—in fact, there is no lack of ability or integrity in the Senate—should all coöperate and concern themselves in so excellent a cause. The new law should be comprehensive, broad and clear; include within its scope and purview every act and thing that will affect the nomination and election of our public servants. Let this legislation then follow the officer into the administration of his office, and insure the fair fulfillment of all its obligations. We have purity of election. It is high time we had purity of administration, which we have not, and cannot have while candidates are selected from a source so far below the high plane our suffrages should inspire.

Preceded by primaries and conventions reeking with corruption, brutality and crime, purity of election is a hollow but loud-sounding sham, which single-minded fools admire, wise men accept as partial restitution and politicians smile upon. The present system fails to reach the root of our undoing, and simply sanctifies the crimes of others. Better exchange, if need be, purity of election for honest primaries, and so, at least, begin with honest purpose. Honest primaries would beget honest candidates, honest candidates beget honest elections and administration. Politics would be conducted on a higher plane, and our able men would come out from their retirement. Perspective is reversed in the politics of to day; the small men fill the foreground.

Will not some Senator who understands the need of legislation of this kind come forward and earn his country's gratitude?

GEN. WARNER has blown his 16 to 1 silver bugle again and proposes another national conference in Washington, during dog days, to advocate an artificial price for silver and an artificial standard of value. It may some time occur to Gen. Warner and the members of his staff that the law cannot change the standard of value. That standard is fixed by the dealers in values. France had one standard for nearly a hundred years, while her people who dealt in values all the while fixed a different standard, and to this finally the legal standard was made to conform. Congress may by law fix a silver standard or a mixed standard or a mud standard. But it will be futile. The dealers in values will make their own standard and all transactions will be measured by it.

When the dealers in value agree on silver for a standard it will prevail and not before. If abundance of silver dollars brings prosperity we ought not to have had last year's panic, for we had more silver dollars by some thousands of per cent than ever before in the history of the country. No legislation has stricken down a single silver dollar, nor disused one. They are all in existence and ready to do duty as money for any one who will handle them.

THE Farmers' Alliance assured the strikers that it was against Pullman. Perhaps the Alliance will submit the scale of wages paid on its ranches for the purpose of comparison with the scale paid by the tyrant of the sleeping cars.

THE "Republic of Hawaii" bears about as much resemblance to a Republic as the condemned cell of a jail bears to a bridal chamber.

MINES AND NEWSPAPERS

WHY SHOULD NOT THE GOVERNMENT CONTROL THEM?

On Sunday last our contemporary the *Examiner* devoted a large number of columns to what it considers the burning question of the day, the State ownership of railroads. I do not know why my contemporary draws the line at railroads. One of the most constant accusations I have recently heard made is that these terrible capitalists run not only the railroads, but also the newspapers, and in many instances own them, and there can, therefore, be no more valid reason for the Government appropriating the railroads, than there is for it also absorbing the press.

There is however another branch of industry which I think the Government should certainly undertake, the working of mines. Perhaps the *Examiner* knows something of mines, but, in any case, I do, and I can assure my readers that there are some of these terrible capitalists who not only own one, but many mines, and instances have even been known in which they did not pay their men all they asked as wages. Would it not be a distinct advance towards the millennium to see the mines of the country owned by the Government of the people, worked by the people, and for the people? The present owners could make themselves useful by hunting for new mines for the people, to take the place of such as should in time be worked out. What more edifying spectacle could there be, than say, Mr. Huntington starting out, even at his advanced age, to build a new transcontinental railroad, or Mr. ——, but though I know so much about mines, I seem curiously enough to have forgotten the name of any successful mine owner, but let me say, Mr. Hearst, shouldering his pick and shovel in search of a mine for the people. What a lot of roads they would build, and how many mines they would discover, and what an immense and increasing amount of employment they would provide for our ever increasing population. And some one would have to do it, evidently, for Government, while it sometimes builds to our cost, and we may add, at our cost, never discovers or invents anything.

Nor is there any reason why we should stop at railroads, newspapers and mines, and of one thing we may be certain, if we begin with railroads we cannot logically stop, until Government feeds, clothes and houses us, and having taken from us all possible incentive to individual effort, has to apply the lash to our backs to make us work.

I ask in all seriousness, what is the meaning of this most un-American proposal. To my mind, perhaps the most disquieting thing about it is the utter absence of any reasoning power on the part of the undoubtedly large section of the community which demands it. I need not even consider the difficulties and dangers which beset this proposed transfer to the Government of the whole American system of railroads, even were such a thing possible, which it is not, but it is so apparently undesirable, that it is astonishing how any reasonable human being can spend five minutes over the subject. The justification which is made by Mr. Arthur McEwen, and the other political economists of the *Examiner*, is that these railroad magnates own the country, and that by fraud and corruption they amass a large amount of illegitimate wealth. They are supposed to corrupt courts and juries, State legislatures, Congress and even the Senate. If this is the case, it is a confession that government by the people has failed in the most ordinary functions of every Government, the punishment of offenders, even among its own officers, and, therefore, say the advocates of this measure, it is evident that a Government which has shown itself incapable to this degree, will be able to carry on successfully the enormous and most complicated system of American railroads. I would make no such confession of incapacity on the part of Democratic Government. On the contrary, I discern on all sides signs of a better and brighter state of things before us. We Americans have been too busy with our own personal affairs, and have gone on supposing the country could run itself. It has not done so, but has been to too great an extent, run by the most disreputable class of the community. If all America, and every man, woman and child in it is for sale, if our electors cannot be trusted to elect honest men, if there are no honest men to elect, if we cannot even go into the jury box and give a verdict according to our oaths, then indeed the case is hopelesss, and we had better import a Czar or two to govern us on some other system. The greatest dangers to every State are from within, and not from without, and it is therefore not sufficient for a good citizen to offer to risk his life for his country in time of pressing danger, he must also be prepared to give some share of the time and attention he devotes to his personal affairs, to the conduct of the State.

Underlying this proposal of the transfer of railroads to the State, and all similar socialistic measures, there is the struggle to which Mr. McEwen refers, of the masses against the classes, and, although Mr. McEwen, and those who think as he does, may believe that the principle of *laissez faire* is unity, it has yet to be found that there is any other principle which can take its place with a free people. Restriction and regulation of industry have in every case contributed to produce an opposite effect from that for which they were enacted, and it must always be so. For instance, we will ask those gentlemen who are always clamoring against the accumulation of capital what weak point they can find in the following formula: The accumulation of capital must, as our capitalists do not bury their savings, lead to an extension of industry, an extension of industry must lead to an increased demand for laborer, and an increased demand for laborer to higher wages. Restrict the accumulation, and regulate the application, of capital to industry and the exact reverse must follow. At the present moment, the Democratic party is doing its utmost to remove the restrictions and legislations imposed on industry by the tariff, which, after some twenty-five years, has landed large sections of the community on the verge of bankruptcy. While we are attempting to remove these disabilities under which the country has suffered, is it anything short of madness to nullify the advantage we are about to gain by protecting labor? Labor requires no protection against capital, if all is free. As long as one or the other is protected, the struggle will continue; when both are free, they will be protected by natural laws, and the struggle will cease, for each will find that it is indispensable to the other.

But, apart from this, we are asked to hand over to the Government the railroad system, and what reason have we for supposiug that Government can manage it successfully? We are told to observe how well Government manages the Postoffice. But will these who are so amazed at the marvelous management of the postoffice, just ask themselves what it is that is marvelous about it. Is it not the rapid transit of the mails from one place to another, and has this been brought about by the Government, or by private corporations, railroad and steamship companies? What we know about the postoffice itself is, that it is slow and dilatory in all it does; that every office is a political prize, and that it conducts its business at an enormous loss to the country. Will cheaper railroad freights benefit us much, if we have each year to make good a large deficit in the working of the railroads? And does any one doubt that, if the postoffice was run by a contractor, that he could afford to pay the Government a large subsidy for the privilege, and, at the same time, make an enormous fortune, which he would again expend in the extension of industry? It is the same with every Government institution, not in this country alone, but in all countries. From the nature of things, government is not, and cannot be progressive; it follows, and can never lead, and it is not to governmental, but to individual, effort that we must look in the future, as we have in the past, for this continued progress of the human race.

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MUNICIPAL WATERWORKS.

BY JOHN DAGGET.

The question of the water supply for San Francisco is one of great and growing importance and one of most vital interest to its citizens. It seems to me, therefore, that at this juncture a brief outline of a project for such a water-supply that I have attempted to submit to the people of this city through their Board of Supervisors may not be out of place.

In 1871, in the name of the Gregory Water and Mining Company—of which I was then the largest owner—I located a water right on the South Ferk of the Middle Fork of the American River, a stream or system of streams draining the Rubicon Watershed. I have expended one hundred thousand dollars in the diversion and use of this water, and am now the sole owner of the property.

In 1876 the proposition was presented to the city as a source of water supply, being one of many schemes that were considered at that time. Major Mendell made a report upon these different projects, in which he stated that at the point where I proposed to divert this water there was a flow of three hundred millions of gallons daily. It is without doubt the largest stream at that elevation that there is in the State of California. I had a measurement made on August 26, 1871—the dryest part of the season—which showed a flow of nineteen hundred and seventy-four miners' inches of water, which is equivalent to twenty-five million gallons in twenty-four hours. This was at an elevation of sixteen hundred and fifty feet above sea-level.

Now this low elevation of the place of diversion is one of the most important points in favor of this system, for it results in several very apparent and very important advantages which are possessed by none other of the mountain systems. In the first place it brings all the pipe line into a region comparitively free from snow, making its care much easier and much less expensive. Then, in the case of nearly all the schemes proposed for bringing water from the Sierras into the city, the supply is obtained by impounding the water in Lakes at an elevation of from six thousand to eight thousand feet above the sea level. This leaves them nothing higher, nothing behind, to fall back upon as demands for water increase, for the reason that from the first they are using the whole of the water-shed above them possible, and they have not the means of increasing the supply that are available to one taking water from a lower elevation. I have the flowing stream, amply sufficient for all present needs, and still have recourse to the higher elevation as the project may need expanding to suit the future growth, not only of San Francisco, but of the other communities located along the pipe-line which would naturally and ultimately draw their water supply from it. More than that, the water stored up at high elevations from melted snow is not aerated like water that has flowed down mountain sides for forty or fifty miles.

Besides these, there is another advantage possessed by this system which is lacking in many others. Its lakes, which would have to be made available hereafter for storage purposes, are rock-bound lakes, and their water is much purer and clearer than that of the higher Sierra lakes, which are uniformally of a swampy character and full of vegetable matter.

We propose to divert the water at this point, an elevation of sixteen hundred and fifty feet above sea level and conduct it in a covered ditch thirty-six miles in length to a reservoir which will have an elevation of twelve hundred and fifty feet above sea level. From this reservoir a steel pipe-line twenty-four inches in diameter will be constructed to a point four hundred feet above sea level in San Francisco.

Another system of reservoirs, two in number, will be located six hundred and fifty feet above sea level from which a steel pipe line forty-eight inches in diameter will conduct the water to a reservoir in San Francisco one hundred feet above sea level.

The function of the smaller main will be to deliver water to any four-hundred foot level in San Francisco, which will cover nine-tenths of the residence area not covered by the "low service" system—that is, that portion of the city less than one hundred feet in elevation, which will be supplied with water by the larger main.

The advantages of a "two-pipe system"—a high and low service—are well known to engineers and easily apparent. For, besides the obvious advantage in the matter of safety that two mains possess over one, in the case of an accident to either, it is to be noted that by dropping the water from the higher to the lower elevation in San Francisco, which can in this way be accomplished without waste, sufficient power will be generated to pump the water to that small remaining portion of the city above the four hundred foot level, on the slopes of Twin Peaks and the neighboring hills; and this would effect a notable saving in fuel and attendance, and might even furnish power for other purposes.

The pipe line will cross the American River at Rattle Snake Bar and strike the railroad at or near Loomis. It will then proceed down the railroad from Rocklin to Sacramento, and cross the river by means of a sub-aqueous pipe; thence by way of Suisun, Davisville and Benicia and across to Port Costa, it will continue down to Oakland and Alameda and cross the bay to San Francisco.

The route thus indicated will render this source of water supply possible, not only to San Francisco, but to Sacramento, Oakland and Alameda, besides the numerous smaller towns along the line of the railroad.

The watershed of this system includes an area of two hundred square miles, and its advantages may be briefly summed up as follows: The great area of mountains covered with perpetual snow; the great area of bare rock hillside, mostly granite; the absolute freedom from mining, grazing, or agricultural interests, or human occupation of any kind; the number and extent of rock-bound lakes and reservoirs, capable of increased storing capacity at slight cost; the safe elevation of the head-gate dam—about sixteen hundred and fifty feet above sea level—in relation to snow and ice, and interruptions resulting therefrom.

Now, concerning this system of water supply, I have two propositions which I wish to submit to the people of San Francisco: First—I will bring to the city the waters of the system, in the manner indicated above, for the sum of $13,225,000, to be paid as may be hereafter agreed. Second—I will agree to bring to this city forty million gallons per day, of pure, fresh water, which will be delivered to the people here for seventy-five per cent. of the present water rate as heretofore fixed by the Board of Supervisors, such rate to continue for thirty years, after which time the rates to be fixed in accordance with the laws then in force and governing in such cases.

The San Francisco Bridge Company, whose engineers have prepared plans and specifications for the system, stands ready to construct it as outlined for the price mentioned.

There are now only four cities of any importance in the United States that do not own their own water-works. These are Omaha, New Orleans, Louisville and San Francisco, and of these even, New Orleans owns a large proportion of the stock of the corporation which supplies that city with water, and the city of Louisville has virtually the control of its water system through its interest in the stock of the supplying corporation. In many cities the water systems were constructed by private individuals or corporations originally, and afterwards fell into the hands of the municipality either by agreement or purchase. Kansas City has just acquired her own water works at a cost of four million dollars.

It seems pretty evident that the facts I have presented here are of great importance to the people of this city, and that each and every citizen of the municipality should be given an opportunity to express the result of his consideration of them. JOHN DAGGETT.

IN AUGUST.

There's a madioid smell in the fields
And the river is dead.
The rattle of loco-weeds underfoot—overhead
The throbbing haze of the heat,
Speak summer.

The lines of late-garnered wheat,
The dry, white dust of the road,
The depth of the green of the river's bank
That lapses away
Through the brown
Of the fields; the still air,
Speak summer.

C. MICHENER.

Laughing Babies

are loved by everybody. Good nature in children is rare unless they are healthy. Those raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk are comparatively free from sickness. This milk is so easily prepared that improper feeding is inexcusable.

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Phelan Building, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

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All house holders know that in this season of house cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co., whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works at 353 and 357 Tehama street, are known throughout the city.

EL CAMPO.
Favorite Sunday Resort.

Now open every Sunday for the season. Dancing, Bowling Alley, Boating, Fishing and other amusements. Refreshments at City Prices. Fare for round trip, including admission to the grounds, adults 25 cents, children 15 cents.

Steamer UKIAH will leave Tiburon Ferry every Sunday at 10:30 A. M., 12:10, 2 and 4 P. M.; leaving El Campo at 11:15 A. M. 1, 3 and 5 P. M.

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Safe Deposit and Trust Co.
Paid Up Capital, $1,000,000
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Receives deposits subject to check, and allows interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposit bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its savings department, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

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Inside its burglar proof vaults at prices from $5 per annum upwards, according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of without charge.

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Bank Vaults and Bank Furniture and Fixtures

Bids for the purchase of the Vaults, Safe Deposit Boxes and Office Furniture and Fixtures in premises occupied by People's Home Savings Bank, Flood Building, are solicited.

The vaults were constructed for the Bank by the Hall Safe and Lock Company, and are considered the finest steel burglar-proof time-lock vaults on the Coast. There are three vaults, the Safe Deposit Vault containing 1,110 boxes.

This is an excellent opportunity for a Bank or Safe Deposit Company. Separate bids may be made for the office furniture and fixtures. Bids subject to approval of the Court or Board of Directors and Bank Commissioners.

For Rent, the present Bank premises, including basement, the Bank reserving that portion in the rear occupied by the vaults until such time as the latter can be disposed of to advantage.

Address or inquire of
JOHN F. SHEEHAN,
Receiver People's Home Savings Bank, Flood Building, San Francisco.

Dividend Notice

The German Savings and Loan Society, 526 California Street: For the half year ending June 30, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and four and one-sixth ($4\frac{1}{6}$) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, payable on and after Monday, July 2, 1894.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

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A Preventive and Cure for Poison Oak
Perfectly Free from any Poisonous Ingredients
Its Application is followed by Immediate Relief
A few Applications Produce a Cure
A Perfect Cure Guaranteed
It is also an Excellent Remedy for Chilblains, Itch, Cuts, Burns and Ulcers . . . . . .
Price, Fifty Cents per Bottle
Prepared by C. C. HIGGINS, Druggist and Apothecary
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For Those Who Appreciate Comfort and Attention : : :
Occidental Hotel
SAN FRANCISCO
A Quiet Home Centrally Located
WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

The physician's face was grave. "The chances are," he said, softly, "that he will recover, but I fear he will be totally blind."

The eyes of the trained hospital nurse were fixed closely upon the face of the unconscious man in the bed before her, and the man of medicine saw nothing of the strange gleam that came into them. It might have been pleasure at the possibility of saving the patient, or sorrow at the dismal future in store for him. Presently the doctor tiptoed away and left her alone with the sufferer and her instructions as to the line of conduct to be followed for his benefit.

It was one of those private rooms in the hospital—one of the most expensive ones, for the patient was well-to-do—and the girl had no one to watch her as she bent over the patient and smoothed his pillows. The sight of the splendidly developed figure, in its neat, wholesome gown of gray calico, and of the face, with its marble whiteness and its perfect regularity of feature, would have been a beautiful one if it had not been for that same strange look that came from the great, fathomless eyes. These eyes were the color of a topaz, and their gaze presently increased in intensity until it became a stare, fixed, stony almost, under which the sick man stirred restlessly and muttered some incoherent words. She seated herself sideways upon the bed, an attitude that accentuated the lines of her figure after a fashion that would have enraptured an artist, and proceeded to chafe his hands and whisper to him soothingly. But the strange stare, something like that which a leopard bestows upon the prey it is about to devour, never left the topaz eyes. Furthermore, there was a quiet smile playing about the corners of the full red mouth, a smile that might have meant cruelty or triumph, satisfaction or disdain.

As for the man, he was, of course, unconscious of it all. The splendid proportions of his figure, even in the emaciated condition for which his illness was responsible, were clearly outlined beneath the snowy coverlet. The disease that had brought him so near to death had left no trace upon his stern, high-bred features except a thinness and pallor. It was the sort of face that proves all-powerful with most women, expressing as it did the possessor's iron will and depth of thought and purpose. The rather thin lips, as they parted now and then in the babble of his delirium, exposed a set of large, strong teeth, perfect in their regularity, dazzling in their whiteness. A man, this, to be feared and respected when in health and strength, pitied and tenderly cared for when under the ban of a deadly illness.

For hours the nurse sat there, immovable except for her constant chafing of the patient's weary, restless hands. Just as the twilight was dying away through the tall, spotless windows, he sighed softly and passed into a sleep as peaceful as a tired child's. Then she seated herself in a big armchair by the bed, but kept up her watch into the night, always with the same indefinable look in the great topaz eyes.

* * * * * * * * *

When Guy Dreadnought emerged from the hospital quite blind there was infinite pity for him among his club and business associates, although he had never been very popular with either of the two sets. Always grave and taciturn, he had grown colder and less approachable than ever since the suicide of his younger brother, a golden-haired, volatile boy of three and twenty whom everyone adored, had left him the sole living member of his once famous family. But all this was forgotten in his present awful affliction. When he had been stricken down with the smallpox and carted off like any drayman to the place provided by law for the sequestration of people of all classes who fall victims to that deadly scourge, expressions of regret were heard on all sides. When the dreadful consequence of the attack became known, even the men who had disliked him, and they were not a few, joined with his friends in deploring the grievous misfortune that had come upon him.

Then, on one memorable June day, came the bit of news that fairly electrified the two little worlds of Wall street and the clubs. Guy Dreadnought, the polished man of fashion, the confirmed stickler for the closest observance of the proprieties, the man whose pride of family was his only religion, had, blind as he was, married a pretty hospital nurse—the one who had nursed him through his illness, it was said—and had gone abroad with her for an indefinite period.

The men laughed and declared they had all expected to see him do just such an outlandish thing at some time or another. The women pronounced it delightfully romantic. After a while they all—men and women alike—forgot.

* * * * * * * * *

They sat together in the little nook at the stern rail that is so much affected by lovers when crossing the ocean. The ship was speeding like a great black leviathan over a sea as placid as a mill-pond. There were tears in the bridegroom's sightless eyes and a quiver in his deep voice as he murmured, "And you do not regret—you are quite, quite sure?"

"Why should I, you suspicious old goose?" she answered lightly; "do you suppose I should have married you if—if I did not"—something seemed to catch in her throat—"if I did not love you?"

"Because," he went on, reaching out in the darkness for her hand with a gesture infinitely pathetic in its helplessness, "because, if I thought there would ever come a time—*ever*, you understand—when you would repent of the sacrifice you have made, I would drop over that rail into the sea, but before I did so I should bless Almighty God for having given me one whole week of the supremest bliss that mortal man has ever known."

"Am I, then, so very, very dear to you?" whispered his wife.

"So dear," he answered, passionately, "so dear, by God! that to lose you would be worse that a million deaths to me."

In an instant the topaz eyes had fastened their gaze upon the white, blind face—a gaze in which there was a very passion of triumph. Was there any cruelty in it also? If there was he could not see it. He was in possession of both her hands now, and he drew her to him. Their lips met. She shuddered slightly.

"You are cold, my darling," he said, solicitously, rising as he spoke. "You must lead your poor old blind animal below."

The great ship flew on over the tranquil, starlit waters. Two days after, the Dreadnoughts landed in England, and went straight to the beautiful lake country in the North, where the beautiful American woman's tireless devotion to her stalwart blind husband soon became the talk of the quaint little village in which they had rented a dainty villa, all covered with flowering vines, for the summer.

* * * * * * * * *

Guy deprecated his wife's constant summoning of the most famous oculist in London, in the hope of restoring his sight. "I feel, dearie, that it is quite useless," he would say, mournfully; "besides," with a laugh that he vainly endeavored to make cheerful, "what is the use? In you and your love I am happy absolutely—unrestrainedly happy. True, I would almost give my life to see your face; perhaps God will permit me to do so before I die; but why this perpetual striving after what is, for the present, at all events, impossible? Besides, these fellows hurt me. No; let us be content, at least for the summer. When I go home I will give our American wise men all my time and all my fortune if you insist on it. I never did believe much in these English doctors, anyway."

But his wife was persistent. After one expert after another had gone away, shaking his head and pocketing his fee (two points on which the conduct of all was similar), she at last found a doctor who gave her some hope. He was a little wizened, scrubby-headed old man, who said very little and took snuff by the spoonful out of a gorgeous silver box. He it was who, after four very costly visits, took the lady aside and told her in a few terse sentences that there was hope, very faint and unstable, possibly, but still a hope.

Then it was that the beautiful Mrs. Dreadnought's calm white face flushed scarlet with a mighty joy. Her bosom swelled and her topaz eyes danced and fairly shot forth sparks. "You are sure, doctor, you are sure that there is hope?" she almost gasped, as she followed him to the front door.

"Madam," said the little man, stiffly, "I rarely repeat myself. I say merely that there is a thread of hope on which to thread a supposition. For the next three days your husband must be kept in a dark room. Not a ray of light must enter. When I return next Friday I shall submit him to a test—a severe test—that of conveying a shock of electricity to the base of the optical nervous system. If he recovers his recovery will be immediate and, let us hope, complete. If not," shaking his head, "then his case is indeed hopeless."

Then he went away. And the wife, to conceal her emotion from the husband, walked away over the velvety lawn and stood by herself gazing up at the moon with the same expression in her eyes that had been there when she had looked down at the man in the hospital when the doctor had told her that he would recover, but that he would lose his sight.

This was nearly five months after their arrival in England, and the great yews and beeches in the woods were turning to crimson and brown. The wife sang aloud nearly all day, so great was her joy.

Guy chafed under the imposition of the dark room. "What is the use of being shut up here?" he would ask, mournfully. Then his wife, who never left the apartment day or night except to bring him nourishment, would place her lips on his in the darkness, whispering, "For my sake," and he would be content.

And on the afternoon of the third day the oculist came. He lost no time. "I will enter that room," he said, simply, "and when I call you can enter and turn up the lights. Then we shall see."

She stood like a statue as the little man walked off with a queer little leather case under his arm. Her figure was tense and rigid and her pallor almost that of death. "Oh, God!" she almost hissed through her tightly-closed teeth, "let it come true! Let it come true!"

From the inner apartment came a long cry, as of a person in deadly pain. A moment later she heard the doctor calling her, and rushed wildly in the direction of his voice. She entered.

"Light, if you please—quick?" commanded the oculist.

Stumbling blindly forward, bruising her limbs against the furniture, she reached the windows, tore aside the thick draperies and blinds, and flooded the room with sunlight. Then she straightened herself up proudly, digging her nails into her closed palms to prevent herself from screaming out.

Dreadnought stood for a moment with his hands to his face, which was deathly pale. Then he removed them and looked about him slowly, fearfully. He groaned with the pain, and there was a tiny stream of blood trickling from each eye-socket, but he presently gasped: "I see! I see?"

The doctor rubbed his hands together and fairly grinned with delight—something very rare with him.

Suddenly Guy turned and spied the figure of his wife. She was standing there, erect, proud, defiant, with a look on her face that the doctor afterward said made him think of a devil slaying a saint. As her husband saw her he gave a hoarse cry, and, pointing a trembling finger at her, gasped: "Who—who is that woman?"

"Ask the Doctor," she answered, coldly, deliberately.

The oculist stared in amazement, and looked helplessly from one to the other.

"Merciful Christ!" shrieked Dreadnought, "do you mean to tell me that *that* is my wife?"

"You may leave us, if you please, Doctor," said Mrs. Dreadnought, with great courtesy, and the little man, doubtful as to whether he had not been visiting a couple of maniacs, was glad to depart. When the door closed Guy grasped her by the wrist, and almost thundered, "Now tell me what this means!"

"Do not let us have any heroics, at least not at present," she answered, with great contempt in her tones; "we shall have enough of them presently. Yes, I am your wife. Do you wish to know why?"

He was silent.

"Oh, I think you must guess," she went on, with rising passion. "Do you remember that brother, that boy with the yellow hair and the face of an angel, that I loved and that you *killed?* Yes, *killed*, I say *killed*," her voice rising to a sort of half shriek, half wail; "for it was you that told him that which broke his heart, and mine, too. I have waited for this moment, hungered for it. You shall know how it all happened."

Guy stood perfectly silent and gastly pale. He tried to speak, but the words died on his dry lips.

"When you discovered that your brother, unknown to you, had met and loved me," she continued, "and when you decided that he must not soil your family name by marrying a woman who had once had a stain on her life—oh, you are so merciful, you men, as merciful as you are moral—and told me that you intended to tell him, at that instant I vowed that your punishment should be bitterer than death. Who were you, pray, to set yourself up as a model over us? You told me that you would use your right under your father's will, and deprive him of his share of the estate if he insisted on marrying me against your wishes. You might have spared yourself that threat. I would have died rather than have him know the truth; but, oh, if you had been a little merciful, a little just! Have I not been a good wife to you? Could I not have been a good one to him?"

From the husband's white lips no sound came.

"So," she went on swiftly, choking down a sob, "I lied to him. I wrote and told him that I had tricked and fooled him—that I was the wife of another man. And what did he do, my brave, beautiful sweetheart? Why, he proved the strength of his love. He blew out

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

his brains. He died for me, as I would have died for him if there had not been something even grander to live for—your punishment."

"Listen," she concluded, approaching him with a swift, gliding movement like a panther. "When you lay in the hospital there, sick and *blind*, I thanked God for my glorious opportunity. You love me—oh, you can't deny it. Know this, then: that while my hands have soothed your brow in your sickness I could have spit in your face, so great was my hatred; that while I have slept on your breast and endured your caresses I have longed to strangle you, and that now I, the angel,"—she shrieked with laughter—"the angel who has watched over you in your sickness, and cured you of your blindness that you might revel in the contemplation of your shame—that I, the angel, am very nearly satisfied. For behold me, the wanton, the wife of the man that made her so, and soon to be the mother of his son!"

She fell to the floor, sobbing. Without so much as a glance at her Dreadnought left the room and the house. He wandered about the grounds for two hours. In this awful anguish he actually forgot the joy of the restoration of his eyesight.

It was dark when he returned to the house. Mrs. Dreadnought was upstairs, her maid told him. He entered the room without knocking.

She was standing by the fireplace, clad in a long, loose garment, with her bronze hair streaming over her shoulders. He approached her, saying simply, "I wish to speak to you."

"Speak on, my lord," she sneered, with mock courtesy.

"I forget everything," he said, "except that you saved my life, and that you have been to me in these weary months of darkness the greatest joy that ever blessed a benighted being's life. I forget everything except that you are my wife and that—I love you."

Into the fierce topaz eyes a great light flashed. "Say that last again," she commanded, breathlessly.

"I love you," he repeated. "I forgive your deception. Life is valueless without you."

"Ah!" she almost shrieked, taking no notice of his outstretched arms. "But"—regaining her calmness with an effort—"it makes my revenge quite complete, although I had scarcely hoped for it. So *you—love—me!* Well, let me tell you that all my heart and all my soul and all my love are with the boy that you killed; so please observe the manner in which I reward your love. O, my husband!"

With a swift movement of her shoulders she let fall the single garment that covered her, and stood revealed before his hitherto sightless eyes in her splendid nudity. Then, before he could divine her purpose, she had snatched a jeweled Japanese dagger from the mantel. "There's for your whelp, so—and there's for myself, *murderer!*" Her words rang through the old house like a knell as she sank to the floor in a river of blood from the two terrible stabs.

For an instant Dreadnought gazed at the awful sight. Then he commenced to babble and mutter like an infant. The servants, who had entered at the mistress's scream, led him away. He was again quite blind.

* * * * * * * * *

"Dreadnought is back again," said one of the men at the club to another, a month afterward; "he's still as blind as a bat, and the doctors say always will be. And do you know his hair has turned snow white?"—*Town Topics.*

FIN-DE-SIECLE LOVE STORY.

BY SUZANNE.

A heavy white crape hung at the door! And at each moment a messenger boy was seen mounting the high step, and handing to the stalwart valet, a bunch, a cross, a crown of white flowers.

The news of her death had been received by society in the utmost astonishment.

There had been no disease, nothing.

Two days before she was dancing at Mrs. X's reception, and now she was dead!

She had gone out of life quietly, like some delicate flower, which as soon as taken out of the bush, becomes faded and lost.

"Heart failure!" had declared the renowned physician of the family; and nobody could ever think of doubting the verdict of such an eminent member of the profession.

Within the house all was dark and silent.

After the undertaker had finished his sad duty the body had been carried downstairs into the back parlor.

There she laid all in white, in the white velvet casket.

Her ivory skin had a faint tint of pink, and the long lashes cast a darker shade on the circle around the eyes.

The dark hair, coiled around the head, had still its shiny lustre.

She seemed to be asleep! Dreaming! For there is the suggestion of a smile around the red lips, closed for ever.

When death comes suddenly it leaves sometimes that living expression, as if ashamed to take away all the beauty of so young a face.

A woman and a man are in the room—her mother and her mother's husband.

The mother, a magnificent woman, in all the glory of her forty years, had re-married a few years before.

The husband, some years younger, handsome, with tender eyes that were now looking at his wife with an expression difficult to explain.

There was sorrow in them and there was hate!

She does not look at him! She sits silent! Her hands clasped in a nervous grip! The tears she has shed have left a red mark around her eyes, and she is more pale and changed than the corpse that lies before her.

There is more than the natural despair of a mother in her dejected attitude, and her eyes never look toward the casket.

What tragedy had passed between them?

Two days before she had surprised her husband and her daughter in such a close embrace that no hesitation could arise as to their relation to each other.

A short drama without words! There was no more mother, no more daughter, but two women in love with the same man! No scene! No scandal! Two rivals! For the man loved them both, and he was the one to cut the Gordian knot.

The mother, calm and superb in her silent despair, filled a glass with water and poured in a subtle poison that she had in her possession, given to her by her old creole nurse.

The effect of the poison was instantaneous! She gave the glass to her husband.

"Select!" she said.

After a moment's hesitation he handed the glass to the fair maiden.

She did not even look at him; took the glass and with one last glance at her mother—bravely—she drank!

She fell down—quite dead! The doctor had rendered his verdict: "Heart failure!"

And so it was: "Heart failure!"

Why did he give the glass to her and not to the other?

This is very easy to explain.

She was penniless! He was penniless!

The wife had millions!

And so you are satisfied.

She knows; and he knows that she knows; but they shall live their life together, for society people always try to avoid scandal.

The most beautiful fruits have, very often, a worm inside.

DR. RUMBOLD, Crocker Building, Rooms 76-7.

Our Society Blue Book.

The Blue Book of San Francisco and surburban towns for 1894-95 will be the finest work of the kind ever produced in Europe or America. It will be divided into departments—seventeen in number—each preceded by an elaborate title-page of unique and elegant design. These title pages will be embellished in gold, with superb etchings, representing typical scenes of localities and figures illustrative of each subject. Among the departments will be found sections devoted to the "Army and Navy," "Picturesque and Artistic Homes of California," "Leading and Private Institutions of Learning," "Calling and Street List," "Classified Business Houses of San Francisco," the "Leading Hotels," "Alphabetical List," "Personnel of the Press," "Theatre Diagrams," "Clubs and Societies," "Private Memo. Pages," "Street and Avenue Guide," etc. The streets of the cities of San Francisco and Oakland will be numerically arranged so that any desired private address can be readily found. The book will be elegantly bound in the familiar blue-white covers. The Blue Book is sold by subscription. Advance orders only will be recognized, as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is especially intended. Now in compilation. Address all changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher. Office, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Humboldt Artesian Mineral Water. Half-pints, pints and quarts for table use. 40 Third St., telephone 5822.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

THE DECISION OF THE COMMITTEE OF AWARDS WAS CORRECT.

Much discussion has arisen in regard to the decisions of the Committee of Awards of the late Midwinter Fair. Many complaints have been entered by those who feel themselves aggrieved by the decisions of the Committee.

It is safe to say, however, that there was one award that is fully approved by all, and that is the action of the Committee in awarding to the San Francisco Business College, located in the Murphy building, the first premium on its system of teaching bookkeeping.

Thousands were struck with the pleasing and unique exhibit of this school, and upon investigation, learned that the system of teaching which finally received the award, is the property of this school and is used by no other in the city. We learn that it meets the approval of business men generally on account of teaching the subject in a practical and business-like manner.

Artistic Lamps and Silk Shades!

Some dainty creations in SILK LAMP SHADES have just arrived. China and Marceline Silks, with Chiffon and Lace Trimmings, predominate. Prices range from $1.90 to $16.00 each—a handsome Shade for $4.75.

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And will want Household Utensils, Useful Novelties, New and Convenient Implements, Miscellaneous and Labor-Saving Devices.

You Will Engage in the

Arts, Manufactures, Industries and Constructive Enterprises, and your Superintendents, Artisans and Engineers will want Technical and Scientific Books devoted to these important undertakings, and it is therefore appropriate that we should announce our large and diversified stock in all these departments of trade, and to cordially invite your inspection of our line at **401 Market St., cor. Fremont,** San Francisco

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The theme of The Masked Ball is disappointingly threadbare, the incident tame and the situations trite. I confess I am beginning to tire of the middle-aged Butterfly and his flight, be it vicious or innocent, into fields that are green and pastures new. His existence at once creates the necessity of his wife who must be unattractive and evil tempered, suspicious and underbred, who rants and pants over the stage and takes everybody into her confidence and goes through her husband's pockets where one knows, wearily, that she will find exactly what she is looking for. These people are frequent enough and dull enough in life—and the glamour of the footlights lends them nothing of loveliness. Yet the playwright conscientiously tangles them up in the warp and woof of every second plot, and the French, particularly, cannot conceive of comedy without them. At least, the French handle them without gloves which the English dare not do and so the spirit is lost between the lines of adaptation and the result, as in the Masked Ball, is a clumsy flirtation with forbidden topics at which everybody tries a heavy hand.

In everything by Bisson et Carres as, indeed, in the whole French school, there is always a lot of character work to make up the body of the play and among these the stars are set to shine. Now Madame Bloudet shines conspicuously and alone. She is the only young and attractive woman in the cast. She has a charming role and every opportunity and encouragement to be fresh and sweet and dainty and dear. She has the field entirely to herself. She is like an only child—unrivalled in the affections and the interest of its elders, absorbing and unique. It would be singular if a young and refined actress could not please, thus aided and in such a role. Miss Adams is young and charmingly refined. She is fresh and interested in herself. She has a most adorable little nose and a pretty and overworked smile. Further than this, she has two expressions, one gesture, no figure, no voice, no carriage and not an atom of style. She is quite dependent on her author, immeasurably helped by proximity to the brilliant Drew. Her individuality is too pale to be assertive, too cluttered over by small affectations to be sometimes distinguishable. What is it that she talks? It is not English, neither American, and it seems to proceed entirely from her chin. But above all her affectations, the exceeding charm of her daintiness rises supreme. It is this daintiness, happily cast, which makes the success of her Suzanne Bloudet, this which has created a name for her in the tipsy scene, into which art enters not at all. Here, she is merely an entrancing little vision, delicate as a water color by Jan Liz, fragile as a bit of Belleek. She blinks a little, reels a little, laughs a great deal—but this not much more than at all other times. We know exactly what she is trying to do because she has taken us into her confidence. We want her to succeed because we are in sympathy with her little joke. And it is all so delightfully soft and pretty! Nothing easier—for a minute—than to mistake it for something better.

John Drew plays Doctor Blondet with a lightness and an insouciance which I do not associate with his best work under Daly—which was lacking even in that rollicking savage Petruchio, who lacked so little of perfection. It is, perhaps, the agreeable consciousness of being his own master and making a brilliant success of it and it is generally believed that the Daly shackles were binding. Drew's mannerisms are certainly pronounced to the degree of exaggeration but I would not have one of them less. He is so perfectly poised, so secure, so gracefully at ease in this fashion entirely his own and like Stuart Robson he is the more valuable because he is yet to be successfully imitated. I would like to see him surrounded again by an adequate company. Association is everything, and memory clings to that perfect mosaic of Daly's. John Drew was an important fragment, and his place in the company will never be satisfactorily filled. Meantime his polish glitters strangely under the new conditions, and has a tendency to lessen and to roughen by contrast, the efforts of an insufficient support. I presume the exuberant Miss Belmont will again burst on our delighted vision, next week, in Christopher, Jr., which, I hear, is excessively amusing. Salute! Miss Belmont. We shall be charmed.

The consistency with which Harrigan clothes a role is not the lesser part of his genius. By clothes I mean clothes, literally—coats, vests, and what Mr. McSorley would doubtless call pants. The "pants" of Daniel Mulligan are profoundly impressive, the dinner coat of Wiley Riley as preposterous as his social ambitions, the beaver and broadcloth of Jerry McCarthy sleek with that oily smoothness which comes of trafficking with the dead, the bedrabbled elegance of Old Lavender infinitely eloquent, the bobtailed compromise of Peter McSorley, a triumph of realism and about each and every one of these garments hangs the habit of years. They are obviously impressed with the individuality of the Mulligans, the Rileys and the Lavenders of life. This is beyond the costumer's art. It is said of Mr. Harrigan that when he has a character in mind, he straightway goes and lives with it. I am interested to know if, in the intimacy which must ensue, he finally gains access to its wardrobe.

It is certain that his costumes and the costumes of his company are always particularly faithful and fit for every part, with an occasional exception in favor of Miss Pollock, who ought to take Mr. Harrigan shopping with her. I dislike to quote, unless I may do so with respect, but the limitations of the English language force me into Miss Pollock's slang. I can only describe her Annie Dempsey stockings as superlatively "jay." They are quite as jay as anything San Francisco has ever been guilty of and I doubt if Miss Pollock could find anything approaching them at the Clay Street Market, on Saturday night. My intimate knowledge of New York warrants me in the further assertion that if Annie ventured into Washington Market on Saturday night, in that fiery-kneed hosiery with the same certainty of lace frills under insufficient petticoats at one end of them and French kid ties with Pompadour heels at the other, rude little boys who abound in that district, could not be restrained from throwing passé eggs at them.

The honors of "McSorley's Inflation" are lightly divided up among the specialists, beginning with the star, who handles his shady politician with delicacy and care. McSorley is rather an innocent schemer, and his harmless machinations are so easily overturned that his unpopularity in the third act seems altogether unwarranted. He is not a striking character, and Harrigan keeps him down, tactfully, I presume, in view of his ultimate reform. Bridget is sufficiently striking for one family, and McCarthy, it is superfluous to

mention, revels in her. He has done nothing better here, and his short, obstinate figure in unyielding and spotless gingham, his smooth aprons and his smoother hair, his unctious brogue and his enthusiastic crescendo inflections, and especially his broad, good-humored face, masking a peppery temper, are fitly set in Washington Market. Sparks is so unfailingly clever that comment becomes monotonous. He has not much of a part in this play, but opens and closes it with good scenes. Doane is really very versatile and has a passion—not altogether misplaced—for extreme make-ups. His song, with a sort of obligato by Harry Wright, was twice encored, and the latter youth, who persists in crippling his talent with absurd affectations, sings in a

splendid voice somewhat in need of culture. The play is filled with steps and jigs, in which the nimble feet of Dave Braham and Ned Harrigan, the younger, are kept twinkling to frequent recalls, and the music throughout seemed to go remarkably. If the truth be told, there is, in everything by Braham, just that echo of other melodies, elusive and alluring, meant to puzzle and to please.

After all the animated discussion and newspaper controversy, it seems that la belle Russell is not permitted by her managers to sing before the London public. She goes abroad in August, but on pleasure and recreation bent. Her recent and much advertised illness was anything but affectation, and her pale lovliness, wrapped in rugs on the verandas of the Grand Union at Saratoga or disposed gracefully among the cushions of her Victoria for the short drive which is the only exercise as yet permitted her, has won her more sympathy in her marital infelicity than all the columns of abuse she has printed against the disappointing Perrugini. In regard to London, Russell is not a favorite there and her managers believe it would be folly to add a second European failure to her experiences. She is cruelly disappointed, for Perrugini thoroughly imbued her with the idea that her improved voice and style, aided, largely, by his personality, might win over difficult London on a second trial, and with her views on the potency of matrimonial scandals, she easily substituted the Perrugini divorce for the Perrugini personality. It is, I have always heard, a thorn in Lillian's side that she has never been bowed at by the Prince of Wales. This is a malady few American actresses and fewer American beauties can complain of. Tummie is more or less liberal in the matter of bows. Just at present it is said that a great many of the Royal nods are bestowed on Katharine Clemmons, who carried a letter to the future King of England from Colonel Cody—although Miss May Yohe still retains a percentage of the Princely becks and crowned smiles. Wales admits that he admires Miss Yohe not only for her mnsical ability but for her glancing wit, and the unprejudiced concede that she is equally gifted in both directions. She has just six notes, three of which are, generally speaking, certain, and three of which are sharp or flat, according to the weather. She speaks of Wales as "His Kinglets" and addresses him as "Me Royal Fakir," which will convey an adequate impression of the glancing wit.

ALICE RIX.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"Squatter Sovereignty" will occupy the boards at the California next week. The play is one of the most popular in Harrigan's repertoire, presenting an amusing and exaggerated view of Irish society as it exists in "Shanty Town." While distinctly characteristic of a phase of New York life—like most of this author's work—there is that touch of nature in the dialogues and situations which makes the whole world kin, and other cities are always quick to appreciate the humor and spirit of these New York productions. The incidents are exceedingly funny and much of the music already familiar. This is the seventh week of Mr. Harrigan's engagement at the California Theatre—an engagement which, in the face of the times, and despite the depressing influence of the strike, has been, in every sense, successful. "Squatter Sovereignty" will be the last of the new plays, as, by request, Mr. Harrigan and his clever company will open the eighth and last week of their engagement with "Riley and the Four Hundred," and conclude their San Francisco season with the ever-charming play of "Old Lavender." The next attraction at the California will be Oscar Wilde's dainty comedy, "Lady Windermere's Fan."

On next Monday evening Mr. Drew will present, for the first time in this city, his latest triumph, "Christopher, Jr.," an original comedy in four acts written for him by Madeline Lucette Ryley. It was produced with great success the last night of his past season in the East, and will be his opening play in New York at the Empire Theatre next September. The plot is most amusing, introducing a brilliant young spendthrift, the son of a staid and wealthy father, in a series of perplexing situations, including a marriage by proxy and the responsibility of several impending duels, and the scenes are shifted from a London garret to a bungalow in India. The unwinding of the tangled skein is quite in Mr. Drew's line. He brings the entertaining hero through all his difficulties to the ultimate satisfaction of his stern parent, finds the girl he loves in the woman he has married, and artistically interprets the reckless and irresponsible "Christopher, Jr." to the delight and diversion of his audiences.

"The Octoroon" has played a successful week at Morosco's Grand Opera House, where Theodore Roberts' strong impersonation of the Indian character has attracted enthusiastic audiences. The company is quite at home in melodrama, and Miss Lucille La Verne, prominently cast in the pathetic character of Zoe, is seen to better advantage than in anything she has yet done in San Francisco, and has scored, with Mr. Roberts, the honors of many recalls. Next week the Morosco Stock Company will present a modern melodrama entitled "New York Day by Day." It is replete with the melodramatic incidents of love, revenge, murder and retribution, with virture rising triumphant in the last act, and, as the title suggests, is thoroughly metropolitan in character.

"The Gypsy Baron," which the Tivoli company will present on Monday evening, July the thirtieth, is called the masterpiece of Johann Strauss. It abounds in the haunting melodies characteristic of the composer and the story is full of romantic interest. A Hungarian exile returns to his estates and finds his plebeian neighbor, who has accumulated wealth in the pig business, has designs on his property. To avoid contention the rightful owner proposes marriage to the pig-dealer's daughter. She refuses to wed anything less than a Baron, and "Barinkay," the Hungarian, is created a nobleman by the gypsies with the title of "The Gypsy Baron." This fails to satisfy the ambitious maiden, Arsena, and the disappointed suitor proposes, in a moment of pique, to Saffi, prettiest of the gypsies. Saffi turns out to be a Princess in disguise, and Barinkay, who goes to the war and wins glory, gold and a genuine Baronetcy for deeds of valor, marries her joyfully, and Arsena is permitted to wed her own true love, Ottocar. The weird scenes at the Gypsy camp; the picturesque ruins of the Castle of Szemesvar and the brilliant public square at Vienna, have been carefully prepared by Oscar Fest. The management has spared no expense in staging and costuming, and "The Gypsy Baron" is confidently promised to be one of the most popular of the Tivoli productions.

The Orpheum bill for the coming week is varied and alluring. The novel feature will be the appearance of little Gertie Cochran, the child wonder, whose feats of memory are said to be unsurpassed. She is only three years and ten months of age, but replies, without hesitation to thousands of questions on the greatest variety of topics. The performance is unique in the line of Vaudeville and sure to find favor with Orpheum patrons. What is known of the little Cochran girl's history appears in another column of this paper, under the head of "Masks and Faces." Lydia Yeamans Titus will conclude her successful engagement at this theatre next week, and the Braatz Brothers, and a strong Vaudeville company are announced on the same bill.

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Last Performances of the Gifted Actor, THEODORE ROBERTS, as the Indian Chief Wahnotee, in

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Monday Evening, a Grand Spectacular Performance of the Most Powerful Drama

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Which will be presented by Morosco's Augmented Stock Company.

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

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Last Week of the Sparkling Comedienne, **LYDIA YEAMANS TITUS**, and a Magnificent Company.

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LIBRARY NOTES

To live in a world created by "The Duchess" would surely be charming. No rain to disturb perpetual picnics, no clouds to throw gloom over prospective wooers. Girls gay and beautiful in infinite variety to smile love and encouragement on bright and fearless young men. In the cause of contrast there might intrude a villain or two, or here and there an ugly married woman who for the time being oppose the will of hero or heroine, but then the exquisite consolation of knowing that readjustment is but a matter of chapters. No matter how poor one might be commencing life in "The Duchess" world, in a few years some relative dies endowing one with the gifts of all the gods. Or it is a priceless talent that bursts gloriously upon some deeply interested community and speedily enables the possessor to offer his hand to the good but beautiful creature who so passionately has loved him through the hours of dark economy. Perhaps it is a frolicsome heiress, lovely as a rose, determined to marry a title, who goes so far as to engage herself to some unworthy peer, turning to stone the heart of the high born and cherished curate who so devotedly worships her. But take heart O Curate—it is ouly for a page or two—then will the nobleman exhibit the inherent baseness of his nature and you, stepping into the foreground with some display of generosity or daring, ravish the maiden from his palsied grasp, and amid the harmony of wedding marches, bear her to the sacrificial altar. Nor does she suffer for her sacrifice. She is but Mrs. Curate a chapter or two—then it is Mrs. Bishop, a seat among the peers and a palace for a domicile.

With so blissful a disregard of actual conditions it seems a pity The Duchess is not gifted with a mild literary talent. Then would her novels be idyls without moral, instead of gossipy chronicles of the lives and loves of inexcusably impossible people. It is true, there are authorities who declare nothing impossible, and was it not Napoleon who ordered the word erased from his dictionary? But he was an optimist in those days and might actually have found prototyes for the heroes and heroines of stories like *The Red House*. However, it is devoutly to be hoped no Dr. Darkham exists to compel any one as charming as Agatha to unwilling matrimony, and for the preservation of the House of Lords, one may be allowed trust that the cruel and commonplace Lord Amber is but an awful example. I cannot recommend the book to the perusal of any one living in the vicinity of a library, but if one is at the Rafael over Sunday and the veranda chairs are occupied by dear old ladies dissecting pedigrees or narrating ailments, the hot sun rendering tennis impossible and driving out of the question—it being assumed of course, that every one worth talking to is either at church or asleep or reading the morning papers—then, if no other volume is obtainable, turn to and discover how adorable Agatha was, how noble and brilliant her Dr. Dillwyn, how frivolous yet good hearted the American heiress Elfrida, and how earnest, true and brave the curate, Rev. Thomas Brown. The final chapter is a symphony in orange blossoms, bridesmaids and honeymoons.

The combination of conditions that excuse the reading of a novel so inane need not be precipitated if a story like *Outlaw and Lawmaker* be at hand. The scene of Mrs. Campbell-Praed's book is Leichardt's Land—a mysterious section of Australia. It is a brilliant melange of bushrangers, lovely Colonial maidens, Government house-parties, rich squatters, perigrinating peers, against a background of romantic lawlessness, giant eucalypti, tree fern, ti-tree, a cataract, a hidden retreat, amid the fastness of Mt. Luya. With elements so fascinating how could one help pursuing to their sad conclusion the fates of the beautiful Miss Elsie Valliant and the brave, daring and unprincipled Morres Blake of Barolin Gorge. She, a romantic young person, tall, slender, graceful, with glorious eyes and an inherent fascination—which the literary style of the author unfortunately fails to convey—is devotedly adored by an infinity of admirers, but most conspicuously by Frank Hallet, an admirable character, who is honest, true and brave—everything that the best regulated of husbands should be—with wealth in plenty and respectable ambitions. Alas for the climax. Elsie does not reciprocate, and early in the sixth chapter, while reading Gœthe's *Elective Affinities* in a bend of the creek, near her home, sees Morres Blake, a dark-eyed, finely profiled Irish gentleman, with the romantic and mysterious air of an Aramis. Introductions are highly unnecessary in a region like Luya Dell—hundreds of miles from anywhere—so they converse, discuss the affinities, and before either realizes it the plot is well under way, and the reader has an inkling that the dashing Blake—who, by the way, is running against Hallet for the Legislature — is none other than Captain Moonlight, the mysterious bushranger, whose black charger and heroic courage are famous throughout the Colonies. A most picturesque personality, this Blake, for throughout his campaign he continues his raids, and is elected a lawmaker with all the honors of war and without a soul suspecting his infamous identity. Of course, he is a brilliant success in Parliament, and in less than no time is in the Ministry, making speeches superbly eloquent, incidentally falling in love with Elsie, whose frivolous nature is swallowed up in a passionate adoration for this hero of the bush. Events course bravely along; the visit of a royalty adds color to the combination. Miss Valliant finds herself courted by a Lord Astar, whose present of a costly jewel she interprets as an offer of marriage. Then the noble Frank comes to the rescue, and off they all go to the country for an excursion to Mt. Luya. There is a gorgeous picnic, which culminates in the abduction of Elsie by Douglass Trant, the friend and companion of Morres Blake, who leads her to the hiding-place of Moonlight, in the caves behind the cataract. At the psychological moment, however, her true love appears. There ensues a fight. Trant is beaten, and off go Elsie and Blake through the scrub and ti-tree to the home of Frank Hallet. After that they decide marriage to be the solitary conceivable culmination, and it is all determined, when Trant, disappointed, reveals the identity of Moonlight, and all is over with. *Outlaw and Lawmaker* is told with considerable swing; there is no lack of incident or excitement. While it may not be the picture of anything in particular, it is far a better story than most of its predecessors, though the style lacks firmness and the backgrounds quality. ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Red House," by The Duchess. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, publishers.

"Outlaw and Lawmaker," by Mrs. Campbell-Praed. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"A Suburban Pastoral" by H. W. Beers. Henry Holt & Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"His Will and Hers," by Dora Russell. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers.

"When pain and anguish wring the brow
A ministering angel thou"—Bromo-Seltzer.

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

Nothing is more remarkable to the general public than the attitude towards athletic sports evinced to so tremendous a degree by the society maiden of to-day. A few years ago and even so late as last Summer, very little interest was demonstrated by girls in outdoor exercise. There were a few who rode and swam, fewer who rowed, or played tennis, or bowled; as for croquet, though it needed but little exertion, its attractions were at the bottom of the scale. The time spent itself sitting around on porches, beaches or under trees reading, sewing, flirting or gossiping whichever was easiest and with no apparent interest in life but to get through it in the most languorous fashion possible. To-day all is changed; no exertion is too great; the latest idea is eagerly sought and the girls spend much time in training to be experts in the newest games. No matter what sport is on the *tapis* there is always a lady champion who can hold her own against many of the men and many more who play, as they laconically put it, with their flannel suits and Summer accents—"a very good game when they are in practice."

It is in the country, of course, that all this athletic vigor finds its most positive development. Attached to many a country house in the environments of Oakland, Fruitvale, San Mateo are lawns or the more appropriate bituminous rock court in which the maids of the family may be seen hard at work in the early morn, and they play scientifically, these damsels. It is no wiggling, languid game they "put up," but actually they lob, drive, cut and volley in the approved masculine style, often with so much force as to demand from their opponents excessive vigilance. There is another advantage about tennis besides its value as an exercise—the opportunity the game gives one to look picturesque. Think of the clothes—white pique made in the "fish wife" style cut so as to make a pocket for the balls without apparent design. One can have a dainty embroidery of racquets, balls, etc.—it relieves the effect. One gown I saw had a net represented in very fine red outline—quite unique it was. The waists may be made sufficiently loose to be comfortable and the general effect should be finished off with one of those large six-pointed collars daintily ornamented with rackets or balls at the points.

One consolation about Monterey is that after the sun grows too warm for further playing and one feels that the exercise has slightly impaired the condition of one's hair it is not only possible but practicable to go swimming. I saw some very pretty bathing suits down there during the Tournament. Those in black and deep navy blue—which, by the way are the only colors ever worn by royalty, it being considered bad form to endeavor to attract attention in the water—are still much used here but the prettiest and most dainty have skirts of some colored alpaca and a huge collar of the same material.

It is all very well to imitate Royalty, of course, but we have the advantage or disadvantage over them, whichsoever you prefer to call it. In England no men are even permitted on the beach during bathing hours. Imagine such a rule in existence say at Santa Cruz, for instance. The subject of bathing costumes reminds me of a charming one I saw the other day. The material was woven blue and red—the red in a small stripe almost like the needle stripe. The stockings were separate, the skirt, collar and reveres were all in red, the latter having a blue band of insertion about a quarter of an inch from the edge. The wearer of this costume apparently had straight hair. After gathering it up to an Eiffel Tower on her head and parting it in the centre, she artistically arranged a blue silk handkerchief with a red border over the coil, yet not entirely covering it, in order to make a good appearance upon coming out, for a silk handkerchief does not get sufficiently wet to loose its folds, and the hair being parted there is no necessity for the smallest curl.

A very pretty gown and one I would not have missed seeing for a great deal at a resort lately was a white accordeon pleated crépon with absolutely no trimming. It hung exquisitely and was worn by a maiden appropriately slender. Her bonnet was of transparent white chiffon or tulle, which, I could not quite see with a narrow twist of pale blue silk resting on the hair and a quantity of cornflowers as the sole trimming. She carried a black parasol with a bunch of cornflowers on the handle and wore white shoes, her stockings being of the open worked embroidery order. I don't care for this embroidery work, even though it is carried in very fine lines. Does it not seem to enlarge the foot?

A very pretty blonde girl attracted the attention of nearly all the audience, the other night, at the Baldwin in a grey silk, trimmed with bretelles of rose pink velvet and fobs of the same, with cream colored lace paniers between each pair of fobs. The large black tulle hat was trimmed with pink roses and had a little fold of pink velvet resting on the hair. Luckily her companions' gown of yellow crépon set off with black at the neck and waist and trimmed with white open work embroidery was a very charming contrast and apparently most agreeable company, for she did not insist upon talking throughout the most interesting parts of Maude Adams' acting. This lady's bonnet was of black transparent chiffon with a yellow silk band on the hair and a gorgeous number of roses, almost a garland of damask, pink and yellow.

White muslins made over colors of all kinds are very pretty, and more dressy than the severe white, except for very young girls. Young married women are wearing a very great deal of white this season, and I am glad to say, have none but real lace on their gowns, it is so beautiful, and with care will last for several generations.

The sunshades this season are perfectly lovely. Most of them are pale in color, but now and then a deep orange or cardinal red relieves the monotony. One, exquisite in its beauty, was of pink moiré silk, the handle of which was ornamented with sprays of flowers carried out in rubies, sapphires and diamonds, a large emerald being set near the top. I have noticed several jewelled parasols and also observed that the most fashionable trimming for them is by applying guipure lace, cut out more or less pointed all along the edge. One very pretty black moiré was trimmed this way, and lined with poppy colored sprigged net with a frill of the same inside, occupying a similar position to that of balayeuse on a dress.

Saturday last at Del Monte I could not help observing how many of the girls had dressed themselves according to their own taste regardless of fashion. It has always seemed most absurd for severely classical maidens to don clothes for the ingenue, Dresden china or puritanical type, but Saturday, especially in the evening, every one was gowned in what apparently they felt was the correct thing for their own style. It relieved the monotony, too, of the one fashion which has been so intense during the last year.

Miss Hoffman's profile is quite of the classic type and occasionally she dresses in consonance with it, in which case it accentuates all the finer lines of her face and figure.

The Moore girls' sleeves always appeal to me; they seem to be made just for their style, and are so particularly neat about the cuff.

Miss Hillyer carries her clothes with a certain smartness that one often sees on Broadway. The real tailor girl of this season is the youngest and most handsome of the Goads, Miss Genevieve. She is most attractive and if she will endeavor to preserve the dignity which is so becoming to her style, I congratulate her in advance as the most charming of San Francisco's debutantes.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

Our society leaders are getting into horribly bad habits. You see hard times are upon us and entertaining must be done in the most economical way. Now I don't mind the practice of a mild economy even in social life, but I hate to observe even the slightest approach to the "shoddy." Last week we had a splendid opportunity to pay a fitting compliment to a stranger whom we should all delight to honor and at the same time to pass a few agreeable hours ourselves. For some reason the wife of a prominent State official made a short visit to a certain young matron here, and of course, some sort of entertaining was in order. Now this especial matron, although her purse be slender, has a mind fertile in resources. The plan of drawing upon the exchecquer of the elder member of her husband's family has failed so often that she must needs adopt another course. So during the week she waited upon a few hundred of her friends whom she thought would "put up" for the privilege of meeting one whose husband, by the grace of Dan Burns, is an eminent official of the State.

No, she did not invite them to her home (that would entail expense), but secured a shabby old hall, and in consideration of getting it with no expense except the price of the gas, she invited the lessees to come to her party. Then she got some of her friends to bake a few cakes, others to bring flowers, and others still to furnish money for card prizes and ice cream. About forty out of many joined in this laudable effort, and the spouse of the official was given a party. It is rumored that it cost each fifty cents and that the dancing master took the refreshments that were left as consideration for playing the piano, while the guests, determined to get their money's worth, danced until about four o'clock. It is needless to add that but few of the 400 attended.

The swell club of our city celebrated its dining-room opening by a very jolly entertainment. On Wednesday last the "jinks" came off and such a celebration, too. Champagne was abundant, but not nearly so plentiful as the less expensive, but more intoxicating fluids. But then a little jubilance is in order on such great occasions.

One would not have believed that in a little berg like this, where there are so few rich girls and so many poor young men, that a rich and charming young widow could have escaped the importunities of the fortune hunters, but it is so. For the last six months San Jose has been the home of a remarkably pretty and accomplished young widow, who inherited a large fortune from her husband.

She is accomplished and agreeable, and her brother-in-law is "one of the boys," but he has kept it a profound secret that such a treasure is secreted in his home. Guess he intends to secure the fortune—but our young men will be particularly stupid if they do not defeat his plans.

I shall keep an eye on the affair.

SACRAMENTO.

The garden party at Sullivan's was not quite up to expectations. Although the night was an ideal one and everything had been arranged for the entertainment and comfort of the guests, there was such a conspicuous absence of the male element that the affair dragged just a trifle. True, some of the soldier boys were present, but they were in such demand that only a few of us got a chance at them. The kid element was strikingly in evidence. The grounds presented a fairy-like appearance, the decorations being elaborate but in perfect harmony with the surroundings.

The theatrical event of the week was the appearance of Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew at the Metropolitan Theatre. The audience were shockingly slim but most enthusiastic and appreciative. The first night "In Society" was presented and Mrs. Potter was at her best, barring the fact that her hair looked as though it hadn't been combed for a fortnight.

Before the curtain was raised there was a little scene enacted which goes to show how utterly oblivious some men are of the little attention their wives not only expect but are entitled to. A prominent attorney who but recently married had reserved seats in the dress circle; when he and his wife made their appearance he boldly marched down and seated himself. His wife brought up in the rear, and finally succeeded in securing herself next to her husband.

The Halsey Smiths were there, she charmingly attired in white. Carrie and the minister did not occupy their usual places in the Foye box. It might have been that the play did not suit the fastidious taste of the minister, but that is hardly probable. Won't you be surprised when I tell you that Adolph Cole has decided on a sea voyage of a year's duration. The gossips have been heard to remark that it is all on account of another departure. We girls gladly give Adolph the benefit of the doubt; when he returns he will be received with open arms.

Have you heard of the daring dive that Will Chapin made at the baths?

The boys down town say he is only talking, but, sure, it's so. He escorted a bevy of maidens there and then showed them how brave a man can be. He climed to the roof, and after repeated attempts at diving, finally fell in. He still lives to tell the tale. Jud didn't develop into a swimming teacher after all. We girls can't hide our disappointment. He is writing another play, and the stagy appearance he is affecting is remarkable in one so young.

SISTER SUE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE:

The cruel war is over. The soldier boys have come home, but it dosn't effect us much. It's so odd, very few of our set wear uniforms. If Sophie were here she would rejoice though, for the Doctor has returned. He, I am afraid, is inclined to be rather fickle. He was a good forager in camp, they say, and appeared to be very well versed in the art of getting some of the other good things of life without much exertion.

Capt. Nick Kittle is such a dashing soldier, I lost my heart at once. He really looks the ideal military man. His commanding carriage, splendid physique and stern aspect quite frightens me whenever I look at him. Unfortunately none of Fresno's girls seem to have succeeded in softening him.

Harry Thomas is quite a widow. He looks so lonely whenever I see him that I feel like cuddling him up to make him feel himself again. Why they're both gone.

If Dr. De Zeng hasn't gone and done it, then Dame Rumor is a fibber. I had it from some one who got it from one of the friends of the family who was told by somebody who knew, and they all say that the little widow said "yes." It looks that way, too. He's riding with her every day, and never looks at another girl—which has caused many of us to mourn.

Lawn socials are all the go now; they are awfully jolly. The lawns are scattered with Japanese lanterns that throw only a dim light, and this makes the shadow of the trees doubly dense. In this way the yards are cut off into lovely little tete-a-tete corners. At the one the Episcopalian girls gave at Davison's there were a lot of desperate flirtations going on. Bob forgot his patients for a time in telling the beautiful Tennesseean about the charms of her lovely self. John was deeply interested in Louise. Lloyd was there, but I couldn't tell whether he was interested in Kitty or her cousin. Mr. P. was a good running mate for Lloyd. His mind seemed somewhere else, though. Miss Long was there. She was surrounded the entire evening by a group of young men who were attracted by her many charms and the lemonade bowl.

There is one event that causes considerable preparation to be made; that is the evening of Louise. Every Friday the young folks gather at the house, and have a jolly time with singing and games. It is a sort of kid gathering, as Louise has invited all her old time school friends. They grow quite enthusiastic over their good times, I am told. I never quite screwed up the courage to go to one.

I understand that there is to be a great deal of entertaining at the Hughes' this Winter. When Mr. Hughes ran the place before this was the rule. I hope the rumor is true. If it is, a big opening party will be given in a few weeks. Kitty and Carrie will have lots of fun then. They deserve it, too. Why, they haven't had a chance to entertain all Winter. But, then, they are not alone in that by a good deal.

There are just bushels of engagements on, or coming on. Lee Gray's engagement to Blanche Verdenal was known so long, that its formal announcement caused no comment at all. This I imagine must be rather distressing to Lee. He is lucky, far beyond his deserts, for Miss Verdenal is one of the loveliest girls I have ever seen. I understand Anna Laura is engaged, too. Of course, the freight clerk is the lucky man. Then Miss Avila is said to have won a man.

I will have some real news for you next week, I think.

TRIX.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY:—

I really have no idea how the boards stay down like they do so well. Nobody certainly is holding them. The theatre is dark, the curtain has been down for weeks past in society's playhouse, and everyone is lying back resting and waiting for some one else to entertain.

The summer weather set in last Monday in a way up degree, bordering on the 85° and of course society can not be expected to do anything while this state of things continues.

As we all know, society people are nothing if not original (and I presume this is why they are called empty), and this hot weather is a perfect godsend to them in one respect. The hard times and the strike need no longer be offered as an excuse for not entertaining as the hot weather has taken their place. With the presence of Summer will be the announcements of cottages at the various seaside resorts, and the usual crowds shaking the dust of the city for the sands of the beaches. Catalina is the favorite place, and even in the few short seasons of its popularity, it could unfold a series of tales that would start as a ripple in the smooth bay of Avalon, to assume the proportions of a gigantic tidal wave of scandle when it came sweeping up to the doors of certain people here. But then of course these things must be and all we can do is to stay in out of the wet. From what I have heard hinted recently a tidal wave is brewing in a certain quarter, and when it comes booming along, it will be only the husband who will suffer. However, if he will persist in being blind to what are notorious facts which serve but as chewing gum for "Madame Grundy," he need blame only himself. Still, hard callous nature that I am, I feel awfully sorry for him as his blindness is accompanied with its twin brother—love.

A great amount of talk is going on now about the conduct of a society woman who was recently divorced from her husband—a teller in one of the banks. The grounds were cruelty. He let the case go by default, I believe, no alimony being asked. The wife was given the custody of the child, while he was left out entirely. It has been stated within the past month that the husband gives $75 every month for the care of the child, saying that it is his and he wants to take care of it. Whether this had any influence or no cannot be stated, but one fact remains and that is that public sympathy has turned in favor of the divorced husband and where he was formerly blamed, she is condemned now. One thing which has caused this is her having given a large dinner company shortly after the decree was granted. Whether it was to celebrate that event, and whether she told her intimate friends so, I cannot say, but it certainly has that appearance to those who were not invited, "one of whom I am which." It is said that she is not satisfied with having gotten rid of him, but she now abuses him in all ways and even stoops so far to grovel in her hate as to reveal to her acquaintances the means which she took to secure her divorce.

He says nothing, but his looks tell too plainly that he knows of and is wounded by the affair. You remember last letter about that prospective engagement? Well! the young lady has gone to Catalina for the season and the young man is still here. It will not be long before he asks for a vacation, for already he breathes like a furnace and the halo of sadness and yearning is plain to the naked eye—it sticks out several inches beyond his "Willie Boy." He will probably leave his bicycle home when he goes, for it is only a single build.

Captain and Mrs. Overton have been giving several of their charming little dinners lately, several having been in honor of the U. S. Army officers who are now camped at one of the depots. As will be recalled, the able Captain figured several months ago in the noble and refined capacity of "bouncer" at his house, "firing" a servant girl who claimed she had wages due her.

Since then I have heard, but from whom I can't recall now, that they had been unable to get any servant at the house. This may not be true, and I think probably not, but if it is it gives The Captain an opportunity to disport his form in shirt sleeves and white apron, helping his wife with her household duties. The other piece of news I hinted at last week is not true, so we will have to wait a little longer before I spring it.

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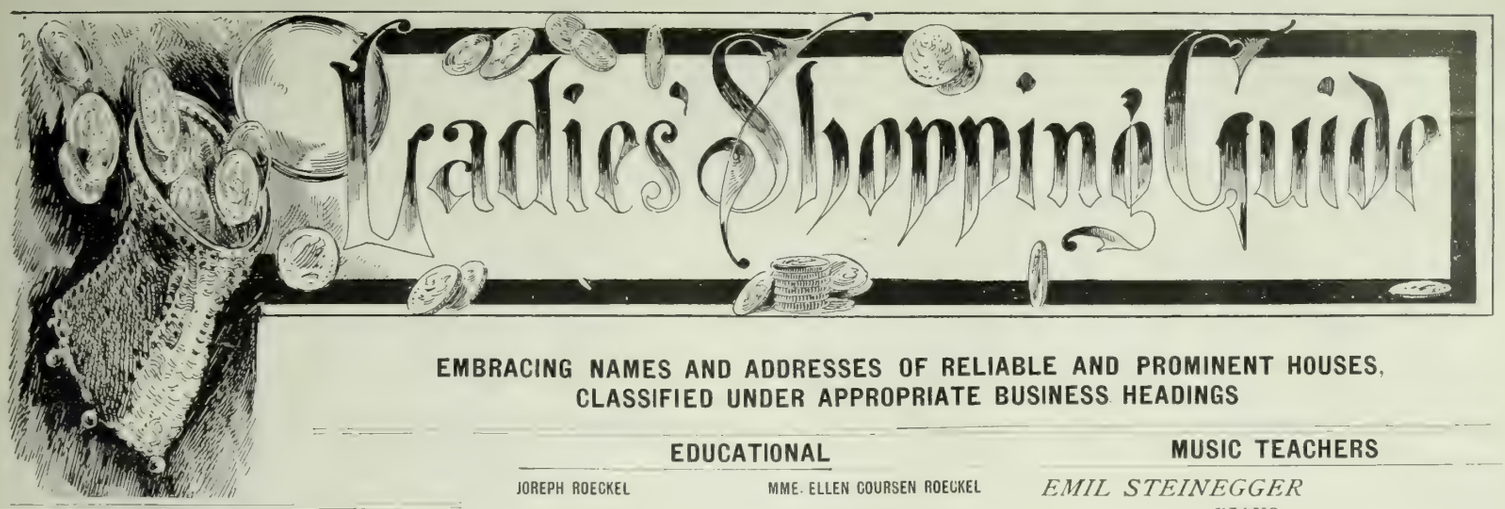

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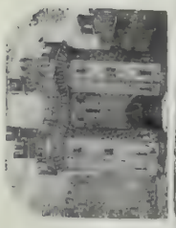

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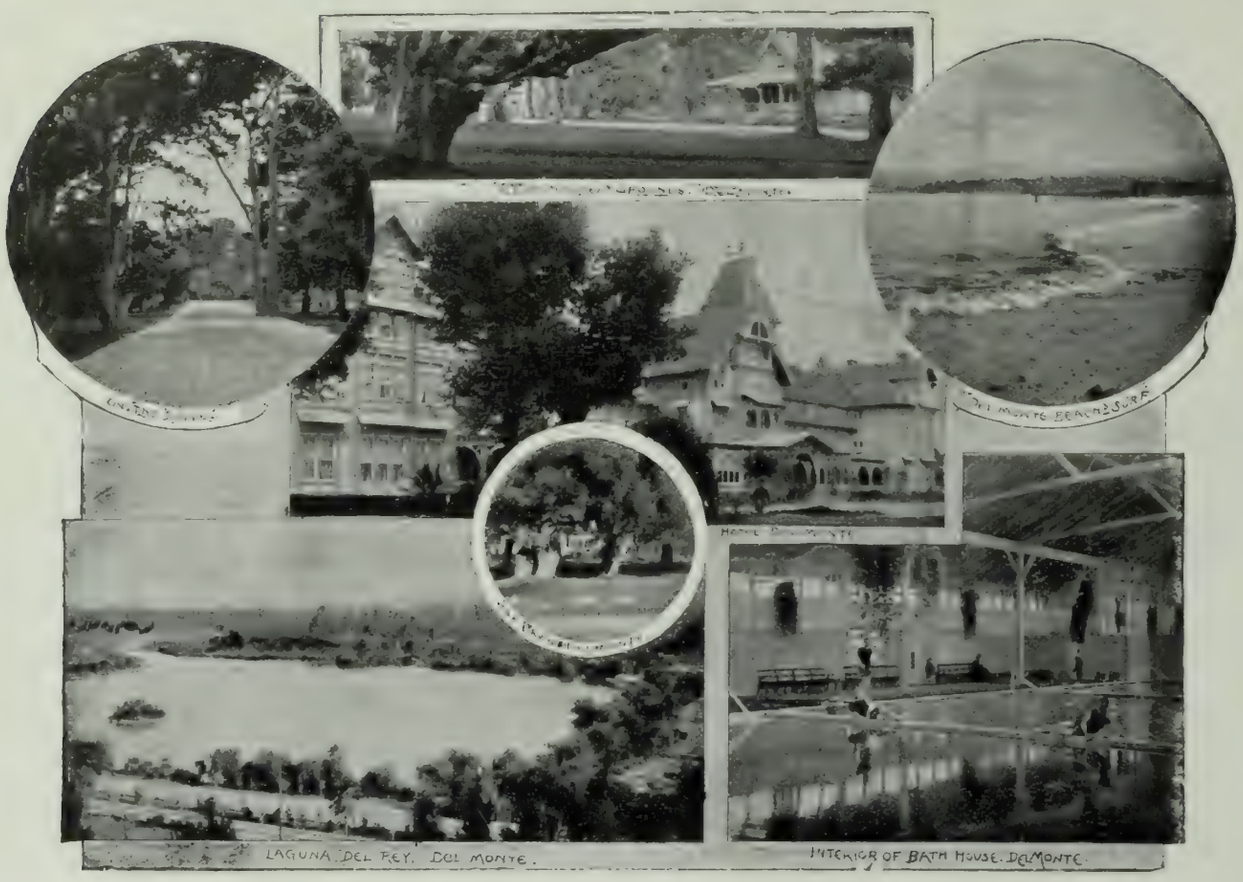

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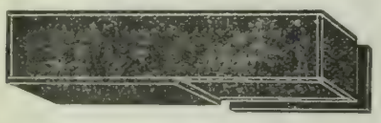

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Vol. XIII. No. 5. San Francisco, August 4th, 1894. 10 Cents.

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 4, 1894

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THE *Examiner* argues that as property in railroads has the protection of the Government, therefore, it should belong to the Government. This seems very simple. Protection of the Government means only the protection of the law, and the *Examiner's* argument, logically projected, means that whatever is under the law's shelter should belong to the Government which administers the law.

A thoughful observer of government is impressed by the fact that whatever it does outside of its police functions is badly done. Acting as a policeman, to enforce the law and compel public order, the Government is prompt and efficient. Doing business as a merchant or manufacturer the Government is extravagant and corrupt. This has compelled students of the science of government to the belief that its proper function, its natural office, is merely the enforcement of the social compact, keeping every man to such use of his rights as shall prevent his encroachment upon the rights of others. This is what, and all, the Government did in the Debs' strike. Debs claimed for his organization rights which invaded the rights of millions of people, abolished contracts, nullified the law and erected a dictatorship. His object was attainable only over the dead body of the law, and the Government, by peaceful, judicial methods where possible, and by military force where necessary, simply subjected Debs and his men to the simple rule of the law by which all other citizens are limited. This was done effectively. Had it not been done anarchy would have substituted law and free government would have perished.

The *Examiner* and the anarchists who give to it its complexion, seem to think that there is wide agreement with its policy and opinions. In this it is mistaken. A turbulent minority, with the courage of ignorance and organization may approve it, but the vast majority is against it. By a large number of letters from all parts of California, it is learned that the people did not sympathize with the late disorders so largely promoted by the *Examiner*. One farmer in Tulare County writes:

"According to my reckoning the turning point in our system of government is at hand. If the breakers, which now look so dangerous, are passed in safety, popular government will continue to enrich the earth with its many blessings. And, as I hear on this clear morning the rumbling of trains as they pass a few miles away, the sound inspires me with the same hope that filled the breast of Key when he saw, in the morning's first gleam, that our flag was still there. One week ago I almost feared for the safety of our Republic. We have passed the first danger point in safety and with small loss, and with the strong arm of Grover Cleveland at the helm I feel confident that the old ship will be piloted to the smooth water beyond in safety. Yes, the whistle of the locomotive, as it thunders by, answers again the question which was answered at Appomattox—can our system of laws for the protection of life and property be enforced?"

That is the thought and language of an American patriot, who proposes no cowardly refuge in Government ownership from the anarchists who cry "down with the law and to hell with private property."

The public ownership proposed is government communism. It is surely not Democracy. Whatever weakness has appeared in our institutions is due to ill-advised attempts of the Government to take care of the taxpayers. After more than a century's experience, aided now by the civil service, the Government carries our letters for us at 32 cents per pound and loses money. The railroads carry our fruit for a cent and a half a pound and make a profit. In the seemingly necessary construction works at navy yards and in rivers and harbors the Government is wasteful and loses money where an individual saves it. The Australian colonies have experimented in government communism and "ownership of public utilities," until they have a public debt of $300 per head, against an average in the United States and Europe of less than $50 per head, and their business is broken down and their prosperity is vanishing.

The Debs strike was made by an organization of railway employés. The leader announces himself in favor of Government ownership. If that come, railway labor will be in government employ. A careful inspection of the salary list of every department of the Federal Government shows that labor of the same grade as that on railroads which Debs ordered to strike, gets from $270 to $720 per year, the average being $488, or $40.66 per month. The Southern Pacific Company pays its engineers $300 per year more than the United States pays the engineers in the revenue marine service. The railway labor, under Government ownership, must expect either a reduction of pay, or the people must expect to be taxed to pay its present wages, either by raising the average cost per ton per mile of transportation, or as now by general levy to meet the annual postal deficiency that is chronic in spite of low wages to postal labor, and a 32 cents a pound rate for carrying letters. Railway labor must expect something more from Government ownership. It must then surrender its organization. Unions will not be in vogue, and if the civil service law project to this form of government employment, it carries along the partizan disabilities now imposed upon the classified service. If railway labor attempt to combine its vote so as to control its wages through political action, shippers and taxpayers will be confronted by the portentous phase of government communism which has swamped Australia. It will be seen that it is easy to paint an alluring picture of paternal government, and attract the disorderly and unthinking by contrasting it with present conditions. But let it be remembered that we know the evils and inconveniences of what we have, and when compared with its blessings and benefits, what we have is justified. But the advocates of this change in our system of government predict buoyantly only good results with no alloy, and this contradicts all past experience and leaves out of the problem the well-tested tendencies of human nature.

THE coming Democratic Convention will be asked to endorse every patented and unpatented plan for curing the evils that

have followed thirty years of Government paternalism. These plans all involve further paternalism, and will simply extend the evil instead of curing it. There is only one cure, and that is the withdrawal of paternalism from every field it has already invaded and forbidding it to enter any others. The Democratic idea of the functions of Government was stated in these words of Jefferson in his first inaugural:

"A wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them free otherwise to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the arch of our felicities."

Therefore, government is neither a producer, manufacturer nor an exchanger. Therefore, the government is not properly in business as a creator of wealth for itself or the people, since production, transmutation and exchange are the only sources of wealth. The proper function of a wise government is by the exercise of its police power, to restrain men from injuring one another, either by personal violence or the use of unfair advantages of one source of wealth against either of the others. Such advantage must be found in unequal laws, which support naturally unprofitable business by handing to it the earnings of that which is naturally profitable. This is protection, the crying inequalities of which can be cured only by their total abolition.

The Republicans want them to stand. The The Populists want to extend them. That is the political situation, and it should not be obscured by the Democracy being sent sniping after a lot of crude theories and hypotheses as unsubstantial as the morning mist.

The surplus of the first World's fair, held in London, was used in establishing the South Kensington Museum, which is now one of the greatest in the world. It has done as much for letters and industries, for art and dynamics as all the educating influences of England which preceded it. The student finds there information upon every subject of human interest, whether of those things which sustain life, or those which destroy it; of those which ennoble it or debase it.

A great many suggestions are made about investment of the surplus of the recent Midwinter Fair. The most eager of these come from people who wrought their worst to defeat the fair and have a deficiency instead of a surplus. These opponents seem to think that their efforts to defeat give them title to the results of victory. Those who supported the fair sturdily from the beginning will be heard in preference to the other sort. The money should be used for some permanent foundation in this city. If this be attached to the Park, so much the better. It should be permanent, useful, ennobling. A committee of such citizens as Henry L. Dodge, William H. Mills, Presidents Kellogg and Jordan, E. B. Pond, and Major Rathbone should be selected to determine in what way the endowment may best be used to produce the most useful results for this city and State. What such men will advise may well take shape as a lasting reminder of California's triumph over circumstance and criticism.

The strike has been fought to a finish, and is off. Its excitement filled the heads of ignorant men with the most fantastic ideas, it nerved many to murder and to crimes against property, checked the returning tide of prosperity, inflicted terrible losses upon commerce and did pitiful injury to labor. All this was apparent during its course, and yet the pulpits and many philanthropists were drawn into violently supporting it, because they thought it was in the interest and for the protection of Pullman's employés. Scripture was quoted voluminously, and the watchword of the sympathetic strike—"an injury to one is the concern of all"—was accepted as an expression of unselfish morality. The labor leaders, who have spent years in destroying American ideas and planting European ideas in their place, have sought to create a permanent labor class in this country, whose members must not expect to be anything but laborers through life, and are taught by their leaders that all outside their class are their enemies, and must be hated by them. They introduced the foul term, "scab," to describe all independent laborers, who believe in the American idea that it is every man's right to better himself, and work or quit without the orders of a walking delegate, and the term "slave" to describe organized labor subject to the walking delegate.

Then to impart a moral tone to the scheme, "an injury to one is the concern of all" was adopted. Upon examination this phrase is seen to be a scripture of hatred and contention. An injury implies the existence of one who injures, and this one is always the hated employer, who is passionately represented as "a master" and the workmen as his "slaves." By these processes the scheming leaders have striven to break all amity and good feeling between labor and the employer. American blood has been kept out of the unions by denying apprenticeship to native boys, and the handicrafts have been passed over to imported labor, which now defys the law, threatens revolution and disturbs public order.

Now let us consider what a great change would be wrought in this problem by the change of one word in the text of the unions. Let us make it read: "The *misfortune* of one is the concern of all," and the spirit of hell is taken out of it and that of Christian peace and brotherhood is substituted. No vision of master and slave is raised, no hatred is inpired, no common interest of employer and employed is disturbed, murder is not taught and public order is left unruffled. The reduction of wages is a misfortune, in a majority of cases arising in the misfortune of the employer by shrinkage of his business. It is not to be removed by ordering all other wage-earners to stop work, increasing poverty and want, adding to the distress of business, and still further reducing the ability of all employers to pay good wages by sapping the stability of trade. Obedience to the law, the maintenance of order, the continuance of labor, the stimulus given industry by stability and the impulse commerce catches by the circulation of wages from employer to labor, from labor to trade and from trade back to employer—these are the means by which the misfortunes of one class or group of laborers are to be borne not by manual labor alone, but by the whole community.

By such constructive measures labor is helped. By the destructive policy of Debs it was hurt. Indeed, it is doubtful if labor in any country in the world was ever before made the victim of a crime against itself as infamous as that committed by him.

In the United States is half the railway mileage of the world. To construct this there was used all the available capital of this country and all that could be borrowed abroad. Government ownership means either that this immense mileage shall be bought and paid for, or that the people shall be taxed to duplicate it.

The man who shuts his eyes to the political iniquities of the hour is a coward or a knave; the man is a liar who claims his party pure and charges all the guilt upon the other. In this city the primaries of both parties are controlled by practically the same element, and as a result corruption in office is as common as officers are numerous. Of the actual condition of affairs, the masses have a dull comprehension. They believe in a hazy way, that in every branch of government wherein bribery is profitable, there bribery exists. They have grown to regard it as an incident to office, and by inference, have rushed to the extreme of believing every officeholder, by virtue of his position, is necessarily venal. Considering conditions it is not wonderful that so desperate an impression exists. It is certainly not miraculous that decent men are restive and demand reformation. They grope in the dark for a remedy, and often like unto the sick man, who in the night mistakes a phial of poison for an innocent alterative, perish from lack of judgment and precaution.

There is a remedy for present political ills, but it does not lie in the detestable demogogary that holds up the hallucination of Government ownership of railroads; it does not lie in an anti-railroad campaign; in the propaganda of plunder; the extremes of radicalism, or the shrieking of anarchistic vagaries. To cure prevailing political corruption, it is necessary to begin by purifying our system of primary elections. As a people, we have, before now, filed our protests through Non-Partisanism, Anti-Railroad and Peoples' party movements—peculiar evidences of dissatisfaction—ephemeral in their nature, abortive in their results, and not outliving a passing indignation. The siren voices of political tricksters have time and again diverted our

minds from the main crime just as they are doing at the moment.

At the first symptom of disaffection in the body politic out glides that hypocritical enemy to honest reform—the demagogue. For him public calamity is but the opportunity of gaining popularity. Indifferent to consequences he is ever ready, by din and clamor of tongue and pen, to excite his fellows to believe themselves wronged, robbed or undone. It is his mission to inflame, to destroy, not to suppress nor create. Eager to turn to his advantage the vagaries of the hour his ear is ever bent to the murmuring of the mob. He it is who converts a private discontent into a public grievance, who to win votes will generate a revolution. He lives for the commendation of the rabble; for their applause he will sink his manhood to the very gutter of degredation. What to him are virtue, honor, integrity against the cheers of the pack. Thirsting for their plaudits he debases his intelligence to twisting facts and contorting circumstances that they may lend color or weight to some passing clamor. He will deny in public the sacred rights he admits in private. To notoriety, his divinity, he sacrifices all honest thought and feeling.

California has ever been a fertile bed for breeding demagoguery, but never has the crop been so luxuriant as at this moment. How long, I wonder, will the masses continue to construe more bluster as disinterestedness? When will they learn to distinguish between the remedies of the physician who heals and the nostrums of the quack who prescribes poultices for the minds his own medicaments have inflamed? When will they learn that a governor, a judge, an attorney-general or any other administrative officer, elected upon a platform that pledges him to heap punishment upon an unpopular institution, is the most dangerous of foes to human liberties; that a man who would accept a position upon such terms has simply bartered and sold his conscience for a nomination. It is men who have won office on such terms as these that have made the most corrupt and venal employés the State ever had.

The cure does not lie this way. Better to wait, better not to trust to any man's manipulation of our primaries, better to suffer through this one campaign, in the meantime mending our political fences for the next. The fault lies deeper than parties. Neither Democrats nor Republicans alone can affect a cure. It must be the work of honest men in all organizations, and who will come to Senate and Assembly pledged to do the best they know to relieve existing condition this terrible canker of corruption.

Last week these columns contained an article briefly setting forth the necessity for remedial legislation in the matter of primary elections. This week I print in another column, a number of letters received from holdover Senators, all breathing the same honest spirit. I recommend a careful reading of these letters. They speak hopefully for the campaign we have opened, and which we propose to follow with faithfulness, until honest primaries are insured by law.

THE horse is evidently a serious and not a mirthful animal, since it is conceded to be difficult to make a horse laugh. But whatever sense of humor may be stored behind equine ribs must be excited by the issues of the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* dealing with Buckley. The *Examiner* discovers him in partnership and affinity with Col. Burns, steering Republicans into the lambfold, while the *Chronicle* daily finds him in conference with Max Popper directing the Democratic flock into the same shelter. A passable memory goes back to the time when Buckley controlled Democratic politics in San Francisco, and the *Examiner* was in an epilepsy of admiration of the fidelity with which he played hangman in politics by executing its sentences upon every man in the party it did not like. When his power waned, of course, the *Examiner* quit licking his shoes, and proceeded to lash his back; but every man knows, that if he were reinstated to morrow, that paper would be found at the old stand, tongue polishing his pumps with all the perspiring industry of a Phillipine island "shiner." The general public is perfectly aware that the press, either by cowardly negative or criminal affirmative, made Buckley powerful, and power made him odious; and the public knows, too, that politics can go back into his control only when the press supports a rule so much more odious than it made his, that his methods seem virgin by contrast.

The people will look on. They are looking on, and they see in some counties, notably Alameda, men elected to the coming Democratic Convention, who formerly registered Buckley's will in many conventions. If from this spectacle they conclude that Buckley simply put himself at the head of a system that has survived him in those who were the tools of his trade, decency will ask itself the question, whether the tools are better than the hand that used them, and will make their answer at the polls.

THE public is being enlightened on the subject of "compulsory arbitration." Those who believe in the purely artificial regulation of everything, through the agency of a paternal government, hold that compulsory arbitration of disputes between an employer and his hired men will settle the wages question, and that the power of labor at the polls will be potent in securing favorable decisions. In a free country there is but one possible form of compulsory arbitration, and that we have had always. It is in the trial of issues in a court of justice. The plaintiff, through the processes of the court, brings the defendant to the bar by compulsion; there the issue is joined and the cause arbitrated—that is to say, it is tried —and the decree is enforced after the defendant has exhausted his right of appeal and whatever equities he may have. There appears to be no room for any other kind of compulsory arbitration. Judicial courts have not heretofore taken jurisdiction of the question of wages, except to enforce their collection when sued for in the same manner as suit is brought for any debt. The wages of labor are now, in most of the States, made a lien upon the property on which the labor has been employed, and these liens are judicially triable, and the courts enforce them.

An employer cannot summon his hired man into court in a suit to compel him to take less wages, nor can the hired man do the same to compel the employer to pay him more. This is for the obvious reason that a judgment for either purpose cannot be enforced. A court cannot compel a man to take less wages nor to pay more than he chooses.

The compulsory arbitration, that is just now seen in visions and dreamed of in dreams, must have the power to compel the taking of less or giving of more wages, or it will be a barren ideality. It needs no argument to demonstrate the inconsistency of such power with the common rights of employer and employé. It would abolish the law of supply and demand, and, if administered to raise wages regardless of that natural law, would operate to destroy all employment, because no man would engage in industrial enterprises while power existed to compel him to run his plant at a loss or incur the penalty of refusal. The scheme is one of the many demagogic propositions which originate in the pallid emulsion called their brains by agitators and office-seekers.

THE strikers in Oakland are circulating a petition asking for the impeachment of Attorney General Olney. They are of the opinion that he did not do as they wanted him to, and that this offense is punishable by impeachment. Their petition is a commentary on the intelligence of its signers, and this is further illuminated by their ravings against the President, and their denunciation of men who obey and enforce the law as "Monarchists." Of course, the Anarchist Populists lead the strikers into these idle and un-American positions. While they are studying the law they will find some valuabe information in Section 5508 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads as follows:

"If two or more persons conspire to injure, oppress, threaten or intimidate any citizen in the free exercise or enjoyment of any right or privilege secured to him by the Constitution or laws of the United States, or because of his having so exercised the same, they shall be fined not more than five thousand dollars and be imprisoned not more than ten years, and shall moreover, be thereafter ineligible to any office or place of honor created by the Constitution or laws of the United States."

The blatant and ignorant leaders of the strike in Oakland are clearly in the grip of that statute. They assaulted, intimidated, threatened and attacked American citizens going to, returning from and while engaged in their lawful occupations, and before the affair is over they will be taught that the Federal law cannot be repealed by Debs, nor suspended by Judge Gibson.

SPLASHES

THE SUMMER GIRL is an unknown quantity in California. She ignores our stretch of sandy beach, our sad sea waves and our unrivaled watering places and hies her far from Western wilds. Her fascinating personality, her abbreviated bathing costume, her wide hats and distracting lawns, her lace parasols and her big beach umbrella, her flirtations, her rivalries, her engagements, her popularity and her mysterious disappearance at the end of the summer season, exist for us only in song and story. Society at Western watering places is much the same as in town. There are always the cliques, and they are usually the same. The freedom which is supposed to exist beyond the city limits and to encourage lesser people to squander large sums at summer hotels frequented by the socially great, is largely a matter of the imagination and has neither substance nor reality at any summer resort in California I have ever visited. Men are not in conspicuous demand here, either, as they are in the East, and at Monterey, the man who goes out to dinner with you, smokes your cigars, or his, on the veranda afterward and possibly dances with your sister a trifle later, is not likely to fit your boots for you the following week in town.

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Neither will such a social dilemma confront you at Newport or Lenox; there is only a possibility of it at Bar Harbor which widens out at Narragansett Pier and becomes a certainty at either Long Branch or Saratoga. And the Summer girl's haunts are his and it is with her oftener than with your sister—who, of course, is one of the smartest girls of the smart set—that he will very probably dance. According to a New York publication which is supposed to separate and to stamp the strata of Eastern society, the real Summer girl is neither a milliner nor a type-writer off for a holiday to be paid for out of a hoarded salary. She is, on the contrary, entitled by birth to position but restricted from the occupancy thereof by the poverty of her branch of the family. She is remotely related to the rich who call on her, through Lent, in the way of penance and occasionally ask her to drive out and meet a few stupid people who will respect her name and not notice her gowns. At the end of the season, they give her some of theirs which she scrupulously makes over for her Summer campaign.

* * *

Her season begins in June, not in November, and instead of the opera, balls, cotillions and champagne, she counts the ocean, the hop, the hotel piazza and ice cream soda among the dearest joys of life. At the Summer resort, she is run after in turn by the newly-rich, who hope to use her name as a wedge to enter the inner circle of New York exclusiveness, a laudable undertaking in which they do not succeed in their generation. She usually helps them all she can, however, by marrying one of their sons and then her children and his are asked everywhere—which would never have happened at all, if she had not begun her career as a Summer Girl.

* * *

AN ENGAGEMENT not yet formally announced is said by some, to exist, is speculated over by others as probable, is regarded by most people as imminent. The maiden, who was one of last season's débutantes, is one of this year's belles, a doctor's daughter, a beauty and a blonde. The man serves his country, wears her uniform and writes Lieutenant before his name. Since my authority, although unquestioned, is not strictly speaking, official, I forbear to mention names, although the affair is quite generally discussed. The pleasure of being the first to announce the tidings of joy does not always compensate for an aftermath of sorrow and humiliation in view of possible mistakes or future misunderstandings and at this end of the century, there are so many steps between the engagement and the altar.

* * *

The secrecy which seeks to shroud the affaire du cœur is, however, usually quite unavailing. If there were not always the confidential friend, who cheerfully betrays, there is the world itself which loves its lovers and looks for them in every corner. Man may not look twice on maid with impunity. They will be suspected, spied on and tattled about, and the engagement of people who are on one's visiting list is rarely a matter of surprise. I understand, for example, that no one betrayed the slightest astonishment when it was discovered that the girl who tempted fate with a yellow garter at the recent Lockwood-Redfield wedding had met her just deserts. It is said that the usher, who was pronounced to be the belle of the entire gathering, instantly succumbed to the potent, hidden charm and distinguished himself at the wedding breakfast which followed the ceremony by absently placing on her pink-gloved finger, the ring which he found in the bride-cake.

* * *

Mrs. J. Hays Hammond has returned to America under somewhat distressing circumstances. She had just left South Africa with her children to place them at school in Europe and at the end of her journey was met by a cable announcing that her uncle, General Harris, had met with a severe accident, resulting in a fracture of the knee. The relation between General Harris and his niece has always been as close and affectionate as that of father and daughter and Mrs. Hammond at once decided to leave her children abroad at school and go to her uncle. The trip over, hastily planned and made under the stress of anxiety, was naturally trying and Mrs. Hammond looked fatigued and dispirited on her arrival at Victoria where she was met by Dick Hammond. She found the General resting comfortably, however, at the Pacific Union Club, with every prospect of speedy recovery. After a month's visit in California, Mrs. Hammond will return to Johannisburg.

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Jerome Hart has returned to San Francisco, the *Argonaut* and his editorial duties, after a brilliant season of social dissipation in the East. He met Joe Grant in New York on the latter's return from abroad, and both men, who have a wide Eastern acquaintance, beside the number of Californians who are now keeping up handsome establishments in the East, were wined, dined, feasted and entertained by everybody. San Francisco journalism is not a brilliant field by contrast, but Jerome Hart is, I understand, quite devoted to his work, and returns to it with cheerful fortitude. Joe Grant will, I presume, devote himself to the furnishing of the remodeled Bush street house. It is gossiped that Mrs. Grant did not approve of the changes and preferred the more conventional if inartistic interior. With all due respect to prejudice of this kind, the new hall is exceedingly chaste and dignified, and the soft surface of the exquisitely finished redwood, in the natural color, is satisfying to the artistic eye. The idea of the innovations originated with the son of the house, and I gather that he is quite satisfied with the results. I hear, too, that Joe Grant improved his opportunities in Europe to pick up one or two good pictures and a few rare things in the way of decoration. He already has some unusual armor and, if I remember, some rather fine tapestries.

* * *

AT MONTEREY this year I noticed the increased spirit of camaraderie between the distinct cliques which always color the Del Monte season with their contrasting individualities. This is the evidence of our rapidly growing civilization, which encourages confidence between members of the same class of society. There was obviously more cordiality and less irritating friction between the powers that be and an unusual lot of the "non-committals," who circulate agreeably, have neither preferences nor convictions, prevent jarring, and are unspeakably useful when considered in the capacity of washers and packing. Men are in an abundance most rare. On the night of the ball a number of strangers, the tennis players and tennis enthusiasts, who do not go in heavily for dancing, were not so valuable on the floor, but the force of their numbers could not be denied. And in the East there is the continual wail over the scarcity of men at the summer resorts and it sounds louder than ever this year. This paucity of the masculine attraction is variously and cynically accounted for, and opinion is divided between the financial restraint imposed by the stringent money market and the superior allurements of New York roof gardens and the summer opera season.

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The Southard-Hoffmans arrived at Monterey on the thirtieth, also Ralston Hamilton, Fred McNear, H. R. Simpkins and J. Talbot Clifton, who is familiarly known as the British Lion of Burlingame. The inevitable reaction followed on the wild excitement of last week but there are still people enough at Del Monte to lend brilliancy to the scene and they are of the energetic kind capable of getting up picnics and organizing Tally-Ho parties—also, it would seem, an occasional practical joke. The other night, for example, a very well known girl who had been carrying huge dinner bouquets of violets into the dining room every night, and the scalp of the wealthy sender hanging, in full view, at her belt, received a telegram, while at dinner with her particular set. She is at Del Monte without her own people, and the yellow envelope gave her a nervous chill. "Read it and tell me the worst!" she said, handing it to the devoted slave, who obediently broke the seal, perused the slip, flushed scarlet, said damn under his breath, and stuffed the telegraphic communication in his pocket.

* * *

Curiosity possessed the board and the maiden wrathily demanded the dispatch. Her request was refused and a heated debate followed. The man and his "excellent reasons" represented the minority and was finally forced by superior numbers to yield up the disturbing missive. It read as follows—barring an excusable liberty which I shall take with the names—

"Miss Blank—Hotel Del Monte—Seventy-eight dollars due for violets sent you at Monterey—Mr. Dash ordered flowers but repudiates

Leopold, Florist and Decorator, 39 Post St. Bouquets, Baskets, Wreaths, Crosses, etc., to Order. Telephone 1139.

Dr. R. F. Verrinder, Surgical Treatment of Diseases and Deformities of the Mouth, Jaws and Teeth. 206 Kearny St.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

bill. We cannot continue to send violets without remittance.

Rose and Rose, Florists."

"It's an infernal falsehood" shouted the man over the table, "you can read it out loud —there's not a word of truth in it! The brutes never sent me a bill!"

The telegram went round the board followed by excited comments until it reached Dr. Tevis, who seemed to be so overcome by mirth that he could not peruse it. A light dawned on the victim.

"*You* sent that thing!" he said suddenly, "Don't deny it! I suppose," with bitter scorn, "You thought that was funny!"

"Well, yes!" admitted the Doctor as soon as he could be heard over the shrieks of laughter "Yes! I did!"

* * *

EVERYBODY is looking forward to the Cotillion which will be given next week by Mrs. Avery to her son Howard, probably at the Campbell's place, although I believe that part of the affair is not quite decided on. There will be thirty couples—all the younger set—led by John De Ruyter and chaperoned by Mrs. De Ruyter, who will be, I understand, the only married woman present. The favors are, with a few exceptions, being made by the girls—quite the proper thing, I am informed, as opposed to any vulgar display of trifles at ten, twenty and thirty dollars apiece, such as now characterize only the functions of the newly rich. I have just received a letter from a New York correspondent which makes some mention of this matter, and a fashionable journal of the East has recently had something to say about the poor taste expressed in dinner and Cotillion favors which put one's guests under obligations for something more than an evening's pleasant entertainment. Lavender sticks twisted together with baby ribbon figure largely among the favors for the Avery Cotillion, and I hear that about ninety of these were made by the different girls last week, among other dainty little trifles—all of which necessitated sewing bees at the different houses, with the tea afterward, to which the men were asked. The fiat has gone forth against wine, I understand, at the Cotillion supper—presumably because the older set will not be there to set the usual evil example.

* * *

On Saturday Dr. Sherman gave a coaching party of eight over the road from Mill Valley to Redwood, close by the haunt of the Sacred Owl, and the run was made in about four hours. The affair was in honor of Miss Burgess, Dr. Sherman's fiancée, and was chaperoned by Mrs. Burgess. The others were Miss Mattie McCormack, Miss Platt, Miss Dennis, Dr. Sharp, Dr. Dennis and Mr. Sharp. The Tally Ho was a swagger rig painted yellow and black. Dr. Sherman handled the ribbons and Miss Burgess had the box seat. She wore a huge hat of yellow straw, very picturesque and summery, and all the girls carried immense clusters of yellow roses. The return trip was made in good time, the coach tooling into town at about a quarter after seven.

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The Ellis Parrishes have rented Will Hearst's cottage, "Sea Point Villa" for the Summer, and are entertaining the McCormack girls, sisters of Mrs. Parrish, who have just returned from Del Monte. The billiard and card rooms at the Villa are spacious and handsome and Mrs. Parish has indulged in several pool and card parties and will entertain considerably, I believe, through the season. Mrs. P. J. T. Kenna has a cottage at Sausalito with her daughter, Miss Blix Smith, her sister, Miss Murray, the Misses Kenna, Fred Smith, James Robbins and Frank Goewey, in her house party. The officers of the British ship "Thomasina McClellan" lying off Sausalito have been particularly civil to Sausalito people and entertained several parties aboard with a hospitality which includes pâtés, truffles, terrapin and champagne. On Thursday evening the Parrishes, McCormacks, Le Counts and several men, White and Howard Avery among them, were the Captain's guests at supper.

* * *

TENNIS thrives at San José, however much its popularity may have waned elsewhere, and the Vendôme has found it necessary to add another court to its handsome grounds. The usual number of excursions to Mount Hamilton—Tally-Ho parties, and riding and driving and dancing fill up the time between Sunday and Sunday in the manner usual to the fashionable Summer hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Arguella who are building a beautiful home on their ranch in Santa Clara County, have engaged rooms at the Vendôme, where they intend to pass their Winters. Mr. and Mrs. Bond, formerly of Seattle, have also decided on San José for their future residence, and Mrs. Bond's friends will be delighted to know that she is convalescent from her severe illness. She is one of the most popular among the guests at the Vendôme and her recovery is a matter of general interest and pleasure.

* * *

The C. A. Winships have brought their two month's visit at the Vendôme to a close, and returned to their home at Napa. Clarence Urmy is also missed from the hotel, but is expected to return from a tour of the various watering places, some time during the coming month. His sister, Miss Mabel Urmy, paid the Garden City a flying visit on Monday. Fay Smalley, nephew of E. J. Baldwin, and his bride, née Foltz, a daughter of Mrs. Clara Foltz, are passing their honeymoon at the Vendôme. Other guests of the week include Miss Stella Triest, who has been a guest of her aunt, Mrs. Lewis. Dr. W. S. Thorne and Dr. W. M. Thorne, Max Popper, who passed a week at the hotel with his mother, Mrs. J. M. Neville, the guest of the H. S. Bruners, and J. M. Livingstone and his daughters Miss Alice and Miss Florence Livingstone and their friend Miss Clara Morris.

* * *

THE VENDÔME keeps up the summer gayeties, and smart San José has fallen into the agreeable habit of going over to the hotel verandas to hear the band after dinner, and is always in evidence and exceedingly well attired at the Vendôme hops. Miss Switzer, a young St. Louis belle, who possesses not only graces of manner and of person, but certain golden charms besides, is much sought after, and the Misses Mabury, Miss Edna Bowman and Miss Emry are also beauties of the San José season and have any amount of attention in the way of coaching parties, drives, rides and boxes of flowers innumerable. There are rather more men about the Vendôme than one usually finds out of town after the Fourth of July, but San José is somewhat prolific of gilded and attractive youth.

* * *

Everybody has been amused by the vagaries of an Englishwoman who arrived at the Vendôme with other British tourists and has lingered on, indefinitely by herself. It seems that she is as exacting in her demands in the attachés of the hotel as she is chary of tipping them for their services and dispenses tracts instead of quarters with a lavishness worthy a more expensive cause. Last week she went to Mount Hamilton by coach with other visitors and delayed the trip and annoyed the driver by clambering in and out of the vehicle after wild flowers or even sending the man himself on the errand. When the party returned to the hotel, however, she lingered a moment after the others with her hand in her reticule.

"I want to thank you for your trouble," she said to the driver. "I would like you to accept this in return."

The man extended a hopeful hand and received a little slip of paper—the inevitable tract—on which in bitterness of spirit, he read —

"For what we have received, the Lord make us truly thankful."

* * *

The next event of real social magnitude is the meet of the Country Club at Del Monte. Far more brilliant than the festivals of former years the celebration this August promises to be, and it will certainly be remarkable if a large crowd is not attracted to Monterey. In addition to the "shoot," wherein innumerable pigeons must fall victims to Pacific Union marksmen, the attractions include also pony racing and polo playing by the experts of Burlingame, the inevitable music and fireworks almost as fine as some the Midwinter Fair had. Invitations have been sent to the members of all the leading clubs, and with their feminine dependents, surely a magnificent showing must be made.

* * *

TALBOT CLIFTON'S return from Mazatlan was almost contemporaneous with the arrival of his drag at the Custom House. He was in ample time to formally present it to the Burlingame Club, which, I am credibly informed, he did with the eloquence the occasion evoked and justified. Mr. Clifton makes his headquarters on the eleventh floor of the Crocker building, where he has established a studio fitted with all the appliances of the painter's art. He is engaged just now on several canvases depicting scenes in Mazatlan and through the Yaqui Indian country generally. His style is decidedly impressionist, and his coloring is a bit gloomy. Of course, Mr. Clifton paints merely for the amusement of brush wielding, though he tells with some elaboration a tale of an encounter with an agricultural celebrity whom he met on his way up from San Diego. He was sketching a bit of landscape in the vicinity of the bucolic's home, when that worthy approached and gazed earnestly over his shoulder.

* * *

Being a countryman of artistic instincts he expressed a proper degree of appreciation in a homely way, and then asked Clifton what "one of them things was worth to sell?" Of course, the artist disclaimed any commercial tendencies, said that he preserved such things among his reminisences of travel. However, the admirer was persistent, and finally a bargain was struck, in compliance with which Talbot Clifton reproduced the sketch for five dollars. He treasures the coin as the first money he has ever made by the exercise of his art, and will tell you the story at greater length than I can remember, if you ask him.

* * *

SAN RAFAEL is still remarkably quiet. The Hotel is full and the verandas gay with some of the handsome toilettes worn by the women of the smart Jewish set who are largely in evidence this year at the Rafael. But people seem to have gone over to the fash-

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ionable watering place this Summer for a rest. There is no sound of revelry by night and peace pervades the quiet atmosphere about the big hotel. There is some entertaining done at private cottages. The Johnsons have had house party after house party all through the early Summer. Mr. Fred Green has also kept open house and the merry clan Magee go in for picnics and feasts al fresco to which any number of people from town are bidden. Ward McAllister, Jr. and his friend Mr. Artsimovitch have instituted the fashion of Italian dinners at Fairfax—an idea which has been taken up with some enthusiasm.

* * *

I hear that the haughty exclusiveness of a pretty, young, blonde matron of San Rafael is a matter of some amusement to her friends. She was once a belle of most amiable and indulgent disposition, smiled on all the scores of her devoted admirers with the same impartial grace and had a way of refusing a man and being, if not a sister at least a good friend to him, after the ordeal which made the mitten seem like some sort of a desirable distinction. Her marriage was a source of grief to endless men, but they rather counted on her agreeable acquaintance at least. They reckoned, possibly, without the husband. At all events she either scarcely sees any one of them as she passes them by or she sees them not at all and I hear that last week, a man who was her devoted slave for months rushed up to her enthusiastically and was met with a surprised stare and the crushing query—"Have we met before?"

* * *

THE CROWD at Castle Crag, which felt the imperative necessity of getting to town while the road was blocked, has now decided that it is very comfortable in the country. The spirit of contrariness may have something to do with this, but good and sufficient dinners—to say nothing of breakfasts, luncheons and suppers—have even more. The provisions were really low at Castle Crag during the strike, money could not buy food, and there were serious fears among the wealthy and fashionable visitors at the hotel that a chapter out of the history of Midas might repeat itself. The Carolan party has just gone up en famille for several weeks. Miss Genevieve Carolan, who, by the way, does not come up to the Carolan standard of feet and inches, has another year to put in at Farmington, but like all the embryonic débutantes she is allowed some little practice at the social arts during the summer, and has had more or less attention during her vacation this year. Miss May Belle Gwinn has, I understand, returned from Castle Crag, but Miss Van Ness is still there under the wing of Mrs. Hager. The Martin boys, Walter and Andrew, the heroes of the hour, have removed themselves also from the scene of that heroic rescue and gone down to visit Brother Peter at Los Angeles.

* * *

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase comes to town next week to remain for a month or two, and will probably establish herself at the Palace or the California, as the town house has been rented for the year. In the Fall she will return to Stag's Leap, which is at its loveliest during the vintage season. It is one of the most charming spots in California, all the year round, for that matter. The Chase place covers about a thousand acres, taking in the valley and foot hills, on which the stone house is set with its back to its famous "Leap," with fine old woods of oak and laurel and seven hundred acres of vines stretch like a terraced lawn down into the valley, green in Summer and brilliant red in the Fall. The view from the porches, which are quite twelve feet wide and run all about the house, is superb and characteristically Californian. The old Mission wine house, tunneled in stone back into the heart of the hills, is picturesque in the extreme, and the interior of the Chase house is both artistic and luxurious. It is ceiled in natural redwood, with huge fireplaces, window seats and unexpected corners, and has the hospitable air of a house that is lived in and enjoyed.

* * *

Stag's Leap is a particularly striking name for a country place and has a meaning and a history which is everything. It is the spot where deer were hunted to the edge of the crags which rise quite one thousand feet, I should say. There is any number of good names tacked to the country dwellings of Californians. "Craig-Hazel," the Dickinson's place at Saucelito which was a second thought, I believe, and like most second thoughts was, in this instance, decidedly best. "Moscow Cottage," the old Latham home, now owned by the Crooks—while not declaring its raison d'être, has nevertheless an attractive sound. "Mira Monte" which is the McAllisters' country home is soft, inviting and suggestive of the dolce far niente of Summer afternoons. "El Mulinero," the Lymans' place in the Napa Valley, has the charm of association with old California, and "The Hutch" which is not conspicuously a hutch and "The Hacienda" which is not at all a Hacienda are both good names for bachelor abodes. Southern California is rich in soft, Spanish names, historic, many of them, and Solano County to the north has quite as many.

* * *

OAKLAND has been utterly frivolous this week considering the midsummer season. There have been several teas and garden parties besides Miss Garber's Tennis party which ended in a supper and a dance. Mrs. A. Jackson-Ralston's tea was an elaborate function in honor of Miss Smedburg. Mrs. Ralston was assisted by Miss De Fremery, Miss Mhoon and Miss Palmer and everybody was beautifully gowned. Among the guests were Miss Prather, Miss Wall, Miss McKee, Miss Glascock, Miss Williams, Miss Wheaton, Miss Brown, Miss Requa, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. William Henshaw and Mrs. Taylor. The same smart set met again at Mrs. Henshaw's garden party. The day was perfect and the girls dazzling in dainty fabrics and summery styles worn this year, whenever the weather permits. Mrs. Henshaw received in a love of a frock of sheer white lawn and Miss Chabot wore a very swagger combination of red and white, Miss Ella Wall pure white and Miss Grimes a very delicate blue. Tea was served in a Japanese tea house built in the gardens and the decorations—great baskets of fruit and flowers were unique and lovely—particularly for an al fresco function.

* * *

Mrs. Watkinson's tea, given to Miss Ralston and Miss Smedburg, was a delightfully informal affair with which to begin the week, on Monday afternoon. Guests lingered until long after the regulation hour, and the rooms were beautifully decorated in careless clusters of sweet peas and roses, placed here, there and everywhere, quite in the easy, graceful spirit of the entertainment. The Fruitvale Whist Club met for the last time this season on Tuesday evening at the Frank Wellman, and, as usual, divided the evening between science and social distractions. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Wilson's cards are out this week, and they will receive on Thursdays at the home of Captain and Mrs. Wilson. The Fred Hathaways have engaged rooms at Castle Crag, and go up some time early in August. Mrs. F. M. Smith will return about the same time, but goes East, I understand, almost immediately. I hear, too, that Miss Cohen and Dr. Daggett are to be married on the thirteenth of next month.

* * *

A MANIA for the adoption of girl infants has suddenly taken possession of the Oakland mind. Mrs. F. M. Smith is, I understand, held responsible, as having set the singular example and half East Oakland, in particular, has proceeded to walk in her footsteps. The occupation is gone from the Orphan Asylums and anyone afflicted with a few superfluous girls under three months of age might peddle them to advantage, throughout the precincts of East Oakland. The craze is not confined to the childless. Most people have a touch of it, independent of family claims. The members of the fashionable little Congregational Church have gone in for the fad with enthusiasm and a most un-Christian rivalry exists in their midst, as to the beauties and virtues of their various foundlings, who like the lost and found babes of romance are all rejoicing in the appellations of Dorothy or Gladys. I trust that like them, too, they may develop into patterns and models of all the graces and virtues, repay a thousand fold the kindness and generosity of their benefactors and turn out to be Princesses and Duchesses in disguise.

* * *

IT IS AN injustice to the charming Count Benois D'Azy to pass without appreciation the fact of his marriage with Miss Carrie Jones. He is not unknown here, the Count, though it is sad to relate we have had no opportunity of passing on the fascinations of Miss Jones, who, by the way, is a belle at Chicago. Several a weary years have flown leaden flights since Count D'Azy honored this corner of the universe with his gay Parisian presence. The son of Count D'Azy, an immensely wealthy nobleman of Nevers—President, if I remember aright, of the Paris & Lyons railway, he came here seeking a frolic, and no one ever had a better one. That at least is the dictum of Mr. Pete Bigelow, then at the heyday of his glory, and possessed of coins to entertain sumptuously all subjects of his hospitable impulses. To the seductions of the Maison Riche and the kaleidoscopic array of intimates that surrounded the irrepressible journalist, Benois was introduced at a gorgeous breakfast. Champagne galore of course, flowers, and, at the closing hours, a delegation of charming Bohemiennes, including Georgie Drew Barrymore and the fascinating Sylvia Gerrish, then a bright particular star in the horizon of more admirers than she remembered the names of.

* * *

Among the guests was a certain young Catholic person whose highly respectable family basks in the smiles of the Hierarchy of the Church of Rome. In order to keep going the festivities so genially inaugurated he invited Count D'Azy and the others to assist him in entertaining Miss Florence St. John and the Gaiety Company, in whose honor he was giving a tug party. Under such auspices 'twas a wildly gay affair, that party, and heaven, I hope, took no especial cognizance of all the wierd things that happened. But he was young—quite young—Count Benois D'Azy, and in spite of his Parisian accent and his French bringing up, his conscience pricked

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him for indulging in levity so exuberant. At that time there presided at the church of Notre Dame des Victoires, on Bush street, a French nobleman of peculiar sanctity whose lineage added a touch of aristocracy to the parish. To him went Count Benois and confessed not only all his sins but also, alas, the names of his accomplices, which was rather embarrassing.

* * *

Horrified at the excesses of his young friend the priest confided to the Archbishop the wickednesses of the young Catholic person who had led Count Benois into temptation, and together they called at the mansion of the respectable family and laid bare the iniquities of the misguided son. A complaint presented under such distinguished auspices was sure of attention. Anathemas were called down upon the blonde head of the young Catholic person and, I believe, he was banished to Tiburon, Paso Robles or somewhere, to expiate his crime. Escaped from this noxious connection the Count amused himself buying trotting horses and visiting Yosemite, concluding the series of his exploits by losing a young and unadulterated heart to Miss Carrie Jones—he called her Ca-r-r-r-é-jones—of Chicago. Alas for their dream of love, neither D'Azy père, nor Jones, Sr., approved the union—the latter on patriotic grounds—the former because of pride of birth and family. But this parental opposition solidified the sentiment uniting the twain. They vowed eternal fidelity and when Count Benois returned to France, he informed the stern parent that nothing could wean his heart from Ca-r-r-r-é-jones. The president of the Paris and Lyons Railway was relentless.

* * *

Whereupon Benois fled to Lyons to the office of a relative of his mother who had incurred the disdain of the D'Azy family by engaging in trade. Into his service the disconsolate lover entered and travelled for the variety of oil that the relative dealt in. Unhappy youth! Strange to say, though, he developed an aptitude for business, got on brilliantly, and from post to post arose to prominence in petroleum. Quite recently he became a partner in the house and thereupon sent the glad tidings to Miss Ca-r-r-r-é-jones. After such splendid loyalty and enthusiasm what was there left for D'Azy père but compliance and the wedding was solemnized with all the honors due a son and heir of the family. It may be quite unnecessary to say that Mr. Bigelow, at this end of the line, saw to it that the affair obtained due recognition and in honor of Count Benois and his Ca-r-r-ré-jones he had a gathering at the Union Square Restaurant—where excellent meals are had for 35 cents.

* * *

Sociology taken as an evening amusement is rather a new thing in San Francisco. Of course, one can always read dry facts in books and listen to them in lectures. If one's inclination runs that way and it is only a few of us who have the inclination; but to have dry facts clothed in warm words and vivified with live opinion is more entertaining. Mrs. Stetson's Talks on Social Questions at Union Square Hall, are genuine talks. She talks, and the audience talks back, and the modest listener who does not take any share in the discussion can chuckle softly to himself over the results. The plan is to promote free and intelligent study of the most vital questions of the hour, and there should be many in the city who will appreciate the opportunity.

* * *

I HEAR that the four men and maidens who planned a practical joke to take effect after the Monterey ball, found the ways of their transgression singularly hard and humiliating. It seems that having a passing grudge which demanded immediate payment, they lured their victim into the supper-room, and saw him safely ensconced between two girls, who were initiated into the villainous plot and agreed to fascinate and hold him. Then they nimbly repaired to the floor where it was known that he was domiciled in a suite of several rooms. Never mind how they effected an entrance — Satan usually finds a way. Suffice it to say, they got in and plunging through the parlor into the first bedroom, here they proceeded to their deadly work. Bureau drawers, wardrobe doors and trunk trays were ruthlessly pulled out, flung wide, and the contents overturned in the middle of the floor. Papers, envelopes, books, letters, pamphlets and photographs were scattered to the uttermost corners of the room. One or two suits of shirts and dittos were carefully stuffed with anything available and seated upright on chairs in ghostly semblance of human, headless forms. All the pictures were turned upside down, or with their faces to the wall and the bedding was tenderly deposited in the adjacent bath tub.

"There!" panted a breathless youth. "That is lovely! What is the matter with you?" addressing one of the girls, who was indulging in sneers.

"They're cotton!" she announced, superbly pointing to some striped pajamas hung on the back of a chair. "Cotton and coarse, and—er—*common!* I wouldn't think anything of it if he wasn't so airy—er—*outside!*"

"Come on! Never mind! Time's up!" said the man, and they swept in a gust from the room.

* * *

All through the remainder of the evening, they were jolly as Sandboys. Their mirth rippled from them at intervals. Their joy was so excessive that they confided it to their friends. Before the ball was over half their set had heard about it. It was agreed between them all that they should assemble en masse, on the morrow, to confront their victim in the garish light of day and read in his bloodshot eyes and haggard cheeks, the story of a sleepless night. They parted with this amiable understanding, and they rose at an uncomfortably early hour for fear he should escape them, to carry out their part of the programme. But he was horribly disappointing in his expected role. He appeared on the piazza smooth, shaven, immaculate — even smiling. In fact, he smiled broadly. He had something funny to tell them.

"D'ye know," he said, "something awfully funny happened last night!"

(*Chorus, hopefully*) "Yes? Yes? What was it?"

"Well, you see," he went on, chuckling; "my man is an awfully good man, but he's English, and don't get on very well with his own class out here—stiff with 'em or something—and d'ye know," laughing quite heartly now, "some of the maids got into his room last night and pulled it all to bits. Poor devil! He called me in to look at it. Never saw such a sight in me life! Must have taken the idiots hours! Ha! ha!"

He looked about him for a sympathetic smile. He was alone on the veranda.

* * *

SELDOM does enterprise in San Francisco meet the success the Lurline Baths have won. On Saturday and Sunday last there passed the turnstiles 4,400 people; on Tuesday the admissions were 1,600—in fact the institution has already established itself on a firm financial basis and a month or so later the projectors will begin to enjoy the monetary reward of their temerity. The theory on which President Harrison reconciles the success of the Lurline with the failure of so many apparently well directed undertakings here is that the bath house is the best of its kind—really a magnificent affair—and for the best, there is ever a reception in San Francisco. However, the prosperity is a condition not a theory and as swimming is something all of us care to do the year round it is safe to believe the patronage of the Lurline will increase rather than fall off. Most people are not aware of a close connection between the Salt Water Company and the Sutter Street Railway. One exists which saves nearly $600 per month to the latter concern and at least $500 per month to the baths.

* * *

The water in the Lurline swimming tank is kept at a temperature of 75° F. But the transmuting of the chill Pacific into the tepid waters in whose luxurious embrace one may remain an hour, is not performed on the premises. A large condenser in the Sutter St. engine house is responsible. Into this receptacle, filled with coils and coils of piping, the ocean pours and, in the process, rises from 60° to 100,° for through these miles of pipe the exhaust steam from the boiler is conducted, instead of creeping up the chimney in the form of mist. But in its passage through it is not only responsible for the rise in the temperature of the salt water, but is resolved by the cold current into its original condition and from the condenser runs a stream of fresh water, back into the boiler. So the company has ceased paying revenue to Spring Valley. This scheme gives the Lurline all the hot water it requires and in a week or two arrangements will be made to supply the Olympic tank with water at 72°. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the enterprise is the huge volume of water poured in every day. The huge reservoir is supplied with 440,000 gallons daily, so the ocean flows in as rapidly as it flows out. That, of course, is the important point, for the purity of the water is everything.

* * *

The inflow and escape of so huge a body of water produces a current of considerable strength which keeps the water in constant circulation and accounts, I believe, for the cleanliness of the sides and bottom of the huge tank whenever it is emptied. If you look in there at midnight Sunday, the length and depth of it are exposed to view and an opportunity is given of seeing the army of washers turn to with soap and fresh water, cleansing the receptacle as though it were a private tub in one's own mansion.

* * *

NOW THAT Max Popper is back on the Democratic throne it is sincerely to be hoped he will permit the return to Livermore of the ghost of Buckley. That apparition has done yeoman's service and has earned the retirement Max should thrust upon it. Poor ghost —invisible to the party until Max conjured it up out of the depths of his phantasmorgic imagination, clothing it with cerements from the realm of nightmares, then glaring horror-stricken, with staring eyes and warning fingers at his own creation—is it any wonder it created consternation? It was comparatively easy to make the *Examiner* a party to the vision, for that remarkable organ foresaw an impending sensation, and, the abhorrence of the stigma of consistency made it anxious to relocate Buckley elsewhere than on the shoulders of Dan Burns, where, by the latter's ad-

mission, he was snugly seated. Between them they have created a feeling of distrust that even the best intelligence of the party may find it difficult to dispel. In one direction the misguided tactics of Popper have been effective. He has made himself a necessity to the party, not by reason of intellectual or political capacity, but because the vehemence of his protestations have clothed him in the eyes of a section of the Democracy with a garment of purity, and for their edification he must be conspicuously paraded.

* * *

Indeed, the manner of his resignation had made it impossible for a successor to be appointed, for whomsoever assumed the toga subjected himself inevitably to the reproach of Buckleyism. In fact, Max imitating the tactics of the octopus, had so blackened the Democratic waters with the secretions of his imagination, that no one dared go to the rescue of the drowning party for fear of defilement. I think, though, he realized how erroneous his course had been at the general meeting last week, for his explanations were received with a degeee of coldness that would have frozen the stupidest of political tacticians into comprehension. To-day Mr. Popper is one of the most unpopular men in the Democracy, though the opportunity of regaining lost ground is well within his grasp. His pettiness has antagonized the active fighting element by whose action he had been elevated to leadership. It now behooves him to reconcile this section by becoming a leader not in word, but in deed, by directing an aggressive fight against the Republicans, by developing the courage, backbone and the executive ability necessary to save the party from collapse. If he does no more than cease ghost-hunting and creating discords in the ranks of the party, he will have a chance to make a brave struggle against the odds that confront the Democracy, and I promise him recognition in quarters wherein recognition is most desirable and valuable.

* * *

Considering conditions, the project of postponing the primaries must commend itself to the judgment of the party. So much has been written on the subject these last two weeks, the actual plan has been submerged by the flood of verbiage. It is, simply, that the committees in each of the sixteen districts shall appoint eight delegates, or 144 in all, leaving twelve to be selected at large. These 144 names will be presented to the general committee, which shall have power to excise all individuals against whom there exists the suspicion of disaffection. In this way no person nor clique can control the delegation, and the city will have an adequate and respectable representation in the convention. The solitary objection to the scheme is that it ensures a new lease of life to the committee, but when the terrors of the moment have been dissipated, it will not be difficult to dissolve that body. Its members realize that it has really ceased to be representative.

* * *

MORE IMPORTANT to the Democracy than the reconciliation of Max Popper and his imagination is the great *Examiner* question. If some one will inform the guiding element of the party where the "Monarch" may be found after nominations, he will have performed an inestimable service. There is a disposition on the part of Mr. Hearst, or, rather, of his advisers, to jump the track, and as "the young man" is soon to return to Washington and his friend John Wedderburn, it is safe to believe a policy has been decided on. Undoubtedly there is a determination on Mission street to enforce on the party all its shibboleths, and if the convention cannot convert the socialism of the *Examiner's* editorial department into material for platform planks, then it is safe to presume Willie will support some independent ticket. If he is strong enough to create a new party and lead it to success, it is certain he will do so, but the influence of the organ is purely destructive, and its support of a proposition or an individual make both impossible.

* * *

In this connection I am only as wise as another, and offer but the current assumption. It is that the *Examiner's* preference is for an independent, or non-partisan movement, and if the Democracy give but half an opportunity most assuredly it will be taken advantage of, and the guns turned on the party nominees. Nothing if not sensational, the paper is ever on the lookout for the policy that will make it most conspicuous, and into the plans of its management the success or failure of the Democracy enter not at all. Indeed, as some one very justly said: "The *Examiner* is as ungrateful as a Republic and as consistent as a weather-cock." It is also as far-sighted as a Front-street merchant. However, without the tacit support, or rather complicity of Mr. Hearst, the Democracy cannot hope for success. Indeed, that, under the most favorable circumstances, seems sadly remote. Still, much might be done with Jackson Temple at the head of a ticket, a strong, honest platform with Populists fads omitted and the *Examiner* bombarding its opponents. There is a feeling against Estee throughout the country and in town that his remarkable utterances on the Funding Bill will tend to increase rather than to minimize, and the chance for a strong and honest man is excellent.

* * *

That the *Examiner* is much more gratified at the attitude of Max Popper than the rest of the party is improbable. It was he who made it see his Buckley ghost, and persuaded it into the hysterical protestations which so disgusted the active element. When the Purity Committee was purifying, it left him to his own devices, and while it is still his supporter, there is but little cordiality in its commendation, and it would willingly escape from its bargain if an opportunity offered. One reason why it failed to assist the last Non-Partisan Convention which Colonel Burns engineered, was that the *Call-Bulletin* had infused their identity into it. The initiated looking for straws, find indications in a reproduction of a *Call* editorial by Mr. Hearst, but perhaps that is a warning rather than an announcement. If the *Examiner* is really so essential I would favor electing Willie Hearst to succeed Max Popper, save that, I believe, he could not count on his own support for more than two weeks at a time.

* * *

SAM DAVIS who originated and so persistently boomed the '49 Camp idea did not get a dollar out of it in return for his efforts. At the last meeting of the directors a surplus in the treasury was voted to Major Frank McLaughlin who invested $3,500 in the stock. The enterprise it seems was extravagantly managed—Sam says dishonestly and does not hesitate to be particular in his accusations. After the gates were closed the accounts were made out and the disposition of the cash in hand considered. There was about enough to declare a dividend of two cents per share, but as that would not reimburse McLaughlin for his output—the entire amount was given to him him to the positive disgust of Sam Davis. The complacent manner in which he was deprived of the fruits of so much toil does not satisfy him at all and he has placed the matter in the hands of Lloyd & Wood. Some interesting developments may be anticipated when the suit comes to be tried and what Sam is particularly interested in is an accidental fire which destroyed the accounts.

* * *

IT IS SO LONG since the courts have had a cause celêbre that the greatest interest has been developed over the Martin will case. Especially has the Bar watched the progress of the contest, and the methods of the lawyers in control are the subjects of more controversy outside the tribunal than the evidence either introduces gives rise to within. Perhaps the participation of Grove Johnson adds, in the estimation of the legal fraternity, an element of importance. His prominence in the Heath case and the persistent "booming" he has had in the *Examiner* gives rise to a deal of curiosity as to his ability, and his every move is watched in an effort to arrive at an honest estimate of his actual capacity. It is unfortunate in this case he should be matched against so skillful and polished an advocate as Mr. Delmas, for the contrast between the style of the two men is almost elemental. One is a master of all court tactics, cold, impassive, keen, searching, proficient in dialectics, with an inimitable verbal dexterity in shaping his questions.

* * *

The other poses, jokes, gyrates for the benefit of the reporters, is smart, flippant, audacious—all with an undeniable cleverness and effect, but in comparison with the concise neatness the deft flexibility of his opponent his style suffers. It is the difference between a chromo and an admirably painted landscape, wherein every touch tells and every stroke is calculated. Still the case is so remarkable a one and the evidence so contradictory that all the resources of Delmas, Rogers and their associates will be needed to win a verdict, just as it will require all Attorney Johnson knows to neutralize the forgery testimony of Expert Breckenfeld. Sensations have been so frequent throughout the trial that nothing would now surprise either side, and it may be the strange developments are not over with. I am inclined to agree with Johnson's critics in their assertion that he made an error in introducing General Williams, whose evidence assisted his side of the case but slightly, and under cross-examination he proved a veritable boomerang to the cause of his friends in the same way as Attorney-General Hart did.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

It is a bit curious to watch the demeanor of Johnson, whose mobile face reflects every twist and turn of the evidence. In the beginning of the trial he vaunted his readiness to subject his witnesses to any imaginable test but that is a pose he has since vacated and is now as ready with his objections as his opponents were last week. He must be credited with skill in marshalling evidence, however, though he is palpably by no means the great lawyer the *Examiner* would have us believe. I cannot but think whatever sentiment the demeanor of Mrs. John Martin and her boy originally aroused has been dissipated by the introduction of the letter in which Henry Martin is made to admit himself the father of her son. However valuable as evidence it stigmatises inexcusably the child and no inheritance, however great, can wipe away so black a stain upon his parentage.

* * *

THE FINANCIAL statement of the Midwinter Fair will soon be available. It is to be a most voluminous document—entering into the minutest details and presenting an account of every cent from every source. I am told its publication will certainly discredit the assertions of certain concessionaires, who claim to have lost huge sums of money. Their receipts may be calculated easily enough from the figures the statement will furnish, and there is certainly reason to marvel at the immense sums expended by the populace and visitors. As for the surplus, I am told it cannot be more than $100,000 at the outside, for the management is still under heavy expense in the direction of maintaining its staff of guards and executive officials. However, the buildings are in process of demolition, and it will not be long before the Fair is a barren waste with bare patches of earth to speak of the glories of its prime. This surplus Mr. De Young proposes to use in starting the art gallery which is to stand as the memorial of the exhibition.

* * *

He has already purchased a variety of objets d'art, and, I believe, is negotiating for the Doré vase, which a good many people seem to think should be kept here. It is to be hoped the Director-General will be induced to consider the worth of some of the French pictures. There are several Coreots, a Daubigny, and one or two other canvasses, the educational effect of which would certainly be great. Curious as it may seem, I have not heard that any movement is on foot to make public recognition of Mr. De Young's services in connection with the Fair. He has certainly performed a public benefit of the greatest moment, kept the town active during a commercial depression, and even if he has reaped a little honor and glory en route, that should not blind the community to his great exertions and self-sacrifice. If no other way suggests itself, there should be a convention of the chief municipal bodies and an unanimous and generous expression of the city's obligation.

* * *

TO TALENTED youth, threading the maze of obscurity our benevolent rich have been accused of lending a doubly armored ear. This evidence offered by struggling aspirants and their kind friends, has all the charm of falibility. Demands upon the beneficently wealthy, come not by twos and threes, but in ungovernable swarms, so that their good deeds are done in well-guarded secrecy, as much from the protective instinct as the motive of delicacy. The catalogue of benefits conferred upon artistic aspirants by Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. Hearst and Mrs. Stanford has grown quite ponderous. To musicians there has always been an especial indulgence granted, and despite numerous disappointments liberally provided by the aspirants for honors, these ladies still lend their purses to new commers from time to time.

* * *

Mrs Hearst, always generous to artists and the deservingly talented, has once again been the means of making possible a fine career to a young violinist. With the privilege of five years of study in Germany, Hother Wismer is endowed through Mrs. Hearst's discerning liberality. On the culture gained under some years study with Mr. Hermann Brandt, and additional years with Mr. Sigmund Beel, the discipline of Joachim combined with the influence of a German musical atmosphere should bring a rich result. Talent of the best kind, and a fair temperment belong naturally to this aspirant, whose character will possibly develope largely under the powerful lights bearing on it. A benefit concert later in the month will give the musical cult an opportunity of judging for itself of Mr. Wismer's accomplishments and talent. Of course, there are many cases of distinct ability lacking the advantages of that atmosphere which Europe alone can give, but the vocal gifts of Miss Daisy Cressy, and Miss Anna Selkirk stand pre-emently in need of the support of some gracious Mrs. Hearst.

* * *

A good deal has been written from time to time about the Nicaraguan Canal, but I do not ever remember reading a more concise and lucid presentation of the advantages of the enterprise to San Francisco than were set forth in a letter by Wm. Maitland in last Saturday's *Report*. I am aware the subject is not the most readable to those who are not specially interested, but the letter in question is so well and firmly written that it is worth the exertion of turning up the paper and running through it.

* * *

"Mother's Gift" is the title of a new cradle song just published. The words are written by George A. Adam, of Circus Maximus fame, and are particularly tasteful; the music, which is by Emile A. Bruguiere Jr., is very sweet and catchy. The combination of these two clever people is a most happy one, and if, as I hear, this is merely the first of a series of songs which they have in preparation, some excellent work may be looked for.

* * *

IN BANKING circles, the industry that refuses the solace of a holiday is no longer translated devotion. On the contrary, it induces suspicion and possibly compulsory retirement. This is all on account of Mr. Melville whose little adventure has not been without moral on California street. One deduction is positive—had this most interesting young gentleman sought a week or two in the mountains, had he given way to an illness—then would his defalcations have been discovered and the recent exposé precipitated. Considering the intelligence of the young man it is curious he did not lay his plans for escape with greater skill. The disappearance should have had less of the appearance of preparation, above all there need have been no confidantes. Besides, the cross country trip was an idiocy. There are fastenesses in the Sierras, wherein

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Melville might have grown old without the interference of one of Captain Lees' myrmidons. Or he might have disappeared without warning—disguised himself with the arts of the actor, taken passage on a northbound steamer and who would have been a bit the wiser.

* * *

After so salutary a warning it is fair to presume that the Bank of California will advert to some modern system of managing its employés. Among the aimiable eccentricities of Thomas Brown is a fond regard for the fine old method that prevailed in the dark ages of his youth. Perhaps the change may go a bit hard with the men who have refrained from running away, but then it is only a handful, after all, the institution has within its precincts.

* * *

FROM CERTAIN indications that seemed pointed I inferred recently that Colonel Burns was determined on becoming diplomatic. No longer would designing *Examiner* reporters trick him into damaging admissions not again would he be persuaded into exhibiting his hand before declaring his game. But I find I have done the Colonel an injustice. He is as generously indiscreet as ever, as regally careless of impertinent constructions as though he really were master of his own and his friends' destinies. A variety of interesting conclusions might readily be based on the following episode, if space were less valuable than it has become, but my readers are intelligent enough for all the necessary deductions. A gentleman of some respectability conceived the idea that it might be profitable to go to Sacramento as a Senator. Why this misguided ambition in one who might be thought to have known better, I am not revealing. He had it, and consumed, I suppose, by the impatience incident to an aspiration, waited on Colonel Dan Burns at the Baldwin. With due deference he stated his mission.

* * *

With a lordly wave of the hand the Autocrat replied:

"My dear sir, I have no doubt you'll make an admirable Senator, but you'll have to see my friend Stow at the Crocker Building. I have turned over to him the legislative end of the campaign. There'll be no difficulty though—you know Stow of course?"

"Yes—the candidate knew Stow and down he went to the Crocker Building and was ushered into the presence of the great manipulator. The interchange of salutations was polite.

"Mr. Stow," he said, "I want to represent the—district in the State Senate and at Colonel Burns' suggestion I have come to you to see if my candidacy would be acceptable to the leaders of the party."

"Quite so," said Mr. Stow complacently. "We want men like you in the Legislature—men of character and position. You have some strength in the district, of course?"

Yes — the candidate thought nomination equivalent to election.

"That is good," continued Mr. Stow. There is another point, though—if you go to Sacramento you would be guided by me about certain matters—you would let me suggest how you will vote on certain questions?" The great man looked severely at the candidate from under his bushy big eyebrows.

"In what matters—for instance—" inquired the-man-who-would-be-a-Legislator — rather suspiciously.

"In the selection of a United States Senator for instance—you would let me guide you?"

"No sir, I should follow my own judgment."

"Then you will not go to Sacramento," commented Mr. Stow, as he rose from his desk to usher out the candidate.

* * *

About the proceeding there is something so charmingly frank and ingenuous that it appeals to one's admiration. What inimitable confidence in the face of existing conditions!

* * *

THE INITIATED are not explaining Colonel Dan Burns' assumption of office on the score of industry. No one denies the autocrat's energy, of course, but quite another reason is offered for his accepting the Secretaryship of the State Central Committee. Connected in a mysterious way with the Colonel is a person named Basset, whom I am told, persuaded himself that his services to the party—by which is meant his late fidelity to Dan—called for the recognition of that Secretaryship. He asked for it and it did not seem he could be refused on appropriate grounds. He would not have relished being told that Insurance Commissioner Higgins was the person intended by the Republican fates for the position, though that exactly was the condition of affairs. Considering the potency of the autocrat one might have thought an office under that of President too low for him, but in order to save the feelings of Mr. Higgins and Mr. Basset he stepped into the breach.

* * *

The relations between the Colonel and Mr. Higgins are quite the closest on record and in the course of time, I am persuaded the former will resign in favor of his friend who, in the meantime, will do most of the work. Mr. Steppacher, as before, will figure as assistant, and whosoever would see the great man must negotiate initially with the Cerberus.

* * *

THE INTERESTING information is vouchsafed from a reliable source that the *Examiner's* candidate for Governor on the Democratic ticket is no less important an opponent of railroad and corporations than W. W. Foote. Besides being Mr. Hearst's attorney in infinite libel suits, Mr. Foote has considerable exterior individuality. He is identified with politics in a variety of connections, is a stalwart exponent of Jacksonian principles and is on fairly good terms with Grover Cleveland, sometime President of the United States. Being quite a positive person in his way, and given to expressing unfavorable opinions about poeple who don't think his way, Mr. Foote has quite a cortege of enemies—of course not as many as the *Examiner's* support will earn for him, but enough for any one man at the time of life Mr. Foote has arrived at. Still he is a fairly frank fighter, and it remains to be seen whether, when his name is mooted, there will be a rising against him or not. Who knows but that Boss Hearst may not circulate a petition in his behalf and win him as many signatures as he has circulation.

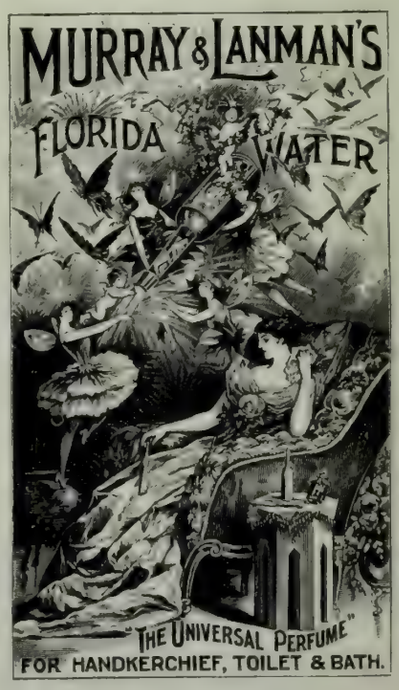
* * *

THOUGH Judge Coffey is hedged in by legal celebrities in the Martin will case, their eminence does not conceal his eccentric personality. From the journalistic point of view he gathers higher honors than any of the contestants, and has had himself pictured more frequently than even Mrs. John Martin. Curiously enough, none of the artists have caught his expression, and in not one of the dailies did I see any mention of certain strange antics he performed throughout the afternoon of Monday last. Besides being an irritable personage, and, of course, a wit, Judge Coffey has an inordinately sensitive epidermis. Like the Princess in the story, he could easily discern a pea under twenty mattresses, provided, of course, they were not of the genus wire or spring, and I suppose no one in San Francisco suffers more keenly from the depredations of that intrusive little insect the flea. To withstand its assaults one requires to be calloused to a degree few men out of Russia or Alaska attain, and the Probate jurist is callous only to the sufferings of the lawyers he inflicts his wit upon.

* * *

No one need be specially surprised at the Judge's unpopularity in the County Clerk's office. While I am sure none of Mr. Haley's deputies would cut the judicial throat, few would hesitate at the infliction of any minor ill occasion left opportunity for. It seems he incurred the particular hatred of one observant deputy, who, because of a vigorous reprimand, swore vengeance. In an evil hour for the Judge he learned his weakness, and at recess on Monday this myrmidon led to the dais, whereon the jurist sits, a huge Newfoundland of nomadic tendencies. Not a soul was there in the courtroom to interfere with or observe his actions, so he proceeded to comb carefully the dog's shaggy fleece. The consequences of his action are easily inferred. The operation over with, the dog was driven off and no one a bit the wiser. All that afternoon the unfortunate Judge squirmed and tingled. The irritation was not confined to one location, for the irritation was everywhere. If ever torment justified bad temper this was the time, but as he knew nothing about the dog or the deputy, it was a veritable martyrdom without that element of consolation which vengeance in anticipation supplies.

The Witness



THE JINKS CARTOON.

JOHN STANTON'S TRIPTIC.

The time approaches for the Midsummer Jinks of Bohemia. It is at the auspicious moment when the thoughts of the entire institution are on the redwoods bent that last year's cartoon makes it appearance upon the club walls. John Stanton was a long time at it. It took him a year to paint a triptic. But his picture is an ornament. The representation of one of the greatest jinks that Bohemia ever had was the harder because it had to be a combination of two distinct features, a problem tasking the imagination of the artist to the utmost.. An enormous polished redwood plaque contains, deeply wrought into it, one large center and two smaller side panels. A small golden cord runs around each of them, and the beautiful grain of our proud king of the forest harmonizes in perfect pitch with the canvass and subjects.

In the center panel a bright streak of vivid, brilliant light, skimming over the heads of the dimly discernible audience, bathes the center in light and glory. The Bohemian, lifting up his hand toward the fluttering white dove, is clothed in a red mantel, in a tight-fitting blouse, short trunks and thonged sandals. Only one side of his fine head is lit up. The features in semi-darkness suggest the physiognomy so venerated in Bohemia—that of General Barnes. His pose is dramatic—half lifting himself from the ground, as if his own eloquence gave wings to his body. Back toward the right is the catafalque before the throne upon which the Druids form their cruel tribunal. Joe Redding, in a red robe, stands near. Beside him flash the snow-white garments of the priest, while more in the foreground is one of the guardian neophythes. Smoking torches light up the deep recesses of the redwoods where the doomed prisoners stand huddled together in suggestive outline. Directly in the front is an assemblage of known Bohemians, large heads comprising some of the well known men of the club—Uncle George Bromley, Al. Geberding, Louis Sloss, Jr., Frank Stone, Donald de V. Graham and others reveal themselves in well-caught portraiture. The background, where the audience fills up tier after tier, reaching far back into the depth of the woods, deep purples and blues, suggests the contrast between the vivid glare of light and the sombre aisles of the forest. The character of the redwood's self is hardly brought out, as if the whole picture centered entirely upon the idealistic impression rendered by the artist. The redwood trunks merely indicate where these giants begin to rise into the night, and mentally one follows their flight to heaven, and the Bohemians unconsciously glance into the corner where Tavernier's apotheosis of the Midsummer Jinks in the redwoods stands as the greatest monument of the departed artist, as the expression of Bohemia's highest rites, as the most wonderful juxtaposition of the silvering light of the moon and the lurid flames of the burial and cremation of Care. Stanton's new cartoon is a beautiful commentary on Tavernier's glorious pastel.

At the right of the main cartoon is a panel showing the high priest of the Druids in flowing snow-white garments, crowned with the peaked cap of the Drudical costume, one hand holding the torch, the other lifted with a powerful gesture of command. Here again light and shade are in vivid and strong contrast. On the other side is a panel that contains a picture of his Satanic Majesty, and is a symphony in red. A few strong, straight, brilliant high lights indicate the features of Ned Hamilton, whose sonorous rhetoric was so perfect a contrast to the mellow flow of eloquence of Bohemia's representative. The features steeped in gloom, the whole figure suggestive of wickedness, is admirably characterized. Indeed, the design throughout is excellent, and expresses fittingly the memorable scene with it wealth of interesting and poetic associations.

SCARAHEUS.

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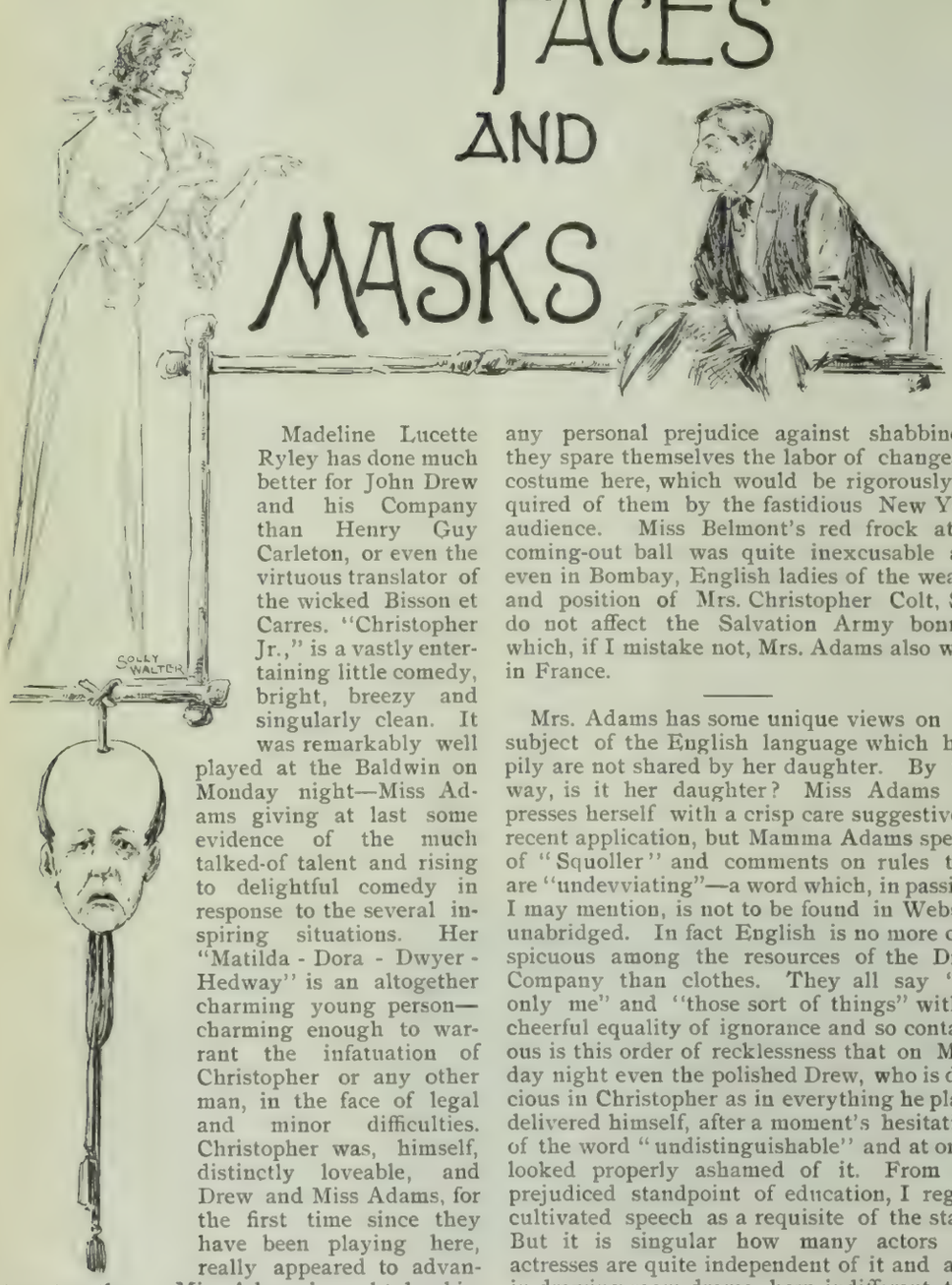
FACES AND MASKS



Madeline Lucette Ryley has done much better for John Drew and his Company than Henry Guy Carleton, or even the virtuous translator of the wicked Bisson et Carres. "Christopher Jr.," is a vastly entertaining little comedy, bright, breezy and singularly clean. It was remarkably well played at the Baldwin on Monday night—Miss Adams giving at last some evidence of the much talked-of talent and rising to delightful comedy in response to the several inspiring situations. Her "Matilda - Dora - Dwyer - Hedway" is an altogether charming young person—charming enough to warrant the infatuation of Christopher or any other man, in the face of legal and minor difficulties. Christopher was, himself, distinctly loveable, and Drew and Miss Adams, for the first time since they have been playing here, really appeared to advantage together. Miss Adams brought her bizarre accent, her fatiguing laughter and all her small affectations on the stage with her, but she was considerate enough to forget them, now and then, as she warmed to her engaging role, and lost them utterly in the last act, when her work—even in the little sad song, sung in such a small, tender voice—was delicate, finished and satisfying.

The Drew Company is not, on the whole, as well dressed as one might, with reason, expect from a combination so utterly New York. Miss Adams has one pretty frock of innocent muslin—which might have been made anywhere out of the Metropolis—and a rather good matinée affair which, as Suzanne Blondet, she wears becomingly to breakfast in the garden. But at no time is she attired with le dernier cri du chic, and except for Mr. Drew's irreproachable attire, there are no clothes to speak of in the Company. If this be a matter of limited salaries, I regret my indiscretion, but I believe otherwise. New Yorkers have been too insultingly frank. They conscientiously wear out their old clothes at this end of the route under the innocent impression that we will not know the difference or, if they have any personal prejudice against shabbiness, they spare themselves the labor of changes of costume here, which would be rigorously required of them by the fastidious New York audience. Miss Belmont's red frock at a coming-out ball was quite inexcusable and even in Bombay, English ladies of the wealth and position of Mrs. Christopher Colt, Sr., do not affect the Salvation Army bonnet, which, if I mistake not, Mrs. Adams also wore in France.

Mrs. Adams has some unique views on the subject of the English language which happily are not shared by her daughter. By the way, is it her daughter? Miss Adams expresses herself with a crisp care suggestive of recent application, but Mamma Adams speaks of "Squoller" and comments on rules that are "undevviating"—a word which, in passing, I may mention, is not to be found in Webster unabridged. In fact English is no more conspicuous among the resources of the Drew Company than clothes. They all say "its only me" and "those sort of things" with a cheerful equality of ignorance and so contagious is this order of recklessness that on Monday night even the polished Drew, who is delicious in Christopher as in everything he plays, delivered himself, after a moment's hesitation, of the word "undistinguishable" and at once, looked properly ashamed of it. From the prejudiced standpoint of education, I regard cultivated speech as a requisite of the stage. But it is singular how many actors and actresses are quite independent of it and also, in drawing-room drama, how indifferent they are to the ordinary observances of society. This may be sometimes the fault of the dramatist, but it is always in the power of the actors to correct it. For instance, in Christopher ,Jr. when a guest is presented to Mrs. Colt, in her drawing-room, she acknowledges both the introduction and his presence under her roof with a hurried nod dropped, like a feather from her impassioned flight across the room after the tea caddy. The Colts were rather queer, anyway, and had a trick of carrying Whimper about with them and talking through him, which I do not remember as characteristic of society—even of the self-made and recently-rich variety.

The Glibbs were created at an inspired moment and both Kate Meek and Frank Hatch were faithful to the inspiration. Mr. Glibb is a wonderful bit of pantomine on which Mr. Hatch is to be sincerely felicitated and Mrs. Glibb is the best work Mrs. Meek has had to do in San Francisco and she does it exceptionally well. Arthur Byron handled his unpleasant role with much skill. Frank Lamb infused the touch of absolute genius into the manner, appearance and carriage of the bored and elegant Whimper and Harry Harwood's Christopher père was vigorous, obstinate, forbidding, and self-sufficient as his author evidently intended him to be. Altogether the Drew Company is most congenially cast in Christopher Jr. and as this play is far and away the best in the Drew repertoire, the management might, wisely, have continued it through the week.

Mr. Harrigan should strike "Squatter Sovereignty" from his repetoire. The play is rough and dull and was never more than an extravagant burlesque at best. Now that Shanty Town has been wiped from the face of New York civilization, there is nothing to point the humor, which, like champagne and other things effervescent, must be fresh to sparkle, and has not merit enough to stand alone. The best work in it, Mr. Harrigan has given us in other and better efforts and its unique claim to distinction, apart from general inferiority, is the goat, who could be introduced elsewhere if necessary. And the necessity is created by the song, which we would certainly hate to lose. It is one of the best of Braham's, and fascinating in its distinctly Irish melancholy. The rest we could really do without and so, I think, could Harrigan. The make-up of Felix McIntyre is great and he has some good lines, too, in the dialogues with the Widdy Nolan—in which character Sparks shines in a entirely new light. He has the star song of the evening, and a lovely Hibernian manner—especially in the Second Act, where his entrance touches on the sublime. The "Squatter" music is extremely fetching. Young Mooney warbles from the back seat of Paddy Duffy's Cart, and Harrigan, himself, has one or two good songs. Burke is not particularly well cast as the innocent footman in the impossible Dutch family. He can afford, however, to rest throughout one play. He has excelled in everything he has had to do so far, beginning with his "Tough" in "Reilly and the 400," and going a step higher, to my mind, in that remarkably clever impersonation of "Airy Rafferty." He is, after Sparks, the brightest member of the Harrigan Company and I understand he has, besides his own work, the direction of all the dancing. If this be so he is to be congratulated on Dave Braham who seems to be particularly gifted in both his head and his heels. The women have very little to do in this play, Miss Moore bubbles vastly through the Second Act and Maggie Murphy appears for a few minutes looking like a piano lamp with a pink shade. Did you buy that hat in New York, Maggie, or in San Francisco? It strikes me as just a little "jay."

The enterprising Mr. Walter who manages the Orpheum, understands the charm of infinite variety which custom has not staled. On this week's programme appears the name of Gertie Cochran, a talented infant of three, who, distinctly different from the usual Phenomenon, is not addicted to the spouting of poetry nor yet the carolling of song. She has, simply, the most remarkable memory in the world and answers two thousand questions on subjects historical, geographical, political, social, and religious. It is appalling! The child has a

story—brief and pathetic. Just when it began no one seems to know, but she was found, at all events, only a few months ago, begging her bread on the streets of Chicago. It was during that wave of riot and starvation which swept over the town and on its crest, this little atom floated about, helpless, hungry, friendless and forlorn. I believe a Philanthropist of the White City gathered her into the goodness of his heart and took her home to dinner. During the progress of that first feast, the babe's surprising gift manifested itself and her self-appointed guardian has since made it his pleasure to cultivate her into "The Child Wonder of the World." It is with this comprehensive definition that she appears on the Orpheum bills.

Mrs. Titus is, on the whole, the most remarkable and interesting baby I know and her cleverness has received the full measure of appreciation here during her two San Francisco engagements. At the California Theatre she was the shining light of the Hallen and Hart combination, and at the Orpheum she is certainly the bright, particular star. Her voice, which is sweet, clear and delightfully trained, is especially suited to old English ballad singing—an art by itself and one in which Mrs. Titus received the invaluable education of a wide London experience. Her travels throughout Great Britain were a sort of triumphal march, for she was admired in London, approved of at Edinburgh, raved over in Dublin and complimented in Wales. The Baby Act belongs, exclusively, to her American successes, for it was suddenly conceived and put into immediate execution, as an encore, at a New York matinée. There was never a better specialty and Providence very kindly provided Mrs. Titus with the proper curves and dimples to fit the requirements of the infantile frock. Her expressive little hands and and lovely arms have been modelled in Europe and photographed by Sarony, and Solly Walter has paid them no inferior tribute in the thumbnail sketch tucked into the corner of this paragraph.

ALICE RIX.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Charles Frohman's Stock Company from the Empire Theatre, New York, will open a San Francisco season at the Baldwin Theatre, on Monday evening next and with "Sowing the Wind," a play which scored a brilliant success throughout the East, ran for two hundred and fifty nights to crowded houses in its own theatre and played four months in Chicago. The Frohman Stock Company includes Henry Miller and Viola Allen as leading man and woman and the other members are William Faversham, Robert Edeson, W. H. Thompson, W. H. Crompton, Frank Mills, E. Y. Backus, John Sorentz, W. J. Whitman, Arthur Boylan, Mary Hampton, Agnes Miller, May Robson, Genevieve Reynolds and Isabel Irving. The New York and Chicago critics are agreed that this is the best stock company America has known since the glories of the Union Square fifteen years ago. It has more young and ambitious blood in it than any of the other few stock organizations and more all round ability. This company appears to excellent advantage in Sidney Grundy's drama, "Sowing the Wind," which is a period play, dealing with the Georgian era and its picturesque effects. It will be given at the Baldwin Theatre with the same scenery, costumes and stage finishings that it had at the Empire Theatre during its run of over two hundred and fifty nights to crowded houses and for the past four months in Chicago. In fact, the Baldwin Theatre has been asked for "a clear stage" and stage carpenters from the Empire Theatre will attend to all details.

"Sowing the Wind" is a play that will reach the heart. It is a simple, sympathetic story in which tears and laughter are judiciously blended and that purest and most delightful of passions, young love, is charmingly analyzed and most agreeably exemplified. Its story deals with Ned Annesly, the adopted son of a rich widower, who is in love with a young singer named Rosamund. His adopted parent has other plans and wishes him to marry Miss Fretwell. Ned rebels and then the trouble begins. The widower discovers that Rosamund is his own daughter born out of wedlock. The girl has heretofore been ignorant of her own history, but upon learning the truth refuses to marry Ned for fear of subjecting him to after humiliation. The girl's nobility of character finally so appeals to her father that the latter asks her forgiveness and paves the way to the union of the young lovers. This play will be followed by "Liberty Hall," during the second week of the company's engagement and "Gudgeons" and "The Councillor's Wife" will divide the third.

Monday evening, August the sixth, will begin the farewell week of Mr. Harrigan and his company at the California Theatre and in response to hundreds of requests, the author-actor has decided to give a double bill, presenting the two favorite plays. On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, "Old Lavender," and for the rest of the week, including a Saturday matinée and a Sunday night performance, "Reilly and the 400." It was "Old Lavender" that gave Mr. Harrigan fame and made him a fortune. Many of his admirers who have seen him in everything he has put on the stage, consider it by far the best thing he has ever done. With the exception of two plays, "Old Lavender" is Mr. Harrigan's most ambitious effort as a dramatist. It is a play pure and simple, with a well defined and coherent plot and almost utterly devoid of the rough and tumble situations and horseplay humor which is so conspicuous a feature in the Harriganesque style of amusement.

The Metropolitan Temple was filled for two nights last week with a fashionable audience assembled to witness a novel entertainment in the form of a sterio-electrical reproduction of living pictures. Judging from the lively interest and warm approval with which the "pictures" were viewed, the entertainment was a popular success and Mr. George Wallenrod, the well known manager of the Alcazar Theatre, decided to make arrangements with Dr. De Kannet to have the entertainment produced at the Alcazar for a week, beginning next Sunday evening, August 5th.

The tug-of-war tournament, which opened up last night at Central Park, will continue every evening until the 18th inst., except Sundays, and, judging from the interest that has been manifested in the great trials of strength during the past week or so, the big tent will be packed with spectators. Judging from the caliber of the men composing the various teams, and the conscientious manner in which they have trained for the trials, the contest which opens to-night should eclipse all former affairs of the kind ever held in San Francisco or elsewhere.

Lydia Yeamans-Titus has been persuaded to prolong her engagement with the Orpheum for another week and several new vaudeville artists are advertised to appear at this theatre on Monday evening next. Among them is a handsome, young Russian, Sadi Alfarabi, who has a European reputation as a daring and sensational equilibrist. The Deltorelli Brothers, grotesque musical comedians from Paris, the Bicketts, aerial performers, and Tevamon, Nelson and Bush, acrobatic gymnasts, the clever Braatz Brothers and little Gertie Cochran, complete a strong and attractive programme for the coming week.

Morosco's Grand Opera House has been crowded this week by appreciative audiences to witness the sensational melodrama, "New York Day by Day," in which Leslie, a prominent member of the Morosco Company, has made a decided hit as the gamin. On Monday evening, the famous play, "The Harvest Moon," in which Madame Janauschek appeared in New York about two years ago, will be presented for the first time in San Francisco. The Morosco management spares no expense in staging its plays and "The Harvest Moon" will be magnificently presented and with all the talent of the Morosco Company in the cast.

The "Gypsy Baron" has been running to large audiences this week, and the romantic and delightful music of Strauss pleased the house immensely, and the significant sign, S. R. O., stands out in the lobby as usual. The Tivoli management has in preparation the opera Don Juan, which was so enthusiastically received on its first production in San Francisco.

The Trotting Horse Breeders' Association will run some excellent races at the Bay District track to-day, commencing at 1:30 o'clock. They also announce races for the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th and have over three hundred horses at the track insuring some good contests and an admirable time for those present.

THE SUCCESS OF ROEDERER.

The triumph of Roederer at the Midwinter Fair was complete. The committee of wine experts had all the celebrated varieties to pass upon and their verdict as to the excellency of the vintage is certainly conclusive. It may not be generally known but we have more champagne connoisseurs of eminence than any other city in the country. The medal was awarded to the three brands of Roederer, the carte Blanche, the Grand Vin. Sec. and the Brut. It was intended at first, I believe, to specify, but each brand was found to possess intrinsic excellence and the compliment was paid the entire exhibit. Messrs. Macondray Brothers & Lockhard are certainly to be congratulated on the success of their wine. It must be admitted that their shipments of Roederer have really been extraordinarily good.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers

Beginning Monday, August 6th

CHARLES FROHMAN'S STOCK CO. ∴ ∴ ∴
FROM THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK

First Week Only

"SOWING - THE - WIND"

As Presented for 250 Nights in New York.

Week of August 13th, "LIBERTY HALL."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager

WEEK OF AUG. 6th

Farewell Performances of MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN and His New York Company

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday Evenings, by Special Request Mr. Harrigans Beautiful Comedy, **"OLD LAVENDER"**

Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday Evenings and Saturday Matinee, Mr. Harrigan's Greatest Success

"REILLY AND THE 400"

New Scenery and Stage Effects! Braham's Delightful Melodies
Secure your Seats early and avoid the rush!

Popular Prices

Reserved Seats—Matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c; Night, 25c, 50c, 75c, $1.00

Week of August 6th, "LADY WINDEMERE'S FAN," Oscar Wilde's Great Comedy

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING ..... Proprietor and Manager

★ ★ TO-NIGHT ★ ★

A Great Production—Strauss' Lovely Waltz Opera

GYPSY BARON

In Preparation, **"DON JUAN (Ad Lib.)**

POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Handsomest Family Theatre in the World

WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager

Last Performances of "NEW YORK DAY BY DAY"

Monday Evening Next, Special and Final Engagement of MR. THEODORE ROBERTS, who will appear in

"THE HARVEST MOON"

The latest and most successful acquisition on the English stage, the right to produce which has been acquired by the management at considerable royalty.

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week of Monday : : August 6th, 1894

Big Importation of New Artists! Noted Celebrities From All Lands!

SADI ALFARABI, Oriental Russ Equilibrist
DELTORELLI BROS., International Musical Artists
THE BICKETTS, Flying Acrobatic Meteors
LEVAMON, NELSON & BUSH, Gymnastic Comedians
GERTIE COCHRAN, Remarkable Infantile Memory Wonder
BRAATZ BROS., Athletic Prodigies
CHAS H. DUNCAN, Popular Comic Singer

Positively the Last Week of **LYDIA YEAMANS-TITUS**

Saturday and Sunday Matinees

CENTRAL PARK

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ IN THE BIG TENT

GREAT DOUBLE INTERNATIONAL

Tug-of-War Tournament

August 3d to 18th

Every Evening except Sunday. Each nationality must contest against the others.
Four pulls each night.

Admission . . . . . Fifty Cents

TROTTING AND PACING

Races! ✳ ✳ Races!

TROTTING HORSE BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION
BAY DISTRICT TRACK

August 4th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th and 11th

Races Commence Promptly at 1.30 o'clock.

Admission, Including Grand Stand, $1

Over Three Hundred Horses Present
Great Contests Each Day . . .

The Garment of Love

CATULLE MENDÈS

The babble of many voices awoke me from my slumbers in the corner of my travelling carriage. Leaning from the window, I saw that we were nearing the town, and a crowd of peasants, in holiday attire, were hurrying over the dusty road between the stone walls and briar hedges which divide the fields of Brittany. The sun beat fiercely on the white bonnets of the women, and their rough kirtles made spots of vivid glancing color against the dull yellow of the road. They chatted and laughed shrilly in groups of two and three. The young girls whispering and smiling, their arms about each others' waists, the men hanging back, shy and stupid, plodding in single file. The shadow of a wayside crucifix fell blackly across the road. The crowd huddled kneeling before the Christ. One young girl, a little apart from the others, raised tender, ecstatic eyes to the grim face, scarred and beaten by the weather, lifted away from them all toward the pitiless heavens. A peasant lad watched her gloomily. Down the path from the Convent on the hill, I could see a procession of white-hooded nuns, winding slowly toward the village.

"Stop!" I called to my driver. "What town is this? What is the fête?"

The man leaned from the box with an aggrieved air.

"As for the town, sir," he answered. "I know the town well enough—since I was born here—but the fête!" He shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

This driver was an honest fellow, who knew the country thoroughly, and delighted to answer my questions. His pride was evidently injured.

"Ask some one—this lad," I suggested.

The young peasant who had watched the girl at prayer, loitered, alone, after the others—his eyes fixed on the ground—a handsome young Breton, powerful as an ox, with mighty limbs, in the loose breeches and leggings of the country, and a splendid throat rising from the low collar of his blue blouse.

"Hold!" Shouted my driver. "What is all this foolishness in the village? This is no fête day!" The lad raised his sullen eyes. They were full of a fierce intelligence.

"Holy Mother of God! No!" He answered. "And thou hast reason. It is foolishness—woman's foolishness. It is a charlatan's sale at the Market Place."

"A sale? A charlatan's sale?" Echoed my driver incredulously. "And the Nuns?"

"Are they not women?" said the boy, roughly. "I tell thee it is a charlatan's sale! Yesterday this stranger rode into the village in a gilded car, playing on a pipe of reeds, and bringing with him three coffers of wood bound in brass. His accursed music would have waked the stone saints in the Church. The women left the fields and the men their shops, and followed him. He has a white skin and yellow hair. He is more like a woman than a man, and for that reason the women are mad over him. Ai! Ai! My betrothed among them." He paused and beat his foot in its clumsy sabot, against the ground.

"Thou knowest well what fools women are!" he continued, "and the stranger has bewitched them with promises. He says he has nothing to sell, only gifts of enchanted garments for those who will choose them publicly, in the Market Place. I ask thee—does an honest man ever give away anything of value? The devil is in this work, and the devil has his own price! Therefore, I say this is a sale, and I speak the truth." He broke off suddenly with a sort of sob — "It is such as these who make grief for honest hearts!"

"Drive on," I said, "I will stop at the Market Place."

Here, in the center of a small square, the stranger stood in his gilded car. He was tall and fair like a young god. His eyes were clear and beautiful, and his hair curled about his brow like a maid's. I knew him. I had met him—once—long, long, ago. He was speaking to the people. "Here are three coffers," he said, "which contain gifts for your women. They are sent by a King"—he smiled, divinely—"a King of another country. There is no price to pay; except to your own souls. In the first coffer are garments the color of gold, and wrought with golden threads. They will bring wealth to the wearer—houses, cattle, land, silks and fine linens, jewels of every sort, and when Love comes to her heart, he must bring gold in his hands.

The air was rent by the shrill voices of women. "Give me one of these!" "I will have a garment wrought with golden threads!" "I will take the gold; let the others choose what they will! I will take the gold now!" The nuns crowded closely against the car. The soft voice of the Abbess murmured:

"With gold, one may do so much for the Church."

The stranger shook his head. "Not yet," he said; "for all the coffers must be opened at once. The second one contains rose-colored garments, which teach the pleasures of love without its pain. Whoever wears one of these garments," he paused, and his eyes wandered over the faces of the women, "shall control the hearts of men and keep her own heart, forever, to herself. She will know neither the pangs of maternity nor the grief of widowhood. Her's shall be the joys of life without its sacrifice."

The women muttered eagerly among themselves. One said: "Money is not everything." "One cannot buy ease and comfort," said another. And another, who was shrewder than all the rest, said: "With such a charm as that one might easily enough win riches. I will take the rose." "And I!" "And I!" cried the others. "Give me a rose!" "No; I said gold! I will have the gold!" "After all; the gold is best!"

The stranger raised his hand. "My third coffer contains nothing so splendid," he said, very gently, "the garments are white. They will not purchase pleasures nor ward off pain. They will keep the wearer pure and true, gentle, tender and loving——"

The growd moved impatiently.

"And win for her the love of one faithful heart——"

But the women had ceased to listen. They were struggling to reach the car, disputing with each other for the best place. The men who belonged to them fought for them and encouraged them.

"Take the gold!" "Wilt thou hesitate?" "Sacred name of God! Art thou an imbecile?" "Choose the gold, I say!" "Make haste! Thou wilt lose thy chance! Here! I will make a place for thee! Make haste and choose the gold!"

The stranger lifted his voice. "There is enough for all," he said, "and the coffers are open!"

He stepped down from the car and the women surged up into his place. He played softly on his pipe of reeds, but the sharp voices of the women drowned the music.

Near me stood the dark-browed peasant lad, and beside him, the girl with the tender eyes.

"Choose thou," he said.

"I will not before thee!"

"Look how they are quarrelling," he cried, pointing to the car where the women fought like wild beasts over two of the coffers. "And, look!" he pointed down the road where the gold and the rose flaunted in the sunshine on the shoulders of the women. "And look!" he pointed to the procession of nuns winding up the narrow path to the convent on the hill, where not a single white bonnet could be seen amidst the gleam of the rose and the gold. "Make haste and choose," he said, roughly, "or not a single gold or a single rose will be left thee." He laughed bitterly; but the girl had slipped through the crowd.

They were gone, the noisy women and the sullen, shame-faced men. The stranger sat alone in the square, playing on his pipe of reeds. Two of his coffers were empty, but the third had not been disturbed. I lingered, hoping that he would see me. I had never expected to meet him again. The girl with the tender eyes passed me, running swiftly. She stood flushed and breathless beside the car.

"A white one," she said. "Quickly! A white one! For my bridal!"

The stranger rose and laid his hands on her head.

"When is thy bridal, little one?"

"To-morrow," she answered.

He placed the white garment in her hands. "Love will be there," he said.

She ran away as swiftly as she had come and when I looked again the stranger was gone in his gilded car.

I lingered in the village until the following day. The girl with the tender eyes interested me. I determined to be present at her bridal. This was easily arranged through my driver who was distinctly flattered at the honor I was prepared to pay to his native village.

"Not that I like this marriage," he confided to me, as he attended to my lodging. "He is an evil tempered lad and the girl fears him. They are not really of this country, that family," he added with the arrogance of the Breton who has been a Breton since the world began. "They have only been with us a few generations. They have Spanish blood in their veins and a block of wood between the eyes, goes always with that!"

In the early morning I went for a walk between the stone walls and the hedges of briar and when I turned to retrace my steps, the hour of the bridal was at hand. As I entered the village, my driver came running to meet me, the tears streaming from his eyes.

"Alas! Alas!" he cried. "He has killed her! Holy mother of God! He has killed her!"

I knew at once whom he meant—the girl with the tender eyes!

"Killed her?" I repeated, stupidly. It was horrible.

"Alas! yes!" said the man wringing his hands. It was the poor mother yonder who told me. Ah! what did I say last night? The Spanish blood—the block of wood between the eyes! It was jealousy. He asked her what color she chose yesterday—you remember, sir, the enchanted garments. May they be forever accursed! May the devil fly away with them!" She said to him—"Canst thou not trust me? And he struck at her—so—"

"It was the white," I interrupted, "She chose it for her bridal."

"Alas! Alas!" sobbed the man. "It was to wed with Death!"

I shivered. "Let us go from this place," I said.

As my carriage rolled out from the village into the long, yellow road between the stone walls and the hedges of briar, I heard again the sweet music sounding on the pipe of reeds. I leaned from my carriage window and far down the road I saw the stranger approaching—the stranger in his gilded car. With him came a company of men and women, dressed in the strange costumes of many countries. Some wore silks and velvets, with pearls twisted in their hair, and some were simply clad, and some were in the garments of ancient Greece and one wore the habit of a monk. But all the faces were touched by the same radiant light. They walked hand in hand and two by two and they had eyes only for each other. I seemed to know them and yet I knew them not. I leaned far out from my carriage window—

"Love! Love!" I cried, "where are you going? and who are these men and these women?"

He turned his eyes upon me—the first time in many years and I thrilled at a memory of my youth.

"Look well at them!" he answered. "Some among them are known to you."

And in the brilliant train I saw and recognized the faces of Romeo and Juliet, Abélard and Héloise, Pétrarch and Laura, Paul and Virginia, Hero and Leander.

"These are of my kingdom," he said, "and I have made them immortal. We go to the bridal of a little maid—where Love should be. I have wandered with my gifts through all the length of La Vendèe and all the breadth of Brittany and I have found only this one pure heart!"

"Love! Love! I cried, again stretching out my hands, "You are too late! The little maid is dead."

The air was filled with harsh sounds. The bright face of Love was clouded over and in its place I saw the sad, scarred face of the wooden Christ by the wayside. All the radiant figures faded into the grays of stone walls and dust laden hedges of briar.

I felt myself borne downward by some terrible weight on my arms—

"Sir!" said the voice of my driver, shaking me gently by the shoulders—"I beg ten thousand pardons. You have slept two hours. The horses are waiting at Saint-Ouens-des-toits.

Ah me! What strange dreams one dreams in Brittany!

[Adapted from the French of Catulle Mendès by ALICE RIX.]

A PERVERSION OF JUSTICE.

There were more men than women among the dozen people gathered in Mrs. Rodney's drawing-room. There was always more men than women among any assemblage in that somewhat too gorgeous apartment, though the proportions were better balanced than during the previous Winter, which had been the season of her début in Washington.

However scanty may be the information obtainable concerning a woman's earlier history, society is so constituted that mere rumor will not maintain it in an attitude of reserve toward the occupant of an influential position, who is also the hostess at many a recherché little dinner—and rumor only drifted cloud-like across the sunshine of Mrs Rodney's brilliant hospitality.

She was the wife—that was positive—of a genial, keen-witted and fearless elderly Senator, from no matter which newly created far Western State, who had made it clearly understood that wherever he was bidden to meet the feminine element of society, she must be received also. That she had a Past—with a capital "P"—she so far admitted as to acknowledge a first marriage, of which all she desired to remember was its definite termination. That the events of this previous matrimonial venture had been as exciting as unpleasant, was written in the hard brilliance of two handsome eyes, and the certain setting of two red lips, which their naturally soft beauty could only have acquired under circumstances that leave their signs forever on a woman's face. But she was even more clever than handsome, and her path, like Excelsior's, would probably lead ever higher, unless one of those facts, which society does not ignore, should be suddenly upheaved across that path from the abyss of her problematical past!

All ready she had learned to put herself in touch with the half-mystical, half-skeptical fads now in fashion, and to baffle an objectionable quality in the interest which her beauty and the mistiness of her antecedents aroused by the seriousness of her pose as a femme d'esprit. If she could not just yet reach the best women, she had managed to draw to herself (and her dinners!) the best men, and although, only in her second Winter, she had secured her place in a small select coterie which believed that it enclosed the higher intellectual life of Washington—a belief at which her jovial, elderly husband laughed with the tolerant good humor of a successful man, in a away that hurt nobody's feelings. And no one took um-

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

brage at his invariably falling asleep during the metaphysical discussions which followed those petit diners intimes, whose menus he understood ordering as well as paying for.

On this particular evening Lent had freed society from later engagements, and Mrs. Rodney's guests were in no haste to depart. Among them was a young naval officer. As a rule naval officers (good fellows) are not found in the ranks of advanced thinkers, but many fine things had been said, and even finer things were prophesied of Lieutenant Brown's talents by the leading scientists of the day.

He had recently returned from a three years' cruise, during which he had accomplished such marvels of astronomical observation, as the writer, who does not in the least understand the subject, must refrain from even attempting to describe. Marvels, which in addition to more enduring benefits, had won him invitations to two or three of Mrs. Rodney's latest festivities. He seemed less given to talking than most of the company, but he narrowly observed his handsome hostess (observations of various kinds, were apparently his forte) from under his sleepy looking lids, with a perseverance which that lady felt tobe either flattering or alarming. Her "Past" might sometimes send forth a vagrant ghost to chatter of "the secrets of that prison house." Brown? A Brown had indeed very unwillingly assisted her at a critical moment, but that had been a feminine Brown! And it was absurdly morbid to connect so common a name with any one event, however disagreeable.

Mrs. Rodney smiled, and brought back her attention to the conversation, which she discovered had wandered from hypnotism, by some will-o'-the-wisp path to kleptomania.

"It is an improbable enough story," the silent Lieutenant was saying at that moment. "But it was told to me as a matter of fact, and, if you like, I will tell it to you?"

He addressed his hostess, as in duty bound, and she, slowly waving a black feather fan with a movement that set her splendid rings ablaze, laughingly pleaded guilty to straying thoughts.

"What the Germans call my 'Ich' has traveled a thousand miles in the last few moments, and naturally has missed hearing your talk. Kleptomania? Is your story apropos to that puzzling subject?' she asked.

"It is the fashion to so name acts of that kind when they happen in our class," he said, settling himself still more comfortably in his chair. "To me it is very like highway robbery, without even the warning 'stand and deliver!' which the gentleman of the road in old times thought necessary. But you shall judge for yourselves, if you will."

There was a chorus of assent, and he began:

"Three years ago some friends of mine went for a month's sea breezes to a swell seaside hotel in Maine. The party consisted of an elderly couple, narrow New Englanders, the type which would go to the stake unhesitatingly for what they believed to be the truth, and who have no sympathy for less courageous natures. The third in their party was their daughter-in-law, an Italian girl of nineteen, new to them, new to their country, new to each aspect of the life about her, but ready as a sweet-tempered child to make friends with everybody, and enjoy everything in this strange world, where her husband had been forced to leave her under his parents' care during his enforced absence. She had been married only a few months and neither her pretty looks nor her pretty ways could immediately reconcile her husband's people to the foreigner and Papist in their midst! However, they loved their son, and they set themselves to love her with the same rugged conscientiousness with which their ancestors undertook to make the 'wilderness blossom like a rose'—methods to which success comes slowly, if surely. In consideration for her transparent eagerness for amusement, the elderly couple took the bride to a gayer place than they usually chose for their summer outing. The big hotel was crowded; there were sailing parties all day, dancing every evening, and the little heroine of this story enjoyed herself thoroughly for a fortnight. She made friends readily, and grew confidential rapidly, to the rather severely expressed surprise of her mother-in-law. The quickest and closest of her intimacies was formed with a woman of twice her years. A lady who, according to report, was a wealthy widow who was about to make a second brilliant marriage. Beautiful, however, she certainly was, and charming, and she was included in all the gaieties of the place. To the inexperience of the young Italian's guardians it seemed far safer that her strongest inclination should be toward one of her own sex, and among the risquè flirtations which surrounded them they rejoiced in their charge's devotion to this feminine friendship.

"At the end of a fortnight or three weeks the fair enchantress departed, somewhat abruptly, and the girl's spirits drooped so visibly that the mother-in-law suggested arranging a visit from the widow before her approaching wedding should take place, a suggestion from which the girl shrank almost with aversion, to the surprise of the elder woman, who was not sufficiently impulsive herself to ask an explanation. They returned home shortly, and two months later, when they were about to appear at what was to be the greatest function of the small town's winter gaieties, the mother-in-law requested the girl to wear her diamond necklace, a valuable collar of single jewels, which had formed the whole of her dowry, having been retained in her family (a poor and proud Italian noble's) long after the failing purse had ceased to supply ordinary comforts. The young wife hesitated, yes, equivocated—finally, pressed for an explanation, cried out, with bitter tears that the necklace was gone! She had been robbed by the woman whom she had loved and trusted as her friend——" The Lieutenant paused dramatically, and glanced around.

The women were more interested than the men, and broke into questions and exclamations, except their hostess, whose "Ich" was perhaps again traveling, for she lay back motionless in her chair, with the big feather fan interposed between her face and the tall lamp beside her.

"Why had the Italian not complained?" "Did her parents believe her?" the other ladies asked, eagerly.

"They made your first demand without satisfactory reply, and then themselves answered your second question negatively," Lieuenant Brown continued. "There had been, it seems, a previous difficulty concerning the necklace, as on leaving town for the seaside, her parents had wished the girl to send the jewels with the family silver to some trusted bank, but she did not wish to be parted from her mother's legacy, and under promise not to wear it where it might tempt the summer burglar she was allowed to take it with her.

Her story of its loss was that on the evening before the widow's departure she had gone to her friend's room, for a midnight chat. Thither she had brought her treasured necklace. The widow had admired it with ecstasy, and finally clasped it around her own lovely throat! Thus resplendent she had plunged into the confidential mysteries of such meetings, and the small hours were come before the Italian rose to go. To her surprise the widow still retained the jewels, the door was reached before the embarassed girl reminded her friend that she still wore the necklace. 'Why, of course I do!' that lady replied gayly. 'In such a place as this hotel I wear it where it cannot be seen—it is so much safer!'"

This time the Lieutenant's pause was caused by an outburst of cries from his feminine hearers, in the midst of which his hostess lent forward until her hard bright eyes met his level gray glance with almost fierce directness.

"You don't mean to tell us that the girl let her keep the necklace?" she said. "Man, woman, or devil should not take my diamonds from me!"

"You are a woman of—experience!" Lieutenant Brown said, with an enigmatical smile. "And my poor little heroine was a timid and lonely child of nineteen! Almost faint with mingled terror and amasement she was pushed from the widow's room. She wandered aimlessly about the dimly lit corridor until, straying past her mother-in-law's half open door, the sound of her light step brought a rather stern reminder that she should long ago have been in bed. What the sleepless hours, which lay between that solitary girl and dawn, must have held of miserable misgiving to her, who felt herself friendless in this strange land, may be guessed even by one as unimaginative as myself. But it is not cheering to dwell upon. The result was that, feeling her incredible tale would never be believed, and knowing that her accusations would be entirely without proof, she resolved, even at the cost of her beloved jewels, to keep silence until her husband's return. The event of the ball had forced her miserable secret from her. But she was more unhappy than surprised that she was not believed. This all happened more than two years ago. The husband returned home, and, of course, heard at once both his wife's version of the affair and the sad story of his mother's lack of faith.

"He is a friend of mine!" the Lieutenant parenthesized abruptly. "He trusts his wife, but he knows that unless the truth of her statement can be established, his mother will continue to think that the poor child sold her diamonds to gratify some unworthy extravagance, or that she lost them through culpable negligence, and in either case accused an innocent woman to screen herself. He shudders when he looks at his wife's pathetically changed face, where shrinking deprecation has replaced the old glad confidence. He realizes what those two years, lived in an atmosphere of stern mistrust, have meant to her of silent suffering—aye, silent, because this little coward (?) who had not the courage to defend her property, found the strength to endure uncomplainingly, so that her husbands forced absence might not be embittered by a knowledge of her misery. My friend has separated her from his parents forever—unless an almost hopeless proof can be obtained. But he has found that in spite of those years of cold disbelief, not all his love and trust can comfort his wife for the loss of the mother faith and affection, to which she had once felt herself drawn near, only to be cast forth with shame."

"Surely, you will not end there?" somebody cried, as the Lieutenant arose.

"Not I, indeed! The end is with a woman's conscience! Perhaps, if the fair enchantress should ever know that a happiness is at stake—nay, even a life, for my friend's wife is far from strong—she may endeavor to set a wrong right—"

"Never!" interrupted his hostess, also rising. She held her feather fan in both hands, neither of which she offered to him as he bowed before her with a murmured "Good night!"

"A bad woman, Lieutenant Brown, is even harder than a bad man. Have we not the wise world's word for it?" she said. "And the widow in your story is a bad woman!"

"I am not sure—yet!" the Lieutenant answered, and so departed at that best moment for a story teller, when his audience had still other questions to ask of him.

Lieutenant Brown did not sleep well, and when he arose he was consumed with impatience for the arrival of the morning mail.

"If it were done, it were well that it were done quickly!" he quoted restlessly. "That woman has learned long ago that delay cannot make a bitter task sweet!" Then he gazed wistfully at a miniature which travelled everywhere with him. "Are you praying to all your saints, my poor little girl?" he murmured.

There was one letter for him—a letter with the Washington postmark and the date of that day's first collection on it?

I stole your wife's necklace in the manner she described, and the jewels are beyond my reach or yours! Many men would read no further, but he who could conceive the possibility or magnanimity in such a woman as he knows that I am, must himself be magnanimous!

You will listen to my plea that I was driven to desperation to pay certain claims of my past, without which payment I had vowed to die rather than burthen the good man who has since married me!

You can understand what it means to a woman to have had all the world against her for years, and at last to find interposed between her and that world a strong arm, an unfailing courage, and a heart great enough to have faith in her?

That is what I am risking to give your wife back her peace of mind, though I cannot restore her necklace!

To you I trust the good name which my husband has given me, for you are strong I know, and I believe you are merciful.

ROSE RODNEY.

NELLIE MACKUBIM—*Vogue.*

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PURE PRIMARIES.

In these sad times the following letters are refreshing for the honest sentiments they utter. The WAVE has opened a campaign for Honest Primaries, which means Honest Administration, and that success will be the result seems beyond doubt. Particularly is this hope justified when these, our law makers, are so heartily in accord with the public wish.

Senator Tirey L. Ford, representing the Third Senatorial District, in response to our editorial of the 28th ultimo, says:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1894.

EDITOR WAVE—*Dear Sir:*—In your issue of the 28th inst., I note some suggestions with reference to the necessity for purer and cleaner methods in connection with our primary elections. You suggest that the legislature at its approaching session, might devote a portion of its time to the enactment of a complete code of election laws which should begin with the calling of the primary election and conclude with the official announcement of the final result. There can be no question about the propriety of the WAVE'S suggestions. With absolutely clean and honest primaries, wherein each voter may express his real and uncontrolled desire, with a full knowledge that the result of such primary elections will be honestly and truthfully declared, our gravest cause for anxiety concerning popular elections will be removed. It would be a source of the keenest pleasure to me if I could be of some service, however humble, in effecting such legislation as would insure to our people clean primaries, honest elections, and pure administration.

Very truly yours,

TIREY L. FORD.

Senator Gesford, of Napa, speaks with a directness that breathes honesty in every line. He says:

NAPA, CAL., July 27, 1894.

EDITOR WAVE: Your views, expressed in a recent issue of your publication on the subject of better legislation regulating primary elections, accord with mine. I believe in throwing about the primary elections as strong safeguards as possible, and I shall favor any legislation looking to purer politics in the management of the primaries. I was a strong advocate of the Australian ballot law, the purity of election law, and, I trust, that at the coming session of the legislature I shall have an opportunity of advocating and voting for a wise and stringent primary election law.

Yours truly,

HENRY C. GESFORD.

Senator Frank McGowan has a practicable suggestion:

EUREKA, CAL., July 31, 1894.

EDITOR OF THE WAVE: I like your suggestion and approve the sentiment, but am convinced that such a law would not be extensive enough in its operation to remedy the many political evils complained of. My idea is to make our present ballot law applicable to primaries, and that all voting in conventions be done under it, attaching the penalty of a void nomination to every violation by a convention and punishing by imprisonment every person guilty of any violation. After considering the matter, I am inclined to think this would cover every phase of our present difficulties and give us that desideratum of every good citizen—an honest political action. I will earnestly co-operate in any movement having in view the objects indicated, and can be commanded upon this at any time.

I am most respectfully yours,

FRANK MCGOWAN.

Senator Whitehurst, from Gilroy, writes to the point; states clearly all our needs and is for honest primaries.

GILROY, CAL., July 30, 1894.

DEAR SIR:—I fully agree with the sentiments expressed in the WAVE, as to the necessity of legislation to govern all primary elections held in this State. With our present Registration laws, and the Australian Ballot system now in force, both admirable, and apparently as near perfection as any now in use in any of the States, an honest election and free expression of preference by the voter is made possible, in so far as the candidates are concerned, but, in too many instances the nominees of the party are far from what is wanted by the masses, of either party, and are such as could find no place or support, were our primaries honestly conducted. In fact, it seems that all professional politicians have now turned their attention to the one weak spot in our system, and in some instances quite lately, their success has become notorious. This can be remedied, and it must be. In my opinion, the same safeguard should be thrown around the primary, as now exists in regard to registration; let stuffing and repeating be made a felony, if nothing short will avail, and the Legislature that brings this about will have accomplished a good work. The hold-over Senators named by you, those of the legal profession, are capable men and above suspicion. Let them unite in the preparation of a bill to purify the primary election, and, without doubt, sufficient influence can be had to secure its enactment.

Respectfully, L. A. WHITEHURST.

Senator Hart, of Sacramento, expresses his views in no uncertain manner and voices the sentiments of his constituency. After referring to the editorial in the WAVE, he says:

SACRAMENTO, Cal., July 28, 1894.

DEAR SIR.—That primary elections, under the existing system, are conducted in a manner to call forth the just animadversions of the better class of people, and are managed upon a plan which too often results in elevating to important positions of public trust men who are not only mentally but morally unfit for such recognition is a proposition which admits of no discussion. The successful weapon of protection and defense of a people living under a popular government is the ballot. A system which prevents the free, honest and intelligent use of, or which in any manner or to any degree renders inefficient that weapon, strikes a severe blow at the very foundation of a government whose welfare, prosperity and perpetuity must necessarily depend upon an intelligent and honest exercise of the elective franchise. As, if the foundation of a building is rotten and therefore insecure, the superstructure, however beautiful to the eye because of its architectural symmetry, must soon crumble into ruin, so with our system of conducting popular elections—if the primary steps toward an election are dishonest, then we must expect the outcome, however loud and good our promises for an honest administration may be, to be the same.

I am in favor of some well matured plan of conducting primary elections so that there shall be a contest based upon merit for party nominations; so that every vote honestly cast shall be counted, and that for every vote dishonestly deposited in the ballot box there shall be a successful prosecution. I have never given particular attention to the proposition of wherein the remedy for the evil lies, but, to make an "off-hand" suggestion, would say that some such a system of voting at primary elections as is provided by the Australian ballot system which California has engrafted upon her statute books to govern general elections be adopted. You can, however, count on me as being in favor of any legislation which may be proposed in the next legislature looking to a remedy for the evils which prevail in the management of primary elections.

Very respectfully yours,

E. C. HART.

Senator Flint is equally positive. He says:

SAN JUAN, Cal., July 31, 1894.

EDITOR WAVE:—I will say that I will support any such law that will accomplish the end sought and that can be enforced. Primary elections are, I believe, conducted honestly and fairly in the country under the method in vogue at the present time, but I am, of course, aware that such is not always the case in the larger cities and towns. A law, therefore, that could be applied to the cities *and enforced* would, I am certain, elevate our political conventions, thus insuring better candidates and purer politics. Whether such a law can be passed is another question.

Yours truly,

THOS. FLINT, JR.

Senator Matthews of the Thirty-seventh District writes as follows:

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 31, 1894.

EDITOR THE WAVE:—Three years ago, in the Assembly, I advocated the passage of the Australian Ballot, with all my power and influence. I believe, beyond a doubt, it has proved a blessing and a general good to the public. And as the Primaries are the seat or foundation of good or bad selections, I am more than anxious to see a reformation, in that line, which I feel can be made and placed on our Statute books. Please consider me in, as I am now mapping out a rough sketch of a bill for this Winter, but of course will gladly accept the ideas, if better, from any source.

Very truly,

JOHN R. MATHEWS.

Senator Bart Burke is thoroughly in accord with the movement.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., August 1st, 1894.

EDITOR WAVE:—Doubtless something may be done by law to regulate and improve the primaries, and whatever it is possible to do in that direction should be done. The abuses of the present system are so flagrant and corrupt that every citizen who has the welfare of the State at heart should join in any proper effort to redress them. For my part, however, I do not look for any great results to flow from remedial legislation. California is one of the few States in the Union which has tried to correct the evils of the primaries by law, but the beneficent promise of its advocates has not been realized. The fact is, any law of this nature depends for its practical utility almost wholly upon the parties who make use of it. In the hands of honest men it would work beneficiently, while in the hands of machine politicians it would result in the old-time crop of corrupt officials. The present system of primaries works well enough in the rural districts, for the simple reason that any attempt to manipulate them in the interest of the criminal classes would be denounced and defeated by the mass of the voters. It is only in the populous centers of the great cities that the primaries are a failure, and the reason is that the better classes remain away from the caucus and the polls, and the "machine" is left to do its perfect work. No legislation can avail much in the face of this apathy and want of public spirit. This apathy and neglect upon the part of the honest elector rises almost to the dignity of a crime. If it only affected the cities it would not be so bad, but it demoralizes the politics of the State. In theory we are the most democratic government on earth, but in practice we are servilely submitting ourselves to the will of the minority, and that minority the worst element in the State. This looks bad for democracy, but happily there are evidences of a reaction against this lawless domination. We are beginning to recognize the fact that republican institutions entail heavy responsibilities; that to maintain them worth having requires a larger degree of public spirit, constant vigilance and no little work—oftentimes of a distasteful character.

One of the hopeful signs of the times is the determined effort now being made by the reform element in our great cities to organize a "National League for Good City Government," to make common cause for municipal reform. Heretofore all effort of this nature has been spasmodic and sectional; it is now the purpose to make it national and permanent. While San Francisco was not represented at the recent Philadelphia Conference, many of the large cities were, and an enthusiastic start was made in the right direction. This movement should receive the aid and encouragement of all good citizens, men and women, especially of the cities. Municipal reform means reform throughout the country, throughout the entire body politic.

THE WAVE has taken the initiative in California in the battle for reform. The struggle for supremacy will no doubt be long and hard, but the victory if achieved will be splendid, lasting and worthy of the effort. It is one that should enlist the sympathy and services of the young men of our country, for to them chiefly we must look for success in progressive politics.

BART BURKE.

Senator Orr promises his assistance.

VENTURA, CAL., July 31, 1894.

EDITOR THE WAVE, *Dear Sir:*—I think it is now generally recognized and conceded that the primary is most important, and the election secondary to it; that more necessity exists for the candid voter appearing at the primary than at the polls, and I deem your article most timely, on the subject. Legislation is needed on this matter, and while I have not given the subject study as to details, yet in my opinion all primaries should be held under statutes prescribing the same punishments for offenses as at a general election, and allowing no candidates' names on tickets except when properly nominated in such convention. Anything I can do to bring about a better condition of affairs in this matter will be done.

Respectfully, ORESTES ORR.

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LIBRARY NOTES

The tendency of recent fiction is all towards the exclusion of the villain. Time was when the hero developed heroism by contests with the element of evil that continually intruded between him and the object of his aspiration. Now it is accident, or chance, or, worse still, circumstances, he must struggle against, and his condition is even harder than before. More interesting than fate or abstract principle is the bad man who pursues the beauteous heroine with his sinful love, whose machinations are all directed at thwarting the happiness of the charming young fellow, so poor and honest, to whom she has surrendered her guileless heart. How enthusiastically one follows the contention—now the triumph of villainy appears complete and one's heart sinks, only to return to it natural locale when the fond young man, inspired by a glimpse of his inamorata's eyes, rises equal to the situation, smites his enemy hip and thigh, perhaps persuades him into a "bear" raid on Wall Street, or induces his complicity in a "strikers" conspiracy at Sacramento, or piles round his hapless identity a chain of circumstantial evidence that shows him guilty of Mr. Maybrick's murder—triumphs over him some way, rescues the lovely girl at the all-important moment, condescends then to forgive his disreputable rival, to aid him with an alibi or a theory of defense and the curtain rings down to the music of wedding marches.

In "*Dr. Jonet of Harley Street*," by Arabella Kenealy, there is an old-time villain in the person of a Marquis de Richville. He is French, has an English estate, perpetrates unmentionable sins, steals the love of other men's wives, fights duels with wronged husbands, and runs them through, and in addition has all the wages of sin in the shape of a huge income and most luxuriously furnished mansions. At the end of a thoroughly disreputable career he conceives a violent passion for Miss Phyllis Eve, the daughter of a country clergyman—a damsel both beautiful and young, in whose "deep eyes lay the gathering mystery of womanhood, in the full curving of her lip, in the delicate fine dilation of her nostrils and the sweet indecision of her white chin." Having the admirable manner of the real villian, the Marquis prevails on Eve to marry him and doubtless she would have been his bride in due course but—what extravagant crime do you think the scoundrel committed? Just a few hours ere the knot was tied, he met her in a garden and "seizing her in his arms, drew her insistently to him, kissing her repeatedly upon her cheek and lips." After that M. le Marquis was not in it. The outraged maiden flies homewards to her little white bedroom and sobs her heart out. Incidentally deciding not to be the horrid man's spouse, she is yet compelled by the exigencies of the plot to marry him. As soon as the wedding formalities are gone through, she, like another Evadne, flees the hateful presence of her new made husband and goes to London. Then Dr. Jonet appears in the pose of good angel and in due course, relieves all the difficulties of the lovely Phyllis though the process is quite a long one, embraces a love match with a good looking physician and finally the suicide of the wicked Marquis. Heavens, what a bad time Miss Kenealy gives him in that last chapter—he sees the ghosts of all his crimes and sins in the guise of dancing devils and in order to escape them is compelled to shoot himself.

In *Sarah: a Survival*, by Sidney Christian, the dramatis personæ is exclusively composed of saints. It is charming to find one's self in the excellent company of Dan Thornborough and his sister Rachel, and one is embarrassed at the exceeding virtue of Edward Hay. The responsible position of hero in the story devolves on the latter and nobly he sustains the exacting role, being admirable wherever he occurs and as apt in the quotations of moral verse as Mr. Thornborough, who has been reared on Young's "Night's Thoughts," and Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest." In addition to all this goodness and respectability there is also a fine property, "The Meads," and far more money than any one of the heroes or heroines, whose tastes are distressingly moderate, could possibly spend. However, Sarah is really a very fine young woman with a splendid figure, dark eyes and an eminent naturalness of manner. She shares the saintliness of her surroundings, indeed, but is permitted a certain wilfulness and obstinacy that are almost human. The catastrophes in this remarkable book are the deaths of Gideon, the handsome young lover of Sarah, that of Dan Thornborough, who departs at the ripe age of four score, and the loss of Edward Hay's fortune which enables Sarah, who loves him very truly, to propose throughout an entire chapter. She does so with far finer grace than he accepts with, but then she was a "survival." About this book there is little trace of fin-de-siécle theories or tendencies. However little skill there be in the telling or in the manipulation of plot or characters, there is a sincerity and a certain earnestness that almost compensate for the absence of literary dexterity.

As though the world had not enough of trial and travail without the authoress of *The Wings of Icarus* precipitating the introduction of Constance Norris and Gabriel Norton! She knew it was foreordained that the interesting young poet whom Emilia Fletcher adored so passionately, should fall in love with the delightful Constance, and the visit might easily have been postponed until after that twain had been safely married. The letters describing the fascinating and brilliant Gabriel and laying bare the pure and poetic devotion of Emilia are absolutely wasted in the light of the climax. It is true, matrimony intervenes appropriately, but that only intensifies the sadness of the final catastrophe which is in three parts—the embrace of Constance and Gabriel in the presence of Emilia, the suicide of the former and the destruction of the poet's verses, which he burns. The last paragraph announces the discovery of Constance's body and the parting of Gabriel and Emilia, which I regard as an error. Should they not have clung together and consoled one another for the sad loss each had sustained? and in so doing who knows but that the embers of his love might not have been rekindled. Instead of "we parted," Laurence Alma Tadema should have written, "we fell into one another's arms." Happy thought—perhaps she contemplates a sequel and will explain the reconvening of the hapless twain under the stress of some later emotion. However, there are some graceful bits in the story, which, on the whole, is written with a sentimental sincerity which almost consoles one for the rapidity with which Emilia recovers from the infidelity of her original lover to pass into the condition of rapt adoration which is her attitude towards Gabriel. There is, too, a mild degree of originality about some of the characters and the style has an agreeable refinement that makes the book pleasant reading.

From the lurid tones and garish unrealities of both one turns with a sigh of relief the pages of a little book of short stories by Henry W. Beers. It is called *A Suburban Pastoral*, the name of the initial tale, a blithesome sketch, culminating in a psychological tragedy, an episode none the less painful, because the inevitable inference is undeserved. A young man and a young girl traversing together a low section of their town are insulted by a gang of roughs. He, small and weak, in no sense athletic, thinks for a moment of resenting their conduct, but, looking back at them, the futility of a contest is borne in upon him, and he suffers in silence. The girl he is beginning to love reflects not on his conduct, but grieves because there is not with her some one competent to protect her. A second tale is "A Midsummer Night Dream," an original and romantic episode, narrated with an unusual degree of sentiment and grace. There is point, tone and dexterity in these stories, written as they are in a style charmingly pure and elegant. "Split Zephyr"—the longest of the series, is familiar to most readers of current literature—it is a comparison of the aspirations of a gay bevy of college men on the night after graduation and the careers into which fate or environment compel them. Into the narrative there are woven threads of reflection that blend with the several episodes as they are developed, contrasting temperaments and reflecting the phases of character. The book is one that may be read with mingled profit and pleasure.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Dr. Janrt of Harley St.," by Arabella Kenealy. D. Appleton & Co. publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

"Sarah: a Survival," by Sidney Christian. Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

"The Wings of Icarus," by Laurence Alma Tadema. Macmillian & Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"The Women's Conquest of New York," Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

"A Suburban Pastoral," by H. A. Beers. H. Holt & Co., publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

Fate kept them apart: First bunco man—It cuts me to the heart to read an item like that.

Second bunco man—What is it?

First bunco man—A guest at the Hotel Tapioca was found suffocated yesterday morning. He had blown out the gas.—*Puck.*

Theological Discussion.—"We don't play the piano at our house on Sundays," said the first little girl, "and you folks do. We ain't heathens."

"Neither are we," said the second little girl, "but we don't believe in usin' up all our religion on Sunday, so's there won't be none left through the week, like some folks do."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

He—Will you be my fiancee at Cape May? She (consulting her note book)—Well, most of my time is taken, but you can have the days between June 27th at 3 P.M. and July 3d at noon if you like.—*Chicago Record.*

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

The constant changes in the fashions of women man claims is deplorable, but were he to give the matter a moment's thought he would, in all probabilities, arrive at the conclusion that the dress of woman has changed but little since the advent of draperies. True, fleeces, flounces and plaits have removed the rather severe plainness of the soft clinging tunic, but it is now, as it was then, a skirt and waist, and unless modern fashion makes some decided alterations in the styles there it will stay. As it is, the female costume of the moment is certainly picturesque. The long round skirt, the tightly fitting bodice and the daintily flounced sleeves are far prettier than those clumsy articles of apparel that clothe man. The mode of the male sex grows uglier, less pleasing to the eye, in every change that is made in it. The Knickerbocker age was about the only time when man's fashion could be called pretty, but he could not rest contented there. He had to make another change—a hideous one it was. The Knickerbockers were cast aside, and the shapely limbs of man were enveloped in those clumsy bags, with as little shape as barley sacks, commonly known as trousers.

Changes in fashion are always received with satisfaction—man, sour, pessimistic man allows them to take place without a murmer—but hardly have they become settled when out comes his grunt of disapproval, and what is the result, pray? Either another change or a rebellion against this objectionable costume. Take the crinoline, for instance, what a merry war was caused in the attempt to establish it in this country and abroad, but with what success? The women who had pluck enough to don the much-abused garb were made so ridiculous that few of them ever dared to wear it again.

The woman's costume of to-day requires no improvement. It has reached the stage where it can't be made prettier. Still, as for changes, strange though it be, they all seem to be for the better and are most always appreciated by one sex or the other. A most becoming gown was one I saw at the matinée last Saturday afternoon. It was a summer toilette of crinkled crépon in a soft shade of yellow fawn, slightly darker than the butter color now so much the mode. The bodice is made with vest and reveres of white satin, outlined with ficelle guipure, the guipure being also brought in bands from the shoulder seam to the waist at the back. The bodice has zouave fronts, and the draped belt, with large bows, is of the fashionable gilt tinsel--tinseled ribbon. A small turn-back cuff of the white satin is edged with guipure, and the military collar is edged in the same style. The dress is made with a double skirt, the upper one being draped at the left side; the hem of the lower one has a band of white satin laid on it, and the upper one is trimmed in a similar manner, the band being placed about a couple of inches from the edge. With this extremely stylish gown was worn a pretty hat of fancy straw, in the shade known as "sunburnt" in Paris. It is draped round the crown with white tulle, fastened at intervals by small tulle rosettes, a large rosette being arranged in front, with coming from it on each side white cock's feathers; these are laid down close to the crown, and not standing up in military fashion, as is most usual. The wearer of this most becoming costume carried a very pretty light sunshade, and altogether it was a most effective costume.

Then another very pretty gown which attraced a great deal of attention at a fashionable affair last week was a forget-me-not blue alpaca. The bodice had a simulated zouave of cream point guipure, and the back is draped entirely with the guipure. The front is of blue mousseline de soie, gathered over the alpaca. A corselet belt of blue satin gives the finishing touch to this bodice. The sleeves are a little in the style of the new papillon sleeves, but fall in three dainty puffs, instead of one. They are tight from the elbow to the wrist, with a deep cuff of the vandyked guipure to correspond with the zouave, which is ornamented with little choux bows of blue satin of the same shade as the ceinturé. The skirt is made quite plain and rather full; it has three rows of cream guipure round the bottom.

The latest *chef d'aeuvre* of Worth, Louis XIV. style, is full round petticoat of forester green satin duchesse of superb quality, with a Louis XIV. *habit* of velvet of the same shade. The coat, which has large sleeves of satin, is bordered down the entire length of the front edges with hand-wrought embroidery, so finely done that one looks twice to be sure it is not painted a la Watteau. The same embroidery—a design of lilies-of-the-valley, tied in tiny nosegays with bow knots of the palest pink shading to coral—decorates the large flap pockets, which are, in effect, set into a square of the needle-work. An edge of tiny gold sequin spangles furnishes the distinctive and daring Worth touch that stamps the superb garment. The coat opens at the throat to show a square Louis vest of superb coral satin, of unusually rich lustre, embroidered like the coat, and finished with a cravat and long ends of real *point de gere* lace.

I dropped into Sloan's establishment one day this week simply to purchase a rug, which they were making a run on. A "run" in Sloan's means a *real* reduction, for they do not indulge in pyrotechnical business methods. I bought two beautiful fabrics at a price absurdedly low. In the furniture department they have just made a thirty per cent temporary reduction. The design and finish of their work, as you know, is very swell, and I could only repine my poverty, which prevented me being a large customer. Everything in this department is marked down thirty per cent, but it is only for a week or two. You should see some of the dining-room sets in quartered oak, bedroom suits in bird's-eye maple—in fact, everything to catch the eye and win the admiration of the most artistic, and that at a genuine reduction. Most of us who have attended sales are aware of the rareness of reductions.

THE REFLECTOR.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

Humboldt Artesian Mineral Water. Half-pints, pints and quarts for table use. 40 Third St., telephone 5822.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

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Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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TO THE LADIES

The lost art of plumping the figure, known to Roman ladies of rank, is recovered in the rare toilet article known as Dr. O. P. Brown's HERBAL TISSUE BUILDER. The tissues absorb it greedily, and being fed and nourished, grow plump and firm. It also gives such a lovely, clear complexion as to astonish everyone. Druggists, $1. Trial Box by mail with "Seven Ages of Woman's Life" illustrated 10c. Address J. Gibson Brown, Jersey City, N. J.

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AS THE CLOCK STRIKES.

An artist sat before his picture thinking. He was young; and if success had not yet left its imprint on his brow, neither had sorrow touched it with withering hand. A clock in the neighboring tower struck eight; the dim lamp by the picture flickered fitfully—and still he studied his handiwork.

It was a man's head,—noble in outline, rich in coloring; the deep set eyes, the firm mouth and chin, the hair closely clipped, but showing faint streaks of gray, and the russet cowl which had fallen back upon his shoulders, all stood out from the canvas with a startling and life-like clearness.

Fine though the artist knew his work to be, yet he was not satisfied—there was something lacking. He had intended to picture in this monk's countenance the bitterest despair the human heart can know,—a hopeless sorrow in the eyes;—a grief to make even the strong mouth tremble—and he had failed! For there was the face, correct in every detail, faultless in technique, glowing in color,—but without the shadow of a grief on the calm features. * * * And the clock proclaimed the hour of nine.

And as the painter sat and pondered and searched in vain for the master-strokes that should make this face a living death's-head of hope, and love, and life, his mind wandered to his own past. But there was nothing there to help him; none of that bitterness that some hearts must know. True, he had always been poor and hitherto unsuccessful. He thought of the numerous pictures sent to the Salon, and with what regularity they had been returned to him. But then, as a consolation for him in all these disappointments, a kinder fate had brought him success in another quarter:—there was Loisette—whom he loved with his whole soul; Loisette, with her lovely face and her queenly ways, who had crept into his heart and chained him with bonds such as death alone could break. And so he mused, and looked once more into the eyes of the silent monk. * * * And the clock sounded the tenth hour.

All the elements of fame were there but one; but a few strokes were lacking to complete this, his masterpiece, and show a man's heart in all its suffering. It had the elements of power, success and a name—this he knew; but because he could not portray this sorrow the work was a failure; and still he sat in the dim studio and searched his art, his skill, his talent, but in vain, he looked and studied and questioned. * * * And the hour of eleven rang out from the clock in the tower.

Then at the eleventh hour came a letter to him; and it was cruelly short, and written in a fine and dainty hand. And as he read it his face grew ashen gray, his heart stood still, and then burst forth suddenly with awful throbbing. He sank down on the floor before the picture, and hid his face on his arms in the chair he had occupied but a moment since—and he was very still; but the veins stood out upon his temples, and his hands were clinched. The face on the easel looked down upon him with the same beauty and calmness. * * * And finally chimed the twelfth hour.

At the sound of the clock he rose, and his face was that of an old man. The eyes were sunken, the lips compressed, the seal of suffering was set upon him.

Once more he turned to the picture—once more looked into that immovable face—and then he took up his brushes and worked—worked as if the demon of energy possessed him—worked madly, feverishly—and the face of the man on the canvas changed slowly, gradually—surely—all through that midnight hour, and when the painter dropped his brushes with a long sigh of fatigue, and a return to painful self-consciousness, the monk's face shone forth in nameless and unspeakable sorrow; through his eyes looked out a life-long sadness. * * * And from the clock tower sounded the first hour of the morning.

FLORENCE ELLIOT MOLIÈRE.

COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR WAVE. While the strikers have their organs and apologists, and the railroads their advocates, there is yet another class who seem to have no defenders. These are the men who do not belong to any labor organization or those who belonging, prefer working to striking as a means of livelihood.

The wrongs inflicted on the railroad companies, on the one hand, and upon the strikers on the other hand, sink into insignificance when compared with the outrages committed against these workingmen.

In times when there is no strike these men are denied work lest their employment should result in a strike, and in times of a strike if they take the places of those who hitherto denied them right to work, they are persecuted in a most inhuman manner, their lives are threatened, their wives and babies persecuted, they are beaten, reviled, and termed "scabs"; they are assaulted when on the way to and from their work, their homes have been surrounded by mobs of strikers so that they could not, if they dared, venture forth for fear of personal violence. Eating-houses in the neighborhood refused to furnish them meals, barbers would not shave them, their wives and children have been hooted and insulted in the street, they have been dragged by force from their work and beaten in an inhuman manner and, in a word, all the indignities and outrages demon minds could suggest or invent have been heaped upon their heads. All this, because they were attempting to earn an honest living in the places voluntarily abandoned by the strikers. The loss of wages by strikers through their own wilful and voluntary act, the loss by the railroad company resulting from enforced suspension of business, and the loss to the community in dollars and cents, amount to nothing, in my judgment, when compared with the wilful and criminal wrongs inflicted upon these worthy laborers.

JUSTICE.

Reverend Doogood—My friend, is the spiritual welfare of the poor fellows under your charge properly attended to?

Penitentiary Warden—Well, there are several Sunday school superintendents among the prisoners!—*Puck.*

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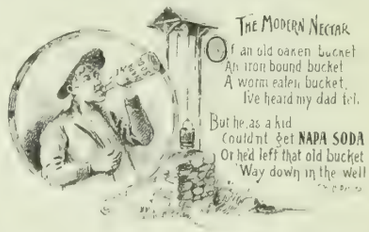

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

The coming campaign promises much in the way of excitement, social and otherwise. Candidates' coin is now beginning to flow and, as usual, the Aid Society and the Pratt Home are already in line to gather the droppings. Their scheme this time is a chrysanthemum show and to this strange union of Catholic and A. P. A., the would-be officials of both factions are expected to come. I observe that this ground charityship is again to be guided by two of those long lost to view. Mrs. Prevost has returned to again face the critical world, and the moneyed member of Dr. Hill's family will join hands with the prodigal once more. Marvelous, indeed, are the combinations we see. Just think of Mrs. McCracken and Mrs. Russell in friendly chat and daily contact with the Irish they are accused of detesting. And yet every day we marvel more. In a few days the clash of conflicting opinions will be heard, and pardon me if, as a prophet, I tell you that the week of the Fair will see more than one home shattered and many fair reputations blasted by those venomous tongues.

Among the men, the air is full of political war. Who will be Postmaster is the only inquiry heard. Upon this appointment the hopes of the "ins" of Democracy rest. The "outs," meaning, of course, our Sam and his cohorts, have been beaten. They've been whipped and stamped upon. Sam, you see, went to Washington, ostensibly on business for the Mayor, but really to persuade Grover Cleveland that a Rucker would be acceptable to our people for the office. Now Sammy is hardly as important a personage here as he used to be, and in the capital his credit must have been somewhat below par. Our eloquent Senator, of course, entertained him once at dinner, but 'tis said the many messages from San José to Stephen took the form of condolences rather than congratulation.

At Santa Cruz the wordy war still goes on between the type-writer's and the butcher's daughters, each claiming to be a step higher on the social ladder than the other; while neither have any standing. It has been and is all the time quarreled about, as though Maggie is not as good as Charley and Emma as good as Lena. Mrs. Dougherty and her lovely children are at the Grove, while the three Biddies have ventured on a trip to Alaska. It is rumored that one of the prominent lawyers will in the near future enter the church and devote his time to saving souls. BESSIE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE:

We are all in tears, or, at any rate, we were. It was perfectly woful. Johnny Mac came—oh, so near, to turning up his dear toes to the daisies. He went with Dr. M. and Louise and Carrie to the baths. The Judge went along, too. Then the men folks went in swimming. Johnny Mac did some wonderful swimming. He dove from dizzy heights and was a perfect Neptune, and very handsome in his bathing suit. They were in a long time, but suddenly an awful sickness seized upon the young newspaper man. He was hardly dressed, when his strength deserted him. They all started home; but they only got a little ways when they had to stop, and the two girls, frightened to death, were left to chafe Johnny Mac's numb hands to life, while Dr. M. went for a doctor and a hack. It was very affecting, the assiduity with which those two girls nursed the dear fellow.

The romance was all spoiled, though, when the doctor stated that all that bothered him was that he had gone in swimming too soon after eating.

All we are having just now are church socials, given on the larger lawns. Some of them are bright and jolly, and we have lots of fun. Only the younger set of boys go, though—the younger set and the very old set. The "just right" set seem to have other occupation. I wish I knew what it was.

John A. Neu and Lola C. Avila were married Tuesday morning. Miss Avila is a lovely girl. She plays beautifully and has many warm friends. She has been rather retiring, and is not generally known. Her husband is also a stranger, though he has lived here some time. I understand that he has much musical talent, too, though he has not been very generous in letting folks know it.

Myrtle and Maggie Harrell entertained last Thursday. They are jolly fun. Neither of them is extremely pretty, although Myrtle has a piquant face. Carrie and Louise were there. That meant that Johnny Mac was in attendance. The Parsons boys were among the visitors. Big Bob Rader beamed on the pretty Tennesseean all evening, and took her home in his nice new buggy. Mr. Powers wandered in as a solo, and departed similarly, though he cast longing eyes on on the departing form of the plump and pretty blonde. Anna Laura was there with Mr. Clark; and Mattie King was there with her silvery laugh, her lovely form, and Am. It looked so like old times again to see her. It was an awfully jolly evening.

People who are not blind can read so much in the daily papers, don't you think? Tuesday's *Republican* said: "Harry A. Thomas is in Sacramento." That night the *Expositor* said: "Miss Margaret Parsons has returned from Sacramento," and a little later the same thing of Harry. Wasn't it kind of him? It's a long, lonesome ride from Sacramento.

Carrie, the Alabama cousin, is going home in September. Although she is much brighter than the ordinary society girl, she has many friends, which is very odd. Betty and little sister Mary went to Oakland early this week.

The Berkeley and Stanford students will be going away to school soon. It's too bad. They have added a great deal to the general jollity. Bert Warner is a really good fellow. Monte Thomas makes things *so* lively. Agnes Helm's pretty voice and lively manners will be regretted ever so much. But then, about that time things will begin to get livelier. TRIX.

SACRAMENTO.

We are half way satisfied now, having witnessed the regular soldiers go through their drill at Agricultural Park. The cavalry executed some wonderful manuevers, and the motley mob in attendance showed its appreciation by hilarious applause. The day was intensely hot, and the crowd became impatient when the soldiers did not appear at the appointed hour. In fact, they were an hour late, which seemed hardly consistent with army discipline. They are advertised again for to-morrow, and we hope they will be more prompt.

The Doctor's daughter has at last become engaged. Her betrothed is a Southern gentleman, with complexion of a ruddy hue. The announcement was at first received with startling incredulity, but later with sure and positive relief.

Harry Carroll was married up North the other day; we were all so surprised to hear the news, for Harry never paid much attention to us girls. His family was so curious in their treatment of him, that when he left he said it was for good. We all hoped that he would come back some day, for we could ill spare him, and then he left so many friends behind.

Our swimming teacher met with a horrible accident to-night. He was performing on the trapeze when the rope broke and threw him with great force against the platform. His shoulder blade is broken, and the doctor fears he will not be able to use his arm for many months. What are we girls going to do, just when we were learning so nicely, perhaps Jud will come to our assistance after all.

That article in a local paper about some girl trying to blackmail a certain prominent citizen, has worked us up to a terrible pitch of excitement and curiosity. No names were mentioned so that left us in such a state of doubt, but I have an inkling as to who the parties are. The girl is a member of a well known family, quite pretty, but appallingly sly.

Mrs. Hall is visiting the home of her father, General Cosby. As Pink Cosby she was such a favorite, and some people even went so far as to regard her as good looking. She had no end of admirers, and when she suddenly made up her mind to marry we were surprised, for we thought the minister was the favored one. The latter rallied from the blow quite rapidly, and after devoting himself to a grass widow, suddenly left for the East. He is now writing poetry back there, and such silly romantic stuff. Hasn't he anything better to do?

When the Doctor returned from Europe we expected to be shown all manner of attentions, but there he has gone and fallen in love again. As in all other cases, the object of his affection is pretty, and sings as sweetly as a bird.

A swell musicale on the tapis, full particulars in my next.

SISTER SUE.

SACRAMENTO, July 31, 1894.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY:—

Catalina certainly has the call on all of the other seaside resorts this year. Already the greater number of people who are going away at all have gone there and this month will see a general hegira to Avalon.

Santa Monica, Long Beach and Redondo are of course in line for patronage, but they seem to be lacking in natural attractions and do not draw many of their old time patrons, who now go to Catalina. As one of the local Summer girls put it, "You see, those places are all right, but at Catalina one can enjoy boat riding, donkey riding, and easy bathing, while about the only attraction the former offers is the beach, and of course that's very nice and romantic, but we want something more than sand and the moon." The young fellows, as a natural consequence, have to work while taking their rest, and the girls show no pity, as usual. About the only thing of interest, this week, to relate is the divorce granted to Mrs. Joe Chanslor. This is rather a strange affair and while long since expected, has not quite been fathomed as yet. The grounds of the suit were cruelty. About the only thing I have heard reported, thus far, is that he occasionally played poker. He is such a quiet, easy-going young man that it is hard to conceive of anything very dreadful he has ever done. However, I have seen some women who regarded their husbands as very cruel when they asked them to stay at home a little more and not pay such devoted attention to dancing and other amusements of society.

She was given the custody of the child until it is seven years of age, and he is meanwhile to contribute twenty dollars a month for its support. By the way, Mrs. Chanslor has quite a fine looking sister, a Mrs. Phillips, a blonde, whose husband is in the East while she is regaining health in Southern California.

There is a certain woman in this town, the wife of a well-known attorney, at least she was in this town until last week, when she and her family went to Catalina, who could give pointers on gushing, to the biggest mountain brook known to Nature. The brook goes on forever and always dashes over the same rocks and from the same crevices. This woman would gladly go on forever also if she could, but, as she knows she can't, she probably gushes over as great a variety of things as can be crowded into her short stay here below. It makes no difference who she meets, it is always the same old display of the still older effusiveness. She is at once interested in you and all your affairs and begins to converse about your prospects after a few introductory remarks. I have begun to think that she has gone into the business of conducting a purely refined matrimonial agency, but whether for the sake of her per cent or simply on account of her, generally short, friendship for the parties concerned, I am unable to state this week.

Dr. N. F. Ravlin, the local exponent of Spiritual Philosophy, is out on bail, having been indicted by the Federal Grand Jury, his alleged offense being a seditious speech during the strike. It probably took the Doctor several days to communicate with the spiritual world and get this kind of outside influence at work among his host of admirers to induce them to put up the necessary $3,000 to get him out of jail. His position while he was incarcerated was similar to that of Bottom when he declared, "I can summon spirits from the vasty deep." "Yes, but will they come?" asked the Federal officials. The Simaritans put in an appearance finally in the persons of Dr. K. D. Wise and a rich widow who was made one of the high priestesses of the local society, so it is rumored, in recognition of her love of the "cause."

Fareda, the muscle dancer, together with the rest of the troupe of Turkish dancers, has been giving nightly performances at the new Turner Hall. Of course all of the men turned out in full force, and the society swell was quite willing to elbow with the waiter, in his desire to witness the display. Some of the women have been nearly crazy to see Fareda dance, and have talked of getting up a purse to have a special performance for their benefit. If it does take place I will have to be present, as the ladies will not let things be done half-way as they are for the men. Your devoted

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Nurse—I should hope so. I've had six different places this last week.—*Inter-Ocean.*

DR. RUMBOLD, Crocker Building, Rooms 76-7.

Our Society Blue Book.

The Blue Book of San Francisco and surburban towns for 1894-95 will be the finest work of the kind ever produced in Europe or America. It will be divided into departments—seventeen in number—each preceded by an elaborate title-page of unique and elegant design. These title pages will be embellished in gold, with superb etchings, representing typical scenes of localities and figures illustrative of each subject. Among the departments will be found sections devoted to the "Army and Navy," "Picturesque and Artistic Homes of California," "Leading and Private Institutions of Learning," "Calling and Street List," "Classified Business Houses of San Francisco," the "Leading Hotels," "Alphabetical List," "Personnel of the Press," "Theatre Diagrams," "Clubs and Societies," "Private Memo. Pages," "Street and Avenue Guide," etc. The streets of the cities of San Francisco and Oakland will be numerically arranged so that any desired private address can be readily found. The book will be elegantly bound in the familiar blue-white covers. The Blue Book is sold by subscription. Advance orders only will be recognized, as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is especially intended. Now in compilation. Address all changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher. Office, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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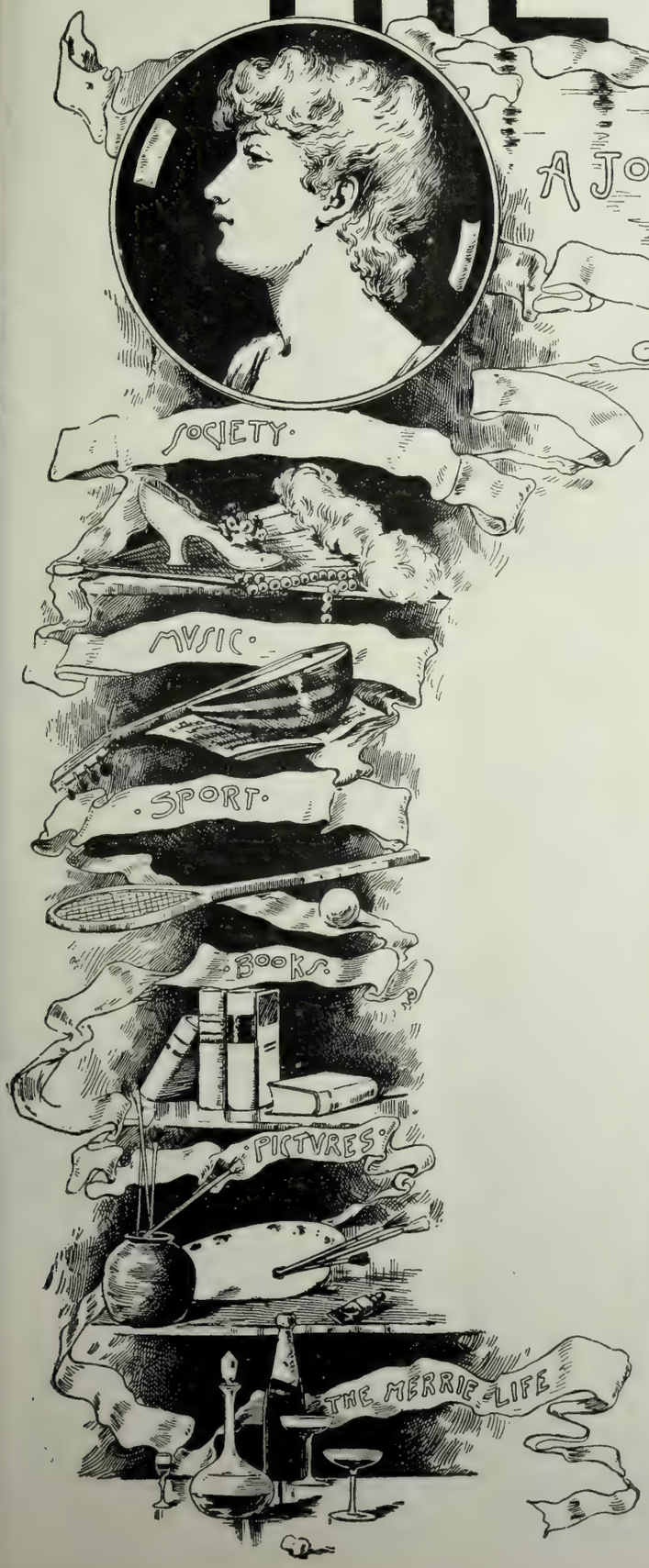

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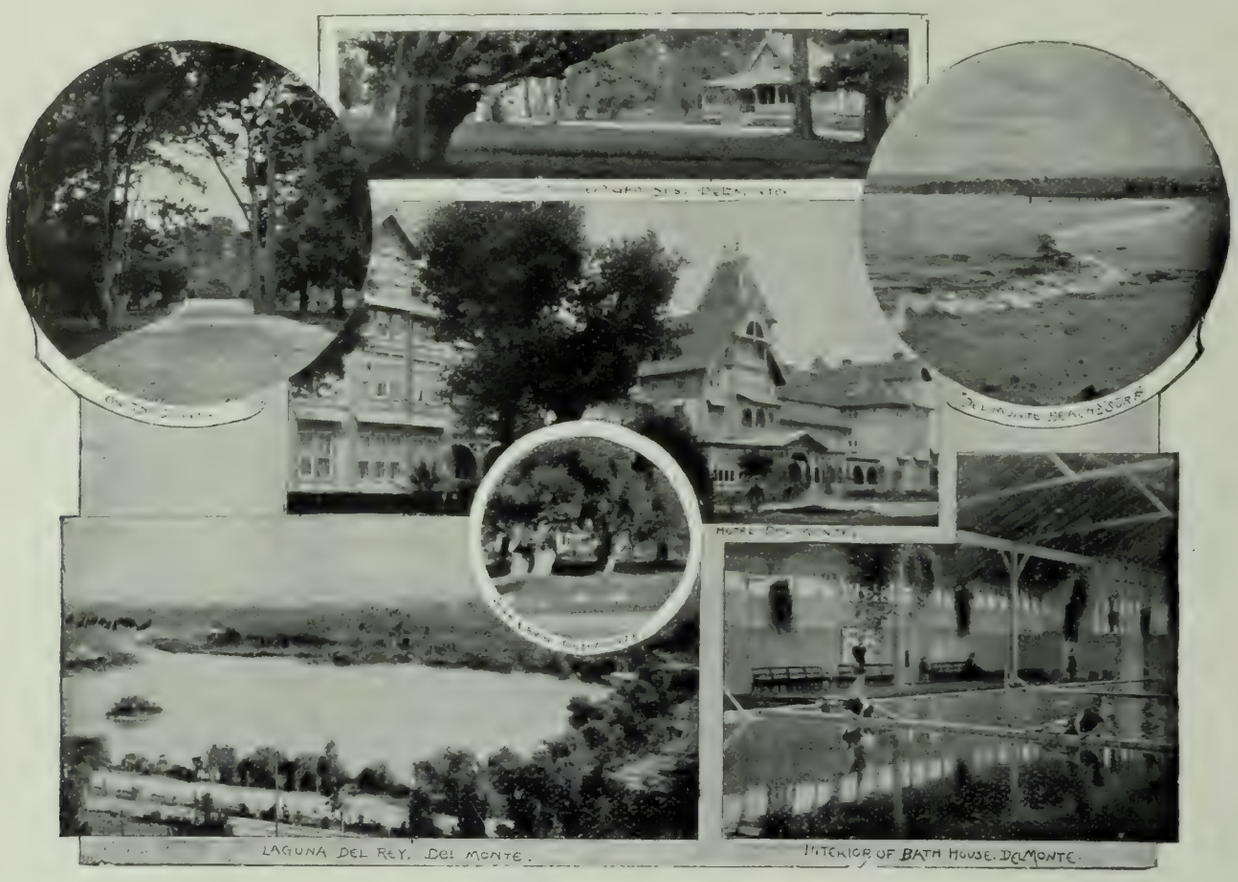

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LEAVE	FROM AUGUST 1, 1894.	ARRIVE
7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6.45 a m
7.00 a m	Benecia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, Castle Crag and Dunsmuir, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
4.30 p m	Raymond (for Yosemite)	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
†7.00 p m	Vallejo	†7.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.45 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8 15 a m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.45 p m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*11.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos (Saturdays and Sundays to Santa Cruz)	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1.45 p m
†7.30 a m	San jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.47 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1.45 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
11.45 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and principal Way Stations	9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	*8.48 a m
6.30 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	6.35 a m
†11.45 p m	Palo Alto and principal Way Stations	†7.26 p m

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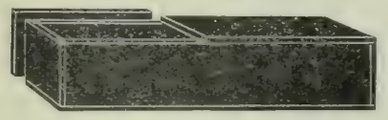

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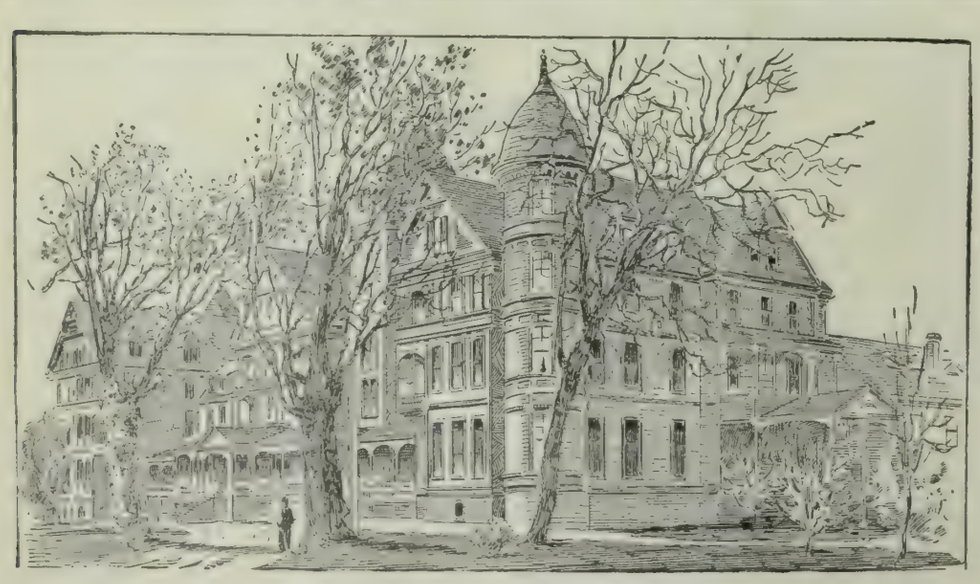

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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

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SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 11, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

Nothing is quite so bad as the loss of a friend—nothing quite so cruel as to have an intimate turn enemy. The suggestion of the cartoon this week will be foreign to all save the initiated, but the allegory is none the less applicable and the point as sharp as the dagger in Cæsar's heart. There are those who contending that Brutus as the "noblest Roman of them all" had good reason for knifing Cæsar. Who shall say therefore that the thrust in this instance is not a reward for services performed.

PURE PRIMARIES.

ALL political conclusions have their premise in the party primary. Too many plans are abroad which ignore the importance of the first processes. Observing that bad primaries produce indifferent Legislators, the people are taught to evade the consequences in one direction by direct election of United States Senators. Leaving the primaries as they are, means then, the dragging of Federal Senators down to the grade of State Legislators who are chosen by the people. Even a bad Legislature is somewhat impressed by the serious responsibility of electing a Senator, and if money be used to influence such election, it is easier used for the fittest than the unfittest. But pray, what safeguard is there when the nomination of a Senator rests upon the ultimate base of a stuffed roll and a rough and tumble primary? The WAVE has started the issue of legal responsibility and oversight in the primary political processes. These should be surrounded by whatever restraint the law puts upon the actual election. The place for a filter is at the fountain and not in the dipper.

It is in vain that the final ballot is safeguarded, the tally watched, the count verified and the result certified under the eye and seal of the law, if the primary be a riot and the roll a lie. Men of all parties agree with the WAVE that the law must guarantee fairness at the primary, must protect all citizens in exercising their privilege at the primary. If there must be bossing let it appear in the legally limited organization of parties as an adjunct of that public education by which any public cause must be propagated, but let it keep hands and feet out of politics. We don't like to drink of water in which feet have been washed, therefore let the law protect the spring. Fortunately this is an issue upon which men of all parties may combine in friendly action, and it is to be hoped that a measure will be formed and passed by the next Legislature, under which party committees will not be afraid to hold a primary.

THE Chicago *Tribune*, applauding the firmness with which the President suppressed the Debs insurrection, said:

"In an emergency like this Mr. Cleveland's neck is of exactly the right size."

The friends of tariff reform and sound money think that it is just the right size in every one of the mighty emergencies which have appeared since his inauguration.

MAINTAIN OUR MILITIA.

SOME very excellent citizens, indignant at the non-aggresiveness of the National Guard at Sacramento during the early days of the strike, affect to believe this organization has demonstrated its worthlessness as a defense against lawlessness, and declare it should be disbanded as an unnecessary expense to the State. It is sincerely to be hoped that so unpatriotic a sentiment will not be generally entertained. In the East sometime ago, labor unions under the control of foreign born craftsmen, declared open and aggressive warfare on this American institution. Audaciously they took the ground that its maintenance was a menace to their methods of asserting and maintaining the cause of American (?) labor. A correspondent in St. Paul, Minnesota, at the time, wrote the *Century* as follows:

"In regard to the antagonism of labor unions to American institutions, witness the action of the Brewers' in session recently, in which they unanimously determined and promulgated an order, that no member of the Brewers' Union should become a member of the militia of any State, and that those now enlisted in the military service should leave it forthwith. This decision was followed by the Coopers' Union shortly afterward. If this policy is pursued by the other labor unions, I presume it will be but a short time before a demand will be made for the abolition of all State military forces."

And the *Century* adds:

"Of course, this action amounts to rebellion, and if it were to be followed in practice, the question whether the State or the trade union was the supreme power would have to be met and answered."

May I suggest to those citizens who have begun to advocate the disbandment of the militia, that they give this phase of the proposition the consideration it deserves. Let them bend their energies toward developing rather than toward weakening the efficiency and popularity of our Home Guard, which had its birth in the spirit of 1776.

The necessity for some movement toward strengthening our National Guard, and educating our citizen soldiers to a high sense of their obligations to this Government and to society, has been further emphasized by more recent but no less treasonable utterances of Eastern foreign born labor leaders. They have actually had the audacity to urge members of their organizations to join the militia in order to equip themselves with arms, and a knowledge of how to handle them, not for the purpose of upholding the Government, but that they may "defend their rights against its oppressors," it is sincerely to be deplored that the Constitutional definition of treason is so limited in its scope that it cannot be made to include within its pains and penalties the infamous wretches who promulgated so traitorous an order.

The Constitutional inhibition upon the abridgment of the freedom of speech now gives license to the Anarchist, permits sedition in the press, and accords the foreign born trades union manager the privilege of openly advising treason to the most liberal Government on God's green earth. Unless this rapid progress in the liberal construction of our laws be checked, what may we not look for.

The progress in Constitutional construction ten years hence may give to the disaffected striker the right to murder his employer under the implied Constitutional guaranty entitling every citizen to the right of "pursuit of happiness," or the express inhibition which forbids the abridgment of the "privileges" of the citizen.

One shrinks from the contemplation of the end which is to come. Unless the great public of America lay aside its apathy and antipathies for the moment, and read to a cowardly and malicious press, and to the demagogue politician a lesson severe enough to be remembered, their laxity will be regretted in their age and anathematized by their children who will reap the whirlwind for which the seed is now being sown.

ESTEE'S OPENING.

MR. ESTEE opened his campaign with a carefully put speech, in which he took alignment with the paternal theories of govern-

ment which have their origin in the principles of his party. These principles have led from the beginning toward government interference in the private concerns of the people. The practical working of protection is seen in the hand of the Government in the pockets of one class taking away its substance without compensation for the enrichment of another class. The enriched class has become odious, and the party which fattened it now makes its fat the excuse for proposing that the Government shall rob all for the benefit of all. The first step in the extension of the policy of paternalism is public ownership of railways, and Mr. Estee takes it, eyes shut, and his party applauds. In California he has the advantage of a wide-spread belief that such a step will work injury to the owners of our railways and benefit, therefore, to the people. The case is one to be settled by the judicial, not the political branch of the Government. As a mortgage creditor the Government has no wider footing in the courts than an individual, and Mr. Estee does not dignify his standing as a lawyer by giving color to the *Bulletin's* ignorant demand for Governmental "*seizure*" of the Union and Central Pacific Railways.

There is certainly applause, and perhaps victory at the polls, in advocating the confiscation of one form of property, but there is future misery for all forms of property in the propagation of the theory. No one knows that the owners of railways are averse to Government ownership. Some of them are known to positively favor it, as did the late Senator Stanford. But none may be ignorant of the disastrous effect upon the Government.

Mr. Estee's speech certainly puts him in line with an apparent public sentiment, but by making it he is in great danger of incurring the support of the *Examiner*, which would relieve Webster and give him a decided advantage.

THE *Call* sentimentalizes at great length over the memories recalled by a restaurant sign which reads:

"Meals Like Your Mother Cooked."

Men who have eaten their mothers cooked may have some memories recalled by such a sign, but who are they ?

THE ORIENTAL WAR.

THE probability of reprisals on Japan by the Western nations, has been discussed in the daily press. The foundation of the claim is the fact that the troop ship sunk by the Japanese was under the British flag, and that there were German merchants on board the first cruiser which the Japanese skillfully s cuttled with their guns, who were slaughtered with the rest of the crew. It may be admitted that any of the Western nations will press an Asiatic Goverment as they would not dare press a European Government, but in sinking the troop ship and refusing to discriminate between nationalities on board the war ship of a combatant, the Japanese have not justly incurred censure or reprisal. During the Crimean war, a majority of the English military force was transported into the Black Sea in American troop ships, chartered by the British Government for that purpose, and sailing under the American flag. Had a Russian cruiser encountered one of these in the Bay of Biscay, and sent her to the bottom, her individual owners might have had a recovery in her value against Great Britain, but our Government would have had no issue with Russia. In the other case, non-combatants who are found on the war ship of a combatant, and remain there when she goes into action, have no right of favorable discrimination. In full knowledge they mingled with the combatants, and must take the consequences. It is known to every one in the East that, in war, Asiatics neither ask nor give quarter, and foreign officers who accept commissions in Eastern armies expect none, unless the force arrayed against them is officered in like manner. When the Tai Ping, or "Black Flag," rebellion outgrew the resistant resources of Li Hung Chang, the present Viceroy of China, but then Governor of the Province infested by the rebels, Colonel Gordon was engaged by the Emperor and Governor Li, to organize the Imperial troops and stamp out the rebellion. The story reads like a romance. Gordon created an army out of coolie material, and wiped out the Black Flags. They fought with that Asiatic desperation born in hopelessness of quarter. Gordon made war after the Western fashion, and finally secured a surrender of the rebel leaders upon the promise that their lives should be spared. They were put in a prison camp, and at the very moment that Gordon was receiving Li Hung Chang's approval of his clemency, the Black Flag leaders were being massacred by crafty old Li's order. It was for this violation of his word and faith that Gordon left China in disgust, refusing the rewards and honors which the Emperor tendered him. This incident was in line with the Asiatic practice. Li knew that the offered clemency would be misconstrued by the people, and would simply encourage further rebellion, and so, without scruple, he followed the custom of his race and country.

THE Boston *Herald* says: "Old Pennoyer has gnawed his rope, and is at it again." He gnaws, also, a file, and it doesn't hurt the file.

RAILROAD TAXATION.

THE *Examiner*, which has become the *Daily McEwen's Letter*, illogically gives as one reason why the railroads should be owned by the United States, that the Southern Pacific railroad has not paid its taxes.

The Courts held that the assessment of taxes was illegal for certain years. After this judicial judgment and acquittal the State in the last Legislature passed a retroactive assessment law for the years covered by the decree, and thereunder the corporation has been reassessed and has paid its taxes, so that at this moment there does not stand against it a single dollar of tax due and unpaid.

From the beginning, up to and including the last payable levy, the corporation has paid on the Central Pacific, the Southern Pacific, California Pacific, the Northern Railway, South Pacific Coast, Northern California and all its other roads, the sum of $10,817,849.30 in taxes. The taxes paid upon individual fortunes and properties of the owners of the road in this State bring the total up to $15,000,000.

But the United States pays no taxes on its property. Under Government ownership the State will get no taxes at all out of the railroads. It is no answer to this to say that the State and people will be compensated by lower rates, for it has been abundantly shown and is unanswered, that Government ownership means political control of rates, resting with the majority of the population which is averse to cheap freights Eastward from this Coast. So, whether the corporation has paid as much or more than it ought, in taxes, is no element in the argument, since the State must surrender all power to tax the property at all if it pass into Government ownership.

The Populist Committees are enthusiastically endorsing the *Examiner* by resolution. The Socialists, Anarchists, and Communists endorse it also. They know an ally when they meet him. But the sober citizen who believes in a wise and frugal Government, in the rights of person and property and a Government of law, will enthuse less over the *Daily McEwen's Letter*, the more he thinks about it.

LUBIN'S LUNACIES.

REFERENCE has been made in these pages, heretofore, to the well-intended proposition of Mr. David Lubin, of Sacramento, by which he confidently expects to raise the price of the staple food and fabric products of the soil. In its original form this proposition was that the Government should assume the domestic transportation of wheat and other staple crops, by the same processes now employed in transmiting the mails.

This is changed in Mr. Lubin's later pamphlet and he now proposes that the Government shall pay sea freight, in effect offering an export bounty on wheat and cotton that is sent abroad for a market.

There are two lines upon which this plan must be considered and discussed. Its author sees clearly that Protection to American manufactures is a system by which the naturally gainful industry of agriculture has had its profits legislated away from it to make profitable other industries that are not naturally gainful. That this process has gone on until agriculture has grown lean and the Protected industries have grown fat, and now he proposes to legislate the fat back upon the lean fellow by this bounty on his exports which is to be paid out of the Federal Treasury. We must first consider the origin of the money in the Treasury out of which the bounty must be paid. Mr. Lubin admits that Protection must stand ; that the support of protected industries by unprotected agriculture must continue; that the tariff must stand, approximately, as it is now fixed. Therefore the public funds

used in paying bounties, and the private incomes which may be taxed, must continue to be derived through Protection, from agriculture. After agriculture has paid the imposition, Mr. Lubin proposes to take a part of it to pay an export bounty on the agricultural surplus, to a foreign market, in order that agriculture may get the benefit of Protection!

Let us submit the proposition in plain form. A. pays to B. five dollars to make B.'s business profitable, and pay the cost of Government. To compensate it, the law takes from B. two dollars to pay A. an export bounty on his surplus.

A. is Agriculture. B. represents the beneficiaries of Protection and the Federal Treasury, in partnership to compel A. to support them both.

Under Mr. Lubin's arrangement A. is deluded into paying five dollars in order to get two dollars, and after he has tried it awhile will ask why he should not keep the five dollars.

A Hunter went forth with his Gun and Dog. He found no game, but was lost in the Forest. When near starving he bethought him to cut off his Dog's tail, roast it in the fire and eat the meat. He then gave the bone to the Dog to gnaw for his share.

How long does Mr. Lubin think Agriculture will be content to gnaw its tailbone, off which the Protected industries have picked the meat?

The other view of the case will be considered next week.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

THE *Examiner's* petition for Government ownership of railways is the subject of morning cackle by the *Daily McEwen's Letter*. The effect of a petition is measured not by the multitude of names, but by the rightfulness of the thing petitioned for. This petition presents Government ownership of the Central and Union Pacific Railways as the alternative of refunding the unsecured debt they will soon owe to the Government. The facts involved are these: If the debt is not refunded and secured, the Government must proceed to collect it by judicial process. It must first pay off the first mortgage bonds to make its second mortgage judgment good. It must then offer the property for sale for the sum of the first and second mortgage debts. Failing to find a purchaser, the Government will have the property on its hands, representing an investment of the aggregate of both debts. Do the petitioners expect the Government to operate this investment as a business or benevolent proposition? If as a business proposition, the Government will run the roads to get interest on its investment and to ultimately meet the principal. The people will neither see nor feel any difference in that case between Government and corporate ownership, except that the roads will not be run as safely and well as they are now, and the employés will be the serfs of the party that happens to be in power. If the policy, on the other hand, is benevolent and the Government go into eleemosynary transportation, the country's political majority in the East will feel ruinously the competition of products transported at public expense from the West, and benevolence will be enforced for the benefit of our competing Eastern producers by raising the freight so high as to keep us out of their market. The thousands of men, women, children and Indians not taxed who are signing the *McEwen's* petition are doing so on an *ex-parte* statement, and without consideration of the consequences to follow. The petition will be of the same mileage as that for free silver, on a ratio of 16 to 1, which was sent from here last Fall. Signers to that were secured by thousands by telling all who wanted more money to put down their names. Everybody wants more money, and the names came in like a swarm of grasshoppers. The effect of the petition is expected to be upon our members of Congress. If the files of the dailies are searched there will be found a speech by the late Senator Hearst on the subject of this railroad debt, which would make a good motto at the head of the petition, and be interesting reading for our present members of the National Legislature. Senator Hearst said: "The building of the Pacific railroads was a war measure, and I'd as soon think of making the companies pay that debt as I would of suing the Widow Grant for the ammunition that was wasted at Vicksburg."

Two trusted bank officials of solvent institutions have failed in their trust here within six months. One disappeared in a boat, and re-appears in stripes in San Quentin. He is young, single and singularly unimpressed by the gravity of his offense and the profundity of his fall. Such breaches of confidence and lapses into crime exhibit startlingly the need of a better tone in public opinion, and a more general support of a stronger moral anchorage. The easy way to live and indisposition to hardship are too much encouraged.

INVESTIGATE BURNS.

Governor Markham's administration is drawing to a close and will soon become history. His enemies, and naturally he has made many, have charged him with all manner of shortcomings, some of them of a very serious nature. The very serious charges, perhaps, may be accounted for by assuming he has permitted unscrupulous men to advise him and to reap the profits of friendship. This explanation I prefer to accept than to credit that of the Governor his enemies allege. The mistakes of Markham most in evidence to-day are the friends he has made and the rewards of office he has distributed. The accusations circulated so persistently that Colonel Dan Burns is the power behind the gubernatorial throne; that he it is who controls the action of the State's executive and inspires the selection of his appointees, may or may not be true, at least it is generally credited. In regard to the effect of this influence, there are not two opinions. Even the suspicion of it injures the Governor in the estimation of the party as much as it discredits, historically, the reputation of his administration. He must realize as he reviews the events of his term, the injuries so debasing a suspicion has wrought. I can readily believe him willing to demonstrate the falsity of all such charges. The opportunity is now well within his grasp if he cares to take advantage of it and the chance is also vouchsafed him of earning the gratitude of San Francisco and the Republican party in general. May I, supposing him anxious to use his power for so excellent a purpose, call his attention to the following laws affecting Police Commissioners.

The Political Code says:

"No member of said Board shall be eligible to any other office during his incumbency of the office of Police Commissioner. No member of said Board shall, during his term of office be a member of any convention, the purpose of which is to nominate candidates for office, nor act as judge, inspector, clerk or officer of any election, or primary election, or take part in any election, except to deposit his vote; nor shall any member of said Board, directly or indirectly, influence or attempt to influence or control the political action of any member of the Police force of such city, or city and county, or any employé of said department. * * * * * *

A violation of the provision of this Section shall be a misdemeanor, and shall be cause for the immediate removal from office of the person guilty of such violation."

Section 7 of the statute creating the Board of Police Commissioners of San Francisco in 1878, reads to a similar effect. They are perfectly plain—these enactments—and should not be disobeyed, especially by those to whom is entrusted the duty of enforcing the penal statutes of the State. The questions presenting themselves in this connection, are:

1st—Is D. M. Burns a member of the Board of Police Commissioners?

2d—Has D. M. Burns, during his term of office as such Commissioner, been a member of any convention, the purpose of which was to nominate candidates for office?

3d—Has he during such term acted as judge, inspector, clerk or officer of any election or primary election.

4th—*Has he during such term taken any part in any election, except to deposit his vote?*

5th—Has he directly or indirectly influenced or attempted to influence or control the political action of any member of the police force or any employé of that department?

It behooves Governor Markham to investigate, and I feel confident if he finds the law has been infringed, he will not hesitate to act. That the D. M. Burns in question has rendered himself liable in any of the above connections I do not know, but the impression is general that he is very actively engaged in politics and that in a manner his official position does not permit. Nor need the Governor stop his good work here. With much profit to the community he might pursue his investigations into the office of the Registrar. The good people of San Francisco, of both parties, want clean politics at whatever cost, and here would be Markham's opportunity of earning the everlasting gratitude of all if he would but do what he has failed thus far to do—show the independence and determination of character which the lines of his face indicate him possessed of.

SPLASHES

AFTER the unfortunate publicity which followed on the reported rupture of a soi-distant engagement between Miss Maude Bourke, heiress apparent to the Carpentier millions and His Polish Heighness the Prince Poniatowski, there was little left for that young woman to do but to marry herself off as speedily and as conspicuously as possible. The first step has, I understand, been taken in the right direction and it is, in matters of the heart as in most other matters, the first step that counts. The report authentic, of Miss Bourke's engagement to Mr. Heyneman, a partner in the famous Heynemann Publishing Company of London, comes to America straight across the herring pond and it is thought in London that Miss Bourke has landed a tremendous fish. Heyneman is clever, cultured and charming and considered an eligible of eligibles, with buckets of money and an ancestry which, according to certain envious Gentiles may be traced back to the lost tribes of Israel.

* * *

News of this engagement was whispered over London several weeks before there was more than a profound suspicion regarding a tender relation between Miss Beth Sperry and Prince Poniatowski, a point being urged by the friends of Miss Bourke with a strenuous insistence that inspires immediate doubt. But why not? Miss Bourke had everything to gain by despatch. She was abruptly pushed by inquisitive friends into a position at once painful and undeserved. The malicious speculation which included the Willie Crocker's does not spare Miss Bourke. Her portrait, wreathed in rue and rosemary, was in everybody's mind and it is excessively clever of her to force congratulations at this early date. Whether she marries Heyneman and buys herself a title with his buckets of money, or returns to America as plain Maud Bourke, Spinster, her triumph is complete. Her second engagement has been out-gossiping her first and it will be kindly remembered of her that she wore no willows for a fickle Prince but went off to London town and sang "Hey! Bonny, bonny!" with the first rich suitor who came to woo.

* * *

PERTINENT TO marriage, and to the almost inseparable consideration in these fin de siecle days, of money, I heard an amiable speculation the other day concerning the exact amount in cash, stock, mortgages and bonds which may have come into Frank Carolan's possession together with his very charming bride. I must confess to some surprise over the subject matter of this discussion—not only because of its obvious impertinence, but because I thought every one knew by this time that Mrs. Carolan came to her husband empty-handed and dowered only with a magnificent trosseau. The allowance which had been hers during her luxurious girlhood, ceased from the day of her marriage. Not because that marriage was in any wise distasteful to the Pullman family—quite to the contrary—but merely in accordance with the parental Pullman principle. Mr. Pullman has always maintained his family, and Mr. Carolan might and doubtless would do the same. I am sure he has, and I have never heard that he regarded the responsibility as a hardship. The frocks Mrs. Frank Carolan wears to-day, to the confusion of women less smart than she, are certainly quite as chic and noticeable as those, which, fresh from Miss Pullman's trosseau, burst on the appreciative eyes of the San Francisco set. Mr. and Mrs. Carolan traveled to San Francisco in a Pullman palace car, and the section they occupied was paid for by Mr. Carolan on the same terms as would have been exacted from any other passengers desiring the same accommodations. Mrs. Carolan goes East next week on a visit to her parents, and it is more than possible that her husband has purchased her ticket to Chicago.

MISS OLIVE OLIVER

* * *

The Jarboes have sold their home on Pine street and Mrs. Jarboe and her daughter Kate, are actively preparing to join the host of Californians who have gone to live permanently in New York. Paul Jarboe will, I understand, remain in San Francisco and practice law, but it is not likely that his mother and sister will ever live here again. The instinct of the Californian seems to be to hie him as far as possible from the Golden Gate as soon as he acquires the wherewith to hie elsewhere. One by one the wealthy among us have either sold or shut up their big houses here and gone to open other establishments in the East. Again the gloom of boarded doors and drawn shades prevails on the crest of Nob Hill and the houses of the rich stand like monuments to the millions which have gone into them. According to rumor, the handsomest of these will some day be converted into public buildings and the names of their owners will be handed down like the names of the streets, associated with the locale and not the social phases of San Francisco. The Mills, Crockers, Huntingtons, Fairs, Sharons—are now as much in touch with New York as ever they were with San Francisco and no longer receive the parenthetic designated in "of California" in the Eastern journals, which chronicle their doings with those of the native born.

* * *

ACCORDING to intimate rumor, Golf is far more of a subject of animated conversation than of active occupation at Burlingame. The swell Country Club lent itself enthusiastically to the Golfian theory, but their practice has been, so far, largely confined to swagger in the way of very attractive links, smart Golf attire and much chatter of Hole and Tee. One or two of the more energetic men—Tobin, for example, and his chums—show marked intent of becoming good players, and doubtless by the time they attain to skill that cannot be surpassed, the rest of the men will get in and learn to lose games to them. The Burlingame ponies are in training, and before long Harry Dimond will do some racing against the club members, of which, by the way, he is not, although his people have their cottage and their rights upon the sacred ground. Miss McKinstry and her electric personality have been visiting the Scotts for several days at Burlingame, and the Dimonds and Page Browns entertain continually and informally.

* * *

GOLF, on the contrary, is absorbing the Eastern mind and has taken such a powerful hold on certain of the younger, newer and richer set who keep up their club house in splendid style and make the games only a feature of entertainments that are royal, that there is more than a possibility that Golf, like Sherry the caterer, may come to be a potent, social factor. The smart world which reads with interest of the social happenings in the East have not forgotten the rise of Sherry who began life humbly, as somebody's cook, saved enough of his wages to open a small bakeshop on Sixth Avenue, whence issued "cikes" and "poys" for Dutch picnics and political balls. So prudently did he do his baking and with such a cunning hand to profit that one fine morning he burst on the elegant gaze of middle Fifth Avenue, on the two first floors of a small but exclusive hotel.

Leopold, Florist and Decorator, 39 Post St. Bouquets, Baskets, Wreaths, Crosses, etc., to Order. Telephone 1139.

R. F. Verrinder, M.D., D.D.S., Dentist, 206 Kearny St. Continuous Gum Plates for Beauty and Excellence

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

His decorations were by Tiffany, his windows draped by Blum. His ices were served in a gilded entresol by pretty girls in caps and off glass and China irreproachable. His choice baked meats and his pièces de resistance were prepared by Parisian chefs. On the shelves and satin cushions of his glass show cases were favors ravishing beyond description, and his chocolates and pistaches melted in the mouth. Above the frescoed ceiling of his elaborate shop stretched a succession of ballrooms, large and small, suitable for dinner dances, teas and functions, large and small, with misty lace at the windows and cupids and roses on the frieze. The new man's taste was undeniable, and his success was from that first moment assured. The younger set, wearying of the eternal reds and raw blues of gloomy Delmonico's, discovered that Sherrey gave better things to eat, better served and at less money. The Juveniles mustered to the side of the new caterer in a victorious body, ably generaled by Mrs. Van Rensellaer Cruger, who is alive to all things new and desirable, except when she discourses on Russia. Ward McAllister, blinded by egotism and the glory of a faded power, set himself obstinately and unwisely against the secession, partly because Delmonicos—from Charley down to the last pot-scullion in the cuisine—looks on him as on a god, partly because from the bottom of his soul he hates Mrs. Van Rensellaer Cruger with the fervent hatred his Satanic Majesty is supposed to bestow on consecrated waters.

* * *

Julien Gordon carried the day, and virtually created Sherry. The Sherry dances were altogether gayer than the Delmonico functions, and the American daughters, as usual, carried the American mothers obediently in their wake. At the solicitation of her beloved Jack, Mrs. Astor herself contributed the shining light of her presence to the general brilliancy of the Sherry dancers, and employed the new caterer to serve the Vans and Vons, and Des and Les, with all the lesser names at the foot of the list, to whom her occasional cards are graciously extended. The row which followed—which was a matter of dollars and cents, in which Sherry was absolutely right, convulsed New York, and shook half her sister States. But it did not so much as faze the victorious Sherry, who went on serving his unrivaled sherbets at every swagger spread.

* * *

Now, Golf has thrust its vigorous presence under the offended nose of Ward McAllister, who, it is quite well known in Gath, is on his gouty way to comparative social eclipse. He is making a trip to Europe, so it is maliciously whispered, to avoid the embarrassment of meeting this disagreeable and inevitable consequence of his too conservative and arbitrary rule, but that a place on the retired list will be prepared for him during his absence, not even he, perhaps, can doubt. The subscription picnics which have characterized the Newport season ever since that luminous spot was marked in the social Heavens, were attended with languid boredom last Summer, and not even considered this year. The mere suggestion, which proceeded with accustomed conscientiousness from Mr. McAllister, fell on such indifferent ears, that the whilom social magnate took refuge in his dignity, and announced haughtily to the elect that he had decided not to attempt the functions before his return from abroad.

* * *

Miss Crocker's accident on Thursday last at Castle Crag promises to have serious results, as I understand her ankle was broken, and the fracture is a somewhat complicated one. This registers another black mark against the clumsy inefficiency of saddles for women, which are of small security in moments of danger, and provided with a stirrup which is admirably successful as a death trap. The stirrup was, I believe, the cause of Miss Crocker's accident. She was thrown the moment her horse bolted, and would have escaped with a rough tumble and possibly a few scratches, but the insinuating stirrup gripped her foot and tangled in her skirt, dragging her under the brute's feet to be trampled on. A broken ankle may be regarded as a light misfortune, compared to what might as easily have happened, but it is not a matter to be congratulated on at best, and it will be many weeks before Miss Crocker will walk, and many more before one of the most graceful dancers in San Francisco will be permitted to indulge in her favorite pastime.

* * *

THE WORLD MATRIMONIAL is enriched by the two romantic marriages which have been celebrated during the past week. That of the kidlet of seventeen who married on five dollars a week is really pathetic and illustrates not only the maddening effects of love but also the smaller ironies of life. For it seems that his employer, who poundeth the unpleasant pill for a livelihood, promptly informed this Baby Benedict that five dollars a week was derogatory to the dignity of a married man and promptly turned him out on an uncharitable world. He has also been repudiated by his foster-mother who declares that from the moment she found him, a small human bundle on the doorstep, she has faithfully consecrated herself to his bringing up and is bitten to the soul by his sharp ingratitude. This is all very unreasonable of her and my sympathies are with the ambitious infant and his bride. Any one sufficiently romantic to begin life in a foundling basket at this day when romance totters on its last legs, would be neglecting the responsibilities of his unique position by making a marriage de convenance.

* * *

In the other nuptials society takes perhaps a keener interest since the bride is the daughter of E. Black Ryan, who has charge of the tax department of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and is a girl of wealth and position. The groom is a retired past midshipman in the United States Navy who failed in his final examination at Annapolis because of some slight trouble of the heart. He is a son of Colonel Moale of the Army and otherwise a beardless stripling with the mat of heavy hair and sallow cheeks college youth is wont to wear during its Sophomore year. Both families were bitterly opposed to the match but the lovers, who abandoned the original plan of a runaway match, decided finally to follow the thorny path of true love in semi-respectable, semi-realistic manner and were clandestinely married by a priest of Menlo Park. The parental feeling is still, I believe, surging in wrath and bitterness but will probably simmer down to the usual sequel. There is nothing but youth and inexperience and an irritating number of initials to condemn Mr. J. G. Foster Moale—faults which the hand of time will smooth away and Ruth is a favorite daughter of the house of Ryan.

* * *

The wedding of George W. Fisher, of Seattle, and Miss Lizzie Jackson, the daughter of A. W. Jackson, of this city, was celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, on Franklin street, at eight o'clock in the evening. Pink again—both in the floral decorations of sweet peas and roses, arranged in great careless clusters with delicate maiden's hair ferns and graceful smilax—and the bridesmaids' frocks really delicious combinations of pink silk and chiffon, cut with the fashionable short, full petticoats. Miss Alice Jackson, a small sister of the bride, who was the maid of honor, wore white, however, and the bride's frock was of pure white satin, veiled with Duchesse lace.

* * *

I UNDERSTAND that the Wilbur-Dunphy engagement is off again. Dear me! How very bewildering! Felicitations in this direction are scarcely chilled on the lips of congratulatory friends, when they are returned with thanks, and condolences are, presumably, in order. Mr. Dunphy is certainly to be condoled with. If Miss Wilbur is fickle, she is also fair, and it will not be forgotten that her picture appeared in the *Cosmopolitan's* collection of beautiful Californiennes. She, is besides, a very charming girl and immensely popular, and, as the old-fashioned English novelist was wont to put it, would be the bright and shining ornament of any good man's home. I do not think, however, that the moment of Mr. Dunphy's despair is already at hand. Since this affair has been on and off, and on and off again, there is no reason for loss of faith in the brilliant possibilities of the future.

* * *

THE VENDÔME season continues brilliant as ever. It is not merely good luck that carries this very popular caravansary along the highway of prosperity, but the attention paid to every detail and the care which is taken of all visitors. The important event of the week was a moonlight drive, given by Mr. F. H. Ross to the guests of the hotel last Tuesday evening. Three four-in-hands, guided by experienced Mt. Hamilton drivers, conveyed the party along the prettiest roads in the county. Of course, there was music and singing en route, and a very jolly supper when they returned to the hotel. Among the late arrivals are Mrs. William Alvord, who is domiciled at the Vendôme a week or two to come, also Chas. W. Sutro and his sister, Miss Clara Sutro, whose reputation as a daring swimmer the dailies have all endorsed. Much to the delight of their numerous acquaintances E. T. Sterling and Frank Kraus have come back after a few weeks at the Sea Beach, Santa Cruz. Of course these additions are balanced by defections, for there is serious grief over the loss of a party of very bright girls, Miss Rose Stettheimer of N. Y., Misses Agnes and Sadie Hyman, and Miss Carrie Sachs who leave for home this afternoon. During their stay of several weeks they have been much admired and their absence will be a loss to the Vendôme.

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THE ENGAGEMENT of Miss Lita Abrego and Ralph R. Bellengall is announced with hints of a quiet wedding in the golden Autumn. The fiancée is a daughter of G. M. Abrego, of Filbert street, Oakland, and both young people are well known in Alameda County circles.

* * *

MRS. E. G. COHEN sends out announcements of the marriage of her daughter, Edith, to Dr. William Daggett. The ceremony will be performed at the Unitarian Church in Alameda on Wednesday evening, August the fifteenth, at half after eight o'clock. The evening wedding is now a comparatively infrequent affair and, while by no means so smart as the ceremony at high noon, has certain decorative advantages over the effect of white

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After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

satin, tulle and orange blossoms seen in the garish light of day. English custom has dictated the noon hour as the correct moment for entering into the holy bond, but it has failed to impress on the American mind any great number of the smaller attendant ceremonies. For example, we cling to the modest elegance of the simple engraved announcements and cards of quiet size and inconspicuous shape. A little of the ultra-English white bridal wax has sealed a few among the fashionable announcements of recent date but only a few—and we have never succumbed to the glittering attractions of silver lettering emblazoned on calendared board—than which, during the last London season, there was nothing more fashionable and nothing more vulgar.

* * *

To return to Miss Cohen's coming wedding from which I have inadvertently digressed, I hear that the beautiful grounds about the Cohen house will be beautifully illuminated on the evening of the fifteenth and preparations are in hand for a reception of extreme elegance. The house is finely adapted for entertaining although the Cohen's, albeit the upper crust of Alameda society, are not particularly given to large and formal functions. The hall is of unusual size even in this day of hospitable hallways and boasts some superb marble pillars and exceedingly good statuary. The ball room is also immense with a highly polished parquet floor, altogether an ideal room for dancing. The decorations for both the wedding and reception are to be in the fashionable shade of pink with the exception of the table service, including the china which, according to the extreme vogue, is to be of spotless white and delicate design. Miss Hallahan has all these important details in her artistic hands and the successful result, in view of her former triumphs in ways of decoration, may be accepted as un fait accompli.

* * *

THE AVERY cotillion was, after all, given in the Avery's own house and not at the Campbell's as was at first considered probable, and very inviting the Avery house appeared on this occasion. The decorations were exclusively of nasturtium vines arranged in a fashion charmingly natural. Great trailing clusters were drooping from mouldings, running over windows and doors, starting in vivid groups from dim corners and garlanding the frames of mirrors and pictures. The deep yellow and velvety browns contrasted exquisitely with the dull soft redwood halls, for the house is one of Willis Polk's and it goes without saying that the interior is artistically finished in natural redwood. The wide hall divides the rooms on the first floor and the figures were all danced in the living room. After the breaking up of the cotillion, the light fantastic was permitted to trip where fancy suggested and dancing went on, comparatively speaking, all over the house. The cotillion was led by John De Ruyter, who inclined conservatively to well known and favorite figures.

* * *

The bamboo poles with tri-colored ribbons and consequent complications was, perhaps, the prettiest figure of the evening. The favors, as I mentioned last week, were nearly all of home manufacture, exceptionally dainty and decorative. Sweet scented lavender sticks and big butterflies and crysanthemums of tissue paper pretty enough for candle shades, and huge knots and choux of satin ribbon which made effective boutonnieres for the men. The few articles purchased for the sake of variety were simple and well chosen and the unostentatious order of favors, now so distinctly in vogue everywhere is a vast improvement on the costly trifles which by the end of earlier seasons littered the toilet tables and Davenports of all the society belles, and were profanely jammed into the corners of chiffonieres by half the gilded youth.

* * *

The fashions of the hour lend themselves deliciously to Summer ball gowns. Nothing prettier in a gathering of girls than the soft, light frocks made with big sleeves, wide berthes, full petticoats and broad belts. Muslin did not assert itself so proudly at the Avery Cotillion as it seems to have done elsewhere of late, but there was a notable absence of conventional ball attire, refreshing and appropriate to the informal season. Miss Neffe to whom Mrs. Avery tendered her cotillion was very prettily gowned, also Miss McCutcheon and Miss Graham, a daughter of General Graham, brunette, bright and much of a belle. Miss Le Count was, as usual daintily attired and is certainly the most energetic dancer I have ever seen. She whirls through the waltzes, flings off the deuxtemps and bounds to the inspiring measure of the Washington Post with a vigor that is amazing and unsurpassed. And the remarkable part of it all is that otherwise she is not what one would term of muscular suggestion. Quite the Frenchiest frock at the Cotillion was worn by Miss Delmas, who, by the way, has such a noticeably good figure. It was a confection in black and white. Tiny black points on a white ground, tout-ce-qu'il-y-a-de plus Français, with big capes and flounces edged with narrow black lace and a full flowing skirt, gathered softly into a cincture of black satin.

* * *

SPEAKING of enthusiastic dancing, has the deuxtemps come, I ask, to be a permanent evil in our midst? Never before has society manifested fidelity so touching to one particular fashion of twirling on its toes, nor has it ever hit on one so superlatively graceless. To my narrow mind a certain springiness is inseparable from the poetry of motion, and the human foot divine is certainly lovelier poised, in dancing, on its slender toes, than spieling about with its unbroken length laid flat against the ball-room floor. Fashion may dictate and Sousa's alluring strains encourage, but art will never sanction the deuxtemps. Let us not fly too hastily, however, from ills that we know to evils that we wot but little of. There is a new insanity in jigs come upon us.

* * *

At the present writing I am almost inured to its abomination, but I confess I paled before them at Monterey, when for the first time I saw a girl backed relentlessly and with cyclonic rapidity the entire length of the ballroom. The skirt of her frock was gathered in one desperate hand, the other clung distractedly to the shoulder of her partner, her teeth were set, her eyes fixed; a hysterical anxiety was writ on every feature. Other couples rushed after in the same meteoric fashion, and presently there was a heap of figures at the extreme end of the room, balancing jerkily, preparatory to the return trip, when, as before, the luckless lady was shoved on ahead like a barrow. Since then I have frequently seen the same singular performance, and it is, indeed, in vogue at all smart assemblies, but as far as I can learn, the horror hath no name. Shades of our gentle grandames! Is this the evolution of the minuet?

* * *

THERE IS no little satisfaction in Sausalito over the news that Frank Cartan is on the way back from Europe. He has been sadly missed in that maritime municipality, and doubtless, an enthusiastic reception will be accorded him. His return will be the signal for the re-opening of *the* Ark—in itself an announcement of the most pleasing kind. One may not be guilty of alluding to that very luxurious floating dwelling as a land-mark, but it is certainly among the institutions of the region, and there is no gainsaying the quality of hospitality dispersed there. Provided with every requisite of comfort, including a range, an ice box and a chèf, not to mention a most admirably stocked sideboard during the occupancy of Mr. Cartan and Mr. Louis Haas, last year it was the center of Sausalito gaiety. There was a dinner party nearly every evening, and cold indeed was the night that did not bring in several boat-loads of visitors. It is easy then to understand why there is so much satisfaction over the return of Frank Cartan. He is to be back on the 25th proximo.

* * *

For some reason other than the general depression Sausalito is a bit gloomy this season. No one seems specially enthusiastic over boating, and half the town is in the arms of Morpheus by nine o'clock. Wandering over the hillsides by ten the entire region is bathed in the peace of early slumber, and if one listens attentively enough, it is easy to hear the snoring of the just. The inference is inevitable that eminent propriety is en regle, but this propriety is by no means as entertaining as the gaiety of last year. In the August of '93, one found a jolly crowd at the Baron's of a night, and the various waterfront resorts waxed rich. Gaston was kept busy ministering to the wants of a score of San Francisco epicures who, alas, have left the community to drag along as best it may. Still there are any number of men over there, but their steadiness might do credit to a Young Men's Christian Association. And yet they know not the name of Secretary McCoy.

* * *

Deer hunting is the favorite form of Sunday endeavor among the nimrods of Marin County. There are several enthusiasts in the permanent population, including Mr. Streeton, who has a number of fine bucks to his score. Last Sabbath several parties adventured into the wooded glens of Tamalpais, and one in which Mr. De Ruyter, Mr. Berg and Mr. Sperry participated brought home two deer whose weight spoke volumes for the verdure of Marin County hills.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE hotel of this city has been agitated and amazed of late by the idiosyncracies of a traveling Englishman, who conspicuously explains his mission in life by writing "Professor of Fine Arts, Oxford, England," after his name on the hotel register. This individual has an invalid wife and an interesting little son, both of whom are entitled to the sympathy and consideration of all persons in and out of the hotel. For the Professor liberally includes the manly art among the arts that are fine, and practices, usually, on the helpless physiognomy of his youngster. England has decided that a man may beat his wife and America permits a man to beat his boy, but the finer sensibilities of both countries demand that the delicate operation shall be performed in the privacy of the family circle. Many sqeamish persons have objected strenuously to seeing the child battered mercilessly about the eyes in the public office of the hotel, and even the more indifferent natures, whose law and gospel consist in minding their own affairs, have been tempted to timely interference. I understand that quite recently the kindly manager of the hotel stepped in and spoke with a

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force and directness not to be misunderstood, and since then the other guests have been spared the disgusting spectacle of brutality. The assiduous attentions which the Professor of Fine Arts addresses to the hotel bar will probably account for the parental severity, as they explain his continued neglect of his invalid wife, and doubtless, too, his protracted absence from his chair at Oxford, England.

* * *

TO JUDGE by the development of candidacies the next Senate will not lack individualities. I am told of the aspirations of Captain Mattlock of Red Bluff, one of the leading lawyers of that region. Unlike many another California title, the Captain's was honorably earned, for he commanded a company in Colonel Benjamin Harrison's regiment and served in the great conflict, the most active kind of service. During the ex-President's memorable visit here, he and his Captain told such excellent stories about one another that the great man actually relaxed his superb dignity and laughed heartily. However, no one was surprised at that for Mattlock is a wit of some pretensions, and is liable to say neat things without due preparation, and if encouraged, can tell as good a yarn as Colonel Kowalsky. It is an age since the Senate possessed a veritable wit, so if the Captain is elected he will help the correspondents to render the proceedings at Sacramento readable.

* * *

Captain Mattlock figures as hero in several rather amusing north country stories and among others in this one. The date is set far back in the dark ages when the future Senator had youth and thoughtlessness to battle against besides the chill indifference of his world—this parenthetically. Three predatory mulattoes accused of a variety of sins, were tried for a specific burglary and two saved themselves by giving evidence against the third who, according to their unveracious but literal narrative, had done the deed. Of course the verdict was against the victim, and the following day was set for his sentence. Having convinced himself that the scapegoat was really innocent, Mattlock advised him to cut his way out of the flimsy edifice that served for a jail. By some hook or crook a file was found for him, and being a handy kind of fellow with tools, he was out of judicial jurisdiction long ere the dawn of next morning. Some one had heard Mattlock's unvarnished counsel and he was called on by the Court for an explanation. With tremendous gravity he denied the charge of complicity.

"All I will admit is that I told my client I had filed a notice of appeal to another Court, but the fellow evidently misunderstood me, for he seems to have filed his way out of jail."

* * *

Among other friends of Mattlock's is Harbor Commissioner Dan Cole, who by the way, is a gentleman of considerable means. For long years he operated a stage line over the mountains, and even in the dullest times made money. Asked to explain Dan's prosperity, Mattlock remarked:

"That's easy enough; it's because his horses have only half as much to do as those of other stage men. As soon as his stages reach destination at Downieville, why the driver simply unhitches the team, and the grade is so steep that the coach runs back home of its own accord."

* * *

Colonel Graham, the military autocrat, who so aggressively presides over the railroad depot at Sacramento, learned during his experience with the newspaper correspondents there some of the resources of modern journalism. He is not fond of the press, this autocrat, and he proposed on taking command there, to subject the dailies to a mild form of revenge. His first proceeding after stationing his guards was to seize the Western Union telegraph office, announcing that no dispatches might be sent from the seat of war without being viséd by himself. The orders being imperative there was no choice but to comply, and the strange spectacle was presented of the reporters turning in their copy to the Colonel as though he were a city editor. Wielding a most vicious blue pencil the great man simply massacred the most important details, and meagre, indeed, would the reports have been but for the telephone. There was a rush for the office of the telephone company and every thing he cut out was sent down over the wires. After that failure he left the journalists and the Western Union to their own devices.

* * *

LOATH AS I AM to disturb the reputation for veracity the dailies have been at so much trouble to earn, it must be stated that there was very little enthusiasm evinced at the Union League Club's reception to Morris M. Estee. In no way did it resemble the old-time gatherings of that organization whereat plaudits rung out vigorously on the evening air, and every man seemed unhappy unless clasping the hand of some other celebrant equally joyous. The solid element was absent. There was no representation of the mercantile class, of the bankers and capitalists, who were wont to flock around other aspirants in bygone days. Still, the office-seekers were present in multitudes, candidates were there by the drove, but even they did not develop wild exuberance over the appearance of Estee, who entered on the arms of General Dimond and W. S. Barnes. There was the inevitable hand-clapping, of course, but I did not discover either heart or spirit in it. I was rather amused though at a contretemps that occurred, about which none of the dailies had any word.

* * *

When the party nominee rose to talk the gathering was still gossiping, and he waited, a bit confused, for silence. To relieve the momentary suspense, Will Barnes came forward and asked for three cheers for Estee. Before their echoes had died away J. M. Litchfield called for cheers for Barnes, which were given with a vigor that quite discounted the previous plaudits. The situation was embarrassing, but, of course, had to be accepted. As for the speeches, that of Estee was a bit lame, and was thoroughly discounted by the talk of S. G. Millard, candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, who speaks rather well, and is apparently a clever man, even though he did threaten "to go home to Kansas." By way of criticism it may be said he is unduly fond of party platitudes and stereotyped expressions, but there is time for him to recover from that form of oratory.

* * *

GHOST HUNTING is as demoralizing to a party as to an individual—that is if one may judge from the condition of affairs in the Democracy. Had Max Popper inaugurated his anti-Buckley campaign with an ambition to wreck the organization, he is certainly a subject for congratulation. I have never suspected the excellence of his intentions, however, and instead, offer him my commiseration on the injury he has wrought. Prior to last Tuesday's meeting the General Committee was in a bad condition, but the disgraceful scenes enacted there seem to have spread further the disaffection. The feeling of discontent at the Popper regime grows even more bitter, and his immediate following diminishes at a rate that should convince him of the error of his ways. The impression gains ground that under another policy the party would have been united and gradually the responsibility for the demoralization, is being fastened on Chairman Popper. Yet, in the face of the latest combinations, I am inclined to believe an immediate change of regime improbable.

* * *

A curious change has come over the complexion of the committee—so sweeping as to confuse and confound both cliques and leaders. A new faction has been formed of apparently irreconcilable elements, drawing most of its strength from the former supporters of Popper and reinforced by men whom he identified most positively with Buckley. This has forced a fusion of all the other cliques and the latest phase of the situation presents Popper's bitterest opponents rallying to his side blending with his personal following to head off the opposing forces and prevent it obtaining control of the delegation. Strange as it may seem Gavin McNab, whose opposition the leader suffered most severely from, Ned Lanigan whom he has regarded as the personification of Buckleyism, Dundon, who wants to be Sheriff, Sam Newman, of the 43d, and Merle of the 44th, will all vote to-night with Popper. His staunch friend, County Clerk Haley, has deserted and curious enough is now allied with his old enemy, Sheriff McDade, and they have with them the remaining friends of Judge Sullivan, Charles Arms, whom, Max says, represents Buckley in the Mint, Jack Welsh, Tim Tracey and Major Harney, a member of the Purity Committee. This is the combination that Popper so indignantly alluded to as the "Klu Klux."

* * *

According to the Harney resolution the responsibility of selecting delegates to the convention reverts on the committees of the various districts, the number each sends being proportioned by their voting strength. On the 156 names thus chosen the General Committee passes, and, as the original resolution empowers it to omit whomsoever it pleases and to supply the deficiencies it thus creates, very evidently the control of the delegation is in its hands. Whatever faction has the most votes rules, and it seems in the shake-up the Popper question has sunk into secondary consideration. It is yet to be revealed what the cohesive force behind the Arms aggregation is, though it is evident that the opposition is not a concerted one, but is merely a neutral force massed against the other combination. I am inclined to believe Arms and his friends realize they have not votes enough to effect their object, though before to-night the complexion of cliques may have changed as completely as before.

* * *

It may be necessary in order finally to restore order and discipline for some new chairman to be elected. Whoever steps into the breach will have difficulties to contend against but, if he can restore order, the reproach of Buckleyism, which the disappointed may bring against him, is very easily disposed of. Such a man as Jas. H. O'Brien has sufficient balance to handle the organization and could he be persuaded into the breach, there might be some hope of evolving order out of the existing chaos. A strong hand is necessary to curb internecine fights such as cropped up the other night and I am persuaded Mr. O'Brien is not liable to stand any nonsense.

* * *

THE CONTROL of the forthcoming Dem-

ocratic convention excites considerable interest in political circles. Will the opinions of the Federal office holders rule in the construction of the platform, or must the party manifesto out-Herod the Populist? At a gathering of prominent Democrats on Saturday last an effort was made to secure the sway of moderate counsels. The intimation was given with some force that if all the radidal heresies promulgated by the *Examiner* were to rule the convention, then the party need look for no contributions from the office holders. Another phase is the question of endorsing the administration. On this subject there is considerable controversy, as there is a strong element opposed to Cleveland's policy, and the inclination of the disaffected and sensational will rather be in the direction of condemnation and denunciation than in favor of compliment.

* * *

Another point at issue is the Funding bill, about which there prevails considerable difference of opinion. Some of the strongest men in the party are opposed to the plan of foreclosing the government's mortgage, and regard as perfectly fair that some measure providing for the funding of the debt should go through Congress. Of course the *Examiner's* fight is already indicated and there is little doubt but that if moderation and conservatism prevails the organ will jump the party. The policy of that paper in regard to Cleveland favors either the absolute omission of his name from the platform or a brief plank vigorously condemnatory.

* * *

THE CONDITION of the Democracy is startlingly evidenced by the absence of candidates. With a State Convention almost upon us, there is hardly an aspirant to be seen. Apparently, no one desires to be Governor, Treasurer or Secretary, and as for the minor offices they will be filled because the ticket requires it rather than because anyone anticipates election. However, there could hardly be better testimony of the absence of boss control for that condition inevitably produces a swarm of ambitious. There will linger the hope that Jackson Temple may be persuaded to accept the gubernatorial nomination, but that is slender enough now he is known to have expressed a willingness to be a candidate for the Supreme bench. At the head of the ticket his name might mean victory, but his is the sole identity to conjure success out of conditions so adverse to those now ruling.

* * *

Late political gossip indicates a chance of the nomination of Judge Murphy, of Del Norte, for the Supreme Court on the State Democratic ticket. He has received the endorsement of both parties in his own county, and, I am told, a similar honor may be conferred on him by Humboldt. Judge Wallace is alleged to have indicated a desire for four more years on the Supreme bench. So, doubtless, his name will be presented to the Convention as a candidate for the short term. By some Judge Temple is said to be a candidate for the long term, but no one seems quite certain he will not accept the nomination for Governor. The South must have a place on the ticket, and, I believe, Judge Smith, of Los Angeles, may be chosen. As for the other offices, no one seems to want them, and there is little or no gossip about them.

* * *

THE PRACTICAL jokelet which has cropped up into amazing favor after the obscurity of years, still goeth on its monstrously merry round. The latest victim whose agony and embarrassment have contributed to the mirth of loving friends is a youth whose curiosity equals that of woman and surpasses that of cat. It has long been his pleasing custom to finger letters, cards, and announcements, carrying his inquiring spirit beyond the envelope, provided always it were unsealed. He is also given to the tipping of box-lids and peering into the depths of table drawers. Last week the woman tempted him and he did fall. What is more he fell in the presence of six or eight of his friends who were asked specially to witness his degradation.

* * *

A large red box with tilted cover was placed where at the auspicious moment it might woo his gaze and attract his fingers. When, as was quite expected of him, he proceeded to explore its contents, he found a quantity of envelopes unsealed and addressed to various persons whose strange sounding names are not mentioned in the Blue Book. Obedient to the ruling instinct he turned them over and found them empty, but on the flap of every envelope was neatly penned a single sentence of unmistakable significance. And this was the burden of their strain: "Is your name Paul Pry;" "Curiosity killed the cat;" "Meddlesome Matty was not admired!" And so on ad libitum and doubtless, too, ad nauseam. To the credit of the staggered youth be it here recorded that he turned not a hair, twitched not a feature, and went on reading to the bitter end.

* * *

The Steinharts have taken one of the Rafael cottages this year, they are entertaining generously, and Mrs. Steinhart wears some vastly fetching frocks. The Gerstle Sloss contingent, and the jolly crowd which swarms with them everywhere have made their section of San Rafael quite gay. There is no effort visible on any one's part to have a wildly gorgeous time, however. The world over there is lazying through this Summer, lounging on the broad piazzas, listening to the music, which is much improved since the Fourth of July, and sipping "Saratoga Cooler" and plain ginger ale, between which two seductive beverages the fashionable thirst is divided this season.

* * *

THE MOST IMPORTANT event of a dull week in Oakland was the "At Home," given by Mrs. Charles H. Eastman, on Saturday, in honor of her sister and niece, Mrs. Lord and Mrs. Lewis, of Waupaca, Wisconsin, who have been her guests for four months. The affair took an informal turn, and nearly every one remained till an unconscionably late hour, which after all is the best test of whether one is having a good time or not. About forty ladies were present, and some of the gowns worn were chic and charming. Miss Marion Albright looked particularly well. Miss Rosa May wore a stunning confection of light blue silk and black lace. There were a number of songs, recitations and vocal selections during the afternoon, and the refreshments were served at tête-a-tête tables.

* * *

There are a number of vacancies in Oakland homes, and a number of well known families will be in mourning this Winter. The Steele house and the Plunkett home have drawn shades, and now Mrs. Dr. Handy, than whom no one is better known as a successful and untiring hostess, has succumbed to a severe and lengthy illness. Every one is so sorry for Mrs. Frank Hume and Miss Handy, the two daughters, who are deservedly popular. Nearly every one in Oakland remembers the big house parties. and the charming times at Glen Una, the Handy's lovely country home.

* * *

There is not much on the cards for next week. Too many people are away. Still there are a few things to make life endurable. Among them are Miss Bertha Crouch's dinner which is scheduled for Thursday night. There are to be sixteen guests, I understand, and the affair is to be very elaborate as regards menu, decorations, and accessories. It is rather in the nature of a farewell, as Miss Crouch leaves with her father and mother on the 25th to spend the next few months with Mrs. Tainter in Saint Paul.

* * *

THE SUBJECT of paramount importance in political circles is the rupture between Colonel Dan Burns and Governor Markham. During the administration of the latter the former has done Fidus Achates to the Governor's Æneas and is suspected of animating half the appointments the Executive has made. To what extent his influence has guided the somewhat devious course of Markham is something Insurance Commissioner Higgins might be able succinctly to explain, but won't. It is true in moments of geniality, the Autocrat of the Republican party does not hesitate to express the most uncomplimentary opinion about his ex-friend, but for all any of us know, these outbursts may merely be developments of independence—little exhibitions of audacity by way of displaying a contrasting ingratitude. For with Estee at the head of his ticket the Colonel can afford to seem indifferent to the benefactions of a mere Markham.

* * *

It may be alleged that the prominence the Colonel has obtained in California is due mainly to his association with its Governor. Had it not been for Markham, would we have heard aught of Burns? That is a question for the political experts, and I shall not attempt its fathoming. Of course, the present Autocrat manipulated the Southern cohorts at Sacramento five years ago, and led the battle that resulted in Markham's victory, but even services so distinguished did not necessarily convert him into a Prime Minister, nor yet into a power behind the throne. He occupied both positions, with all the notoriety they carried with them. and that he should have done so indicates the estimation of the Governor and his gratitude. Of the latter more ample testimony was given in the appointment of the Colonel as Police Commissioner of San Francisco and the selection of his brother-in-law, Al Evans, as Registrar of San Francisco. With

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patronage and influence he assisted the ambitious Dan to head off the opposition of San Francisco bosses, and in a hundred ways, showed a generous appreciation both of his counsel and services.

* * *

Rumor rather than history indicates there were better reasons for the apparent subservience of Governor Markham to Dan Burns. However that is not the point at issue. Whether because the Governor refused to consult the wishes of the Colonel in regard to the selection of Harbor Commissioner Chadbourne, or because the Colonel has refrained from encouraging the Governor's latest political aspiration to succeed George C. Perkins in the United States Senate, or because of his latter day friendship for M. H. De Young, whom said Burns has little love for, the fact remains Æneas and his former Fidus Achates are seriously at outs. It may be, as the friends of Markham indicate, the Colonel has no further use for the present Governor, has no more to hope from him nor to fear. His hopes are centered on the success of Morris M. Estee, and there is not another appointment to make. But it is quite as credible as the story of Dan's friends, who say he has excellent reasons for his expressions against Markham, that the latter has kept neither word nor pledges, and has acted time and again against the advice of his erstwhile friend.

* * *

However, if Governor Markham feels as strongly against Burnes as the latter unquestionably does against him, undoubtedly he is in a position to make trouble. Who knows but that the former may inquire into the political manipulation of the Police Commissioners, and surely the Registrar holds office at the Executive pleasure. There may be developments ere the end of '94 that will surprise political partisans and change materially the complexion of parties. Quien sabe?

* * *

THEY HAVE a subject of real interest to discuss at the Olympic Club—the election of new officers. There are now some 2300 paying members in the institution, and over the selection of a president there is generally developed a great deal of excitement, and oftentimes no little feeling. This year the chances are all in favor of an active contest, for Henry Crocker, the incumbent, has indicated an intention to retire at the end of his term, refusing to accept the solicitation of the Nominating Committee that he preside another year over Olympic destinies. It is no sinecure, that office of president, for there are multitudinous details to attend to and oftentimes differences of opinion between the various annexes that require for their settlement diplomacy and tact. However, Mr. Crocker has been fully equal to all such occasions and it is a pity the demands of his private business and of the Horse Show Association prevent the continuation of his reign.

* * *

So far, three candidates have been developed —J. O'B. Gunn, of the Union Iron Works, Fred Eaton, of the Telephone Company, and Vanderlyn Stow, of the Thomas Day Company. The contest, I am told, is between Stowe and Eaton, with the chances in the latter's favor. The wish of the institution is that the Nominating Committee shall select the other officers and the directors from the various annexes of the club. For instance, the card players, an active and aggressive contingent, want Matt Weed on the board; the bicyclists insist on Len Owens. There is some talk of Hammersmith for captain, of Henry B. Russ for treasurer, and, doubtless, Tom Pennell will remain secretary. But the track men, the bowlers, the swimmers, the outdoor-game enthusiasts all are out for representation. However, the Nominating Committee is chosen from the different contingents, and it doubtless will be able to meet all demands. Of course, the $10 members, as the late additions to the club are called, may possibly prove a bit irreconcilable, but they have been merged into the institution by this time and their force distributed through the different cliques. One certainty there is, that if the politicians who congregate round the tank of an evening are not satisfied with the work of the committee, no time will be lost organizing an opposition, and as virulent a fight as that waged last year may then be anticipated.

* * *

THERE IS REJOICING in the Country Club in consequence of the promised absence from Del Monte, this "Shoot," of Annie Laurie. The Monarch has promised not to have its annual spasm of virtuous indignation over the dove slaughter and nothing, therefore, should mar the harmony of the occasion. For the last two years the entertainment has been held up to execration and ridicule by the *Examiner*, which made use of the outing to exhibit its eminent tenderness for pigeons and its general high moral feeling—characteristics which during the rest of the year it is successful in concealing. Mr. Hearst, it seems, is himself a member of the Country Club and to him representations were made that the treatment accorded while readable, was hardly fair. The men who indulge in the pastime are for the most part sportsmen who go in for outdoor exercise for its own sake and instead of being laughed at or decried, their activity ought to be encouraged.

* * *

It is the same with the Burlingame contingent whose participation will be a feature of the gathering. Their pony races and polo playing are to be treated with proper respect so, altogether the various fashionable contingents should be happy. It is not the rule elsewhere in America, and certainly not in England, to caricature and satirize the amusements of gentlemen, and there is no earthly reason why it should be done in San Francisco. The time has been when it took rare courage and audacity to wear a tall silk hat, and the use of gloves was regarded as unmistakable evidence of effeminacy. Nowadays it is possible to display a light suit on Market Street, it is not contemptible to part one's hair in the middle, and care of one's clothes is almost excusable. The improvement is due as much, as anything else, to the proper education of our younger men who have graduated from Eastern colleges, and have taught us that manliness is not a question of clothes. As the community improves who knows but that a ray of the current gentility may not pierce into the editorial rooms of the Monarch?

* * *

THAT ESTIMABLE and highly amiable young man, Fred Lees, is being assiduously trained for the County Clerkship. He occupies just at present the onerous office of License Collector, and by his genial and jocular ways converts impartial Republicans into voters for his opponent whomsoever he may be. I am taking it for granted, herein, that the influence of the Captain, his father, with Police Commissioner Dan, will secure Fred the nomination, and nowadays we are all presuming that election and a place on the Burns' ticket are quasi-synonymous. In connection with his candidacy there is some little gossip out at the City Hall, and as an instance of his tactics, the appointment of J. J. Griff as cashier in his office, is mentioned. Mr. Griff is by no means a political unknown, for he has figured as a deputy under countless Clerks of the

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county, and has imbibed an ambition to himself preside over the office. In pursuance thereof he has utilized whatever moments of his time Assessor Siebe did not require—for he is in that office—canvassing for support and has enlisted, I am told, quite a considerable force under the Griff banner.

* * *

His efforts began to assume dangerous proportions however, when he persuaded into the ranks of his partisans Election Commissioner Evans who is no less a dignitary than brother-in-law of Colonel Dan Burns. They are very close, are the Colonel and his relative by marriage, and if Mr. Evans really wanted Griff, there is little reason to suspect the Colonel of enough hardihood to refuse him. As he loomed up his pretensions caught the eye of Captain Lees who suggested to his son the necessity of a diversion. Thereupon advances were made to Mr. Griff and if you chance into the License Collector's office you will find him seated at the cashier's desk industriously receiving coin. It would not be political etiquette for a deputy to oppose the aspirations of his chief, so it is generally assumed that Mr. Evans' friend has resigned in favor of the Captain's son on the basis of the chief deputyship in the office to which Mr. Lees expects election.

* * *

AS NO ONE in this community is engaged achieving especial intellectual distinction the sole form of progress left to record is in the accumulation of wealth. Far more romantic than the brilliant success of some toiling essayist or some brain fagged novelist however, is the story of the sudden acquirement of riches by an individual we are happy enough to have upon our visiting list. Most readers of journalese know the name of J. N. E. Wilson who for having exhibited less compunction in dealing with a client than the ethics of the profession prescribe, was exhibited in the *Chronicle* in a somewhat uncomplimentary way. He was accused of a decalogue of infamies, denied them and intimated his intention of surviving. He is soon, I believe, to give ample evidence of his continued existence for, in a few months at the most, he will figure in the ranks of the mining millionaires.

* * *

Some time ago Mr. Wilson invested his savings in a Mexican mine. Whether he sought fortune or had it thrust upon him is a branch of inquiry I have not followed, but the property in question is rather near that of Colonel Burns—an extension of the Candaleria ledge—but the lead is even richer and the ore runs more to the ton. From the first clean-up in November next it is calculated at least forty thousand dollars will be paid into the Wilson bank account and after that the income per month can hardly fail to be huge. Provided with the sinews of war, doubtless the ex-Insurance Commissioner will return to our midst and perhaps may emulate the political career of the Republican autocrat. He is certainly an exceedingly clever and intelligent man, and had he been content to achieve prominence by the evolutionary method, might have gone far. He feels bitterly the catastrophe of his career and credits it, I am told, to certain associates whose aid he had the right to count upon, but did not obtain. He goes to Mexico on the 18th to be absent some time.

* * *

A GUBERNATORIAL candidate is, of course, a fair subject for sarcasm. Perhaps the object of Colonel Burns' gratitude who is posed at the head of the Republican ticket is not more fallible than another, but he offers an admirable mark for the darts of the enemy and his body, like another St. Sebastian, is punctured by a thousand witticisms. The last *mot* that comes to me is one of the best, and I believe it is ascribed to Gavin McNab. That is, at least, in its present form. The original is General Barnes'. Speaking about the perennial aspiration of Morris, he remarked:

"Yes, Mr. Estee has been a candidate for Governor of California ever since the discovery of gold."

* * *

In spite of an accent most unmistakably Scotch and of a pedigree that would not disgrace a hero by Walter Scott, McNab is the wittiest member of the Democracy. He and Hume of the *Post*, who is also from the Land o' Cakes, continually offer epigrammatic testimony in rebuttal of Sydney Smith's most slanderous statement concerning the inability of their race to see a joke. Some time ago when the Washington woes of Max Popper had become public property and the august head of the General Committee was expressing his disillusionment with more bitterness than policy, McNab with a face full of deep concern met Gerritt McEnerney and remarked:

"A terrible calamity has befallen the Democratic party!"

"What is it?" asked McEnerney in a voice trembling with anticipatory regret.

"Max Popper has lost his draying contract."

* * *

THE BAR SINISTER, which marks the five medallions decorating the front of the Luning building, evidently escaped the eagle eye of George Whittell, when he had the balustrade around the attic story removed. Or, perhaps, he has left these blots on the escutcheon of the House of Luning in order to aggravate the offence of architect Coxhead. The dailies have given due circulation to the suit of Coxhead *vs.* Whittell, but the terrible offence of the former is not yet realized by the public. In dealing with the executor of the late Nicholas, Coxhead forgot that the possession of many millions is by no means a guarantee of liberality, and he dared indulge in ornamental extras which appealed to the eye almost as energetically as to the pocket of the builder. Unfortunately, Mr. Whittell's appreciation of art is confined to the admiration of the lady and the eagle design on a dollar, and he objected as strenuously as though he were worth but one instead of three millions. Not only did he depose Coxhead from the exalted post of architect-in-chief to the Luning estate, but he actually defaced the Market-street building by removing the balustrade. Besides, he has taken into his own hands the finishing of his California-street palace, and has employed two obscure saw and hatchet butchers to decorate the interior.

* * *

While I am not an admirer of the lines or style of the residence, I must protest against the ravages the parsimony of Whittell has wrought in the original design. He proposes instead of the handsome marble portico Coxhead drew, to have a cheap wooden entrance completely out of style with the mansion. One may form a fair idea of the taste of Coxhead's successor from the timber stable on which the finishing touches are now being put. It may have the sovereign virtue of cheapness, but it is certainly out of consonance with the architecture of the house, and is really a detriment thereto. One shudders at the thought of what may be done with the interior. It was assumed by most people that the Whittell building operations indicated a desire to endow the Luning millions with the social standing their number entitled them to. It was hoped that a grand ball would signalize the opening of the mansion and subsequently a series of brilliant entertainments would reflect luster on the edifice and its owners.

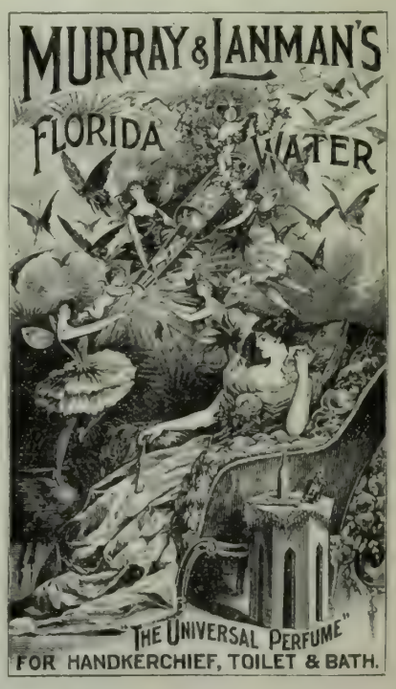
* * *

While society and architecture have but little in common (vide Western Addition), still, an artistic exterior does give a tone to pretension. I don't, of course, imagine that the substitution of a wooden for a marble portico will induce a soul to refuse an invitation, but it must counteract the general effect which in this instance cannot be too crushing. Yet, I cannot imagine what a crowd would do in the drawing-room, which is but little larger than a boarding-house apartment.

* * *

ONE CAN hear all manner of political prophesies by frequenting the public or private headquarters of either party. For instance, it is currently reported that a non-partisan movement has already obtained considerable headway, and that overtures have been made to John D. Siebe and L. R. Ellert to accept nominations for Mayor and Auditor respectively. Behind the movement is the personality and purse of Adolph Sutro, who has promised participation to the fullest extent, and there is no questioning his enthusiasm when his antagonism is aroused. There is also the hope that the active aid of the *Examiner* may be enlisted in the cause, and this, together with the support of the *Call-Bulletin* combination, would make powerful journalistic backing. It is almost certain that both Ellert and Siebe, failing nomination at the hands of the Republican Convention, intend running independently, and they, with H. H. Scott and others of the disaffected, should be able to rally quite a following.

The Witness



MR. ESTEE CONGRATULATED.

My Dear Morris—I am well and hope this will find you the same. Times have been pretty dull here at Milpitas, but they are picking up a little lately. You may not believe it, Morris, but the recent strike was severely felt here. For two weeks our tannery was closed up and our dye works dangled over a financial chasm. Confidence was well nigh gone when it occurred to me to lay the whole matter before Col. Dan Burns—you know him, Morris. I told the Colonel just how matters were going here; how the woolly aphis, the peach tree borer and the members of the A. R. U. were working nights and Sundays to enthrall us honest farmers, and I begged him to bring order out of chaos. Did he do it? Did he do it at Sacramento, Morris? In less than twenty-four hours he wrought a complete transformation. Since that time the force at the soap factory has been doubled, I have again become a grandfather and all of our other infant industries have taken on new life and vigor. Confidence has been completely restored. Governor Markham has been returned to the Capital, and you have spoken in no uncertain tone.

But, Morris! why waste words at a time like this? If there ever was, in the history of this bright world, a time when we honest, hard-fisted farmers should stand together, it is now. If there ever was a period in California when we agriculturists should stand shoulder to shoulder it is when the codlin moth, the hop louse, the Populist bore and other pests are vieing with each other in their efforts to thwart our purposes. With Thomas V. Cator roaming unrestrained over the State after a mythical Senatorship; with England, Russia and Gresham making microscopical explorations for the remains of the Chinese fleet; with Farmer Max Popper struggling with the ghost of Chris Buckley for Democratic supremacy; with General Dickinson resuscitating the sunstruck militia and the Governor earnestly engaged in frescoing his own reputation, is it not, I ask in all candor, Morris, well for a plain, sweat-begrimed farmer like me to waive all onerous conventionalities and address you directly? And I know you will not care if I talk to you as in the halcyon days when we joined farms and spent the peaceful Sabbaths in seeking the light and in looking for the red scale, which we considered our worst enemies next to indiscriminate immigration.

Morris, I want to congratulate you on your Wigwam speech. To be frank with you, I was a little put out when you wouldn't say anything, pro or con, during the strike, but now I can see that you were right. It was no time for you to speak; the moment was not ripe, as it were. With Colonel Burns off on a yachting cruise, with Governor Markham busily engaged in handing out nice new diplomas at the Pasadena High School and with Marshal Baldwin and General Dickinson copiously shedding life, blood, and proclamations in the breach at Sacramento, it would have been unwise for you to speak. It was no doubt hard for your vociferation capabilities to maintain so long a position of masterly inactivity, but the way you accomplished the feat demonstrates to my crude, untutored understanding that you possess, in a corpulent degree, the elements that conspire to make a wise, sagacious and well-seasoned statesman.

But, Morris, why mention statesmanship here? I was writing about your speech, and excuse the reference to something far removed from it. I read that speech very carefully and digested it line by line. I didn't do it all the first day. Times have been so hard with us here at Milpitas that we have to do everything on the installment plan. But I unhesitatingly pronounce that speech the most comprehensive exposition of well-cured political thought I have ever perused. Each line shows laborious preparation; not a sentence that was not carefully weighed and, Morris, I don't believe you could have made it any better had you produced it for the sole purpose of catching votes. It is so far-reaching it nearly covers the entire political ground. The only omission I have thus far noted is in the agricultural line; you said nothing about what is the best wash, or solution, for removing fungus from pear trees. Here in Milpitas we generally use sulphur, salt and lime—but this is a small matter; you more than made up for ignoring that when you declared that when Cleveland was inaugurated in '93, times were good, "money abundant, and nowhere did want exist or was unrest noticed." I endorse that, Morris, but some of the neighbors say it wont wash as well as the sulphur, salt and lime.

Morris, words fail, and I pause to reflect, when I try to justly describe that speech. When I review it, I think of an old violin my grandfather owned. Its range was wonderful. It responded as brilliantly to the score of the "Arkansaw Traveler" as it did to the picturesque noting of the "Witch's Dance." With four good strings, a strong bow and plenty of rosin you could get any kind of a tune out of it. Even so with your speech. To Republicans it is a grand symphony; one in which musical climaxes chase each other in rapid succession. The strong-lunged Populist, when he reads what you say about inflating the currency, hugs himself and plunges into a howling abyss of joy. When our section boss reads what you say about the right of labor to organize and strike, and that when great corporations do not respect the rights of others they cannot expect others to respect their rights, he dances around like an Indian in a Wild West Show, declaring that, in his opinion, you are a bigger man than Harry Knox. Our anti-monopolists gloat over your fearless expressions against trusts, monopolies and combines; the Prohibitionists can find no fault with the political strains that come from your lips; the boys at the "grocery" are solid for you, for as a vineyardist you must be against sumptuary laws. But what most pleases us unlettered and uncombed grangers is your bold advocacy of another overland railway and of more local roads—and they will support you to a man. At the same time, your intrepid endorsement of free silver does you credit and reveals your sagacity. The free silver men will give you their suffrage and the gold men will not antagonize you for they know that as the Chief Executive of the State you will have no more to do with financial legislation than General Barnes had in choosing a candidate for Governor.

On all the great questions now before the people I am glad to observe that you are sound, Morris. Your position on the tariff, finance, transportation, labor and capital, church and school, inter-oceanic canals, irrigation, immigration and yourself, is simply unassailable, and I thank you for it. In the name of our sheep men who can't sell their wool at any price; in the name of our wheat growers who are being ground under the remorseless heel of threshers who refuse to furnish their own liquor; in the name of our farm hands who are growing restless because we will not give them our daughters in marriage and divide our farms up into smaller holdings; in the name of the honest tillers of the soil who are liable to be swept forever off the face of the earth by the scale, the Industrial Army and other predatory insects, I congratulate you on your masterly speech. Continue in your noble effort to enlighten the masses and when election day comes the voters of Milpitas will rise up and with loud acclaim call you blessed.

Tom Rye.

Milpitas.

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A certain amount of ecstatic enthusiasm is always lying about loose, in large communities, ready to burst into rapturous applause over the time-honored principles of melodrama. These are, as all the world knows, very good principles indeed which appeal to our primitive instincts and nerve our drooping credence in morality—the pleasing fable that virtue is its own reward. The larger and wickeder the community, the more rapturous the enthusiasm, the more ecstatic the applause. And there seems to be no primitive instinct of morality capable of such deep and vibrant response as that which has lain in inoccuous desuetude under the moth and rust of years. Sidney Grundy chose the straight and narrow path when he constructed "Sowing the Wind" and made both plot and people as commonplace as possible. What if the sentiment is mawkish, the lines mere strings of stale metaphor, the situations puerile, the characters irritating and the climax absurd? The old sign posts are all there—to be reached and recognized on the weary way to the end of the story. And the world will be older and grayer in evil than it is even at this end of the century, ere it ceases to beat out its gloves and shoe leather over the familiar stage pictures of beauty in distress, noble hearted youth to the defense, the coercion of stern parents to the desires of loving hearts and the ultimate triumph, through devious ways, of virtue over vice.

True to precedent and faithful to tradition, "Sowing The Wind" contributes nothing to art—barring perhaps the black and wicked Petworth and none can tell how much of his delightful depravity is due to the cleverness of W. H. Thompson, whose admirable characterization and faultless costuming suggest a bit of Thackeray illustrated by Cruikshank. Several degrees less interesting but equally well played, is W. H. Crompton's "Bob Watkins," one of the seven varieties of fool, whose prying forefinger, poking about in the Brabazon pie, makes all the mischief and all the plot of the story. His friendly impertinence is quite justified by the mental insufficiency of his victims who are all very good and tiresome persons with a mania for informal visiting and could not have been roused from their depressing passivity by anything less than tragedy. Mr. Thompson and Mr. Crompton are the two actors thoughtfully provided by Mr. Frohman for his stock company. The other men judged by the feeble requirements of their roles in "Sowing the Wind" are wholly inadequate. William Faversham is a mouthing mimic who struts with the wooden staginess of a bygone school and powders his nose with the effrontery of a Pompadour. Henry Miller, gifted by Nature with a handsome but unimposing presence has gained from art a ready tear and a talent for standing about and sitting down. With his mouth open and a nerveless, index finger directed Heavenward, he is so like one of Zola's paralytics at Lourdes that his intermittent animation appears unseemly and his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" attitude in the third act, like some new and horrid phase of nervous disease.

Viola Allen has little opportunity before the third act when she develops talent of a neat and circumspect order, neither rants or tears, nor indulges in unpleasant extremes of any sort or kind but confines herself with a nice and guarded care within her limitations, which are marked and unmistakable. The other ladies of the company are not so discreet. Miss Allen has not beauty, nor has she a genius for frocks—so often the stage equivalent—nor has she magnetism to any perceptible degree. But she has a soft, womanish charm, undeniably fetching—particularly in the love scenes with Annesley to whom she clings warmly and caressingly, undeterred by the iron stiffness of his unresponsive arms and the unbending rigidity of his beamish back. I was not particularly drawn to Rosamond's posture recumbent across the knees of her lover, with her head hanging upside down before the audience and her feet buried modestly in the sofa pillows and her subsequent statement that she was not a lady, struck me after this performance as almost superfluous. Autre temps, autre moeurs, however and perhaps, in the Georgian era, the manners of young ladies were as exuberant as their bonnets.

The Gypsy Baron runs its melodious course at the Tivoli this week and the haunting strains are again on the lips of the itinerant street whistler. It is a pleasant little opera this, of Romany flavor and many picturesque possibilities. Some of these have been ignored by the Tivoli but the first act is well staged and the rush of gypsies and the closing ensemble really quite impressive. The Tivoli is generous in the matter of chorus. It withholds from us beauty but gives us numbers. There are always more than six soldiers in the Tivoli armies, peasants there are always in plenty, civilians too, and courtiers male and female when occasion requires. In "The Gypsy Baron," the Zingaras swarm over the stage in magnificent profusion and are piled up into an effective tableau, rich in the chiaroscuro of multi-colored rags and sombre faces. There is no other richness to speak of in the opera, which is sweet and tuneful as Strauss knows, had to be but provided with an idiotic libretto, little sentiment and less humor. What there is of this, Hartman makes the most of and as a breeder of the benighted hogs succeeds in being brilliantly funny, as usual. Miss Salinger is, also, quite as usual. She is solidly cast in the star role of the seductive Saffi, looking like a large cream puff and singing like a steam whistle. The cheerful alacrity with which Sandor Barinkay went to war, may not have been due entirely to heroism.

Miss Neilson's slim girlishness and gracious youth are green and grateful to the eye after the ripe maturity and shriveled age of other Tivoli "artistes," and so refreshing is the contrast that I am fain to idealize the childish quality of her thin, clear notes and vow I think them sweet.

Now that the Harrigan engagement at the California is at an end and comment may be passed without injustice to a painstaking and intelligent company of players, it may be said that their eight weeks' season in San Francisco was a species of Midsummer madness. Two months of anybody is too much for this city and two months of the Harriganesque order of entertainment leaves a taste of ashes on the lips. This with due respect to the actor who is also an author, artist and a manager. The fineness and delicacy of Harrigan's work, the absolute fidelity of portraiture to which he brings every feature, every movement, every pose, every expression, every garment, and the fine differentiation he exhibits in the long list of characters drawn, one and all, from the same walks of life, are found, as I have said before, only in the exacting French school and place him at once among the best actors of his day. The same patient care he devotes to moulding the characters which play into and beside his own, some of whom respond with the brilliancy of individual talent, others reflecting faithfully and industriously all that he teaches them. San Francisco is both critical and appreciative and in spite of untoward circumstances the too-lengthy Harrigan season was by no means unsuccessful, but long be-

ore its close enthusiasm was perceptibly on the wane. San Francisco has not that most important factor toward theatrical successes, the vast floating population which, in New York, surges from theatre to theatre, filling all, the year around and leaving scarcely room to seat the permanent residents of the town. Here we are comparatively few and we dearly love the spice of variety as the most piquant sauce for our pleasures.

Henry Arthur Jones, who is rapidly developing into the most sensational of English dramatists, is a meek and retiring individual, who conceals beneath a modest, even shrinking, manner, his unblushing disregard of English prejudice and an audacity calculated to make his worthy Scotch ancestors writhe in their Presbyterian graves. Mr. Jones alludes to spades as spades and his daring treatment of subjects not usually discussed in the drawing room both fascinates and appalls the London public. His dramatic heroism has been foolishly confounded with the licentious spirit of France but there is nothing French about

LAWRENGE HANLEY AND EDITH LEMMERT

"The Masqueraders" or "The Bauble Shop." Both are brutally English—quite as English and quite as brutal as anything by George Moore. Frohman has secured these two plays with the best of everything to be had in London, and John Drew will appear in the "Bauble Shop" about the first of October at the Empire. I hear that he does so under protest but protest availeth nothing, justly enough, under Frohman. Drew, whose spotless purity is rivalled only by that of the virtuous Kendalls and the whilom pretensions of the Manola-Masons, objected vigorously, I believe, to the character of a titled, vicious and elderly roué who indulges a senile passion for a youthful shop girl and dilates at length on the nature of his emotions. The conversations between the ill-assorted pair, conducted in the silent "Bauble Shop" between the unconventional hours of one and two in the morning are what is decorously termed as near and an occasional climax throws the audience into a nervous chill. The story is powerfully handled and like all other literary and dramatic audacities, a lovely moral is supposed to excuse the wickedness of the tale.

Sybil Sanderson has signed with Abbey for a New York season and will sing at the Metropolitan, in the coming fall, for the first time in America. She is quite unlike the slender Sybil of old San Francisco days, who poured her stage aspirations into the unbelieving ears of her own country, and lifted her shrill, sweet and slender voice in the big ball room at Monterey. According to critical Europe the voice has changed less, perhaps, than all the rest—that is, less in proportion. It is still sweet and it is still slender. It is no longer shrill and she handles it with dramatic ability, obedient to her own instincts as well as to the direction of Massenet, but it is scarcely the voice to expect from the superb and Junoesque figure which suggests the power of a Fursch-Madi. Paris has never accepted her as an artist, and America is curious to judge for itself. The tremendous influence of the Comte de Gramont was even more valuable at the outset of the American singer's career than the enthusiasm of Massenet and won for her easily what Massenet must otherwise have labored for—namely, the toleration of Paris.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"Lady Windemere's Fan" is announced for Monday evening next at the California Theatre, and judging from the notices which have followed the company over the route through Denver, Salt Lake, Ogden and Portland, Oregon, the attraction is timely and well chosen. Miss Oliver, who as leading lady appears in the role of Mrs. Erlynne, is a Californian, and as a native daughter, entitled to even a warmer reception in San Francisco than her talent has won for her in Eastern cities. She is at the head of a strong company, including Frank Gilmore, who plays Lord Windemere, Edward Emery and his clever wife, Nita Sykes-Emery, Robert Jenkins, John Archer, Clifford Leigh, Walter Dolman, James Loan, Lena Clarke, Minna Nixon, Margaret Yates, Mrs. Fairmont, Louise Douglass and Etta Morris. Nita Sykes-Emery is cast in the delightful comedy part of the entertaining Duchess of Berwick—that worldly and witty Dowager who feels it incumbent on her to keep married women supplied with gossip concerning their husbands. Her brilliant individuality stands out in masterly contrast to the more sombre situations throughout the play, the finest scene of which, from the sentimental standpoint, occurs in the last act between Lord Windemere and Mrs. Erlynne. This unfortunate mother who has lived for twenty years without revealing her identity to her daughter, and has just atoned for her long neglect by one supreme act of self sacrifice, is forced to listen to the scorn and reproaches of Windemere, who, unaware of her heroic sacrifice, heaps contumely upon her as an unnatural parent. The audience, initiated to the situation, is held spellbound, while the woman without a word in self defense, and with a breaking heart, accepts every accusation. This forcible scene, would in itself, have insured the success of "Lady Windemere's Fan."

Among the other attractions booked by the California Theatre for this season are: "In Old Kentucky," "Superba," Russell's Comedians, Prof. Hermann, "Friends," Lottie Collins, Peter Dailey, all of Hoyt's successes, Thos. Keene, Eddy Foy, "Jane," Primrose & West's Minstrels, Fanny Rice, Effie Ellsler, Wm. Barry, Robert Downing, Patti Rosa, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Shenandoah," and time is being held for several others. Mr. Al Hayman cables that he will return to America early in October.

Frohman's Empire Theatre Stock Company will appear next week at the Baldwin Theatre in Carton's comedy "Liberty Hall," which had a run of over one hundred nights at the Empire Theatre, New York. The tricks of the story are simple and openly avowed—the author takes the house not only completely and unpretentiously into his confidence from the first start so that all sense of artifice is done away with—an achievement apparently as clear as, in reality, it is subtle. For the guileless plot is ingeniously developed, and the expected climax reached by devious winding ways. In Liberty Hall, Miss Allen assumes the role of Blanche Chilworth, a haughty and imperious young patrician, a character which is in sharp contrast to the tender and sentimental Rosamond in "Sowing the Wind," and the utter dissimilarity of the two plays offer other members of the Frohman Company equal opportunity for the display of versatility.

The Harvest Moon is drawing crowded houses at Morosco's Grand Opera House. On Monday evening Lawrence Hanley and Edith Lemmert will appear in the comedy-drama, "The Players," which is in a prologue and three acts. The prologue on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, and Saturday Matinee will consist of a scene from Romeo and Juliet. Friday, Saturday and Sunday the chief scenes from Hamlet will be given.

The Orpheum has had the usual large attendence throughout the week. Lydia Yeamans-Titus receives an ovation with each appearance, and the enthusiasm for this clever artist has now been extended to the Medley March, an arrangement of Mrs. Titus' principal songs, which is played this week by the orchestra. Sadi Alfarabi, the Russian equilibrist, performs some novel and startling feats of balancing. Gertie Cochran continues to astonish the public with her remarkable memory, and the Deltorelli Brothers, eccentric musical clowns from Paris, introduce something entirely new to America in the way of musical gloves and swinging champagne bottles. A most attractive bill is in preparation for the coming week.

AMUSEMENTS

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R. C. Carton's Successful Comedy

"LIBERTY HALL"

As Played 150 Nights at the Empire Theatre
Strong Cast of Favorites . . . . . .

Monday, August 20th, "THE COUNCILLOR'S WIFE."

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Week Beginning Monday August 13th

Matinee Saturday Farewell Performance Sunday Evening
Oscar Wilde's Play

"LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN"

Performed Three Hundred Nights in London, One Hundred Nights in New York, and pronounced by the critical as well as by the popular voice to be the greatest social comedy since Sheridan scored the fashionable world of his time in "The School for Scandal."

The Company—Frank Gilmore, Edward Emery, Robert Jenkins, John Archer, Clifford Leigh, Walter S. Dolman, James Loan, Mrs. Fairmont, Olive Oliver, Laura Gilvray, Nita Sykes, Louisa Douglas, Leona Clarke, Minna Nixon, Etta Morris, Margaret Yates.

No Advance in Prices. Seats Now on Sale.

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GYPSY BARON ★ ★

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Last Nights of "THE HARVEST MOON."

Monday Evening Next, **LAWRENCE HANLEY**, supported by Miss Edith Lemmert, in

THE PLAYER

On Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday and Saturday Matinee there will be introduced as a prologue the most important scenes of "Romeo and Juliet."

On Friday, Saturday and Sunday, at both performances, will be presented the most famous scenes in "Hamlet."

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

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San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week of Monday : : August 6th, 1894

A Remarkable Bill! Every Act a Feature!

SADI ALFARABI DELTORELLI BROS. THE BICKETTS
LEVANION, NELSON & BUSH
THE BRAATZ BROS. LITTLE GERTIE COCHRAN
First Appearance of the Distinguished Hypnotist, J. FRANKLIN BROWN.

Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c; Balcony, any seat, 10c; Children 10c any part. | *Evening Prices:* Reserved Seats 25c; Balcony 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

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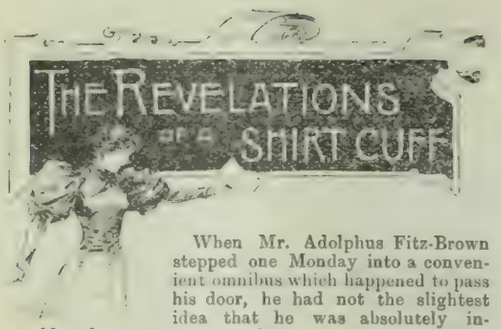

When Mr. Adolphus Fitz-Brown stepped one Monday into a convenient omnibus which happened to pass his door, he had not the slightest idea that he was absolutely incapable of meeting the modest requirements of the conductor. Yet such was indeed the case. Like many another before him, he had "come out without any money." When asked for his "fare," he felt in his pocket with assurance; but when his hand encountered no coin, he was seized by a shadowy misgiving, which quickly deepened into real uneasiness. He was, in fact, rather awkwardly situated. At any rate, and looking at the circumstances in the most favorable light, he was placed in a ridiculous position, and the eyes of his fellow-travelers were soon regarding him in a manner that was not reassuring. Mr. Fitz-Brown became very nervous. The conductor was waiting in stony silence to be paid. Adolphus began to stammer something, when a good-natured-looking individual observed his discomfiture, and said heartily:

"What's the trouble? Ah! I see how it is; you've left your money behind. Well, I'm good for your fare, anyhow." And with that this Good Samaritan took out two pence, and discharged an obligation which had become very pressing.

Adolphus thanked the stranger effusively, and insisted on taking the name and address of his benefactor. Though the latter declared that it was not worth while bothering about such a trifle, he was too polite to resist the earnest solicitations of Mr. Fitz-Brown, upon whose cuff the following note was eventually made:—

"*M. Fortescue, 106 North Bank, St. John's Wood.*"

Adolphus used to have a habit of writing memoranda on his shirt cuff. He has relinquished that habit latterly.

Now, Adolphus was an author, and the business which took him by omnibus to the city was business connected with a forthcoming publication. Arrived at his publishers', he was politely informed that the member of the firm whom he desired to see had been compelled to go suddenly to Birmingham. Would Mr. Fitz-Brown kindly call at four on Wednesday, if he could make it convenient? Certainly he could, and would. And down went another note on his cuff.

Walking thence to his bankers', hard by, he paid in checques to the amount of some £50, and drew out £5 for petty cash. As he was about to leave the premises a faultlessly attired gentleman happened to emerge from an inner room, and reminded him that his account was overdrawn to the extent of £100.

"Well, I have just paid in £50!" said Adolphus.

The gentleman's face momentarily betrayed considerable relief, which was stifled as he added gravely:

"Well, even so, that leaves you £50 out, doesn't it?"

Now, Adolphus, like many people whose banking accounts are not always "satisfactory"—to their bankers—had a peculiarly virtuous air when dealing with money transactions.

"Of course that shall be put right at once," he said; "in any event you shall have at least £25 on Thursday without fail."

He registered the vow in his usual way, and, rattling his "petty cash" in his pocket, he repaired to Birch's for some luncheon. At that deservedly popular resort he encountered his old friend Stubbins, a man whom he had not seen for years, who informed him that his eldest daughter was to be married on the following Saturday. After a basin of turtle-soup and a large glass of punch he determined that the young lady ought certainly to receive a present. What should it be? A diamond ring, of course! And he straightway booked the order, as it were,—on himself. Then he went home and began to re-read the manuscript of the novel which he had been about to submit to his publishers that very day.

"How lucky," he exclaimed, "that the man was away in Birmingham! I now perceive that my heroine has too many children. I must get rid of one or two. Let me see. Edith has a fortune of £100,000, and two boys and three girls among whom the money must be equally divided, and they must all be wealthy; £20,000 apiece is not what we novelists call wealth. One at least must be sacrificed; but how am I do it unless I rewrite the whole book? It wants consideration."

He had barely time to make a hurried note, when the maid came in with two letters. The first was from Major Steggall to ask the great author to come and shoot on the 27th inst. at his country seat ("I must see about my gun," soliloquized Adolphus); and the second conveyed the intelligence that the celebrated detective Mr. Shiskey Humes had acceded to his long-standing request to show him over an opium den, and that he would await him on Tower Hill at 9:15 on the following Monday.

Adolphus was writing on his by this time, much soiled cuff, when his wife called out that it was high time he went to dress for dinner.

* * * * * * *

A week has passed, gentle reader; the time is 9:14, and on Tower Hill our hero stands, waiting for the appearance of Mr. Shiskey Humes. Adolphus felt cold, but he was destined soon to feel warmer; for suddenly a well-known voice smote upon his ear. It was the same voice that had bidden him dress for dinner only seven days ago.

"What? *you* here, Edith?" said the astonished novelist. "What can this mean?"

"It means," replied his wife, as she led her husband away, "that I have, under Providence, been the means of preventing a great crime. I am, I know, too late to prevent a great wrong."

"Explain yourself, Edith," expostulated Adolphus. "I am here on business—to collect material for a new work."

"I do not doubt," replied his wife bitterly, "that you may seek in opium an anodyne for your corroded conscience; but *that*," she continued, with growing fervor, "shall not prevent me from doing my duty as a woman, and, so far as in me lies, safeguarding my innocent babes."

"I really do not understand you," said Adolphus simply.

"Come home at once," said Edith, who did not deign to explain herself for the present. "I have been to North Bank, *to Mrs. Fortescue's*" (this with fearful emphasis), "but she was *out*! Gone out with her husband they *said*. Husband, indeed!"

For an instant Adolphus was dazed. Then an idea struck him. North Bank? Fortescue? Of course! It was that man in the omnibus who had paid his fare. He began to laugh. He actually chuckled as he explained the only personal knowledge he had of any one called Fortescue.

"Why, then go on Wednesday at four o'clock?" asked his wife.

"I didn't," said Adolphus.

"Doubtless, however, you found the £25 by Thursday for her, and the diamond ring by Friday?" pursued the lady, relentlessly.

The wits of Adolphus were returning to him. He had been nearly shaken out of them. He began to see it all. Again he laughed, and the lady seemed maddened by his trifling demeanor.

"Brute though you may be so far as I am concerned, why should you embark on a murderer's career into the bargain?" she almost yelled. "What have your children ever done, that you should hate them?"

The poor woman now burst into a passionate fit of weeping; and Adolphus, murmuring, "Edith, Edith, it's all right, dear!" hailed a passing cab.

Shortly after the pair had reached home matters were adjusted with many tears and smiles. But not until the previous Monday's shirt had been exhibited, and Adolphus had explained the notes upon the cuff, which read as follows:—

"*M. Fortescue, 106 North Bank, St. John's Wood.*"
"*Wednesday, four o'clock sharp.*"
"*Find £25 by Thursday without fail.*"
"*Diamond ring not later than Friday.*"
"*Must kill one of Edith's children.*"
"*Get gun before 26th.*"
"(*Opium den*), *Tower Hill, Monday, 9.15.*"

— PERCY REEVE, *in Pall Mall Magazine.*

POEMS IN PROSE.

By Oscar Wilde.

THE ARTIST.

One evening there came into his soul the desire to fashion an image of *The Pleasure That Abideth for a Moment.* And he went forth into the world to look for bronze. For he could only think in bronze.

But all the bronze of the world had disappeared, nor anywhere in the whole world was there any bronze to be found, save only the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow That Endureth Forever.*

Now this image he had himself, and with his own hands, fashioned, and had set it on the tomb of the one thing he had loved in life. On the tomb of the dead thing he had most loved had he set this image of his own fashioning, that it might serve as a sign of the love of man that dieth not, and a symbol of the sorrow of man that endureth forever. And in the whole world there was no other bronze save the bronze of this image.

And he took the image he had fashioned, and set it in a great furnace and gave it to the fire.

And out of the bronze of the image of *The Sorrow That Endureth Forever* he fashioned an image of *The Pleasure That Abideth for a Moment.*

THE DOER OF GOOD.

It was night time and He was alone.

And He saw afar off the walls of a round city, and went towards the city.

And when He came near he heard within the city the tread of the feet of joy and the laughter of the mouth of gladness, and the loud noise of many lutes. And He knocked at the gate, and certain of the gate-keepers opened to Him.

And He beheld a house that was of marble and had fair pillars of marble before it. The pillars were hung with garlands, and within and without there were torches of cedar. And He entered the house.

And when He had passed through the hall of chalcedony and the hall of jasper, and reached the long hall of feasting, He saw lying on a couch of sea-purple one whose hair was crowned with red roses and whose lips were red with wine.

And He went behind him and touched him on the shoulder, and said to him, "Why do you live like this?"

And the young man turned round and recognized Him, and made answer and said, "But I was a leper once, and you healed me. How else should I live?"

And He passed out of the house and went again into the street.

And after a little while he saw one whose face and raiment were painted and whose feet were shod with pearls. And behind her came, slowly as a hunter, a young man who wore a cloak of two colors. Now the face of the woman was as the fair face of an idol, and the eyes of the young man were bright with lust.

And He followed swiftly and touched the hand of the young man, and said to him: "Why do you look at this woman and in such wise?"

And the young man turned round and recognized Him, and said: "But I was blind once, and you gave me sight. At what else should I look?"

And he ran forward and touched the painted raiment of the woman and said to her. "Is there no other way in which to walk save the way of sin?"

And the woman turned round and recognized Him, and laughed and said: "But you forgave me my sins, and the way is a pleasant way."

And He passed out of the city.

And when He had passed out of the city He saw seated by the roadside a young man who was weeping.

And He went toward him and touched the long locks of his hair, and said to him: "Why are you weeping?"

And the young man looked up and recognized Him, and made answer: "But I was dead once, and you raised me from the dead. What else should I do but weep?"

THE DISCIPLE.

When Narcissus died the pool of his pleasure changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, and the Oreads came weeping through the woodland that they might sing to the pool and give it comfort.

And when they saw that the pool had changed from a cup of sweet waters into a cup of salt tears, they loosened the green tresses of their hair, and cried to the pool and said: "We do not wonder that you should mourn in this manner for Narcissus, so beautiful was he."

"But was Narcissus beautiful?" said the pool.

"Who should know that better than you?" answered the Oreads. "Us did he ever pass by, but you he sought for, and would lie on your banks and look down at you, and in the mirror of your waters he would mirror his own beauty."

And the pool answered: "But I loved Narcissus because, as he lay on my banks and looked down at me, in the mirror of his eyes I saw ever my own beauty mirrored."

THE MASTER.

Now when the darkness came over the earth Joseph of Arimathea, having lighted a torch of pine wood, passed down from the hill into the valley. For he had business in his own home.

And kneeling on the flint stones of the Valley of Desolation, he saw a young man who was naked and weeping. His hair was the color of honey, and his body was as a white flower, but he had wounded his body with thorns and on his hair had he set ashes as a crown.

And he who had great possessions said to the young man who was naked and weeping: "I do not wonder that your sorrow was so great, for surely He was a just man."

And the young man answered: "It is not for Him that I am weeping, but for myself. I, too, have changed water into wine, and I have healed the leper and given sight to the blind. I have walked upon the waters, and from the dwellers in the tombs I have cast out devils. I have fed the hungry in the desert where there was no food, and I have raised the dead from their narrow houses, and at my bidding, and before a great multitude of people, a barren fig tree withered away. All things that this man has done I have done also. And yet they have not crucified me.

THE HOUSE OF JUDGMENT.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment, and the Man came naked before God.

And God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man: "Thy life hath been evil, and thou hast shown cruelty to those who were in need of succor, and to those who lacked help thou hast been

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

bitter and hard of heart. The poor called to thee, and thou didst not harken, and thine ears were closed to the cry of My afflicted. The inheritance of the fatherless thou didst take unto thyself, and thou didst send the foxes into the vineyard of thy neighbor's field. Thou didst take the bread of the children and give it to the dogs to eat, and My lepers who lived in the marshes and were at peace and praised Me, thou didst drive forth on to the highways, and on Mine earth out of which I have made thee thou didst spill innocent blood."

And the Man made answer and said: "Even so did I."

And again God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the Man: "Thy life hath been evil, and the Beauty I have shown thou has sought for, and the Good I have hidden thou didst pass by. The walls of thy chamber were painted with images, and from the bed of thine abominations thou did rise up to the sound of flutes. Thou didst build seven altars to the sins I have suffered, and didst eat of the thing that may not be eaten, and the purple of thy raiment was broidered with the three signs of shame. Thine idols were neither of gold nor of silver that endure, but of flesh that dieth. Thou did stain their hair with perfume and put pomegranates in their hands. Thou did stain their feet with saffron and spread carpets before them. With antimony thou did stain their eyelids, and their bodies thou didst smear with myrrh. Thou didst bow thyself to the ground before them, and the thrones of thine idols were set in the sun. Thou didst show to the sun thy shame and to the moon thy madness."

And the Man made answer and said: "Even so did I."

And the third time God opened the Book of the Life of the Man.

And God said to the man: "Evil hath been thy life, and with evil didst thou requite good, and with wrongdoing kindness. The hands that fed thee thou didst wound, and the breasts that gave the suck thou didst despise. He who came to thee with water went away thirsting, and the outlawed men who hid thee in their tents at night thou didst betray before dawn. Thine enemy who spared thee thou didst snare into an ambush, and the friend who walked with thee thou didst sell for a price, and to those who brought thee Love thou didst ever give Lust in thy turn."

And the man made answer and said: "Even so did I."

And God closed the Book of the Life of the Man and said: "Surely I will send thee into Hell. Even into Hell will I send thee."

And the Man cried out: "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man: "Wherefore can I not send thee to Hell, and for what reason?"

"Because in Hell have I always lived," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

And after a space God spake, and said to the Man: "Seeing that I may not send thee into Hell, surely I will send thee unto Heaven. Even unto Heaven will I send thee."

And the Man cried out: "Thou canst not."

And God said to the Man: "Wherefore can I not send thee unto Heaven, and for what reason?"

"Because never and in no place have I been able to imagine it," answered the Man.

And there was silence in the House of Judgment.

—*Fortnightly Review.*

DR. RUMBOLD, Crocker Building, Rooms 76-7.

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The Blue Book of San Francisco and surburban towns for 1894-95 will be the finest work of the kind ever produced in Europe or America. It will be divided into departments—seventeen in number—each preceded by an elaborate title-page of unique and elegant design. These title pages will be embellished in gold, with superb etchings, representing typical scenes of localities and figures illustrative of each subject. Among the departments will be found sections devoted to the "Army and Navy," "Picturesque and Artistic Homes of California," "Leading and Private Institutions of Learning," "Calling and Street List," "Classified Business Houses of San Francisco," the "Leading Hotels," "Alphabetical List," "Personnel of the Press," "Theatre Diagrams," "Clubs and Societies," "Private Memo. Pages," "Street and Avenue Guide," etc. The streets of the cities of San Francisco and Oakland will be numerically arranged so that any desired private address can be readily found. The book will be elegantly bound in the familiar blue-white covers. The Blue Book is sold by subscription. Advance orders only will be recognized, as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is especially intended. Now in compilation. Address all changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher. Office, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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THROUGH BLAZONED GLASS.

[In King's College Chapel, Cambridge.]

Lo! as at Dawn the Eastern windows glow
With miracles of colour and tracery fine,
While all the West is cold; till soft and long
The deepening shadows in the Chancel grow,
And the day wanes—then like a flood of fire
The great West Window all aflame doth shine,
And lends a mystic glory to the song
That floats from out the dim, half-lighted Choir.
So runs Life's Parable—most delicate and fair
Its Spring dawn in the East, when hope is bold,
Yet is he apt to fold his wings in noontide's glare—
Youth hath a careless pity for the old,
Yet unto these is the more perfect vision given—
For through Earth's westering windows they see heaven.

—CHRISTIAN BURKE, *Pall Mall Magazine.*

BEETHOVEN.

A SONNET.

O mighty singer, giant voice of God,
Tuned to the thunder and the rushing wind;
Thou'st heard the mountains chide; the ocean broad
Has told its wonders to thy Titan mind.
To free thee of thy duller outward sense,
Which could not hearken Abdiel's, Uriel's voice,
God made thee deaf—His richest recompense—
Since when we hear thy inmost soul rejoice.
The secrets of all sounds to thee were given,
All Music's ways to thee were made full clear,
Whereby the lordly symphonies of heaven,
And God's high festivals we seem to hear.
And undisturbed by aught of earthly sound
Thy soul the immortal strains of heaven have found.

—C. W. DOYLE.

May 31st, 1894.

PASTELS.

Teacher — Her dress was plain. Can you express that idea in more polite language?

Little Miss (one of the Four Hundred)—Her gown was ghastly.—*Life.*

"What is the money to be used for that the church is raising?"

Howler—It's to send the minister away and give the congregation a much-needed vacation.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

"I don't believe half of our rich men know when they are well off."

"Humph! How'd you get that idea?"

"Been looking over the assessment roll."—*Buffalo Courier.*

He (making an evening call)—Shall I sing one more song, Miss Clara, before I go?

She—I should be delighted, Mr. Clamwhooper, if you think you have time.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Carry any life insurance?"

"Yes; ten thousand dollars in favor of my wife."

"Should think you'd be ashamed to look her in the face."

"Wha—what for?"

"For living. What excuse do you give her?"—*Indianapolis Sentinel.*

Dickey (greatly puzzled by the twins—to one of them)—Are you yourself or your sister?

One of the twins—I'm my sister.

Dickey—Gracious! Well, where can I find you? I've got this dance with you.—*Truth.*

Jack—Why do you always give that waiter so many quarters?

Tom—He allows me to put my own sugar and cream in my coffee.—*Truth.*

Madge—Pa gives me $1.00 not to be at home when Fred calls.

Mame—You're out for the stuff, then.

Merchant—Did you deliver my message to Mr. Smith?

Boy—No, sir. He was out and the office was locked up.

Merchant—Well, why didn't you wait for him, as I told you?

Boy—There was a notice on the door, saying, "Return at once," so I came back as quick as I could.—*Truth.*

Ragged Haggard (who reads occasionally)—Dere is a doctor in Chicago who recommends whisky for de grip.

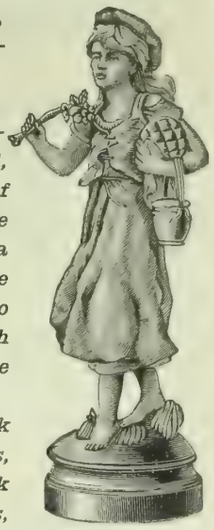
Weary Walker—Wal, dat's de boldest bid for de Presidency dat's been made dis year!—*Puck.*

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

CHINA TALK



Two kinds of buyers — one a careful, shrewd knower of China and Glass, the other having only a dim idea of what he wants, trusting to the salesman — both get the same service here.

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Arts, Manufactures, Industries and Constructive Enterprises, and your Superintendents, Artisans and Engineers will want Technical and Scientific Books devoted to these important undertakings, and it is therefore appropriate that we should announce our large and diversified stock in all these departments of trade, and to cordially invite your inspection of our line at **401 Market St., cor. Fremont,** San Francisco

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LIBRARY NOTES

Was it not Mrs. Atherton who discovered the literary future of California and prophesied for San Francisco distinction as the coming art center of America? Her prediction at the time was sneered at by jealous exponents of metropolitan prestige who, ignorant of the perennial azure of our skies, the zephyr-like gentleness of our trade winds, the picturesque richness of our summer fogs, and the striking characteristics of our society, found only an autobiographical significance in her announcement. They were rude enough, these critics, to insinuate the promise of California as less positive than that of Chicago and by their allusions to Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller conveyed the impression we had left our literary future behind us. At that time it seemed impossible to offer to these scoffers the proof of their error—indeed it is ever difficult to prove to the generation of the moment the truth of a prophecy affecting its descendants—so we suffered in silence. Recent developments in a literary way, however, seem amply to justify the daring optimism of the Athertonian utterance. As if in answer to the challenge of the East two ladies have stepped into the literary arena and submitted as samples of our intellectual wealth their initial efforts at fiction.

One of them, Miss Wolfe, has recommended herself to Harpers' and her novel has a certain Arcadiance charm which reflects a beauty of domestic conditions presumed by the captious critics to be absent from life in San Francisco. It is true Miss Wolfe makes no effort at describing our peculiar conditions nor does she infuse into her story that suggestion of environment which lends tone and background to plot and characters. But the Mills Building, the Cliff House, Sausalito and the admirable cable system figure gracefully in her narrative and in endowing her two heroines and their sisters with surpassing loveliness, she has admirably sustained the proudest of our boasts. I cannot with sufficient explicitness express the regret which moved me in finding the hero of *A Prodigal in Love*, an Eastern man rather than a Native Son. Between the National Guard, the strikers, Governor Markham and White Hat McCarthy, we are developing into the Gascony of America so it behooves our novelists to depict in their brightest pigments, the virtue, generosity and intelligence of the local male product.

Important as a factor in the literary development of California, Miss Wolfe's novel has not the reach nor the sensational vigor I find in *A Modern Magdalene*. The author, Miss Virna Woods, is known to the literary world by a poem, *The Amazons*, whose merits have been endorsed by Mr. Gladstone himself. She is a resident of Sacramento, is Virna, and a member of the Woman's Press Association—two important facts which doubtless have had a bearing in the development of the remarkable type of mind exhibited in this latest California novel. Considering the captiousness of our neighbors and their pleasure at denying the pretensions of our State, I was delighted that this new author had conferred distinction on our community by making it the scene of her story. There is no avoiding the local coloring here—Chinatown, the purlieus of Dupont street—a picnic to Ross Valley, a highbinder's murder even—no Eastern person can possibly escape the atmosphere. I regret the hero and heroine are natives of Ohio, though under the peculiar circumstances of their departure, perhaps, it is as well they were not natives of this State. The critics would insinuate that their runaway match was due to the influences of their environment as much as to hereditary instincts.

From the interesting fact that the heroine was born in the quiet suburbs of an interior city in a low rambling house on the summit of a sloping hill, its porches covered with honeysuckle and morning glory vines, surrounded by green lawns, red roses and an atmosphere of peace and contentment, it is evident from the first page that she is foredestined to a sad and stormy career. A few pages further on she develops a pensive disposition and a love for reading, a passion for music and a delicate loveliness—all symptoms of a love tragedy in the early chapters. Before He appears on the scene, Stella has lost faith in Christianity, has read Descartes and Spinoza, has refused the true love of Rob, the companion of her beautiful youth, and, incidentally, is organist of a church. A very gifted person she is, composing offertories and preludes without specific effort. Allan Harold, the hero, is quite worthy of this charming creation, for his initial appearance is made with a noble, handsome face, the eyes large and dark, a long beard and straight, fine hair, streaked with grey. There is about him an atmosphere of melancholy, an indefinable something that pervades Stella's entire being with an indefinite feeling of contentment. He is a remarkable combination of inconsistencies, this Allan Harold, and his characterization reflects the intimate acquaintance with exceptional male, as well as female, types Miss Virna Woods must possess. He is a journalist who writes for magazines, sings tenor in a church choir, and possesses a broad culture, which, on his arrival in San Francisco, is exhibited in writing Chinatown stories for the dailies. He and Stella are, of course, intended for one another, and the story need never have been written but for the unfortunate fact that he is already equipped with a wife. Of course, she is a very second-rate, tiresome woman, who fails to appreciate the tenor voice, the broad culture or the fine dark eyes, with all of which the heroine falls quickly in love. After that "the days glide by—happy, dreamy days, like no others she had ever known. Always, when in his presence, her heart was filled with peace; and when they were apart it was full of a vague unrest. She did not understand it."

One night the organ, under her delicious touch throbs out a passionate yearning. They look into each other's eyes; they know their love is mutual. He says, "I need you." After proper objections she consents, and off into the moonlight night they go, bound for California. It is then the tale becomes a part of our literary development. No one who reads the description of the bay will fail to realize it as fairly accurate, and the locale of the *Chronicle* Tower, the Palace Hotel and Lotta's Fountain are all alluded to daintily. They take rooms in a Kearny street boarding house, and soon plunge into religious life. She becomes organist of a city church, and he enters journalism, and floats swimmingly into fame and reputation in a way few do under the unfortunate actualities of reality. There are introduced here a number of young Methodist ladies and gentlemen, who flit to entertainments of the Sunday School order, and made church socials the means of their wooing. En route a rather vulgar intrigue is developed very boldly, and Stella wins eminence as a composer. She is quite convinced her husband loves her, and all goes well, when one of the highbinders he has written of stabs him, and he is taken home to die. The death of Allan reveals, unfortunately, the story of his runaway match, and, of course, the unfortunate Stella is condemned to suffer the consequences, which mean social ostracism. Left without means she is compelled to struggle for the mere necessities of life. Inevitably she falls, and, like another character, Irene becomes a modern Magdalene. With considerable literalness, the details of her wretched existence are given, and the contrast between this half of the book and that devoted to recapitulating incidents and episodes of church socials is more pronounced than pleasant. However, it is a contribution to the literary reputation of California—an effort to make good the proud boast of Mrs. Atherton, and even if the confusion between extreme holiness and the depths of ungodliness be a bit pronounced, why, that cannot fail to increase the celebrity of Virna Woods, and bring nearer the period of San Francisco's pre-eminence as an art center.

From a purely critical point of view, unbiased by the patriotism which bids us proclaim the merit of local products over the fruits of regions more remote, much might be said about *A Modern Magdalene*. To handle a subject so difficult, not only great literary skill but an unusual endowment of mental powers are requisite. With all the elaboration and detail in this book, I find but little actual characterization. There is hardly a distinct individuality in the dramatis personæ; the atmosphere is dull, sordid and heavy. There is neither the faintest trace of humor nor the lightest cut of irony; the episodes, such as they are, do not convey the slightest sense of actuality. The plot itself is handled heavily, with no touch of dexterity or literary skill. Nor does the background present a single true value. It is not our city—this San Francisco Stella Harold lives in. A few localities, streets, a mountain or two and a touch of fog convey no veritable impression of the strange phases, the curious features, the light and shade and mystery of the cosmopolitan city by the Golden Gate. We await verbal incarnation by some abler, stronger, more magnetic pen than Virna Wood's.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Modern Magdalene," by Virna Woods. Lee & Shephard, Boston, publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"The Women's Conquest of New York." Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

"Current Literature." Current Literature Publishing Co., publishers.

MONOPOLY.

Enthroned on sacks of gold, O cursed fiend,
Without a noble thought, or word, or deed;
O soulless monster, fed on blood and screened
By bayonets; O full of lust and greed;
Deaf to the widow's moan, the orphan's cry,
And stifled labor's sob. 'Tis known to all
Your doom is fixed, your punishment is nigh;
Behold the dreaded writing on the wall!
It needs no Daniel to translate your doom;
Some bold Darius will usurp your sway;
Belshazzar's feast ne'er felt such leaden gloom
As will enshroud you and remove your day.
Oh then will kingly Labor don his crown
And lay all tyrants in the dust adown!

Santa Cruz Surf. C. W. D.

The men who fail and go down in oblivion belong to the class who never advertise, advertise occasionally or only as they think their trade will warrant.—*Printers' Ink.*

All house holders know that in this season of house cleaning it is money in their pockets to do business with a responsible firm that may be relied on to do first-class work. Such a firm is J. Spaulding & Co., whose Pioneer Carpet Beating and Pacific Cleaning and Dyeing Works at 353 and 357 Tehama street, are known throughout the city.

Sheltering Arms.

The hardness of creeds is going out of them as the century closes, and one dogma—harshest of them all—has been quite blended away. For those of us that are human have ceased to consider it our duty to aid Providence in visiting the sins of the parents upon the children, and many, many people now are ready with sympathy, with aid, with love, for any helpless little creature, no matter how unfortunately it may have made its entrance into the world. When a child is but a day or a month old, it cannot deceive you; and if it is alone and unprotected, then its very helplessness is in itself an absolute guaranty of good faith. And we are willing to do for it, you and I, to the best of our ability, are we not?

But Sister Julia does more than this. For even though she knows the direst sin and wrong were at its birth, that it is come to her from foulest corruption, yet she is willing to receive the child, to care for it even before its entry into the world, to share with it her limitless love, and to rear it into a good man or woman if she can. And she does these things. For she is strong for good, and definite, and practical, and true. Do you know Sister Julia? You have seen her often, I think, if you have been much upon the streets of San Francisco. A solidly built little woman, well past the middle age, yet with a step still firm and determined, in melancholy suit of solemn black—the garb of her Order—a white cross at her breast, and a face full of emotions but beaming out with overflowing, happy love—that is Sister Julia. Let me shadow out to you what this woman has done, is doing,—what this woman hopes to do.

At the top of Rincon Hill, over there on Harrison street where the city used to be years ago, in a little house far too small for her purposes and her ambitions and even the present needs of her work, Sister Julia lives. One notes a piteous little attempt at a garden in front—some of the hardier flowers glowing red against the gray-brown indefiniteness of the house behind, the whole with a somewhat neglected air, as though the outside things had been put off as unimportant by those who have to do with the seriousness of the interior. When I first went to Sister Julia's, it was in the early evening, and she was just coming in at the gate.

"I am out of breath," she said, "but see—" and she held out to me a bit of paper. I took it. It was a death certificate: "Margaret Harmon—aged six weeks—cause, inanition—" Never mind the details.

"Does it often happen, Sister?"

"Too often. Seven have died in this house here since Easter."

I said nothing. What could one say? And we passed into the house with the chill of death still on it.

At first she told me of her work—but this only after a long steady look into my eyes that I felt piercing down into my inmost purposes. She was satisfied, though, I think, for she spoke freely to me then. I learned from her how, some eight years ago perhaps, she conceived the idea of caring for those children most in need of care, those children most truly fatherless.

When a girl comes to Sister Julia's house she is asked no questions, needs no recommendation. If she is about to be a mother she is received and attended and the child becomes a part of Sister's household, and is kept there till some means appears for bettering its situation. Sometimes she keeps them five, six, seven years. There are two branches to the problem Sister Julia has set herself to solve—the children and their mothers. The first does not seem utterly hopeless, though the chances are of course all against the little ones, from their rough entry into life and the hereditary taint that only too likely has fastened itself upon them.

When I questioned Sister Julia as to the other side—the mothers of the children—it was with a hesitatingly apprehensive feeling. The true frankness of her replying words I cannot reproduce for you here. There are some things too sacredly sad for the set coldness of type. But from what she said it was plain she was hopeful in this direction, too, and had firm bases, demonstrable grounds, for that hope of hers.

"And the worst of them, Sister,—do they go back to that life after such a lesson?"

"Very, very rarely. Of all of mine, only two." This almost with a tinge of pride.

Yes, her work is surely definite and potent; for it does not end till the mother, too, has been given a chance to become useful, to do what work she can. Through it all, though, I could see that the side she dwelt on with most pleasure was the children and what she hoped for them.

Sister Julia wears the garb of her Order. And that aroused in me at first, I confess, a doubtful mental questioning, a fear lest the scope of her good work was circumscribed by some religious bounds. But no, there is none of that. Race, color, religion, sect, creed, are not

regarded by Sister Julia when the need of doing good appears. And she silenced all inquiry on this score by bringing in a bright little two-year-old, dark as Erebus, a full-blooded African; a little creature of the purest Hebraic type; a half-breed Indian; and a fair-haired, dainty bit of humanity that one stopped and looked at searchingly, seeking involuntarily for a resemblance to a fellow-townsman not entirely unknown. It was only fancy, of course, or a coincidence, and what Sister Julia knows is a matter between herself and her God. She dwelt a moment on the needs of her work, the boundlessness of the field of her endeavor, the meagreness of her house. It is healthfully situated, it is true, but far, far too small. The ground about it, however, is by no means occupied, and I prophesy for Sister Julia, within a month, the addition for a nursery and sick-room that she so much desires.

The actual care of the little ones comes from those who have been mothers there; for the Sister is a trained nurse, and her girls are very willing to stay with her till they learn her handicraft; and besides they are not ungrateful. But the directing personality of it all is Sister Julia herself. There is no managing Board, nor anything of that nature. The place is an absolute monarchy—but, then, so is Heaven, I suppose—and the people from whom the support comes for her work are confident that she uses to the best purpose the aid they furnish her.

This aid comes from various sources. The Episcopal clergy of the city help her to some extent, and not a few of our best people have found out the purposes of this unobtrusive charity and assist with money and other definite effert, and some even with personal sympathy and kindly words. Then, too, the tradesmen are good to her, and oftentimes her bills come in receipted. The rent is not a source of worry, either, at No. 579 Harrison Street, for the owner of the house even pays Sister Julia for looking after it and seeing that it is put to some good use. But she needs much yet. That is apparent to any one who visits the house. And even if her resources were five times what they are, she could yet expend all usefully.

"But you must see my babies," she said, as her story drew itself to a close, and then we went up to the nursery. It was quite dark now. They were in bed—asleep for the most part, but with here and there a wakeful one. And so many of them! * * * delicate little creatures, with Life just fluttering hesitatingly about them, undecided whether to stay or to depart. The impression, in the dim lamp-light, was one of intense sadness. But there was a bright point in the picture—the happy face of Sister Julia, with a baby in her arms! one feels she loves them, and that she is happy in her work, and that takes all the bitterness out of one's thoughts while in her presence.

There were, besides the babies, other figures, dimly suggested in the half-light, that disappeared as we approached them going from room to room. I looked at Sister Julia inquiringly—"Yes," she said, "the mothers, but I have them keep out of sight when people come here; it is better so."

We passed on into a little unoccupied apartment, severely plain in its furnishings. "This is my confinement room," she said simply. The thoughts came then throbbing thick and fast * * * the tragedies that had had their last act there * * * those bare board walls that had seen Life come and Life go, a score of times! It was no place for words. Below is the chapel-room, better furnished than the others, and yet utterly without ornament. Here the dead are cared for, and Religion's forms observed.

This was what I learned from my first visit to the Sheltering Arms, and I left the house with a feeling of utter sadness, only relieved by the memory of the bright face of Sister Julia. But when I went back the second time—to get the pictures that Mr. Bank Somers so kindly made for me there—it was early afternoon, and the sunshine was streaming through the rooms, and the babies were most of them awake. These things are pleasant—sunshine and babies—and they quite drove away the sombre melancholy that the almost unrelieved sternness of the evening visit had left upon me, and I felt hopeful again. For I have learned to have unlimited faith and and trust and confidence in Sister Julia, and through her I have learned also that there are other men and women in this city as earnest and definite and, too, perhaps as fearless in this work as she. So there is ground for hope.

C. Michener.

THE CLASS OF FASHION

Some one of an optimistic turn of mind was good enough to observe, once upon a time, that "woman is the perpetual high priestess of the ideal." Rather exaggerated that statement, in view of the personalities we are surrounded with, but as the expression of an abstract proposition it may be taken for what it is worth. For those who feel inclined to accept this type of apothegm seriously one might dare to suggest the dangers of mere idealty. There are stumbling blocks innumerable along that aerial highway, and she who insists on traveling it must expect collisions. Perhaps it is the misfortune of my experience, but I have found the woman with an ideal the most self conscious of her sex. Hers is the most inconsistent, narrow-minded and selfish of existences. Her own personality is the single object of her sustained study, and she lives in constant dread of awakening to the realities of the actual. Contrast the mode of her living with that of the woman who leads the true life, the life of the affections, of the intellect of the soul—her striving for the ideal is the pursuit of duty, the performance of the tasks the days bring with them.

More dangerous than the woman with an ideal is she whose lines of endeavor are modeled on those of the inimitable "Dodo." One may regard that remarkable creation as an effort of Mr. Benson's imagination, but her fortunes and mannerisms are being reproduced with a rapidity most saddening. "Dodoism," I regret to notice, grows epidemic among a certain class of women. Its development is due first to the increasing love of personal pleasure and aggrandisement, which characterizes girls belonging to the upper stratum of society. Second, to the precocious independence claimed now by girls, and resulting in the destruction of home life. Third, to the newly formed ideal of womanhood, involving struggle and competition, whether in pleasure or in work, with men.

Still they have their value, these Dodos—that of holding up the mirror to nature—showing the young man of the period his image, acurately copied by the smart maiden of the moment. Curious as it may seem, this subject, so much discussed to-day, was practically tabooed until last year. Then came the books we have all so thorougly discussed and, lo, Dodos and Eradnes become of paramount importance.

I have a talented young inventor friend who has discovered, he says, how to keep girls' hats from blowing off. This is a hat grip which is placed in the inside lining, and entirely does away with the hat pin. The article will be very inexpensive, only costing about ten cents, and, I trust, will be eagerly sought by tradespeople, in order that we may have the satisfaction of being oblivious to our Summer winds.

Tailor-made costumes, under a new name, "smoking dresses," are as great favorites as ever. Their novelty consists in a waistcoat of white spotted or fancy checked pique, with stiff starched shirt-front, high collar and small cravat. A medium-size sailor hat, toque or Bolero are the only form of headgear really appropriate with this gown. Now comes the much discussed question as to the necessity for a draped skirt. So far as I can see, there is no apparent desire for it in any of this Summer's wardrobe. Should drapery be adopted, it will be so utterly dissimilar to that direful recollection we have of yards upon yards of material being festooned over a heavily lined underskirt, that its horrors will be totally forgotten in the grace and beauty of a handsomely trimmed overskirt, with an underskirt richly ornamented wherever it will be exposed.

Sleeves are being made with more variety and originality than heretofore, but as to their beauty being increased, that I fancy will not be the case. The wide, huge sleeve so popular throughout our Summer frocks gave so much grace to the arm, and such a chic air to even a cotton blouse. These puffs, which are now in vogue, from the hand to the elbow, not only exaggerate the length of the arm, but make it almost scrawny in its thinness. One sleeve I noticed upon rather a slim girl the other day was composed of four puffs. The first from the shoulder to the elbow, the next three were from the elbow to the hand. The seamless bodice still continues to reign supreme, and modistes say, owing to the great favor being bestowed upon cross-draped fronts on most of the waists, that its day will not wane for a considerable period.

Jackets and collars are so much admired that they are simulated in various ways by trimmings of lace, velvet, moiré or soft silk, whichsoever furnish the best materials. A half high evening dress, made of light silk, has a very good effect, with a square collar of a darker shade of velvet and pleats of handsome lace falling like stole ends below it. How becoming these collars are to the average woman is unnecessary to tell, for they complete the most charming background to a white pillared neck.

Saturday last, at Del Monte, one of the prettiest girls wore a most charming pink piqué blouse. The ribbing in the piqué was almost as heavy as that of ribbed silk, and the collar consisted of a finely tucked tulle, which fell almost half way down the back, and was almost like a revere on the shoulders. At the neck was a large bow of the white tulle with a buckle of pink coral. An apple-green blouse, which was worn recently at an Oakland reception, was of chiffon, very full, and trimmed across the chest and sleeves with pointed bands of black velvet, fastened at the ends with rosettes. Another, on the same afternoon, was of pale blue striped faille, with an insertion of cream lace let into the yoke above the berthe, and also trimmed the deep tucked cuff. Will ever the reign of the short cape cease? There seems a malign fate in the fact of its annual recurrence. These capes are in most cases trimmed with cream-colored guipure, and are of every material and color. Those in black moiré and black satin have cream-tinted lace about the shoulders. These latter ones are rather jaunty, especially with a plain gown. Can you fancy anything more beautiful than a radiant blonde, with sparkling violet eyes, in blue crépon with the bodice veiled back and front with cerise chiffon, held down under each shoulder in front with a rosette of black satin, between which, up to the throat, was laid a beautiful piece of point lace. Her black crinoline hat was trimmed, or rather covered, with feathers, a mingling of blue and cerise.

So many of this season's blouses are made with sleeves merely to the elbow. Should one's arm be beautiful there is a distinct grace about this style, but a single flaw demands long gloves, which are now made in every shade and color imaginable.

THE REFLECTOR.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

KNOWLEDGE

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PURE PRIMARIES.

Party primaries, as conducted in San Francisco, have long been scandalously disreputable. Decent citizens have repudiated and avoided them, and have finally abandoned this party function to the undisputed sway of the degraded and vicious elements. The roots of municipal corruption are in the present system of primaries. By this means delegates to conventions are chosen, and the man who is able to manage the primaries controls the delegates and becomes a boss. The boss in each of the regular parties names a ticket, and there is absolutely no opportunity for expression of public sentiment until election day, when two evils are usually presented to the voter for his preference. If it had not been for the tact and cunning that has been displayed by San Francisco bosses in the past, primaries in their present form would long since have disappeared. The bosses, who derived their power from the violence and corruption of the primaries, realized that they must temper and conceal the vices of the institution by supplying, as its apparently ultimate result, a reasonable number of respectable nominations. By this means the dangers and total depravity of the plan would be adroitly concealed and the practice continued from year to year.

People of this State outside of this city have no proper conception of what a San Francisco primary is, and many thousands of men in San Francisco obtain their only knowledge from the newspapers. At the last primary held by Boss Buckley it is common knowledge among the politicians that not more than twelve hundred people actually voted. To be sure, some thousands were returned by the election officers, but that was merely a report for political effect. At the Sullivan-Dwyer primary two years ago, more votes were cast, probably an average of one hundred and fifty legitimate votes to an assembly district. In this case, as in others, the primary election officers made returns running into thousands. But beyond the number named, they were the ballots of stuffers and repeaters and those placed in the boxes and added to the count by the election boards.

At the Republican Primaries two years since, an actual bona fide citizen, had such a person appeared to vote, would have been considered a curiosity, and would have been laughed at and treated as a joke. The whole affair was regarded as the prey of bums and hired vagrants. All this shows the complete lack of interest and absence of participation of the public in primaries as now managed. The great point in a primary is to secure a majority of the election officers. This feature is dominated "the works." The man who has "the works" always wins. It is not on record that he ever lost. The primary performance is, as it were, a mere form, or matter of detail, followed for appearances—a sort of ratification of the bosses' selection of election officers. The Election Board knows what it is there for, and takes care that the opposition is allowed only a reasonable minority, varying as the ideas of different Election Boards may differ as to what number of votes would look best assigned to a minority.

Sometimes there is a genuine contest. It may occur through an independent organization having the appointment of the election officers, or it may happen through the pride of a boss or sub-boss, in the belief that his following of human scum is larger than that of his opponent, and he may be willing to risk a battle.

On these select occasions there is gathered n the opposing lines the lame, the halt and the blind of all parties. The low groggeries, cheap lodging houses, opium joints and wharves are scoured for loafers, vagrants, opium fiends and every kind of human garbage, and an assemblage is always collected that cannot possibly be seen on any other occasion. These creatures are used for primary warfare; and the side that gets most of this human iniquity and degradation into the ballot box is declared the winner. That is, the sentiment of the people, according to the present working of primaries, has been expressed in his favor.

Despite all its abuses the primary plan of expression of party opinion is the only satisfactory theory yet devised. All that is necessary for its reformation is that the strong arm of the law take hold of the system and put theory into practice. A general law should be enacted giving the State the control of primaries, compelling all parties that conduct primaries to hold them at the same time and place before an election board appointed in the same manner as at a general election. The penalties for violation of the law should be the same as for violation at a general election. Such a law would clear the political atmosphere, and bossism would disappear from San Francisco politics. GAVIN MCNAB.

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A PRACTICAL TALK TO YOUNG PEOPLE.

Rev. J. L. Cheney, of Ypsilanti, Mich., gave a very interesting talk on Tuesday afternoon to the students of the San Francisco Business College on the subject of "The Value of Character." The gentleman, who is a teacher of experience, and a man who has traveled widely, made it plain to his hearers, that there is a money value in a good character which can be realized on in the markets of the world as promptly and as surely as the best collateral. His talk was illustrated by sketches of life taken from his travels, and will doubtless have its effect.

The proprietors of this school seem determined to give their students every advantage, not only in the way of a thorough training in commercial branches, but by listening to the best of speakers, to become prepared for the duties of business. Business men who are in need of capable office assistants need not fear to employ the graduates of this school, as they are not only thoroughly reliable but are competent to take up the work of an office in a way that shows at once that they understand it.

Millie Christine, the famous and accomplished freak of nature, known as the "Carolina Twin," is giving daily receptions (Sundays excepted) at 917 Market Street. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents. Receptions held afternoons 1 to 5:30; evenings 7:30 to 10:30.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

Again the Associated Charity Society is beginning to boom. Weathercock Garnett has actually secured a place for his dear friend, Mr. Heap of red pepper fame, and now we expect a revival. It may not be more permanent than the gossiping and scandal-carrying method of old, yet even that is better than nothing.

A certain maiden whom we all know is convalescent and her many friends will rejoice to meet her again. It is amusing to hear her tell, in her inimitable way, of the attentions and flowers she received from a brace of damsels whom we are also acquainted with. If one of these sent a three dollar bunch of flowers the other forwarded one worth five dollars; and as the first advanced the price the other kept pace. It wasn't love for the certain maiden either. Doubtless this is a delicate form of courtship these fond hearts are practicing—for one cannot believe the illness of the sister is the object of all this attention. The Doctor himself it is at whom these floral tributes are directed.

Bishop Nichols must have been flattered at the brilliant reception given him at the rectory by the broad-minded, liberal, Christian pastor, Rev. A. P. A. Mansfield, and his able assistants, including Mrs. Sammy Boring, Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. Shively. These ladies have always been accustomed to entertain Bishops and other high dignitaries—in fact they are the creme de la creme of our society. The Bishop came down on an important mission, however,—that is to try and patch up the wrangles and quarrels that threaten to swamp the sprouting church. Mesdames B—, W—, and S— are the pillars of the concern but their ideas do not run in harmony. Each threatens that if she cannot be the "boss" she can at least, like Samson, pull down the structure though she perish in the ruins.

Alas that I should have to relate it, but one of our nice young men is again in love. This time it is with a young miss of nineteen, not yet out of school, and when the nice young man is not playing marbles or making dolls' clothes at the A— residence, he is driving her through the country hunting wild flowers for her herbarium or netting butterflies for her collection.

By the way I'm told a certain matron is again sojourning at the St. James and now look out for squalls.

It seems a shame how jealous the girls are of Maude Treadwell. She dresses superbly and appears to advantage wherever she goes. Now, however, with Dr. Breyfogle as guardian, of course Mrs. Breyfogle will see that Maude and Stella become fast friends, and Maude will be introduced to our cousins the Maburys. 'Tis the least the Doctor and his wife can do for the beautiful orphan.

Dr. and Mrs Barker have returned from Tahoe, and from the length of their faces when they talk about the Lake, their trip has not been a success.

BESSIE.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY:—

Politics have claimed the attention of the society men, both young and old, and of course the girls have had to content themselves with seeing the names of their friends in print instead of having them personally explain all about the tariff and women suffrage. Our own Gaty Pallen played quite a prominent part in the convention, his speech seconding a motion to adjourn being one of the most fervent and all around impassioned pieces of eloquence heard here for many years. I hear that his supremacy as Commissary-General of the celestial brigade of the California Club, has been threatened and unless the rosy-cheeked Adonis is very careful he will stop tottering and fall from the proud pedestal he has so ably graced since he first struck the town. Gaty will be in San Francisco the last part of the month to attend the Democratic convention and no doubt will raise his Emerald Isle accent in upholding the great and glorious principles of Democracy and incidentally to see that Southern California gets a fair representation on the State ticket. These campaigns give the young fellows a chance to get in and distinguish themselves. Another aspirant for notoriety as a wire puller is Boyle Workman, who is looking after the interests of his father, N. H. Workman. Boyle has been in several campaigns before and does not seem to mind being under the snow in the least. While he and Gaty are not two of a kind in any sense of the word, still they can keep almost any two pair of the opposition guessing.

The Pyke Opera Company ("Professional") has gone to Santa Barbara after a short attempt at a season of light opera at the Los Angeles Theatre. The company originally started as the "Los Angeles Operatic Society" and was carefully trained by Mr. Pyke for several creditable performances. The Society improved rapidly and he finally turned it into a regular professional company. The choruses are composed of local voices and some of the principals hail from here also. Some good work is done and the company is an excellent one. From Santa Barbara, Mr. Pyke goes to Sacramento and San Francisco. I trust that he will be better appreciated in those places than he has been in Los Angeles. Among those who will accompany the troupe north are, I understand, Dr. Semler and Mrs. Minnie Hance-Owens. The latter has a rich contralto voice and is fair as an actress. She has made repeated attempts to go upon the stage and will I trust be successful in this venture. Dr. Semler formerly was leader of the choir of Christ Episcopal Church but left several months ago on account of one of the many different troubles which are prone to arise in congregations where the choir is concerned. He has a baritone voice and made a splendid Mikado in the recent production of that opera by the then Los Angeles Operatic Society.

Gillette's "Held By The Enemy" was produced at the Grand Opera House last week for the benefit of Company F of the N. G. C. As usual with benefits it was given with a semi-professional caste. As an entirety the participants did well as indeed they always do in benefits, but for some reason the show was only produced once. It has been alleged that the professionals tendered their resignation after the first act of the second performance and in consequence thereof, one of the managers of the concern bowed to the audience and after assuring them he was in no way there to respond to the curtain call, announced that the professionals had "quit on them" and that all in the audience who desired could converse with the box office as they filed out of the lobby. Whether the tongue of the box office was long enough is not revealed, but it is well known that the company will not make those improvements at the Armory this season.

Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes have gone to Seven Oaks for several weeks.

Among those who are stopping at Catalina are Mr. and Mrs. J. Loeb and family and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Newmark and family.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Gotthelf left for New York this week. They will be absent about six weeks.

Miss Fuller and Miss Kate Fuller are at Catalina. One of the favorite Fuller-Blair concerts of ensemble music will possibly be given there this season.

Your devoted, BECKY SHARP.

FRESNO.

O, dear WAVE, we had *such* a lovely time last Thursday. And just think; they're engaged. We all thought she liked him and we all knew he adored her, but to think of being engaged in these hard times! There are a good many young people in Fresno just now that this might apply to, but of course the ones who entertained Thursday night are the ones I have reference too. Harry is a good fellow and Margaret is so lovely. There was a great deal of fun and we had *such* a good time. Johnny Mac wasn't there. Yet Louise looked lovely and sang as charmingly as ever. Of course by her side was the blonde beauty who distributed her favors most impartially. Frank Helm was there and devoted himself to Miss Porter.

It's too sad! They say the wedding of the new doctor and the charming widow has been "indefinitely postponed." Just think. And it was to have come off real soon, too. It's odd that neither of them were at the Thomas reception. Still there are times when one feels less lonely when one is alone, you know. Then Sophie is away. Sophie is a dear good girl. She has a great many warm friends and is making more up at the Pine Ridge, where I hear she is gaining just crowds of converts to the People's Party to vote for Papa Reese for the Assembly.

There was a good deal of wonderment caused by Frank H., the distinguished looking young *Republican* reporter. Rumors of a carefully concealed engagement were whispered about and now it would seem that the young man was the victim of a hoax. Just congratulate him and watch the nervous way in which he reaches for the nearest club.

When dear Mr. Pike was here we practiced "Patience."

Say, WAVE, it's perfectly dreadful. Dr. Lawrence went away Tuesday. He only went to Madera for a day, but during his absence three patients recovered. That's what I call bad luck.

I wonder what piece of good luck will strike Will Shepherd next. Now he has a couple of mines that have shown themselves to be just masses of gold. Think of it! I think he's very selfish to keep it all to himself. There has never been a more entertaining talker nor a better dancer in Fresno. Yet for the last year he has shunned us girls and left us languishing. Something must be done. Its a pity some of the boys who haven't other attractions don't strike gold mines, too. Then they might be bearable, because they could be made useful. Now they are not useful, and no one will ever accuse them of being amusing.

Major Denicke and his pretty wife are still in San Francisco. They ought to do some entertaining in their new house. I understand Mrs. Denicke is a most charming hostess and would like to help make things livelier.

There is one thing that keeps us alive now. We are waiting for the promised parties at the Hughes. We can't have to wait much longer. Mr. Hosmer is to take the dining-room on the 15th inst., and he knows how to run a hotel, too. He has a lovely wife. She was a bride only six months ago and will be quite an addition to Fresno's demure circle. TRIX.

SACRAMENTO.

There was much disappointment over the musical that was held at Mrs. Haley Smith's on Friday evening. The affair was given to aid Miss Selkirk to continue her studies. The latter had always so generously assisted at charitable entertainments that she deserved more patronage; but our set are notorious for their lack of appreciation. Probably it was due to an unusual nervousness, however it was unfortunate and is to be regretted that Miss Selkirk did not do herself justice. She seemed so ill at ease and then again her selections were not quite what we expected. Bogart, the tenor, was an immense success. He quite captivated the audience, but then he is so youthful that none of us lost our hearts. Then of course Vanderhoof did his little piece on the violin. No concert seems complete without the aid of one of the many Vanderhoofs; and yet they have submitted to so much ridicule from the public. The Saturday Morning Club was well represented. A goodly number of "would be" Society fiends took advantage of gaining access to a private home.

The professor of music and his wife have become reconciled. It is sort of interesting when one considers the malicious back biting done on both sides.

The tanks have at last gained popularity, and Society is in evidence daily. It is to be regretted that the bathing suits are in such a dilapidated condition; still that does not deter the girls from wearing them. Some of those worn, I regret to notice, are a little too thin. Most of the girls are just learning, still we can boast a few good swimmers. Blanche Twitchell looks charming in her striped flannelette suit, and dives almost as well as she swims.

Mrs. Orcutt has become interested and chaperons a jolly crowd, which always has a sprinkling of those irresistable Lieutenants. The open air concert given in honor of the Redmen took place last evening. The plaza was thronged, but the music was funereal enough to give one a horrible dose of the blues. SISTER SUE.

For sick, nervous and neuralgic headache use
The sure cure—Bromo Seltzer.

PAIN AND PLEASURE.

Hail chastening Pain!
Pleasure's but a harlot
Clothed in scarlet,
With cup of bane.

Pain findeth ease,
But Pleasure ends in grief;
Pain finds relief
From ills surcease.

Pain fears not Death.
Who comes with ease his mate:
Pleasure doth hate
To yield her breath.

Pain is God's way
To Him to lead us back:
Pleasure's rack
Our souls to slay.

—*Santa Cruz Surf.*

H. M.

I.

I own a little maiden fair,
The sweetest, brightest fairy,
For there be some, though they be rare,
With little angels may compare.
They are so light and airy.

II.

Her laughing eyes do seem to teach.
That lips may still be merry,
Her cheeks are like a ripening peach,
A smiling dimple sits on each;
Her lips are like a cherry.

III.

I only wish I you could tell
The sound that's in her laughter,
'Tis as if nature rang a bell,
To signal us that all goes well,
For now, and for hereafter.

IV.

She's like a ray of Heaven's own light,
That through my life keeps glancing,
She shines full strong in darkest night,
But when the days are warm and bright,
She's like a sunbeam dancing.

V.

A pair of clasping, twining arms,
She for a necklace gave me,
Magic hath no such potent charms,
To keep away all that which harms,
And from myself to save me.

VI.

I do not think she can grow old,
Whatever age she live to,
Time cannot tarnish beaten gold,
The world can never make her cold,
While there be some to give to.

W. M.

AUGUST 18TH

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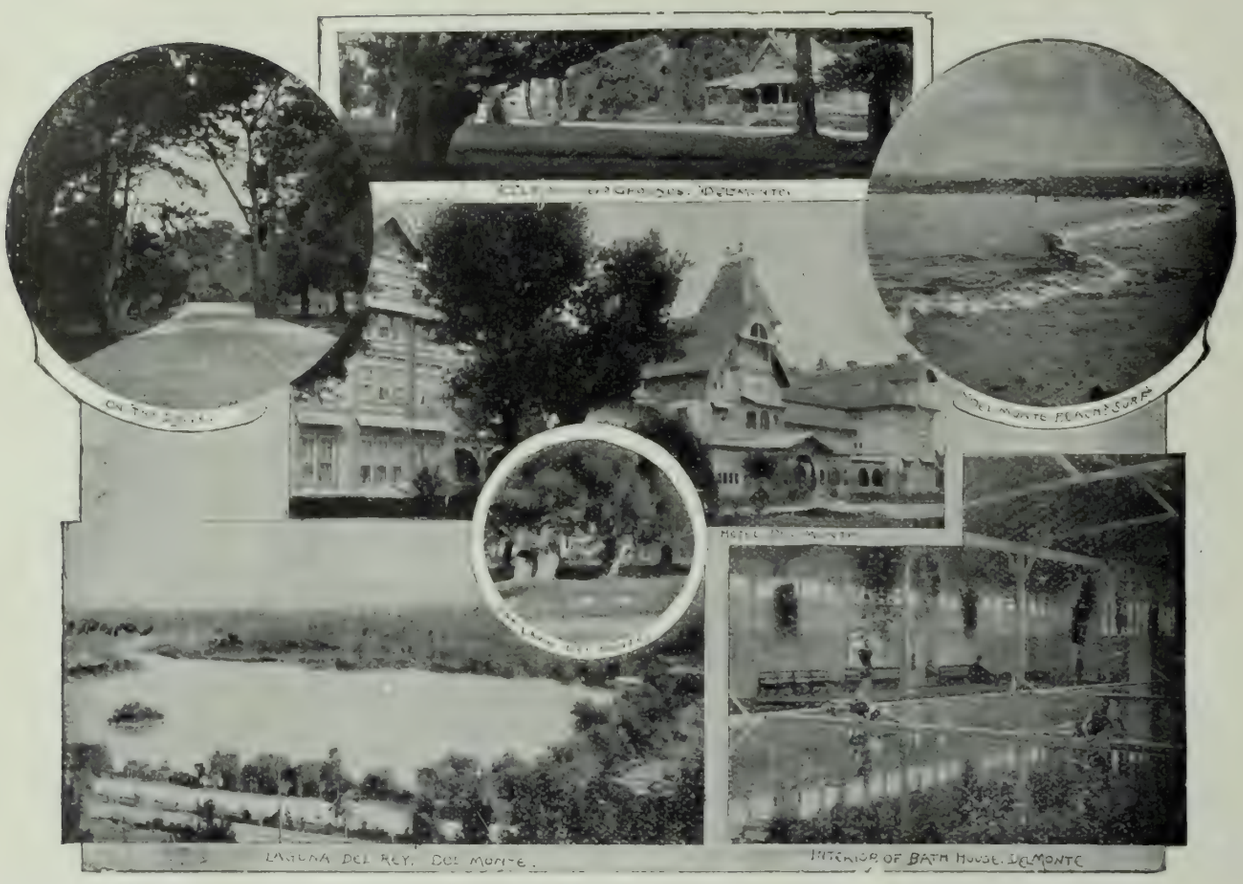

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THE WAVE

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 18, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

If appearances are not deceitful, someone will suffer ere the conclusion of the Oriental High Tea. So far, there is no scarcity of the precious leaf, but the danger of discouraging the Chinese by sinking their war kettles, should be considered by the favored nations who look to Mongolia for their afternoon refreshment. However, the complication is only beginning, for at any moment Russia may swoop down on the peninsula. At issue, England will insist on being considered a party in the subdivision. France will then claim another territory by way of compensation and the scene of carnage will shift itself to European battlefields.

GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

IN the discussion of the Government ownership of railways, the friends of that innovation point to such ownership in Europe and Australia. They must take the consequences of the examples they quote.

From the report of the Finance Committee of the United States Senate on wages, prices and transportation, and the reports of Government Commissions in Europe and Australia, are taken indisputable facts, which are the means of comparison of the system we have with that which we are asked to adopt in its place.

Taking the figures for the same year, the average rate per ton per mile for rail transportation of freight in the different countries was as follows:

United States	cents	1.22
Germany	"	1.70
Austria	"	2.10
Belgium	"	1.54
Denmark	"	2.76
France	"	2.14
Italy	"	2.40
Luxembourg	"	1.92
Norway	"	3.00
Holland	"	1.52
Roumania	"	2.64
Russia	"	2.32
Finland	"	1.98
Switzerland	"	3.36
Average for Europe	"	2.02
Average for United States	"	1.22

In England, according to Mr. Jeans, the average rate is three cents per ton per mile.

The countries of Government ownership are Belgium, Germany, Austria, France and Italy, and their rates by the above table are:

Germany	cents	1.70
Austria	"	2.10
Belgium	"	2.76
France	"	2.14
Italy	"	2.40
Average	"	2.40
Southern Pacific rate	"	1.84

The Government of New South Wales reports the rate on Government roads in that colony for 1891, to be 3.31 cents per mile, against 1.84 on the Southern Pacific, and an average of 1.22 in the whole United States. Not only do we have the cheapest railway transportation in the world in the United States, but our railways pay the highest wages in the world, the American rate being forty per cent higher, and the Southern Pacific scale the highest railway wages in the United States, and therefore the highest above the world's average. The effect of freight charge upon the price of products has been already dealt with in this issue in discussing the Republican plank on that subject. Captain Lubin's theory is that price in the final market goes down as freights go up, and up as freights go down. Resorting again to the report of the Senate Finance Committee, already cited, the following facts appear. In the twenty years between 1873 and and 1892, in the United States:

Wages rose	14.4%
Nine staple products of agriculture fell	7.2 "
Wheat fell	24.1 "
Freight rates on Eastern roads fell	45.7 "
Freight rates on Southern Pacific fell	48.5 "

In those two decades wheat fell only half as far as the freight rate on the California roads. The theory of the Republican platform is that it should rise as freight falls; why didn't it? The foregoing statistical facts are given in the hope that their general circulation will meet the covert effort to persuade the people to enter upon a system of Government communism which will bring disaster to the Republic.

The rights of the Government and the obligations of the Railroad to the Government have not been clearly defined, but have been clouded into an atmosphere of doubt and misrepresentation.

Let us have some light on the subjsct.

The accompanying statement shows the amounts of bonds issued by the United States to the Central and Western Pacific Railroads, the interest thereon to maturity, and the amounts which are due and payable at the several dates. There is also shown the amounts which were available in the hands of the United States Treasury department on December 31, 1893, (which have since been increased), applicable as a payment on United States bonds as they mature. It will be seen that the Government has already in its hands more than enough to pay the bonds and interest payable in 1895 and 1896, and up to January 1, 1897. The balance remaining unpaid is shown to be $66,902,304. The bonds were issued by the United States pursuant to the Pacific Railroad Acts of 1862 and 1864, and in accordance with the terms specified therein. These Acts constitute a contract between the Government and the company. Everything affecting this debt and the provision for its payment are as specified by the terms of this contract. The bonds were to be issued by the United States as the road was constructed, at the rates per mile of road, over the high mountains for a distance of 150 miles $48,000 per mile, over the foothills, $32,000, and for all the remaining distance $16,000 per mile. The application of the rates made the total sum of $27,855,680 in bonds. The company was authorized to issue its own first mortgage bonds of an equal amount to the United States bonds; and the Government bonds were secured by a second mortgage on the aided road. No other bonds have been issued by the company on this road. Statements have been frequently put forward and industriously spread by the press, that the Government's security for its debt has been greatly injured and great wrong has been done by the overbonding of the road by the company. Such charges are wholly void of truth, as the amounts of the bonds, their lien, rate of interest and character in every respect are exactly as prescribed by the terms of the contract Acts. The Acts provided that the amount of bonds and interest was to be paid by the company to the Government in thirty years from date of issue. But subsequent conditions were imposed by the Government calculated to secure such current annual payments as would meet the total sum on or before its maturity. The United States was to receive annually, one-half the charges for services performed by the railroad in the transportation of United States mail, troops, supplies, etc.; and in addition thereto, five per cent of the net earnings of the railroad. Estimates made at the time on behalf of the Government justified the belief that these amounts would meet the accruing interest and pay the bonds by their maturity. But the ending of Indian wars and the reduction in rates, greatly reduced the charges for United States transportation; and the construction of competing transcontinental railroads aided by grants of Government lands, together with many other causes, prevented the earnings of the road reaching more than a fraction of the amount anticipated. For these reasons it became evident that the annual payments would not provide for the payment of the debt.

Accordingly in January, 1878, the company approved a plan and ratified it by the formal adoption and publication of printed resolutions which would provide a sufficient sinking fund in its own treasury to meet the entire amount of debt by its maturity, and annual installments were to be paid therein before any dividend should be made. This plan was not approved by the Government; and by the Thurman Act, which became a law May 7, 1878, the whole management of the matter was practically taken from the hands of the company and assumed by the Government. Under the Thurman Act, the United States re-

ceives annually from the company the entire amount of charges for United States transportation, and in addition thereto, an amount to make the sum of twenty-five per cent of the net earnings of the railroad. This Act is an amendment to the Acts of 1862 and 1864, and the three Acts together now constitute the contract between the Government and the company. The Thurman Act also provides that the company be excused from providing other funds for the payment of its debt to the United States (Section 8), and that after each annual payment by it required is made to the United States, the company be allowed to use any available surplus in the payment of dividends (Section 5). The payments under the Thurman Act have been promptly made each year by the company, but these amounts have also been found to fall far short of the sum required to meet the debt at its maturity. The responsibility for this condition rests entirely with the Government. The United States Commissioner of Railroads in his annual report for 1893, is quoted with approval by the House Committee on Pacific Railroads, as follows:

"The debts of the bond-aided railroads are steadily increasing under the operation of law, the percentage of net earnings due the United States in accordance with the provisions of the Thurman Act, being insufficient to meet the annual interest charge. The requirements of the law having been fully complied with by the companies, the failure to answer the purpose for which it was intended must be held to rest in the law itself" (H. R. Report 1290, July 21, 1894). The debt to the Government is now approaching maturity. The balance for which no funds are available to pay amounts to $67,000,000. This is secured by a second lien upon the aided road, the line from San José to Ogden, covering the poorest portion of the line in California, and from Sacramento Eastward over the Sierras and the desert plains of Nevada and Utah. It is the commonly expressed belief that the company's first mortgage bonds on the same road exceed in amount its entire present value. If this be true, in the event of foreclosure, the Government would lose the entire amount of its $67,000,000. If it were to purchase the road at the forclosure sale, its investment would then represent not less than $85,000,000 for the eight hundred and sixty-one miles of road, or in round numbers an average rate of $100,000 per mile. This purchase is the proposition urged by a certain class, who it must be presumed have no knowledge of these facts, but wish to have the railroads operated by the Government, so that the positions of the officers and employés may be added to the patronage of the political organizations. When railroads are in default in payment of the interest or principal of their bonds, the course at once pursued is to provide a plan to fund the debt. Such a plan requires, of a necessity, a reduction in the interest charge to such an amount as will make it possible to meet the annual payments from the earnings of the road. It is common also in such cases to comply with this necessary condition, that the holders of second mortgage securities exchange their bonds for a less amount both of principal and rate of interest. The funding plan is thus no new plan, but is accepted by private bondholders of railroads in this country, who are actuated solely by their own interests, to the extent annually of many millions of dollars. As with private persons, so with the Government; the conditions being the same, the course which will secure the the best possible adjustment is also the same—an extension of the debt for such time and on such terms as will make it possible for the annual payments to be met from the earnings of the property. Since it has been apparent that under the operation of the Thurman Act the annual payments amount to but a third of the accruing interest, and provide nothing on the principal, many measures have been presented in both houses of Congress proposing some form of funding. The last measure offered is the bill submitted July 21, 1894, by Mr. Reilly, from the House Committee on Pacific Railroads. This proposes that the entire amount of debt, principal and interest, remaining unpaid, be paid by the company in semi-annual payments extending over fifty years, thus extending the average time for twenty-five years. The operation of this Act would be as follows:

Central Pacific Railroad Company. Value of debt on January 1, 1895, as per terms of the Act:

Amount of bonds as issued.....	$27,855,680 00
Present value of interest to maturity, less payments made by company....	37,584,320 00
Total present value.....	$65,440,000 00

The payment of this sum is to be made semi-annually with interest at three per cent on unpaid balances, making the annual average amount of about $2,500,000, and the total sum of $124,826,800.

These payments separated into principal and interest show:

Bonds issued to company.....	$27,855,680 00
Interest, to make payments as above...	96,971,120 00
Total payments under the bill.....	$124,826,800 00

The annual amounts payable under this Act, of $2,500,000, are beyond the earning power of the company to meet. The annual report of the company, shows its net earnings for the past two years to have been for 1892, $861,873, for 1893, $784,717. This includes the results for all the company's properties, both aided and non-aided lines. There is deducted, however, from the earnings about $600,000 in each of these years for the Thurman Act payment, which payment would not be required if a funding bill were passed, so the net earnings available on the basis of these years for payment under a funding bill would amount to about $1,400,000 per annum. This falls a million dollars short of the requirements of the Reilly Bill. As the payments under the bill could not be made by the company, they not being earned, the bill could not be accepted. Under the same conditions, such terms would not by a private bondholder be offered in good faith.

CENTRAL AND WESTERN PACIFIC RAILROAD BONDS ISSUED BY THE UNITED STATES.

Date of Maturity.	Am't of Principal.	Interest 30 Years at 6 per cent.	Total Interest and Principal.	Total to Dates Named.
Jan. 16, 1895.....	$2,362,000	$4,251,600	$6,613,600	$6,613,600
Jan. 1, 1896.....	1,600,000	2,880,000	4,480,000	11,093,600
Jan. 1, 1897.....	2,432,000	4,377,600	6,809,600	17,903,200
Jan. 1, 1898.....	10,614,120	19,105,416	29,719,536	47,622,736
Jan. 1, 1899.....	10,847,560	19,525,608	30,373,168	77,995,904
	$27,855,680	$50,140,224	$77,995,904	$77,995,904

PAYMENTS PROVIDED.

January 1, 1894—		
Bond and Interest Account—Credit for payments made by company as per books of United States Treasury Department to December 31, 1893.....		$7,722,630
Charges to United States Government for Transportation Services on non-aided lines due companies in cash, but not paid, as per statement of Secretary of the Treasury to House of Representatives (Ex. doc. 168. 53d Cong., 2d session), dated March 28, 1894, judgment favor Southern Pacific Company.....	$1,809,540	
Judgment favor Central Pacific Railroad Company.....	805,207	
Claims not in judgment, but passed for payment by Treasury Department.....	1,359,899	3,974,646
Total due companies to date on above accounts, *as shown by Treasury Department accounts*.....		$11,697,276
January 1, 1896—		
United States bonds and interest maturing to this date.....		11,093,600
Balance to credit of Company.....		$603,676

MR. ESTEE ENDORSED.

The election of delegates to the Democratic State convention by a party committee instead of by the people at an open primary is a hard alternative, that should be softened as much as possible. The necessity for it must be granted to have been apparent to the committee and to have been so great as to justify its course. The accompanying risk is that the people who are denied the right to elect delegates to the convention are expected to support its ticket and action at the polls and will be subject to appeals to repudiate there the candidates in whose selection they had no voice. The committee has, unfortunately, gone further by exacting from the delegates it elects a pledge to oppose the Reilly funding bill for adjustment of the debts of the Union and Central Pacific railways. It is a principle as old as party organization that a committee which is the instrument and creature of the party, has no right to conclude the party's action upon any subject. True, the funding bill is a subject upon which there is much popular prejudice, caused by an *ex parte* statement of the case from which the Government's side and interests have been entirely excluded. The problem is inherited. By deliberate act of the political branch of the Government thirty years ago there is no security for the Government's claim. Ahead of it is a claim of about eighty millions which the United States must pay to make its own lien good. The question, therefore, is a purely business one and has no place in politics. If the Government by the Reilly bill can get security for its claim and provide for payment of the debt by an extension of time, the proposition to do so squares with good business sense. Prejudice, however, sees in this only benefit to the debtor roads, instead of actual economy to the United States. Mr. Estee has taken distinct ground against the Reilly bill, for he needs votes, and the Democratic committee in effect insists that the delegates which it appoints shall be pledged to endorse Mr. Estee's position. One is at a loss to see where the committee can find standing to forbid the endorsement of Mr. Estee at the polls, after the convention has endorsed his position.

The Chinojap war is not doing much business, so far. Neither has invaded the territory of the other. There has been some sea-fighting and land skirmishing on barren territory. The Coreans are famine smitten, incapable of resistance and likely to visit battle fields only to hunt for something to eat, with no nice notions about what it is as long as it is filling. The Western nations are telling both combatants that it is no trouble to show goods, and if they don't see what is wanted they will please ask for it, but trading is not brisk in either powder or flour.

LUBIN'S EXTRACTS.

The plan of Mr. Lubin, for an export bounty on farm products, arranged by the payment of sea freight by the United States Treasury, was endorsed by the Republican State convention in the following plank of its platform:

"We heartily endorse the proposition that the farmer of the nation, by whose labors the staple agricultural products of the country are produced, should receive a just measure of protection for himself, his labor and his products. In as much as the price of these products is regulated by the amount paid for them in the world's market centers, less the cost of transportation from the place of production to such centers, and as owing to the great development of staple agricultural products in many of the cheapest labor countries in the

world, the prices realized by our farmers have of late been unremunerative, it is our duty to endeavor to change this state of affairs; hence we approve of the plan that the government of the United States should reduce the cost of transporting these staple agricultural products from American seaports to foreign seaports to the end that prices of products may be advanced, and for that purpose, in as much as an export can be protected in no other manner, we pronounce ourselves in favor of the use of a limited portion of the receipts of the United States customs for such purposes, and pledge our most earnest efforts to have this measure engrafted upon the laws of the land, to the end that the American protective system shall benefit all classes of people, aid the farmer against the oppressive competition of the cheap labor countries of the world, and by so doing assist in maintaining that steady demand for labor in manufacturing centers so essential to the labor of our country."

This is a confession that protection has not benefited all classes, that its home market is a myth, that our agricultural products have their price fixed in the "world's market centers" and that the former has had no protection at all while paying for the protection of the beneficiaries of the system. Instead of ceasing to tax him for the protection of others, Mr. Lubin and the Republican party propose to take "a limited portion" of the tax he pays into the United States Treasury to apply on his freight to the "world's market centers." The foregoing plank complains that the farmer has to compete in such centers with cheap labor countries. Why? There can be no reason except that the products of such countries cost less to put them in the final market. This final cost is made up of labor and transportation. The export bounty is proposed for the sole purpose of getting our farm products to the final market cheaper than our competitors can get there. But, as heretofore they have reached the final market for less than it costs us, and the effect has been to lower the price of these products and ours, when we get these cheaper than they the effect will be to further lower the price of our products and theirs. If not, why not? Continental Europe has promoted the beet sugar industry for nearly a century, by bounties. Has the effect been to raise the price of sugar in the world's market centers? No, the price has been lowered. The continental sugar bounty nations have discovered that they pay the bounty now for the purpose of furnishing England with cheap sugar, for the bounty is taken out of the final price, instead of being added to it. Those nations have consulted with each other and vainly sought means to avoid this. They would gladly abandon the bounty but find that the system is interwoven with their finance and credits to such an extent that serious disorders would result, just as the Lubins and the Republicans find protection so threatened through finance and credits in this country that they fear to touch it, though confessing that its direct benefits have gone to one class at the expense of the rest. An export bounty on wheat and cotton will operate just as the sugar bounty does, for the benefit of the buyer in the world's markets and not for that of the producer. If the policy be adopted the former will find that in addition to supporting the protected industries at home he is taxed to pay a bounty which cheapens his exported surplus to the consumer abroad, and as the home price is regulated by the world's price his home market will decline with that abroad. The unwise teachings of protection are leading to these idle propositions to medicate the bite with the hair of the dog, the sole cure is in killing the dog. Let the attack on protection be progressive and persistent until the policy is banished from the shelter of the flag wherever it floats on American soil.

TRUE DEMOCRACY.

An old soldier, whose pride of marksmanship was easily excited, was induced by boys to shoot at a blue jay, which sat on the ridge-poll of a barn. He killed the bird, but the paper wad fired the barn, and it was burned to the ground. When taunted with destroying the barn the old man responded by declaring that he killed the blue-jay. Our Democratic members of Congress are commissioned to reform the tariff on the line of the party's pledges and the country's expectations. They seem afraid to do it, least they lose their grip in their districts. Let them be warned that their grip is lost if they don't do it. They were elected to kill the blue jay, and it is none of their business if the wad burn the barn. It is noticeable that the members who have obstructed action on the tariff, or who voted for rotten finance, are the promoters of fads and novelties to take the place of the party principles they have violated. They are trying to make the party adopt all the leading tenets of Populism, for when Government ownership of everything affected by public use is conceded all is conceded to the Populists, and if the concession cover only one thing affected by a public use, there is no logical stopping place. There was a prospect that the Populists would absorb the Republican party, which would be logical, for their theory of government is the same. But for the Democracy to take on Populism is like using a plow for a piano. The Democratic principles are the exact antipodes of Populism. There is no hope or prospect that the National Democracy will shed its principles and appear in a Populist outfit, therefore we will gain no votes by doing it here, for our adoption of Populism will be a transparent piece of hypocrisy, since we cannot keep the promise we make without assistance of the Democracy of the whole country. The Republican party, on the other hand, can deliver the goods. Its professions are not empty, for they are in line with its idea of government.

The Democracy to win should go in the exactly opposite direction. It is true that Mr. Estee decries the Populists while advocating their principles. But it must not be forgotten that Eng used to get drunk and quarrel with Chang, but they remained the Siamese Twins to the end, and the Republican Eng of this pair may rail all he pleases, he and Chang are tied together between the chin and navel.

The physiologists are at it again. They have discovered that the mind lies in the thyroid gland, a small, liver-colored affair, that lies right under the bow knot of the necktie. When a man says he put his mind into tying his tie he speaks a great physiological truth. When the thyroid gland gets off its base its owner turns either idiot or lunatic, but when the thyroid is in good health the man is equipped for business. This new theory knocks the head into a cocked hat. It is no longer useful, except to ache after too much steam beer or shandygaff, and probably doesn't know enough to do that, unless ordered by the thyroid. The latter is also the seat of love, and poetry must be rewritten, for the heart is manifestly nothing but a pump, and the tender passion is not in it. As if all this were not a sufficiently appalling admonition of the danger of being born, these same physiologists have been looking through as with a microscope and have caught the principle of life right in the act. They find that it has to be magnified 1,000 diameters to appear as big as a needle point, but when found, that's us. This little thing is bigger than the thyroid gland, however, and when it gets its back up we back out. If it leak out through a scratch, or a mosquito suck it, we are subject to obituary poetry. It is too small to whip, and as lively as a flea. The scientific men who have chased it to its hole call it "the point of attraction." It does its work like the coral insect, and builds us up like a reef. The human race is made uncomfortable by these discoveries. The old woman who refused to let her daughter study physiology because she didn't want Sally to know so much about her insides was quite right.

DANZIGER ON SUTRO.

A Compatriots Impression of the Capitalist.

To the Editor of the Wave—Sir: In the following lines I will attempt to set down my individual protest against the majority who suppose themselves opposed to the passage of the funding bill, especially as against government ownership of railroads.

To start with: Of the 100,000 people who signed the *Examiner* petition not 10,000 know the import of the Funding Bill, the government ownership of railroads, nor did they read the petition. A large majority of signatures were gotten by people inimical to the Southern Pacific for some real or fancied grievance, and to them the call for signatures just came in time. It is the easiest thing in the world to hail a fellow: "Say, Billy, these S. P. fellows want to sell us into slavery (as a fellow actually said to me) and that old Sheeney Sutro is going after 'em in great shape. The *Examiner* is backing the old chap, see! Sign this here petition." And Billy squirts a lot of tobacco from the corners of his mouth, utters a string of blankety blanks and scrawls his name. He does not know; he does not understand; but he signs, and thus a large number of signatures are gathered all over the coast.

Does the *Examiner* think that Congressmen in Washington are not conversant with this kind of work and appreciate its value?

Now a word about Mr. Sutro. He, of course, started the fight. When he fought single-handed, Mr. Sutro was as loud with his promises about giving his property to the public as a cackling hen. I do not believe the man ever intended to do anything of the kind. Why should he? He has children whom I suppose expect to inherit, when it shall please the good Lord to clothe Mr. Sutro in immaculate robes and place him in the cast iron gallery of Cogswellesque saints. He is moved by dual influences; the sovereign passions of vanity and greed sway him with the periodicity of ebb and tide. Inordinate vanity to flaunt as a philanthropist, caused him to make his offers or promises to deed his property to the city. The promises are and will prove evanescent. Greed conceived the fence and to varnish both the offer of a five-cent fare from the ferry to the Cliff, with the distribition of gate receipts to orphanages are flashed before the public. The facts in the case are these: In ten or twenty years from now Sutro's property will have increased in value twenty or a hundred fold. Mr. Sutro will hold his "eventual gift" before the public eye in order to keep his standing while he lives. The people of San Francisco will have joyous anticipations; these will grow as Sutro declines, when *presto*, Mr. Sutro all of a sudden takes a notion to die—without leaving a will—and his heirs, who are not so charitable, laugh at the idea of permitting the plebian crowd to traverse the Olympian Heights! This picture may not be very promising, but it is in harmony with the character of Mr. Sutro.

And now a word about government ownership of railroads. I oppose it, primarily, because it would increase political corruption. It would make the country a vast machinery for petty stealings, and above all it will create an intolerable *Bureaucracy*, a class that can and doth thrive in monarchical countries only. No one can begin to count the vast amount of stealing that would go on. Even such a country as Russia, where stealing is imbibed with the mother's milk, became aghast at the stupendous robbery, and had to invite the Poliakoffs to handle their railroads. Having control of all its lines, Russia is to-day the poorest equipped country in the world, because private enterprise has stopped. In order to make the systems of the country pay, charges somewhat similar to the present must necessarily be made, and the country—ungrateful to those who originated and founded this gigantic scheme—will not be better off in the least. The rich man does not care about the difference, the poor man cannot afford to consider the proposition. Let Uncle Sam stand ready as heretofore, to strike the lawless mob and his mission is ample. Complicated affairs are not for him. Railroads and telegraphs must be run by capitalists yet awhile is the opinion of

G. A. Danziger.
Rabbi Congregation Bikur Cholim.

San Jose, Calif., Aug. 10, 1894.

SPLASHES

AT DEL MONTE a single subject is discussed, a solitary topic finds attention—it is the shoot. Deep as the interest the annual gathering of the County Club excites this season, it is increased by the participation of the Burlingame contingent, whose pony races will surely not prove the least prominent feature of the outing. The race course, situated near the shooting grounds, has been put into fine condition under the superintendence of Mr. Rider of Burlingame. It is about a mile long and may be extended double that distance if desired. The jumps are higher than those at the Bay District track, and there are several chances for exciting incident. Considering the activity of preparation, and the industrious training the participants are subjecting themselves to, the contests should be close. Some very good horse flesh will be in evidence, for several men have bought racers—among others young Mr. Hobart, who purchased recently Tigress and Romulus, and has entered them for the main events.

* * *

The fashionable contingent at Del Monte is larger and gayer this season than in years past. At the hotel are quite a number of young people bent on enjoyment and with far more active notions of how to amuse themselves than their predecessors. The rage for outdoor exercise is comparatively a recent development, but the effects of it are beginning to be manifest and what is better, this last generation is imbued with a spirit of liberality which in preceding years there was little evidence of. Not that there is any radical display of extravagance, but nowadays the question of cash is not considered in undertaking the general search after pleasure. Those who have money seem to have lost the fear of expending it, and those who have not, have lost the prejudice against enjoying the opportunities that their more fortunate friends afford them. This spirit, I think, is due to the infusion of new blood into the social system of San Francisco, to intercourse with the Easterners of culture and, above all, to the gradual disappearance of the old set whose narrow traditions and sternly economical characteristics so long gave the provincial key to society.

* * *

It is not much of a story, but a certain maiden at Del Monte is earning compliments by the score on the manner in which she snubbed a highly lionized young Englishman, who forgot, in her presence, that deference she had every reason to expect. Over the episode it is exceedingly unnecessary to grow wildly patriotic, for the contingency does not demand that the eagle scream or the lion roar. In the ordinary course of events the Englishman had the honor to be presented to this particular girl. In rather a cursory way he ambled up, took off his hat, shifted the butt of a cigar to the other side of his mouth without removing it and bowed. She, quite equal to the occasion, said, "How d'ye do," in the easiest way possible, but with extreme politeness, and passed onward. The next day the twain met face to face. She looked him straight in the eye and then over his head.

* * *

Strange as it may seem there is but little heed being paid the Saxon celebrities now in our midst. Earl Russell ambles aimlessly around, pipe in mouth, amusing himself, it is to be assumed in his own way, but paid little attention to by the people round the Palace or by this society of ours which is accused of so dearly loving a Lord. The celebrity in question had letters to Dick Tobin and was given the liberties of Burlingame, met several people down there and rode around on the Clifton's drag. Perhaps he will go to Del Monte for the shoot and see the glorious outpouring of fashionable beauties brilliantly attired, that will surely be on view there.

* * *

Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill will remain at Del Monte for the Country Club outing. They have a few letters to Californians, and were specially consigned to Wm. Alvord, whose hospitable intentions have been defeated so far by the illness of Lord Randolph. One cannot but congratulate him on having thwarted the persistence of the San Francisco interviewer, whose irksome attentions it is so exceedingly difficult to avoid. However, the history of the lives of both have been given with due literalness, and we may hope to be spared further details. Still Churchill is a personality—an accusation it would be unwise to prefer against many of our visitors.

* * *

IT IS EVIDENCE of the estimation in which Lieutenant Milton Davis is very generally held that the unfortunate failure of his marriage has had but little open discussion. The fact of Mrs. Davis' departure was well known to intimate friends, but the public announcement coming in the form of a social sensation, quite startled that larger circle for whom Miss Blanche Bates had been rather more than an ordinary personality. She is possessed of an individuality decidedly forceful and a degree of vitality quite out of the ordinary. Indeed she had a very distinct physical fascination and a charming rapidity of intelligence, together with a sense of humor rarely acute. Certainly she had the qualities that go to make a woman interesting, and I cannot but think she had a strong motive in what she has done. It is not as though she lacked the sense or experience to put her course in proper perspective, for Blanche Bates had faced a good many of the problems and had learned by experience that work is not child's play.

* * *

It may be set down as a fact that men and women who come into the world with individualities cannot be judged by the standard the world ordinarily applies. By the unconscious working of their own forces they become a law unto themselves. The type of mind that endures with fortitude distasteful conditions is negative; Mrs. Davis was nothing if not intensely positive—just as she was intensely alive. If she concluded she had made an error, at least she had the courage to defy conventionality. The sole pity is the trial to so manly a man as her husband. However, she has those capacities that make a career for a woman, and I think she will be heard from. She is fortunate enough to be very young and, mentally and physically, very strong.

* * *

THE BICYCLE CRAZE has reached Newport—we have but a week or two for realizing the situation. Already J. J. Van Allen, mounted on a gleaming wheel, may be seen escorting Baroness de Seillirèe, who learned the gentle art in Paris, down Bellevue avenue, and every society man and woman there not physically incapacitated is either learning to ride or riding. What is to stop it assuming terrible proportions in San Francisco, now that the proper people have taken it up in the East? Some daring matron will surely set the wheel a-rolling at Monterey; the fashion will surely spread to San Rafael. Only a little encouragement is required to have the aristocracy of San Jose whirring along the admirably basalted streets of the Garden City As for the metropolis, I foresee a bicycle season of great interest—wheel gatherings at the Park, early morning meets out in Conservatory valley, spins to Burlingame and around there. There is nothing to prevent it, now that Newport has conferred the distinction of its approval on the craze—nothing to interfere with its triumphal relegation of mere horse flesh to the limbo of livery-stabledom.

* * *

However, the mania will give most of us a fresh topic of discussion and afford the fashion writers an opportunity of describing the costumes appropriate to the exercise. Baroness de Seilliére, I am told, has laid aside the grey French shooting suit worn at first and now appears in a brown waist and very short skirt and stockings of the same color and material and a little black bonnet perched jauntily on her silvery hair. Perhaps it may console the afflicted soul of Barry Baldwin, who so chivalrously rode out on a wheel to meet General Graham and the regular army as they descended on Sacramento, to learn that H. B. M.'s Embassador to France, Lord Dufferin, is a devotee of the wheel and may be seen any morning flying round fashionable Parisian faubourgs. All that is really required here is for Ned Greenway to inaugurate the fashion, persuading Wardie McAllister to take it up. The tennis enthusiasts will need but little encouragement; the debutantes are longing for a new sensation. So let us have bicycling as soon as possible—now, at least, that Newport has taken it up.

* * *

WITH DUE APPRECIATION of what so sweeping a statement means, I announce the inauguration of sociability at Belvedere. They are close enough together, the villas that cling so picturesquely to the hillside over there, to have afforded in months gone by opportunities innumerable for intercourse. Or if mere proximity was not sufficient, have the inhabitants not traveled on the busses together, packed tight as herrings, morning and evening? Have they not been compelled to discuss weather and crops at close range, besides the chances of So-and-so's mansion slipping off into the bay and matters even more intimate. An infinity of subjects they have in common, in addition to the delights of Belvedere, the latest architectural freak, and the depravity of the management, and yet all these seasons they have held each other at long range; have regarded advances with apathy or suspicion; have done nothing to promote the general jollity which authorities on such subjects agree is the sole thing worth living for.

* * *

The barriers have at last been broken down,

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R. F. Verrinder, M. D., D. D. S., Oral Surgeon, 206 Kearny St. Successors to Drs. Winter & Winter, Dentists.

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however, and to the Progressive dinner, last Saturday night, is the credit given. If the residents had not been trembling on the verge of socibility, of course so decided a step could hardly have been taken, but the inspiration has been at work throughout the summer months, and really the dinner may be viewed as the celebration of the final triumph of the spirit of coalescence. To Miss Sara Dean the honor of initiating the idea is due, and the credit of the event is divided between her and Dr. Dunbar, who certainly labored hard for success. A Progressive dinner is no slight undertaking, be it said, especially with thirty-six people to feed. Each course was served under a different ceiling, for the guests were kept zigzagging up and down the hillside, from oysters at the Rey house on the summit of the island, to desert and cigars at Dr. Dunbar's villa, whose veranda looks down into the water.

* * *

The Rey Villa is a delightful bit of Spanish architecture, finished in redwood, with wide fireplaces, picturesque mantels, a patio and other artistic features. Here there were oysters, sherry and dainty souvenirs, together with a speech of welcome from Mr. Britton. After that the entire company moved off to the home of Alf. Moore for soup. A huge triangular table accommodated the guests, who were given their spoons as favors. Next, the thirty-six headed for the Hume log house, whose interior had undergone transformation from early Colonial to late Japanesque. Lanterns hung from the log rafters and illuminated the array of small tables. Seats would have been an incongruity, of course, so cushions were provided. Then to Tom Miller's house for a capitally cooked entrèe. At O'Brien's Roman punch was served; at Peter Dean's the roast was partaken of; at the Holmes mansion a very good salad was enjoyed. Then all adjourned to Dr. Dunbar's for dessert, cigars, coffee and speech-making. The affair had gone off so successfully and brilliantly, indeed, that there was excellent ground for mutual congratulation. Mr. T. V. O'Brien, Dr. Dunbar and several others displayed eloquence, though it is universally admitted that the speech of the evening was that of Peter Dean. This is but the first of a series of such affairs over in Belvedere, and it is but a matter of time before it will be the jolliest little suburb on the Coast.

* * *

IN DIRE CONTRAST to the cold winds and deadly fogs of the metropolis is the delightful days and the gorgeous moonlit nights of the Santa Clara valley. Life is well worth living at the Vendôme these days, and between riding and driving, or, it may be, only strolling round among the huge oaks in the silvery light, the hours fly rapidly. Many of the faces of the men and girls whom a residence of weeks had made familiar have vanished, and now the visitors are more transitory. They flit in and flit away, bound south to Monterey or Santa Cruz, or north to San Rafael, Sausalito or Lake county. Somewhat of a diversion was furnished last week by the arrival of a committee of Native Sons, who were down to arrange for the 9th of September celebration. The Vendôme is to be the headquarters of the Stanford and Oakland parlors. During the week there have been qnite a number of prominent arrivals. Senator Fair has conferred pecuniary distinction on the hotel, so have Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Drexler and Mr. and Mrs. H. Dutard. On the book I found also the names of Mrs. John Boggs, Mrs. J. M. Neville, Mrs. Charles Altschul, Mrs. and Miss Latham and several more.

* * *

September promises to be very interesting in a matrimonial way. Several weddings of social importance will be celebrated during the month, among them that of Miss Graham, General Graham's daughter, who is to be wedded to Lieutenant Burroughs with all the honors of war. The second is that of Joseph Tobin and Miss Mae Dimond. The project of having an out-of-town wedding has been abandoned by the Dimonds, I believe, and the ceremony will be performed at their home on Washington street. Quite extensive preparations in the direction of trousseaux are heard of in each instance. Announcement will doubtless be made later of other celebrations, for a number of betrothals await the customary culmination—enough at least to keep wedding bells pealing pretty constantly for a month or more.

* * *

IT IS ALMOST gay in Oakland this week. The word "almost" is used advisedly, for there are certain periods of the year when local festivities are ill advised. Imagine a fashionable function in a month when the monde is supposed to be out of town. With an attitude of proper respect for conventional standards, however, Oakland but rarely succeeds in being strictly correct. On the tapis there are lunches, dinners and other forms of entertainment justifiable only on the assumption that Alameda County is really the country—an assumption it requires courage to submit. Among the affairs of the week was a luncheon given for Miss Thompson of New York, by Miss Goodall. Just at present Miss Thompson is the guest of Miss Cohen of Alameda. There was lack of neither flowers nor fine gowns, for some very pretty confections were en evidence—as under the circumstances one might expect. The guests were Miss Brown, Miss Wharton. Miss McKee, Miss Campbell, Miss Cohen, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Tom and Mrs. Will McGee and several more.

* * *

Social criticism having due application in Oakland has no especial point in Berkeley. There the season begins with the arrival of the students, and terms are the only true standards. The Betas inaugurated the social end of college existence last night with a hop. There are some pretty new girls among the co-eds, and a series of promising affairs are already well in hand.

* * *

TRUE COURAGE does not always consist in deeds of *derring-do*. There are occasions when mere immobility is heroic, when unconsciousness becomes greater than fortitude, and ease of manner mounts into place among the Beatitudes. It is a fact, I think, that this form of daring appeals more appreciably to the feminine soul than mere brute courage. The latter is a masculine attribute; whereas it is not uncommon for women to triumph gloriously in arenas where the perils, however terrible, are abstract. That is the theory I have enunciated to explain the glorification of Mr. Arthur Loud, who, without warning, was ushered into an East Oakland dining-room wherein forty girls were seated. Incredible as it may seem, he never even turned a hair, and magnificently accepted the situation as a matter of course. In recognition of so fine an achievement Mr. Loud is to be given a souvenir. A large square of snowy linen was procured, and each maiden inscribed her name thereon. They are to be embroidered, these signatures, and then the square, appropriately framed, will be presented to the hero of the occasion. I omitted to say that the occasion in question was an at-home at the residence of Mrs. Eastman, of Seventh avenue, East Oakland. It was quite an interesting affair, and the guests had really a lively time. There was good music, besides recitations, songs and other forms of diversion. Mr. Loud, however, furnished the sensation.

* * *

A fine tan adorns the faces of the party of campers who went to Tahoe. Evidently their jaunt was a decidedly out-of-doors affair and if sunburn is an indication of health, they are all to be congratulated on bringing back so much of the climate with them. The party consisted of Messrs. Gamble, Heath, Hoffman, Latham and Adams.

* * *

FADS in Oakland have almost simmered out during these summer days. Whist scarcely raises a diminished head in the land, though not long ago everything was "whist, whist, whist." Since Mrs. Vrooman's whist afternoon in June, there have been scarcely any whist parties, though the Fruit Vale Club is still alive and thriving. Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, who is the most prominent member, has given a number of "evenings" and musicales of late. She has a house full of Eastern guests to entertain. One reason for the survival of the fittest in the Fruit Vale Club is the judicious infusion of new blood. Among the latest members is Mr. Will Sanborn, the young Cornell man, who is spending a few months at his mother's home in the Vale. He is a clever, handsome fellow and an athlete with a record. He is regarded as quite an acquisition by the girls who have returned from the Adamless summer resorts.

* * *

Long tramps for the young society men are all the thing among Oaklanders, and the girls, out of revenge, have taken to cycling. They remind one of "Daisy Bell" as they whiz swiftly by on soft-whirring wheels. It is really a society fad, and among its most ardent devotees are Mrs. Robert Knight and her sister, Miss Josie Chabot, who are constantly on their wheels. Stranger still, the young women wear full divided skirts and long tan gaiters, which really look extremely pretty. Nobody stares, and the riders don't look as though they cared whether they attracted attention or not. Among the young men who walk are Douglas Waterman, the young leader of the German, of Alameda, and the youngest McNutt boy. This interesting twain actually walked to Tahoe and back. Raymond Russ and a crowd walked through the Yosemite Valley, and Philip L. Weaver, Jr., and Charles Turner are still there.

* * *

Miss Emma Oliver, or Olive Oliver of the "Lady Windemere's Fan" Company, is an Oakland girl and while in the city stays at her old home on Charter street. Her friends simply idolize her, and her home fairly brims over with flowers. She is certainly very handsome, and has some stunning new costumes.

* * *

THE SUBJECT of pin money is one that might move even an indifferent stylist to modified eloquence. It is calculated also to win respondence from the eyes of the most diversified of feminine readers. With the resources of the innumerable wealthy women of this city gossip has familiarized most of us, and has magnified trifling incomes into fine fortunes. But perhaps there is little to complain of in that, for imagination is prone to generosity,

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After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

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and nowadays one requires confidence to be that way. Among the many women whom investments or inheritance have made independent of a husband's allowance is Mrs. Senator Stewart, whose revenue from a mine in Mexico, alone, averages $5,000 a month. The munificence of the amount may perhaps be qualified by the statement that the property in question has but recently become profitable. Indeed, the suspected lead has only lately discovered itself, and I should hesitate at quoting the amount expended in its location. However, there is consolation for much patience in sixty thousand a year.

* * *

The cable flashed to the Holladay mansion last week, the interesting news that a little daughter had been born to Mrs. Allan E. Messer née Louisa Holladay, at Georgetown, British Guiana, on the Orinoco, where she now lives. Mr. and Mrs. Holladay, Sr., are joyfully receiving congratulations, as the little girl is their first grandchild.

* * *

I AM A BIT surprised that Dr. Wagner whom the initiated know is one of the most capable specialists on the Coast, should have permitted himself to be so generously interviewed in connection with his treatment of Henry Irving. Of course it is pleasant to have a Californian attrct the attention of New York journalists and it is only by the identity of his patients or some unique discovery that a doctor can win for himself a place out of the crowd, but a great deal has been made of a fact that perhaps is hardly as significant as some would have us believe. The consultation of Dr. Wagner by the great actor was really a bit of good fortune for both. One of the lady members of the company suffered from a severe affection of the throat and after arrival here turned to a directory to discover whom to have recourse to. Dr. Wagner's name caught her eye, among others, and to his office, which happened to be most conveniently located, she went. Under his very skillful treatment she speedily regained her voice and so much relief generally that she told Irving who was similarly suffering. of her discovery.

* * *

Then the great actor made an appointment with our specialist and in due course submitted to an operation at his hands. I believe though the treatment ended in San Francisco, so far as Dr. Wagner was concerned, though I have no doubt there may be occasions for the exercise of his skill in London. It is always a bit difficult to forget that practice in a provincial city does not always argue a lack of the expertness which wins metropolitan celebrity.

* * *

THE CHOSEN FEW admitted to familiarity with the counsel for Worden, the A. R. U. celebrity being tried for his life at Woodland, allude playfully to him as Gus Hart. He is a lawyer of real talent and supreme indolence, who, if he would but exert himself, might easily take rank among the leaders of the State Bar. But he is as little prone to mental as to physical endeavor, and prefers to have four good cases a year and to live in Sacramento, than to have a big city practice by working eight hours a day. Who shall say if, after all, he has not chosen the wisest part. In addition to an intense detestation of being disturbed, Mr. Hart's leading trait is a superb self-confidence. He rejoices in the possession of a magnificent egotism impervious to assaults or to criticism, and indicates by his manner and assumption the gorgeous self-sufficiency of his point of view. However, he justifies his existence to himself, and who shall say his attitude is inconsistent with facts. Illustrative of this pre-eminent self-assurance rather an amusing story is told: Years ago, when the great man was Attorney-General, it devolved on him to go on to Washington to argue before the United States Supreme Court the railroad tax cases—then a very live issue in the State.

* * *

Seated in his office on the afternoon prior to departure, he was leisurely speculating on the mutations of time, or some similarly important subject, when a friend entered to him with a

"Hallo, Gus. So you are going to Washington."

"Yes," returned Hart, imperturbably, "tomorrow." He relapsed into silence.

"Going to be quite a fight there," said the friend. "Of course the railroad has a strong force."

"Oh, yes; yes"—Hart was superbly indifferent. "I suppose they'll have good men there. They'll need them."

"Whom, for instance," inquired the friend, growing deeply interested and yet a bit disappointed at Hart's lack of enthusiasm.

"Well, I think they have Edmunds—Senator Edmunds, I believe the fellow's name is—and Evarts, also a Senator, and this man here Sanderson," he drawled, mentioning the names of the three greatest lawyers in the country as though they were police court practitioners. He reverted to his former luxurious pose, yawned slightly and was silent.

"Pretty big men those, Gus. You are not going to tackle them alone?" The friend was impressed.

* * *

"Why not?" demanded Hart, rousing himself. "Why not?"

"I suppose if you feel confident, it's all right; but do they know you are coming, Gus?"—this ironically.

"Don't know—don't care," exclaimed Hart impatiently.

"What! You have not warned them?" continued the friend. "Gus, it's not like you to take advantage of opponents. Better telegraph so they'll have a chance to prepare." The friend was becoming sarcastic.

"You're right," said Hart, with magnificent imperturbability; "I ought to warn them. I'll telegraph right now."

He rose up magnificently, stalked to the Western Union office, and politely conveyed to his adversaries the important fact of his advance.

* * *

THE OPPORTUNITY of complimenting the rising male generation is vouchsafed too seldom not to be thoroughly improved whenever offered. I am almost tired of hearing how inadequately the sons of our great men fills the gaps their parents removal has made and but for an agreeable exception but recently told me, would have believed the rule escaped the law which from time immemorial has regulated general rules. There is no firm on the Coast whose name is more honorably familiar than that of Baker & Hamilton. Though the creators of that eminent hardware institution passed to the other world some time ago, their business not only continues in existence, but actually has increased in volume. Young Mr. Wakefield Baker and Mr. Alec Hamilton, who sway its destinies, are taking a most unwarrantable liberty in advancing on the record of their sires, especially in these days of depression and precuniary hardship, but in the light of exceptions they are more than excusable. Of course a certain amount of momentum is acquired by a big concern like Baker & Hamilton's and there are at the head o affairs one or two responsible men who have grown up with the institution and are ready to lead if occasion demands.

* * *

Young Mr. Baker, however, has the requisite quality to him and the manner in which he has handled the affairs of the house has won not only the respect of his father's contemporaries but the esteem of his competitors. He has seized his opportunity with a fine manliness and I believe, in the mercantile renaissance of San Francisco, will be one of the leaders. Mr. Hamilton, too, who because he had amused himself in the past, was suspected of inherent frivolity, has astonished his old associates by exhibiting a steady application and a sedateness of manner commensurate with his responsibilities. So no one can say of the house of Baker & Hamilton that it has a fine future behind it. Under the guidance of young men the old institution will be but a foundation for a greater superstructure.

* * *

IN SPITE OF criticism which is inspired by no meaner a motive than jealousy I believe the museum that is to commemorate the Midwinter Fair will have some very interesting exhibits. The art treasures both in statuary and in pottery which were among the leading features of the Liberal Arts Building figure among its acquirements and in process of purchase are several other pieces worthy of being placed in any museum in the world. It cannot be denied that Mr. de Young, by his undeniable commercial talent, has captured some stupendous bargains and has certainly paid as little as possible for anything. Why that should be an indictment against him I fail to to see, but then the green-eyed monster's perspective is distorted, and verily converts trifles light as air, into confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. However, who cares as long as we have the museum, and as for Mr. De Young, he has given so many proofs of his ability and public spirit, that it is easy to believe he is doing for us his very best.

* * *

Undoubtedly the Doré vase will figure as the leading treasure of the new museum. Something like $20,000 was asked for this magnificent work, on which it may be remembered the great Frenchman spent two years of his life. This splendid bronze and the four statues representing the Seasons have been acquired at what seems a ridiculously low figure. Nor will the Cider Press revert to other climes. It, too, becomes a California possession. Another treasure is the $10,000 Cloisonné vase—the huge one which stands on a richly carved and ornamented pedestal in the Art Gallery. This is the chief of the three big vases made specially in Japan for the Chicago Fair, and for it Charles Yerkes offered $8000—he acquired its companions, I believe. The owners proposed taking it back to Tokio, but between a desire for home and fear of the consequences of the Oriental war, they accepted an extravagantly low bid and departed Eastward by the last steamer.

* * *

Of things Japanesque a variety of charming and exceedingly valuable carvings in ivory, together with some bronzes from the village, were also bought. Another fine piece to stay with us is the Diana vase, which may be remembered as the center-piece in the Nathan-Dohrmann exhibit. It and the Royal Worcester masterpiece, together with a very beautiful piece of pottery called the Rose vase, were

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obtained from Mr. De Young from Mr. Dohrmann who enters enthusiastically into the scheme of making a permanent ceramic exhibit, and has promised a donation of real artistic value every year. These are but a few of the captures so far, but Mr. De Young and Mr. Sloss have fairly hunted the Fair for art treasures, and certainly need not dread criticism. I regret it was decided not to expend any of the surplus on pictures, for I am lothe to see go away that especially fine Corot in the French exhibit. Only a very few canvasses could have been had for the sum available, and it was though better to acquire the neucleus of a noble museum rather than of an art gallery. Mr. De Young tried to buy the big Russian canvas, "Dressing the Bride," I think it was called, and offered $7,500. The proposition was smiled at by the artist, however, and the canvas is on its way to Antwerp. Of course, no one will know what has been done until the treasures are all displayed, and then there will be jubilation among the artistic with a very good cause.

* * *

HOUSE PARTIES, while hardly to be classed as common phenomena this season, are gradually growing out of the category of events. Quite a number of people whose country mansions have spare rooms now emulate this English custom of having bouquets of friends down several days a week, and the resulting jollity relieves life of tedium. Country invitations this summer are especially welcome, for never have the fogs or the winds been colder or drearier. Such nights as we have had this week are enough to drive the most confirmed of metropolitans to the precarious dinners of the resorts, though I can assure epicures that visit Sausalito they need have no fear of starving, for there are several places where it is possible to feed artistically.

* * *

However, on the subject of house parties in particular, I should mention the gatherings Miss Collier has had at her beautiful home on Clear Lake. It is an ideal locale for a summer residence, and if one aresc for sunset's delicious coloring, fine moonlight effects—all are to be had there in inimitable style. Miss Clement and Miss Miriam Moore are the guests of honor at the Colliers this week, and they have led some delightful expeditions, not only over the lake, but into the mountain recesses, where one may shoot bear if one's guiding inclination is towardsle sport.

* * *

Mrs. and Miss Louderback left on Wednesday of last week for a two years' tour through Europe. Miss Louderback intends studying in Paris under the best masters, and will return doubtless highly accomplished. She was escorted to Oakland by a number of friends, and the interior of her drawing-room car resembled a flower garden in Spring.

* * *

Mrs. Jacobs, by the way, has a very pretty sister visiting her, who is going to be a great drawing card at the Jacobs home this winter. Miss Henry is going to attend Snell's Seminary, I believe, but is already out in Society. She is a Missouri beauty and the happy possessor of a pair of hazel eyes and dark brows with a mass of fluffy golden hair which she wears piled high on her head. She has a plump figure and pretty arms and neck and is bound to make a social sensation this winter. Though such a newcomer she has already been fêted a good deal, for Southern belles always take well. There is a certain prestige about being a beauty in the South.

* * *

Slowly, very slowly, the members of the clan social begin to gather in from mountain and sea. Captain and Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. McComber, Miss Carrie Nicholson, and Mrs. William Rosenfeld are among the Oaklanders who are making things merry at Bartlett Springs. Miss Carrie Jackson has returned from Lake Tahoe, but for each arrival there are departures. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Hathaway leave in a few days for Castle Crag, where they have not been since their honeymoon, two years ago. The F. M. Smiths have returned from the Tavern and are at Arbor Villa, where by the by, the grand new house that is big enough for a regiment, but far too fine, is nearly finished. A good many rather well known people have been camping this season, whether for economy or not is not known. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert L. Curtiss and Miss Hazel Curtiss have returned from a camping tour. The party that Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Jacobs chaperoned at Bolinas was broken up and returned to town. It was made up exclusively of Oakland people.

MISS VIOLA ALLEN.

* * *

NO LIGHTNING CHANGES in the Democracy this week. Perhaps it is because recently adjusted enmities are still in the stage of surprise and friendships have not been sufficiently established to promote rancor. Let no one despair, therefore—the future is pregnant with promise of dissentions, even though Gavin McNab and Andy Clunie have formally buried the hatchet, each agreeing to give due notice to the other 'ere again seeking the verbal warpath. I cannot imagine, though, so extraordinary a combination lends any sanctification to the Congressional aspirations of Brother Thomas J. At that shrine the younger Clunie worships, and politically places no strange gods before him. About the defeat of the Klu Klux little need be said. It was a bold attempt on the part of a handful of men to control the San Francisco delegation, and if successful might have meant much to Superintendent Daggett. Handsomely routed by the McNab forces, however, there is nothing for the leaders but new combinations, though none can possibly be formed for the control of the Convention.

* * *

Max Popper has not yet been persuaded that Major Harney had really deserted his banner. To regard so staunch an ally as a traitor is more than the Popper intellect is capable of; indeed, it becomes curiously apparent that flexibility is not the leading characteristic of that intellect. I am sure Max will not credit, either, the intention of the Harney Tracey-Arms crowd to lose him in the shuffle. Another leader surely would have been chosen ere this if success but crowned their efforts. After all, then, the tender mercies of his new friends the enemy may prove more advantageous to the Popper interest than the victory of his old associates, the new enemy. Though his face no longer wears the sad, strained look it had during the *Chronicle* cannonade, I fear the leader is at his tether's end. More than ever, he is a figurehead, and, as an issue, his downfall would cut but a secondary figure. The iron of the true leader is not in him, and the lack has been demonstrated. No political error is so flagrant as that of attempting impartiality before attaining strength. Refraining from keeping and making friends, Popper created enemies, and, though he has not been deposed, I regard him as fallen, because he has now neither prestige nor following.

* * *

The solitary individual who has really won prominence out of the melee is Gavin McNab, who, after leading the fight against Popper, turned his guns finally on the Klu Klux. He was heartily cheered on Saturday night as he deposi ed his ballot, for such boldness and persistence as he displayed commanded recognition. It was his campaign, indeed, that made victory possible and his combinations that carried the day.

* * *

MY SYMPATHY has gone out to the bright young editor of the *Examiner's* Sunday supplement, who suffered unmerited defeat in the Forty-first Assembly District on Saturday night last. Since then his cubby in the Mission street editorial warren has been hung with immortelles, and funereal inscriptions. instinct with mock consolation adorn the walls The wherefore of Mr. Noble's political ambition has not been explained, but he aspired,

and the Monarch's polilitical Seer, Al Murphy, had a detail to make him a delegate. Unfortunately Mr. Murphy is too worthy a scion of the journal to be very accurate about things, and after Mr. Noble had placed himself on the McNab ticket, which won the day, in deference to a prediction by the Seer, he was taken therefrom and his name inscribed on the Arms-Tracy-Harney-faction, which, only for his sake I regret, was snowed under. At the last moment Murphy made a vigorous effort to save the head of Mr. Noble, but he was too late. Defeat had marked him for her own. From the political standpoint of municipal progress, I regret the downfall of Noble's ambition, for even the writers whose stories he has habitually refused, admit he has in him the elements of an excellent Supervisor. Imagine the inestimable services that might be rendered the party by having some one on the *Examiner* who by insight, instinct or even experience, knew a little about politics.

* * *

TO THOSE about to telephone important secret information I say—Don't! This is a fair deduction from the fate of some very charming young people who had an experience last Saturday night in the Dibblee orchard they are hardly liable to forget. It occurred this way: At one of the cottages in Ross Valley were a number of maidens, who proposed for diversion that evening a hill coasting expedition. En passant—hill coasting is not only great fun, but a little perilous. Anxious to have the complicity of some friends in another villa, one of the girls telephoned an invitation. The particular girl who answered the instrument replied:

"Oh, yes—delighted."

"Well," continued the other, "be sure to come early, for as soon as it is dark we are going to rob the Dibblee's orchard."

Just how so grievous a mischance occurred I'll leave Manager John I. Sabin of the Pacific Bell Telephone Company to explain, but, as the last sentence was in the course of transmission, the wires got crossed, and Mrs. Dibblee, who at that moment was calling up a tradesman at San Rafael, became an involuntary auditor, and flushed angrily as she heard.

* * *

However cordially one may participate in the enjoyment of one's friends, even the mildest resent undue liberties. It is to be assumed the revelation startled the lady, but no evidence of that was caught by the telephone. She took precautions. The poor innocents, unwarned, descended in due course full of genial anticipation of luscious peaches and rich, juicy plums. With jest and laughter they approached the gap through which entrance was to be effected. Half of them were in when the portentous baying of several big dogs echoed among the trees. A noise of voices and hurrying of feet followed; general consternation, of course, and instant abandonment of the fence. Such a rushing and a skurrying I have never seen, and there was ample grounds for the shrieks of laughter that followed the flight of the disappointed raiders returning disconsolate to their homes. It is a great joke on all of them, but they accept it philosophically, and have no word to say in complaint.

* * *

THE INTERESTING question in the Democracy is—what does Congressman Maguire want? Is he anxious to return to Washington from the Fourth District or will he accept the Gubernatorial nomination and retire to private life at the end of the campaign? Or can it be possible he feels called on to aid Judge Beatty in tempering the laws of California to the intellects of Superior Judges. It is admitted he may aspire to anything with success, but he should not keep other ambitions on the tenter-hooks. Indeed it is sincerely to be hoped the Jurist will soon announce his intentions, be it only for his own sake, for his intimate partisans, the Gallagher clan, is playing hari-kari with his friendships and making extremely difficult the task of supporting him. Every great man has followers and the Gallaghers, whom I suppose are well meaning people in their way, are devoted to Maguire, not only for what he has done for them in the past, but for what his elevation may mean for them in the future. So they are grateful in the conventional as well as in the cynical sense. The worst is that they seriously complicate the situation and compromise their candidate.

* * *

The impression was general that Maguire would either head the ticket or run for Congress, but the third possibility is the result of a chance encounter between Walter of the Gallagher clan and Chris Buckley. They met in the establishment of Tim Treacey and after preliminaries, the talk turned on the Maguire. The ex-Boss, though Mr. Popper is not aware of it, has a fine sense of humor, and being ready to amuse himself at the expense of his vis-a-vis, began deploring the defection of the ex-Judge who, it will be remembered, deserted the Democracy for the Labor Party.

"It was indeed a pity that Jimmy left us that time," said Buckley in the charmed ear of Gallagher. "If he had remained we'd have had him a Supreme Judge long ago."

"Do you think so, indeed," said Gallagher in awed tones.

"I don't doubt it at all," added Buckley. "You know I always liked Jimmy. He was rully square."

As a matter of fact there was never love lost between the Boss and Maguire, nor had the Democratic Autocrat the slightest use for the Gallagher clan. Since then, Walter is keeping a place on the Supreme Bench open for his kinsman and furiously interfering with a variety of ambitions.

* * *

THE LURLINE BATHS enterprise has passed out of the realm of experiment, and is now on a footing of agreeable prosperity. An increase of capital has been decided on for the purpose of building somewhere out at the Mission another big bath house, and constructing a series of receiving tanks which the extension of the enterprise makes necessary. But these virtually are new enterprises. In connection with the Lurline, some two hundred dressing rooms are to be added—an announcement which will certainly rejoice the hundreds of patrons whose patience has been sorely tried by long waits in the past. Besides, the price of hot salt water tub baths has been reduced, and is now the same as for the tank—that is, one can have four baths for a dollar. So the concern is veritably getting along swimmingly. There is not a share of the original stock for sale, I am told, and the new issue, some one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has been taken up by the present holders. The total capitalization is half a million dollars, and no difficulty will be experienced in paying good interest thereon.

* * *

It may interest those who are sarcastic about bathing in the Lurline to learn that the huge tank is now emptied twice a week and that the sole sediment is a little fine sand. Under the system in vogue the water runs through the bath like a mill race and it would be extraordinary if aught else remained.

* * *

It is a fault of humanity to be credulous of frauds and skeptical of merit. I confess to a certain skepticism, particularly in respect to those agencies which pretend to mend the infirmities of mankind. One so rarely comes upon anything startling in this connection unless it be startlingly bad, that I may be pardoned for digressing from the lighter vein and for a moment to give an experience that nothing short of occular proof would lead me to credit. Physical infirmity in a friend who desired companionship led me to Byron Springs last week, and on the train was a well known San Franciscan, stretched upon a litter scarcely able to move—tortured by the severest pangs of rheumatism. For two mornings I saw him wheeled painfully to the baths for treatment. The two days following he limped along on crutches, the fifth day a single crutch, then a cane and on the seventh day the helpless cripple was vigorously indulging in croquet without stick or crutch. An attending physician gave ready assurances that this was a matter of common occurrence. The wonder of it struck me so that I am led to state what I saw. The traditions running with these waters would form a not uninteresting story. The Mexicans found the Indians acquainted with their curative powers and promptly took possession. Solly Walters, the artist sacrilegious, suggests that the springs be accorded a saint and the world would then make pilgrimages thereto.

* * *

THERE ARE some political situations almost embarrassing—strange as it may seem to speak of embarrassment in connection with politics. It was accident of course that precipitated the meeting at Bartlett Springs between the five scions of Republicanism and the Democracy—that resulted in the premature return of Eddie Greaney. Imagine Doc Meyers and ex-Senator Mahoney confronting Chief Denny Sullivan, Sam Rainey and Mr. Greaney. No one will dare say that a more entertaining quintet is discoverable, for in advance I dissent, but the "Doc" and the ex-Senator objected. Personally, I don't believe the latter made the remark credited to him, but as the story comes to me it is alleged Mahoney remarked to Rainey:

"Sam—man to man—one of youse has got to try another Spring."

The English does not sound like the ex-

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Senator's. He would hardly have said "has got," preferring "gotten." Sam and Denny and Eddie drew straws to see whom should depart for town, and the latter was compelled to say farewell. Imagine now what unholy complications may be hatching up there in Lake County; who knows what destructions have been planned.

* * *

IT MAY BE somewhat of a surprise, the news that the firm of Duffy Brothers, one of the largest and most influential dealers in plumbing and gas-fitting supplies, has failed for a large amount. The fact has remained a profound secret, and, although an expert has been at work on the books for a week, no one seems to have become aware of the fact save those most interested. The failure may be placed in the category of bad ones. The liabilities amount to something like $320,000 and the assets to $150,000. I am informed that the Crane Co. were caught for $100,000, and most of the other big local firms dealing in plumbing supplies are also nipped more or less severely. As soon as Duffy Brothers found that they must go to the wall they quietly called a meeting of their creditors. A committee was at once chosen, and Russell, the expert who investigated Louis Landler's affairs, was placed in charge of the books. He has yet to render his report. The creditors appointed J. Lally, representing the Crane Co.; W. Watkins, of Montague & Co.; and Lilienthal, of the Anglo-California Bank.

* * *

The failure will effect only local firms. Duffy Brothers have for several years controlled the best business in their line of trade, and not a few of the largest buildings in the city bear their mark. Their downfall may be accounted for on the score of general stagnation. Considering the efforts dealers in supplies of this kind have made to keep up prices, there is some surprise over this failure. Some months ago all the local firms dealing in gas fixtures and supplies formed what was practically a trust. I am informed each firm promised to maintain a certain price for its wares, and to regulate its business in conformity with certain rules the combine adopted. Buyers may have observed an alarming similarity of prices in all the stores, and may have wondered at the shrewdness by which one firm guessed the secrets of the other. In the general plan an agent representing all became a necessity, and one was employed. I am told the combination is working to the best interests of the people who have made it.

* * *

It is of particular interest, as it is one of the few combinations ever made by local merchants engaged in retail trade. Under the scheme the salesbooks of each firm are open to the inspection of the agent, whose sole duty is to represent the individual members of the combination and to see that each respects his obligations.

* * *

THE FIRST Congregational Church is in an uproar and every effort is being made to keep the trouble agitating the congregation from the public. Mrs. John Martin has become a regular attendant since her life's scandal began to be ventilated, much to the consternation of the delicately organized devotees. The first Congregational Church has been a bit unfortunate in its connection with public scandals. The memory of the Barrows investigation still tingles and now comes Mrs. John Martin with her diversified record. It is urged that something be done before the gaze of publicity is again attracted. Already one of the pillars of the church has been held up to public view as a poker player, and Deacon Morse knows what it is to be an investigator of church affairs. He does not forget the misconstruction of his motives as a coadjutor of Barrows in the by ways of the city and as luck will have it, he is once more in the role of investigator. Until the trial began Mrs. John did not favor the First Congregational Church with her devotions. Now she is singularly solicitous for her spiritual welfare. When the Henry Martin letter of February 24, 1892, was read, however, the congregation was horrified. At once Dr. Brown was begged to ask an explanation. It was quite beyond the limit of Christian endurance to sit in the same pew with a woman who acknowledged such relations, and some of the fashionable devotees voiced an emphatic protest.

* * *

This explanation Mrs. John Martin will not refuse, though I am told she does not wish to make her defense as a Christian before she has fought her case as a litigant. I am creditably informed, however, that she had in store a most peculiar explanation of the letter and of the affair it so bluntly indicates. Realizing that her tactics in the First Congregational Church must be radically different from those employed in a court of law, she will tell the worthy deacons of Dr. Brown's church that she resisted the addresses of the gallant Henry until resistance was out of the question and like many of her sisters, she fell before his advances. As a Magdalen she will ask for that forgiveness which is the mark of Christianity even here. Mrs. John Martin is exceptionally clever.

* * *

I am not surprised that there has occurred an explosion in the Martin case. The relations between "Dear Belle" and her attorneys have been sadly almost painful. She has opposed them at every step. They would find in matters of the most vital importance Mrs. Martin was acting on her own judgment and frequently in antagonism to their own course. Affairs reached a crisis one day in Linforth's office. Mrs. Martin had been unusually aggressive. After paying compliments to her defenders she assured them of her intention to do as she pleased. Thereupon Linforth told her if she did not discontinue her antics he would order her from his office. The prospect of a merry row was excellent when a new complication distracted the attention of attorneys and litigant. They had engaged expert Eisenschimel in the case and to their consternation they received a letter from him refusing to act.

* * *

He made some ordinary excuse, the lack of time or something else and asked to be excused. There was no time to quarrel and a peace was patched. Mrs. Martin left the office to plan new mischief for her attorneys. She has in her possession a letter ostensibly written by Henry Martin in which some rather severe criticisms are passed on ex-Mayor Pond. She was eager to have this letter shown in court, but with customary perversity wished to be the sole author of the sensation it would produce. She did not want her attorneys to know anything about it, and naturally has found some difficulty in devising a method by which it might be introduced. One attempt she made but it was unsuccessful. Before the trial is over it is not unlikely she will make another. She seems to be a woman in no way daunted by consequences.

* * *

One of the most interesting aspects of the Martin case is the public stand her experts have taken on the reliability of photographs and particularly of the stereopticon. It will be remembered the experts for Mrs. Henry

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Martin placed not a little confidence in these methods of illustrating their points. When expert Eisenschimel took the stand for Mrs. John Martin he scoffed at the work of either photographs or a stereopticon, yet at the same time, the lady who had employed him was making arrangements to use a stereopticon in court and illustrate the strong points of her expert testimony with it. This is not the first indication that Mrs. John is making a strange presentation of her case. The scandalous letter of February 24, 1892, was introduced as an afterthought.

* * *

IT WOULD be difficult to persuade me that E. B. Pond retains Gubernatorial aspirations after his unfortunate experience four years ago. If he does, this is hardly the time he would air them. Failing Jackson Temple, who is to have the long term Supreme Court nomination, I am pursuaded the Democracy could not find a stronger opponent for Estee than our ex-Mayor. It is true, he is currently compared to an iceberg; of lacking generosity, liberality and their attending qualities, but, at least, he is a competent and practical business man whose integrity is above suspicion, and whose independence of character has only been questioned by the malicious for campaign purposes. The impression among the thoughtful men of the party is that Maguire should be returned to Congress, and that if it is possible to persuade Pond into the fight, his name should head the State ticket.

* * *

The most startling feature of the Democratic Convention is the absence of candidates. Instead of a huge horde of aspirants one hardly hears of an ambition. Indeed, I am half persuaded it will be difficult to fill the ticket, and, for once, the magnificent spectacle will be offered California of the office seeking the man. Of course there is much gossip current, and the *Chronicle* very adroitly keeps the name of Buckley prominent. As a matter of fact the ex-Boss is having precious little to say, and, while he may show his hand here and there, the personnel of the ticket will afford proof positive that the Convention is untrammeled by his or any other influence. I have few additions to make to the long list of candidates the dailies publish. Dr. Stanton is talked of for Railroad Commissioner, J. C. Nealon has supporters for the Board of Equalization and Dennis Spencer's friends want him to run for Attorney-General.

* * *

The question of Chairman is important, mainly because of the fight against endorsing the Administration. Whoever presides appoints the Committee on Platform, which will give the tone to the Convention. That the tone will be anti-railroad, anti-funding bill seems inevitable, but I am certain it will not be anti-Cleveland. May I suggest to my Democratic readers as worth reading the very lucid statement published in the editorial department, in which the exact relations between the Government and the Central Pacific are shown in a manner any one can understand. Anti-monopolistic fervor is no excuse for overlooking facts.

* * *

Considering the heresies of the Republican platform and the extreme weakness of that party's candidate, a man of sound views and strong personality would attract the support of some business men throughout the State. As the candidate of Dan Burns, virtually owned and controlled by that worthy Mr. Estee, is not an object of reverence or a subject of popularity throughout the State. It is true Pond's name does not provoke enthusiasm, but it certainly inspires respect, and of all the candidates mentioned, I am sure he would make the strongest run. In regard to Maguire's candidacy of which so much has recently been written, it is felt that his nomination might again bring up the Catholic fight, which was so disagreeable a feature of his Congressional campaign, as he would surely have the opposition of the A. P. A. His selection would be a flying in the face of Providence which the Party cannot afford. There is some talk of Jim Budd, of Spencer of Napa, of the ever reliable Ostrom, of Jackson Hatch. Max Popper is suspected of a hankering after Pat Reddy, who writes legal opinions for him. There are even others as prominent.

* * *

THOUGH THE Olympic Club's Nominating Committee is still in the plastic attitude of scanning the field, it may be asserted with considerable positiveness that the new directorate will contain at least the name of M. H. Weed. It is pleasant to observe that he, at least, has no intention of abandoning to less experienced hands the destinies of the institution. Certainly the club is to be congratulated on securing to itself the active interest of wide awake business men like Mr. Weed, and it is a pledge of its future prosperity and standing that such men are ready and willing to devote their time to its advancement. It seems to me, however, that there should be some recompense for the services of the directors—some recognition of the sacrifices the institution compels them to make. In this view I have the support of Mr. Weed, who very properly considers due him certain extra attentions by the servitors of the institution, whom he quite often allows to rub him down after his swim, etc.

* * *

This is but right and just, and I feel certain Mr. Weed's services in inaugurating so excellent a precedent will be rewarded by renomination. I hope the several friends he has on the committee will use every effort to persuade him to again do duty and will not be discouraged by certain malicious fellows, who assert it is bad form for a director to so utilize the machinery or the servitors of the institution. However, he has a following in the club strong enough, I am sure, to neutralize the efforts of the envious individuals who declare the appearance of his name on the regular ticket will be the signal for a strong opposition. Some of this feeling is due to the generous efforts Weed made to have a friend of his named Tobey elected to membership. This Tobey has a saloon of the "private entrance" order, but has moral qualities far in advance of his business. He is a Mason, an Elk and a Native Son, and, in addition, desires the supplementary distinction of being an Olympian, for which honorable ambition he is certainly to be commended.

* * *

In the meantime, club politicians are highly exercised over their ticket, and if half the declarations of intentions I hear, are put into execution, there will be a cloud of opposition tickets instead of but one or two. There is some talk of Van. Stow for president, and I am told of a movement to present Henry Crocker with some graceful testimonial for his services during the past year.

* * *

THERE IS murmuring and discontent among the Republican nominees. Some daring spirits who but a few months ago were begging for the Burns smile are now inclined to resent that great man's interference with what they claim are their prerogatives. The Powers, and this includes Colonel Burns, Police Commissioner Burns and Dan Burns, politician—I am convinced there are "three of 'em," for no one man can be so full of variety as the Burns of common report—have ordered the Republican nominees to pay into the treasury of the Campaign Committee all the money the Purity of Election law will permit them to spend, leaving them nothing for incidentals. The committee, it is further reported, will handle all this money exclusively for the benefit of the weaker portion of the ticket. Of course, this means Estee. While all the nominees are more or less anxious to see Estee win, and probably will vote for him, still a feeling of sadness, which seems more intensified among those at the bottom of the ticket, creeps over the nominees when they begin to calculate as to just how much ought to pull Estee through.

* * *

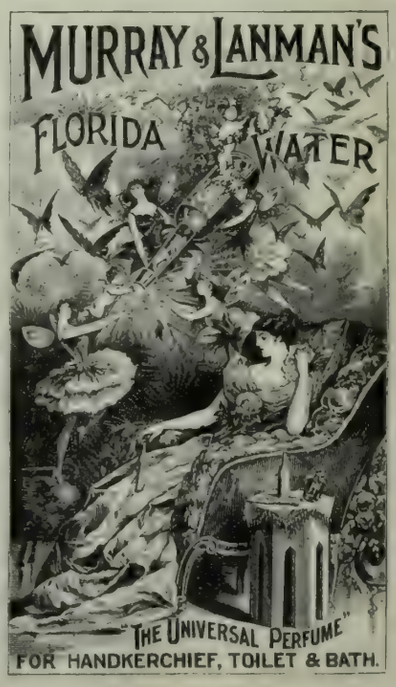
WILLIAM BOND, "Handsome Billy" as he was once affectionately called, has gone to Colorado to assume the business management of the Anaconda *Standard* For many years he occupied a similar position on the Oakland *Tribune*, where he displayed business tact and ability, creditable to himself, and profitable to his paper. He is at once honest, shrewd, clever and as winsome a lad as ever induced a hesitating merchant to sign a year's contract.

* * *

An interesting announcement is that of the betrothal of Miss Laura Clarke and Mr. J. B. Wright of Sacramento. Mr. Wright, through strikes and other afflictions, and the possession of a very genial personality, is almost a celebrity. Miss Clarke is a handsome and popular girl, who has almost as many friends here as she possesses in Sacramento.

The Witness

Interesting letters in relation to Pure Primaries, from H. C. Firebaugh and P. A. Bergerot, have been crowded out of this issue. They will appear later.



THE MERRY MONARCH.

Scene. Office of the Monarch. Youthful proprietor seated on a dais, flanked by the two small bears that winked the trophy cup away from Alameda County; rich tapestry depending from ceiling; pictures of sumptuous females cover the walls; bonds and mining stocks strewn about the floor. A representative from Shreve's is engaged fitting costly rings upon the toes of the youth, while a beauty-doctor shapes his nose, lips and chin to match a mask of Napoleon, which serves as a model.

THE YOUTH—"Enough! Enough!" (*Beauty doctor retires.*)

THE YOUTH (*feeling his nose gingerly*)—

"Alas! that Nature should so shape my outward bearing,

"As to misfit my fast increasing inward hopes.

"Is't true that Nature stamps on man's exterior

"The seal that doth betray him to the world? I must dissemble.

"Why is it I, with all the aspirations of a Pitt

"Should be encased in this vile house of bones

"And dote on peanuts, unripe fruit and such?"

To Shreve's man (*impatiently*)—"Art not yet through?"

SHREVE'S MAN—"Nay, my lord.

"This marquise ring, for your small toe intended,

"Doth chafe against a royal corn and will not on."

THE YOUTH—"Give it to McEwen. (*Aside.*) A merry joke—McEwen hateth rings. But stay! (*Throws Shreve's man handfulls of rings, nuggets, plate and jewelry.*) Here, melt these baubles, for they tire my eyes. Mould and fashion them into some graceful cup, and we will have another coupon scheme."

SHREVE'S MAN—"But the jewels in the rings, my lord?"

THE YOUTH—"Ah, yes, I'll dissolve them in my wine. Return them to me, if thou canst think on't. Now go—go quickly. Your face hurts me." (*Exit Shreve's Man, salaaming profoundly,*)

THE YOUTH (*solus*)—"Now must I think. (*Places forefinger on forehead.*) I'd rather dream than think. Dreams are so rife with entertainment. (*Muses.*) Last night I dreamt—Oh God, 'twas such a dream. Would it were true. Sweet Fancy imaged on my mind a scene most wondrous fair. The Nation owned the railroad, and I the Nation was. Midwinter Fairs were by law forbid, and Directors-General banished from the realm. 'Twas a misdemeanor the *Chronicle* to take, a felony to advertise therein. Thrice blessed dream!! The newsboys on the trains sold Monarchs only. My special trains ran everywhere, and carried Monarchs to a populace compelled by law to take them."

(*Soliloquy is broken into by sound of loud snoring from room adjoining.*)

THE YOUTH—"How strange it is that one man's slumbers should waken up his neighbor,

"How one man's peace of mind another's thoughts enrage,

"How one man's happiness another's pain engenders.

"O, blessed sleep. Success doth wait on dreams,

"And 'scape us 'tirely in our waking hours."

(*He closes his eyes for a moment and abandons himself to reflection.*)

THE YOUTH (*hastily*)—"But I must to business. What ho! Vassals, slaves!"

(*Office boys enter in a wild scramble.*)

THE YOUTH (*aside*)—"Napoleon hated the heavy scent of musk. (*To office boys.*) Bring in a ton of musk that I may smell, and smelling, hate some one."

(*Exeunt office boys.*)

ALARUMS R. U. E.

(*Enter* McEWEN, *hurriedly; followed by entire staff. McEwen approaches to side of personage. The staff stops short at a dead line, beyond which no one but* McEWEN *is permitted to pass. McEwen picks diamonds and pearls from dais, chews them and glares at the mob. Lights his cigar with a thousand-dollar gold note and glares again.*)

McEWEN—"When I was at the Springs—"

(*Staff shout loudly, bass voice of Hamilton looming up with particular distinctness.*)

THE YOUTH (*in grieved tones*) —"How now! What's this?"

McEWEN—"When I was at the Springs—"

(*Continued murmurs from staff.*)

McEWEN—"Say, Willie, I'll resign if you permit these interruptions. Send off this *canaille* to its cubbies."

THE YOUTH—"What is it, gentle Arthur?"

HAMILTON—"He springs Springs on us at every turn, to our discomfiture."

McEWEN (*plaintively*)—"Send 'em away or I'll resign."

THE YOUTH (*imperiously*)—"Away!!"

(*Staff retires, muttering maledictions.*)

THE YOUTH—"What news, my gentle Arthur?"

McEWEN—"Willie, I'm going to be the next United States Senator."

THE YOUTH (*incredulously*)—"No!"

McEWEN—"Indeed yes! Think you, after all our editorials the predatory rich will dare a head to show? No, sire; it's written that I go to Washington and join hands there with Peffer—dear, long-whiskered Peffer."

THE YOUTH—"And then?" (*in awed tones.*)

McEWEN (*pityingly*)—"You cannot grasp the situation?"

THE YOUTH—"I do my best, dear Arthur."

McEWEN—"Well, here it is. The Populists, you know, find oracles in my editorials, poor fools, and think to pit me against De Young—the Mike. See? (*Triumphantly.*) They're friends of mine and down on Cator. I've told 'em he has bowed to Crocker."

THE YOUTH—"Good Arthur, this is so sudden. But are you not a Democrat, as this, our Monarch, is?"

McEWEN (*magnificently*)—"The Monarch *c'est moi.* Why, who can tell a Populist and a Democrat apart? I've welded them together—fused them—and to Washington I go as Senator. (*Inflates his chest.*) But the staff kicks, complains, beefs. I care not."

THE YOUTH—"My Arthur, they are wise, these Populists. They might do worse than send thee on to Washington."

McEWEN (*with brutal frankness*)—"Much worse, dear Willie. They might, indeed, name *you.* And then, great heavens, who would pay the bill?"

(*Youth faints gently. Red fire flashes through room. Thunder. Dais trembles. Pictures fall to ground. Confused murmur from excluded staff. General confusion. Curtain.*)

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Musical Note.

A Dallas man who was out fishing near Dallas took dinner at the house of a granger. While at dinner the city man remarked:

"Isn't this rather early to be killing pigs?"

"Of course it's too early to be killing hogs. Who is killing hogs such warm weather as this?"

"Why, I've heard pigs squealing ever since we sat down to dinner."

"Pigs squealing? Why, that's my oldest daughter practicing her singing lesson."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

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At the Baldwin last Monday I saw a pretty play by R. C. Carton, which the programme called "Liberty Hall." As I remember now, I went into the theatre that evening, wearied in mind and body, and utterly at outs with the world about me. For I had had a quarrel, and—but that is not a part of this. I suppose it was this mental mood that made me catch annoyedly at the petty inconveniences of the place—the inaptness of the chairs—the inharmonious jumble of individual perfumes—the jarring S's of the whispered conversations all about. But the opening music—quite mediocre, perhaps—was at least relaxing, and as the curtain rose on Chilworth, I was ready enough to spend the succeeding hours with those whose springs of action clustered about it. I shrank at the moment from any definite mental effort; I had no desire to analyze the plot before me, so I let the whole thing be real to me, and enjoyed it line by line. Now, this was the more possible, I think, because the plot of the piece was charmingly simple and old, but real. It is almost wholly devoid of the startling, and utterly without the unexpected. And so it suited my mood. But with a plot of such a nature there must be much in the lines and in the characters; yes, and I think in the men and women who play them, too. And there was here; for the words throughout it all are dainty, delicate and bright, and they were voiced sweetly and pleasingly for the most part. There is a reminiscent suggestiveness about a sentence here and there, and I feel sure Mr. Carton intended to call up "The Blot i' the 'Scutcheon" when he made Amy Chilworth say, in Browning's words, "I had no mother!" But I do not say this blamingly at all, for the associative glancing back of ideas there serves but to heighten the intenseness and the purity of the moments sadness. The sentiment throughout the play is true and tender, but its tears and laughter lie so near together one has to be a little gentle with the incongruities that creep in so harshly at times—obtruding points accented too often by explosively approving applause that made me almost wish applause was not a custom. I noticed some other deviations from my ideal equally as slight; the character of Briginshaw seemed just a bit too definite to be enjoyably harmonious with the rest, and there is too much Crafer. So, you see, while I got a good bit of pleasure out of the play, I do not think it perfect. And this I feel vaguely, even as to the totality of its impression. It is difficult to express the precise inadequateness. Its bouquet is delightful, its aroma entrancing, but it lacks *seve*. For it seemed to me deficient in that indefinable *tertium quid* that differentiates Tennyson from Longfellow. But, for all that, I had a persistent feeling of the piece at its close, definite and tangible, and separate entirely from Viola Allen. She is not pretty. But she is charming and natural, and well poised; and there is a quality in her voice that one remembers. She left this feeling on me: that I had enjoyed the privilege of an evening's association with a woman who had in herself all the better qualities the author has given to the character; and when Viola Allen plays Blanche Chilworth, it is not sham at all for me. Aside from this, however, I felt she was a careful, painstaking actress, who utilizes her abilities to their extent. I enjoyed Miss Irving's rendering of Amy, especially at the last; and Mr. Crompton as Todman, who reminded me of lavender and olives and endeavor of Charles Dickens and Ik Marvel—thoroughly pleasing, and without the suggestion of a jar between the actor and the character.

Of the others—well, Mr. Miller avoids temptations, Mr. Edeson is amateurish and *épatant*, and Arthur Doylan plays an *American* boy very well indeed.

At the California this week, it is much less difficult to separate the actors from the piece. Each may be enjoyed mildly, but the characters—with two exceptions—are so completely unideal that they put one in a positivistic, analyitic mood, and it is the acting that occupies the attention.

But this is perhaps as well. For when the Palmer Company was here last Winter, the piece itself received its need of praise and blame, so this time I need tell you merely how "Lady Windermere's Fan" was played. The company is remarkably even, or at least there is nothing strikingly bad in the rendition of the play, if one can pardon the way Mr. Leigh pronounces "invariably." Mr. Jenkins stands out a little beyond the rest, perhaps; and he certainly does some very clever work as Lord Augustus. The rest of the men are not particularly noticeable, either for good or bad. One notes occasional evidence of a struggle with the multiplicity of words, but on the whole there is nothing very difficult for the men to say or do. Mr. Gillmore has one of the impossibly ideal parts, and he plays it quite correctly, but with a palely monochromatic rendering that becomes a bit depressing at times. Miss Gilvray is fair to look upon, sweetly pretty, winningly graceful; and she aids her lines not a little by the unsparing use of her softly pleasing face. There are slight unevenesses in her work, but none of sufficient accent to merit individual note. Her gowns throughout are dainty and well built, and she leaves one with an impression of her performance not at all unpleasing.

In form and manner Miss Oliver is quite in contrast with her. For Miss Oliver is very tall, very statuesque, very stately, and very definite about the edges. And this, not in face and figure only, but in gesture and trick of speech. She has a good bit of acting to do,—much more than anyone else in the piece—and does it very thoroughly and exhaustively; but I felt an exaggeration of the hardness in the character, and too quick a pushing aside of the tenderness of the mother. Still, that is not a matter for criticism, perhaps, for without a doubt she succeeds very completely in presenting the character as she conceives it, and the slight crudities of her work are not obstrusive.

Breve, the piece is well staged, the women well-gowned. But it is definitely apparent that the company as a whole does not succeed with any marked completeness in objectifying the potentialities of "Lady Windermere's Fan."

C. MICHENER.

Mme. Nordica is the first American singer who has ventured to interpret "Elsa" before the very altars of the master. She appeared at Bayreuth last month and was astonishingly well received by a select audience of the devout who assembled to scoff and remained to applaud. This is, on the whole, characteristic of Germany in whose musical soul artistic appreciation kindles a divine fire which will burn its way through even the strata of prejudice against the verächtlich foreigner. Mme. Nordica has not, on the other hand, achieved any very luminous success on her own side of the water. She is, or rather was, a Miss North of Rochester, or Albany, I forget which, and was wont, in the days of her girlhood, to electrify the congregation of a fashionable church with the notes of a hard, high, brilliant soprano which suggested the xylophone and operatic possibilities. Admiring friends urged Miss North to rush on the stage and cheerfully predicted the decay and fall of Patti, and the black eclipse of such lesser operatic lights as Calvé and Albani, to say nothing of the ambitious Eames and the victorious Sanderson. It seems, however, that Miss North was endowed with even more common sense than genius. She went to New York and appeared, unostentatiously, in concert where her voice was much admired and her method, or lack of it, mercilessly scored. She accepted the timely lesson, packed her trunks, took the next steamer for Europe and after several years of devoted study, returned to America with a finished style of vocalization, several new and surprising notes and an Italian twist to the name of North. Her marriage with Frederick Gower is a matter of dramatic and social history. He was a brilliant, fascinating, well-born, unprincipled spendthrift with a thirst for variety and to whom marriage with a beautiful, gifted and wealthy woman meant merely an incident. To Mme. Nordica it meant temporary financial ruin and lasting sorrow. She loved her handsome scapegrace devotedly, mourned him sincerely when, after a series of disgraceful dissipations he forced her to separate from him and wept copiously in widow's weeds when, as all the world knows, he went up in a balloon which never came down again.

Calvé is gathering new laurel leaves for her crown in "La Navarraise" which Sir Augustus Harris has put on in superb style in London. With the privileged disrespect of the composer, Massenet alludes to his one-act opera as a mere sketch, a trifle and a bagatelle, but it is a very successful bagatelle, a brilliant trifle and a masterly sketch, full of military and dramatic fire and splendidly acted and sung by the diva and the people Harris has gathered together to support her. It is rumored that she will come over to America next year and has already signed with Abbey for a season at the Metropolitan. She has all the

rights and privileges of "La Navarraise" and, as she is not likely to part with so valuable a possession, the opera will not be heard in America unless the season with Abbey is really decided upon. Damrosch has returned with a long list of artists for his German Opera season—few among them, however, whose names harmonize with thoughts of Wagner, and the ambitious and aspiring Wagner Society is enduring, as usual, the summer of its discontent.

Réjane is playing "Madame Sans-Gêne" at the Gaiety in London—Réjane the reckless, the spirited, the audacious—and flinging herself into the character of the Duchess who was once a laundress, with that riotous diablerie so inimitable and so French. All London is under the spell of an art second only to that of Bernhardt, and Ellen Terry went and saw and envied. The consequences were inevitable. Irving has purchased the English rights of the Sardou play and Ellen Terry proposes to make Madame Sans-Gêne her own. She sighs for the unattainable. Great actress as she is, she has her limitations and, to a certain extent, they are those of her country—the esprit Francais lies just beyond them. That she will rise to the emotional scenes in Madame Sans-Gêne no one can intelligently doubt—that she can bend her delicate art to broad comedy, no one who has seen her horseplay in "Nance Oldfield" can sensibly believe. The role which includes the extremes of the scrubbing board and the Ducal coronet was meant for a talent more tractable than Terry's, as the lines of this remarkable and daring play were written for a tongue more subtle than the English. It is thought that Madame Sans-Gêne has lost, immeasurably, in the translation. The English books, sold in the London theatres, are insufferably slow and, I understand, the same stupid version is coming to America. The original dialogue sparkles with the brilliant indelicacy of Gallic thought and was found to be, in places, virtually untranslatable. To rewrite Sardou is to mutilate him and Madame Sans-Gêne comes from the knife of the translator in more than the usually maimed and crippled state.

Cyril Tyler, the American boy soprano, who has just sailed for Australia to sing at thirty concerts, for which something like two thousand pounds have been guaranteed him, had a tremendous London success and has engaged to return there after his American tour and sing throughout a second season. Royalty went mad over him and the populace threw down flowers for him to walk upon. There is even a wild and unbelievable tale that Patti feasted him at Craig-y-nos. People are not usually feasted at Craig-y-nos, where the stingiest woman of her century keeps a castle on less than an American nobody would consider sufficient for her servants' hall. Very probably little Tyler had sweet cakes and eau sucré with the Diva, and it is doubtless true that he sang so charmingly that Patti kissed and cried over him, according to newspaper report. The romancer's spirit has played delightfully with the subject of the ménage Patti-Nicolini, but it has not troubled itself, conspicuously, about the truth. For example, the chance visitor at Craig-y-nos—and he is a thing most rare—does not find all the Ap-Joneses and Bryn-Smithses in Wales turning out, like the chorus in an opera, to make the mountains merry for him. He does not hear the name of Patti linked with blessings on the breath of every wind that blows. He does not find the stone portals of Craig-y-nos standing wide to receive him, nor anything particularly good to eat, or much of it groaning on the board. Patti, who, I believe, can speak in four languages, has little to say in any one of them, and Nicolini discourses with eloquence on the expense of plumbing and keeping up one's own gas tanks in the north of Wales. In a word the Patti-Nicolinis are frugal, gloomy, and, for persons of their many experiences, singularly dull. The average guest cannot endure more than twenty-four hours of them, and by that time he is usually starved for meat and giddy for lack of food.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Manager Walter has decided to bring before next Monday's audience at the Orpheum the acknowledged premier lady violiniste of both hemispheres. Genius in this case comes allied with royalty. Princess Lilly Dolgorouky, who, by the way, should be referred to as Her Serene Highness, is violiniste to Her Royal Highness, the Empress of all the Russias, and virtuoso to the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg. She has been, and is, a petted favorite of royalty, yet, impelled by force of genius, devotes her life to the serious study of music. She has appeared in all the leading capitals of Europe, and has been pronounced by the most celebrated critics of Berlin, Paris, Madrid, Rome and London to be a violiniste of surpassing excellence and a soloist unequaled in expression and technique. Her royal husband is content to share in the luxury and magnificence surrounding the Romanoff court, while his beautiful and accomplished consort seeks fame. This lady wears diamonds and jewelry that would grace the display of the most opulent Eastern potentate. She prizes more especially a butterfly of emeralds, given her by the Empress of Russia, which has one hundred and seven rose brilliants, seventy-five small emeralds and five mammoth ones in its dazzling make-up. The violin by which the Princess sways her auditors is a Joseph Guanaris, and was presented her by the Princess Dagomar. An excellent company will appear in conjuction with this titled star.

Charles Frohman's stock company from the Empire Theatre, New York, will begin the third and last week but one of its present successful engagement at the Baldwin Theatre, Monday evening, presenting in the same complete manner "Sowing the Wind" and "Liberty Hall"; a new and original comedy in three acts, by L. N. Parker and Thornton N. Clark, "Gudgeons." It was produced at the Empire with great success by the stock company the last weeks of the past New York season. It treats with light farcical touches the adventures of a rich American and his daughter who are trying to get into London society. The father falls into the hands of a polished aristocratic swindler, personated by Henry Miller, and has a narrow escape from a ridiculous fleecing. The play is cleverly cast.

Commencing Monday evening the Tivoli will present Gilbert & Sullivan's satirical opera, "Iolanthe." In addition to the opera we are promised a novelty in the shape of Living Pictures, a reproduction of some of the very latest European and Eastern sensations. The pictures presented are chaste and the subjects well chosen. The list will comprise: "Springtime of Love," "At the Well," "I Want to See the Wheel Go Around," "Psyche at Nature's Mirror," "Toll Paid Here," "The Vestal Maiden," "Me and Jack," "The Angelus," "Nydia," "The Fireman's Dream," "Art Wins Heart," "North and South, or in Union There Is Strength." Appropriate music, arranged by Joseph Hirschback, and scenery by Oscar L. Fest, will add a charm to what promises to be a good drawing novelty.

In consequence of the great success of Lawrence Hanley and Edith Lemmert in "The Player," at Morosco's Grand Opera House, the piece will be continued for another week. The prologue which occurs in the play, and which is one of its very interesting features, will be changed during the week. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings it will consist of the fourth act of the "Merchant of Venice." Thursday, Friday and Saturday evening's the third and fourth acts of "Othello" and two acts of the "Lady of Lyons" for each matinée performance.

No more meritorious high-class play has been produced here in years than Edwin Milton Royle's delightful comedy-drama, "Friends." The play is now on its third successful tour and is underlined for the reopening of the California Theatre. All the old favorites have been retained in the cast, which includes among its members such sterling players as Messrs. Edwin Milton Royle, Lucius Henderson, the gifted artist; Harry Allen, E. D. Lyons and Selina Fetter Royle. Lucius Henderson, the wonderful pianist, will execute some new selections in his famous piano recital. This will prove a treat to our lovers of music.

Dan Sully will appear in two new plays this season. They are "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Social Lion."

K atie Emmett will make a tour to the Coast shortly and present some new plays.

Miss Lillian Slinkey's concert promises to attract a large audience to Metropolitan Hall. This young lady possesses a voice of considerable volume and compass, and competent critics declare she has the capacity to make an eminent artiste. The proceeds of the entertainment she proposes to devote to pursuing her musical studies in Italy and as she possesses real industry and force of character in addition to musical ability I have no doubt of her ultimate success. There is every prospect for a large audience at the concert, as Miss Slinkey has many friends.

Millie-Christine's receptions which are being given daily (Sundays excepted) at 917 Market street, are being largely attended. Admission 15 cents, children 10 cents. The afternoon receptions run from 1 to 5:30, evenings from 7:30 to 10:30. It is well worth one's while to pay this accomplished double freak a visit.

All our nice frames have ornamental corners. Best work and lowest prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

AMUSEMENTS

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★ ★ **DOROTHY** ★ ★

First Appearance of Miss Mary P. Thomson, Contralto, and Mr. John I. Raffael, Barytone.

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Immense Success of the Celebrated Young Tragi-Comedian, MR. LAWRENCE HANLEY, and the Charming Young Actress Miss Edith Lemmert, in

THE PLAYER

The prologue to-night and to-morrow night will consist of the most important acts of "Hamlet," and at to-day and to-morrow Matinees the Second and Third Acts of "Romeo and Juliet." Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday the prologue will consist of the trial scene of "The Merchant of Venice," and the remaining evenings of the week of the Third Act of "Othello." For the Matinees next week the Third and Fourth Acts of "The Lady of Lyons" will constitute the programme.

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week of Monday : : August 20th, 1894

Notable Engagement and First Appearance of

PRINCESS LILLY DOLGOROUKY, Violinist to the Empress of Russia and Virtuoso to the Imperial Court of St. Petersburg.

Sadi Alfarabi, Deltorelli Bros., Gertie Cochran, The Bicketts, Levanion, Nelson & Bush.

Last Week of the Famous **Braatz Bros.** and First Appearance of the Comedy Sketch Team, **Russell, O'Dell & Russell**, and a Magnificent Company.

Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c; Balcony, any seat, 10c; Children 10c any part.

Evening Prices: Reserved Seats 25c; Balcony 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

Saturday and Sunday Matinees

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A Responsibility

BY HENRY HARLAND.

It has been an episode like a German sentence, with its predicate at the end. Trifling incidents occurred at haphazard, as it seemed, and I never guessed they were by way of making sense. Then, this morning, somewhat of the suddenest, came the verb and the full stop.

Yesterday I should have said there was nothing to tell; to-day there is too much. The announcement of his death has caused me to review our relations, with the result of discovering my own part to have been that of an accessory before the fact. I did not kill him (though, even there, I am not sure I didn't lend a hand), but I might have saved his life. It is certain that he made me signals of distress—faint, shy, tentative, but unmistakable—and that I pretended not to understand; just barely dipped my colors and kept my course. Oh, if I had dreamed that his distress was extreme—that he was on the point of foundering and going down! However, that doesn't exonerate me: I ought to have turned aside to find out. It was a case of criminal negligence. That he, poor man, probably never blamed me, only adds to the burden on my conscience. He had got past blaming people, I dare say, and doubtless merely lumped me with the rest—with the sum total of things that made life unsupportable. Yet, for a moment, when we first met, his face showed a distinct glimmering of hope; so perhaps there was a distinct disappointment. He must have had so many disappointments before it came to—what it came to; but it wouldn't have come to that if he had got hardened to them. Possibly they had lost their outlines and merged into one dull, general disappointment that was too hard to bear. I wonder whether the Priest and the Levite were smitten with remorse after they had passed on. Unfortunately, in this instance, no good Samaritan followed.

The bottom of our long *table d'hôte* was held by a Frenchman, a Norman, a giant, but a pallid and rather flabby giant, whose name, if he had another than Monsieur, I never heard. He professed to be a painter, used to sketch birds and profiles on the back of his menu cards between the courses, wore shamelessly the multicolored rosette of a foreign order in his buttonhole, and talked with a good deal of physiognomy. I had the corner seat at his right, and was flanked in turn by Miss Etta J. Hicks, a bouncing young person from Chicago, beyond whom, like rabbits in a company of foxes, cowered Mr. and Mrs. Jordan P. Hicks, two broken-spirited American parents. At Monsieur's left, and facing me, sat Colonel Escott, very red and cheerful; then a young man who called the Colonel "Cornel," and came from Dublin, proclaiming himself a barr'ster, and giving his name as Flarty, though on his card it was written Flaherty; and then Sir Richard Maistre. After him a diminishing perspective of busy diners—for purposes of conversation, so far as we were concerned, inhabitants of the Fourth Dimension.

Of our immediate constellation, Sir Richard Maistre was the only member on whom the eye was tempted to linger. The others were obvious—simple equations soluble "in the head." But he called for slate and pencil, offered materials for doubt and speculation, though it would not have been easy to tell wherein they lay. What displayed itself to cursory inspection was quite unremarkable; simply a decent-looking young Englishman, of medium stature, with square-cut, plain features, reddish-brown hair, grey eyes, and clothes and manners of the usual pattern. Yet, showing through this ordinary surface, there was something cryptic. For me, at any rate, it required a constant effort not to stare at him. I felt it from the beginning, and I felt it till the end; a teasing curiosity, a sort of magnetism that drew my eyes in his direction. I was always on my guard to resist it, and that was really the inception of my neglect of him. From I don't know what stupid motive of pride I was anxious that he shouldn't discern the interest he had excited in me; so I paid less ostensible attention to him than to the others, who excited none at all. I tried to appear unconscious of him as a detached personality, to treat him as merely a part of the group as a whole. Then I improved such occasions as presented themselves to steal glances at him, study him *á la derobée*—groping after the quality, whatever it was, that made him a puzzle—seeking to formulate, to classify him.

Already, at the end of my first dinner, he had singled himself out and left an impression! I went into the smoking-room, and began to wonder, over a cup of coffee and a cigarette, who he was. I had not heard his voice; he hadn't talked much, and his few observations had been murmured into the ears of his next neighbors. All the same he had left an impression, and I found myself wondering who he was, the young man with the square-cut features and the reddish-brown hair. I have said that his features were square-cut and plain, but they were small and carefully finished, and as far as possible from being common. And his grey eyes, though not conspicuous for size or beauty, had a character, an expression. They *said* something—something I couldn't perfectly translate, something shrewd, humorous, even perhaps a little caustic, and yet sad; not violently, not rebelliously sad (I should never have dreamed that it was a sadness which would drive him to desperate remedies), but rather resignedly, submissively sad, as if he had made up his mind to put the best face on a sorry business. This was carried out by a certain abruptness, a slight lack of suavity, in his movements, in his manner of turning his head, of using his hands. It hinted a degree of determination which, in the circumstances, seemed superflous. He had unfolded his napkin and attacked his dinner with an air of resolution, like a man with a task before him who mutters, "Well, it's got to be done and I'll do it." At a hazard he was two or three and thirty, but below his neck he looked older. He was dressed like everybody, but his costume had, somehow, an effect of soberness beyond his years. It was decidedly not smart, and smartness was the dominant note at Hôtel d'Angleterre.

I was still more or less vaguely ruminating him in a corner of the smoking-room, on that first evening, when I became aware that he was standing near me. As I looked up our eyes met, and for the fraction of a second fixed each other. It was barely the fraction of a second, but it was time enough for the transmission of a message. I knew as certainly as if he had said so that he wanted to speak, to break the ice, to scrape an acquaintance; I knew that he had approached me and was loitering in my neighborhood for that specific purpose. I *don't* know, I have studied the psychology of the moment in vain to understand, why I felt a perverse impulse to put him off. I was interested in him, I was curious about him; and there he stood testifying that the interest was reciprocal, ready to make the advances, only waiting for a glance or a motion of encouragement; and I deliberately secluded myself behind my coffee-cup and my cigarette smoke. I suppose it was the working of some obscure mannish vanity—of what in a woman would have defined itself as coyness and coquetry. If he wanted to speak—well, let him speak; I wouldn't help him. I could realize the processes of his mind even more clearly than those of my own—his desire, his hesitancy. He was too timid to leap the barriers; I must open a gate for him. He hovered near me for a minute longer and then drifted away. I felt his disappointment, his spiritual shrug of the shoulders; and I perceived rather suddenly that I was disappointed myself. I must have been hoping all along that he would speak *quand même*, and now I was moved to run after him, to call him back. That, however, would imply a consciousness of guilt, an admission that my attitude had been intentional; so I kept my seat, making a mental rendezvous with him for the morrow.

Between my Irish *vis à vis* Flaherty and myself there existed no such strain. He presently sauntered up to me and dropped into a conversation as easily as if we had been old friends.

"Well, and are you here for your health or your entertainment?" he began. "But I don't need to ask that of a man who's drinking black coffee and smoking a cigarette at this hour of the night. I'm the only invalid at our end of the table, and I'm no better than an amateur meself. It's a barrister's throat I have—I caught it waiting for briefs in me chambers at Doblin."

We chatted together for a half-hour or so, and before we parted he had given me a good deal of general information—about the town, the natives, the visitors, the sands, the golf-links, the hunting, and with the rest, about our neighbors at the table.

"Did ye notice the pink-faced, bald little man at me right? That's Cornel Escott, C. B., retired. He takes a sea bath every morning to live up to the letters; and, faith, it's an act of heroism, no less, in weather the like of this. Three weeks have I been here, and but wan day of sunshine, and the mercury never above fifty. The other fellow, him at me left, is what you'd be slow to suspect by the look of him, I'll go bail; and that's a bar'net, Sir Richard Maistre, with a place in Hampshire, and ten thousand a year if he's a penny. The young lady beside yourself rejoices in the euphonious name of Hicks, and trains her popper and mommer behind her like slaves in a Roman triumph. They're Americans, if you must have the truth, though I oughtn't to tell it on them, for I'm an Irishman myself, and its not for the pot to be bearing tales of the kettle. However, their tongues betray them; so I've violated no confidence."

The knowledge that my young man was a baronet with a place in Hampshire somewhat disenchanted me. A baronet with a place in Hampshire left too little to the imagination. The description seemed to curtail his potentialities, to prescribe his orbit, to connate turnip fields, house parties, and a whole system of British commonplace. Yet, when, the next day at luncheon, I again had him before me in the flesh, my interest revived. Its lapse had been due to an association of ideas which I now recognized as unscientific. A baronet with twenty places in Hampshire would remain at the end of them all a human being; and no human being could be finished off in a formula of half a dozen words. Sir Richard Maistre, anyhow, couldn't be. He was enigmatic, and his effect upon me was enigmatic, too. Why did I feel that tantalizing inclination to stare at him, coupled with that reluctance frankly to engage in talk with him? Why did he attack his luncheon with that appearance of grim resolution? For a minute after he had taken his seat he eyed his knife, fork and napkin as a laborer might a load that he had to lift, measuring the difficulties he must cope with; then he gave his head a resolute nod and set to work. To-day, as yesterday, he said very little, murmured an occasional remark into the ear of Flaherty, accompanying it usually with a sudden short smile; but he listened to everything, and did so with apparent appreciation.

Our proceedings were opened by Miss Hicks, who asked Colonel Escott: "Well, Colonel, have you had your bath this morning?"

The Colonel chuckled and answered: "Oh, yes—yes—yes—couldn't forego my bath, you know—couldn't possibly forego my bath."

"And what was the temperature of the water?" she continued.

"Fifty-two—fifty-two—three degrees warmer than the air—three degrees," responded the Colonel, still chuckling, as if the whole affair had been extremely funny.

"And you, Mr. Flaherty, I suppose you've been to Bayonne?"

"No, I've broken me habit, and not left the hotel."

Subsequent experience taught me that these were conventional modes by which the conversation was launched every day, like the preliminary moves in chess. We had another ritual for dinner; Miss Hicks then inquired if the Colonel had taken his ride, and Flaherty had played his game of golf. The next inevitable step was common to both meals. Colonel Escott would pour himself a glass of the *vin ordinaire*, a jug of which was set by every plate, and holding it up to the light, exclaim with simulated gusto, "Ah! Fine old wine! Remarkably full, rich flavor!" At this pleasantry we would all gently laugh; and the word was free.

Sir Richard, as I have said, appeared to be an attentive and appreciative listener, not above smiling at our modest sallies; but, watching him out of the corner of my eye, I noticed that my own observations seemed to strike him with peculiar force—which led me to talk *at* him. Why not to him, with him? The interest was reciprocal; he would have liked a dialogue; he would have welcomed a chance to commence one; and I could at any instant have given him such a chance. I talked *at* him, it is true; but I talked *with* Flaherty or Miss Hicks, or *to* the company at large. Of his separate identity he had no reason to believe me conscious. From a mixture of motives in which I'm not sure that a certain heathenish enjoyment of his embarrassment didn't count for something, I was determined that if he wanted to know me, he must come the whole distance; I wouldn't meet him half-way. Of course I had no idea that it could be a matter of the faintest real importance to the man. I judged his feelings by my own; and though I was interested in him, I shall have conveyed an altogether exaggerated notion of my interest if you fancy it kept me awake at night. How was I to guess that his case was more serious—that he was not simply desirous of a little amusing talk, but starving, starving for a little human sympathy, a little brotherly love and comradeship?—that he was in an abnormally sensitive condition of mind, where mere negative unresponsiveness could hurt him like a slight or a rebuff?

In the course of the week I ran over to Pau, to pass a day with the Winchfields, who had a villa there. When I came back I brought with me all that they (who knew everybody) could tell about Sir Richard Maistre. He was intelligent and amiable, but the shyest of shy men. He avoided general society, frightened away perhaps by the British mamma, and spent a good part of each year abroad, wandering rather listlessly from town to town. Though young and rich, he was neither fast nor ambitious; the members' entrance to the House of Commons, the stage-doors of music halls, were equally without glamour for him; and if he was a Justice of the Peace and a Deputy Lieutenant, he had become so through the tacit operation of his stake in the country. He had chambers in St. James Street, was a member of the Travelers' Club, and played the violin—for an amateur rather well. His brother, Mortimer Maistre, was in diplomacy—at Rio Janeiro or somewhere. His sister had married an Australian and lived in Melbourne.

At the Hôtel d'Angleterre I found his shyness was mistaken for indifference. He was civil to everybody, but intimate with none. He attached himself to no party, paired off with no individuals. He sought nobody. On the other hand, the persons who went out of the way to seek him, came back, as they felt, repulsed. He had been polite but languid. These, however, were not the sort of persons he would be likely to care for. There prevailed a general conception of him as cold, unsociable. He certainly walked about a good deal alone—you met him on the sands, on the cliffs, in the stiff little streets,

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS ★★★★ FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

rambling aimlessly, seldom with a companion. But to me it was patent that he played the solitary from necessity, not from choice—from the necessity of his temperament. A companion was precisely that which above all things his heart coveted—only he didn't know how to set about annexing one. If he sought nobody, it was because he didn't know how. This was a part of what his eyes said; they bespoke his desire, his perplexity, his lack of nerve. Of the people who put themselves out to seek him, there was Miss Hicks; there were a family from Leeds, named Bunn, a father, mother, son, and two redoubtable daughters, who drank champagne with every meal, dressed in the height of fashion, said their say at the tops of their voices, and were understood to be auctioneers; a family from Bayswater named Krausskopf. I was among those whom he had marked as men he would like to fraternise with. As often as our paths crossed, his eyes told me that he longed to stop and speak, and continue the promenade abreast. I was under the concrol of a demon of mischief; I took a malicious pleasure in eluding and baffling him—in passing on with a nod. It had become a kind of game; I was curious to see whether he would ever develop sufficient hardihood to take the bull by the horns. After all, from a conventional point of view, my conduct was quite justifiable. I always meant to do better by him next time,and then I always deferred it to the next. But from a conventional point of view, my conduct was quite unassailable. I said this to myself when I had momentary qualms of conscience. Now, rather late in the day, it strikes me that the conventional point of view should have been readjusted to the special case. I should have allowed for his personal equation.

My cousin Wilford came to Biarritz about this time, stopping for a week, on his way home from a tour in Spain. I couldn't find a room for him at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, so he put up at a rival hostelry over the way; but he dined with me on the evening of his arrival, a place being made for him between mine and Monsieur's. He hadn't been at the table five minutes before the rumor went abroad who he was—somebody had recognized him. Then those who were within reach of his voice listened with all their ears—Colonel Escott, Flaherty, Maistre, and Miss Hicks, of course, who even called him by name, "Oh, Mr. Wilford." "Now, Mr. Wilford," etc. After dinner, in the smoking-room, a cluster of people hung around us; men with whom I had no acquaintance came merrily up and asked to be introduced. Colonel Escott and Flaherty joined us. At the outskirts of the group I beheld Sir Richard Maistre. His eyes (without his realizing it perhaps) begged me to invite him, to present him; and I affected not to understand! This is one of the little things I find hardest to forgive myself. My whole behavior toward the young man is now a subject of self-reproach; if it had been different, who knows that the tragedy of yesterday would ever have happened! If I had answered his timid overtures, walked with him, talked with him, cultivated his friendship, given him mine, established a kindly human relation with him, I can't help feeling that he might not have got to such a desperate pass, that I might have cheered him, helped him, saved him. I feel it especially when I think of Wilford. His eyes attested so much; he would have enjoyed meeting him so keenly. No doubt he was already fond of the man, had loved him through his books, like so many others. If I had introduced him? If we had taken him with us the next morning on our excursion to Cambo? Included him occasionally in our smokes and parleys?

Wilford left for England without dining again at the Hôtel d'Angleterre. We were busy "doing" the country, and never chanced to be at Biarritz at the dinner hour. During that week I scarcely saw Sir Richard Maistre.

Another little circumstance that rankles especially *now*, would have been ridiculous except for the way things have ended. It isn't easy to tell—it was so petty, and I am so ashamed. Colonel Escott had been abusing London, describing it as the least beautiful of the capitals of Europe, comparing it unfavorably to Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg. I took up the cudgels in its defense, mentioned its atmosphere, its tone; Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg were lyric, London was epic; and so forth and so forth. Then shifting from the æsthetic to the utilitarian, I argued that of all the great towns it was the healthiest, its death rate was lowest. Sir Richard Maistre had followed my dissertation attentively, and with a countenance that signified approval; and when, with my reference to the death rate, I paused, he suddenly burned his ships. He looked me full in the eye, and said "Thirty-seven, I believe?" His heightened color, a nervous movement of the lip, betrayed the effort it had cost him; but at last he had *done* it,—screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and spoken. And I—I can never forget it—I grow hot when I think of it—but I was possessed by a devil. His eyes hung on my face, awaiting my response, pleading for a cue. "Go on," they urged, "I have taken the first, the difficult step—make the next smoother for me." And I—I answered lackadaisically, with just a casual glance at him, "I don't know the figures," and absorbed myself in my viands.

Two or three days later his place was filled by a stranger, and Flaherty told me that he had left for the Riviera.

All this happened last March at Biarritz. I never saw him again till three weeks ago. It was one of those frightfully hot afternoons in July; I had come out of my club and was walking up St. James street, toward Picadilly; he was moving in an opposite sense; and thus we approached each other. He didn't see me, however, till we had drawn rather near to a conjunction: then he gave a little start of recognition, his eyes brightened, his pace slackened, his right hand prepared to advance itself—and I bowed slightly and pursued my way! Don't ask why I did it. It is enough to confess it, without having to explain it. I glanced backwards, by-and-by, over my shoulder. He was standing where I had met him, half turned round, and looking after me. But when he saw that I was observing him he hastily shifted about and continued his descent of the street.

That was only three weeks ago. Only three weeks ago I still had it in my power to act. I am sure—I don't know why I am sure, but I *am* sure—that I could have deterred him. For all that one can gather from the brief note he left behind, it seems that he had no special, definite motive; he had met with no losses; got into no scrape; he was simply tired and sick of life and of himself. "I have no friends," he wrote. "Nobody will care. People don't like me; people avoid me. I have wondered why; I have tried to watch myself and discover; I have tried to be decent. I suppose it must be that I emit a repellent fluid; I suppose I am a 'bad sort.'" He had a morbid notion that people didn't like him, that people avoided him! Oh, to be sure, there were the Bunns and the Krausskopfs and their ilk, plentiful enough; but he understood what it was that attracted *them*. Other people, the people *he* could have liked, kept their distance—were civil, indeed, but reserved. He wanted bread and they gave him a stone. It never struck him, I suppose, that they attributed the reserve to him. But I—I knew that his reserve was only an effect of his shyness; I knew that he wanted bread, and that knowledge constituted my moral responsibility. I didn't know that his need was extreme; but I have tried in vain to absolve myself with the reflection. I ought to have made inquiries. When I think of that afternoon in St. James street—only three weeks ago—I feel like an assassin. The vision of him as he stopped and looked after me—I can't banish it. Why didn't some good spirit move me to turn back and overtake him?

It is so hard for the mind to reconcile itself to the irretrievable. I can't shake off a sense that there is something to be done. I can't realize that it is too late.

—*Yellow Book.*

THE HUNGER OF THE FIRE.

No light in the room except the fitful blaze in the open fireplace—fire-pictures glowed in the coals and died in the red-hearted embers. Profiles of great cities flickered, faded and went down in gray, shapeless ruins. The furniture loomed indistinct and tall, like ships anchored in the darkness.

In front of the fire, a forlorn figure in a heap on the rug. The symbols of coziness call up no visions of comfort. This is no cheery, crackling blaze, but a smouldering funeral pyre.

With a regular motion a hand dropped at intervals something white and square into the dying fire, which absorbed it deliberately, curling the edges and turning the white squares a succession of tender autumnal browns. For an instant the ink and the lettering stood out vividly, and then melted away against the dusky background. A faint aroma, like the wraith of a flower, filled the room. Violets had been pressed between some of those pages.

The pile of letters on the hearth slowly diminished. The grey feathers in the grate as slowly piled up. Some of the letters burned more slowly than others—possibly from tears that had fallen on them in the past. They were receiving a second baptism now—tears of parting—for even a false friend is dear at the last, and these letters were old-time companions of the girl before the fire. She knew now that the sweet lies had never been true, and her tears were only for the tender thoughts she had given to them. Some partings are not personal griefs. They are sorrows for a lost ideal—the agony that most always ends a self-deception, when the heart says, "It is finished."

The last letter fell in the fire. The flame, after a vivid resurrection, gasped itself out. The girl in front of the fire lost herself in reverie, and a breath from out the darkness seemed to say, "Ashes to ashes."

MABEL CLARE CRAFT.

Robert's pocket knives warranted against turning the edge, and against breaking in flaws, also Burmah scissors and shears in stationery department of Sanborn, Vail & Co.

COL. DAN BURNS

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Our Lazaretto

They strive to allay popular prejudice against the Pesthouse by calling it the Twenty-sixth Street Hospital, but this juggling with names serves little purpose, for the old paintless, decaying aggregate of buildings out there, held together, as it were, only by the jaggedly irregular, high board fence that surrounds them, is still known in the language of the people as the Pesthouse.

FROM MADRAS
(Photo by Bank Somers)

I went out there the other day to see the place with my own eyes, and to talk with those who live there. One drives to the very end almost of Army street—quite to the edge of the bay, or rather, of the marsh that surrounds it—and there, clinging to a wind-swept, rocky hillside, one finds the buildings leaning disconsolately against rows of supporting timbers, that in yearly increasing numbers serve to delay the eventually inevitable decline of the walls from the perpendicular. The situation of the place from a sanitary point of view is bad. Perched on the stony slope there, just slighty raised out of the marsh that closes it in on two sides, it is flanked by active tanneries, that intrude themselves quite definitely and persistently upon one's senses. Then the Army street sewer discharges itself at a point a few hundred feet above the institution, and sends a sluggish stream circling about the grounds. These things, of course, have their effect upon the inmates of the place; but one notices also that many little houses have placed themselves in the immediate vicinity of the institution, and the people who live therein deserve some consideration, perhaps. For, without a doubt, the methods of handling smallpox patients that the existing means in the Twenty-sixth Street Hospital necessitate are crudely unsafe for the surrounding neighbors.

To get into the Pesthouse is not easy. The high gray fence presents itself uninterruptedly to the view, and it is not until one has gone quite around the building that a careful search reveals the gate, scarcely differentiated apparently from the fence on either side. I pulled the bell, and it jangled harshly. Then, in the moment of waiting there appeared hazily across the entrance a faint suggestion of word and letters :

Lasciate Ogna Speranza, voi Ch'entrate!

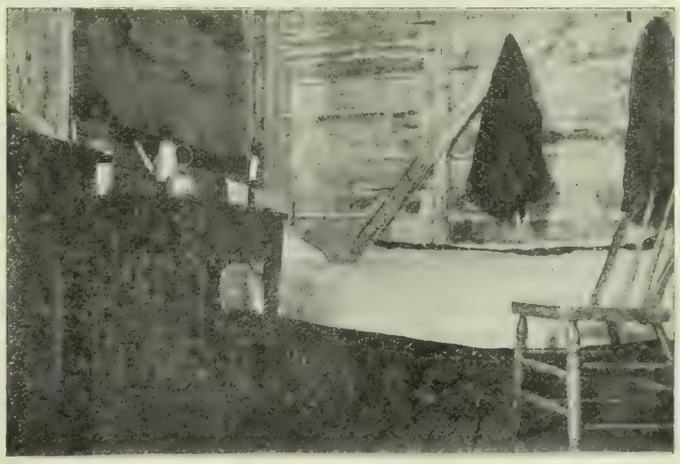
But the sun shown out on them strong again, and I saw there were no letters at all, but only the cracks and irregularities of the boards.

"Well, ———?" This from the husky Cerberus who came down in answer to the bell. A little note from the Mayor appeased his momentary gruffness, however, and the gate rolled complainingly aside and we drove into the yard.

There are two main buildings—one for the smallpox patients, when there are any, and the other for the lepers. When a person has the smallpox he either gets well, or, if taken to our Pesthouse, dies in short order. But a leper does not die easily, so there are always lepers out there. The buildings are in utter delapidation, the plumbing out of order everywhere and shingles flapping to the breeze—that is, where they have not quite disappeared. The floors creak under you as you walk along, and the wind whistles dismally through the cracks in the walls of almost every room.

When the buildings were erected a quarter of a century ago, the design was to tear them down in a few years and replace them with others of a similar temporary character. But be all that as it may, the fact remains, the temporary structure out there still exists, and bids fair to be as permanent as its rusty nails and fast decaying timbers will permit. The interior of the wards is whitewashed, but the flakes have dropped off in many places, leaving large irregularly shaped, whity-brown spots that remind one of leprosy and decay in a fashion most ghastly and suggestive. The floors abound in gaping cracks, aptest of places for the accumulating of bacteria; and old unused mattresses and pillows, lie in piles about, and there is not a room—so says the Steward—proof from the Winter's rain. It is in this dark, drear region the law of California compels certain of our fellow creatures to wait hopelessly for death. No choice is left them as to the place of their isolation, or the manner of it; they must be here, and here only, so says the Law.

However, it is not my purpose to criticize these obvious things, nor even to reproduce the horrors of the existence out there. The sensationalism of the daily press does that often and well enough. But I want to express as definitely as I can the feeling that came over me as I talked with the Unclean. It is this: They are human beings, with emotions, thoughts, likes, dislikes, needs, desires,—and all these as intense as yours and mine. But hopes and aspirations have been crushed out of them entirely, as far as I could see, and in this, and in this only, are they mentally different from the rest of us. Leprosy, thank God, is not home with us. It is a bastard of foreign birth, thrown on our doorstep. But its miserable victims are here and with us, and we must not forget that they are human. The leper colony at the Twenty-sixth Street Hospital is diversely composed; there is a seventy-year-old Indian from Madras who has spent the last four years of his life there, a negro, two Mexican boys, a Russian Finn, two other Caucasians of indefinite nationality, and the rest Chinamen. The place is comparatively deserted now, but there was a time during the smallpox epidemic here of a few years ago that it contained more than three hundred patients.



A BEDROOM
(Photo by Bank Somers.)

The life of the people here is almost without incident. Few persons visit them, and when they do the more intelligent keep out of the way, shrinking from the ordeal of curious inspection. Those who have hands work about the little garden in front of the house, but the main product of the rocky soil seems to be sunflowers, whose great brown-yellow discs are just opening now. There are cards and chess-men about, and some books — mostly paper covered novels in various states of dilapidation, yet a few carefully selected titles. So these people have something to do. But it is mostly sleep and eat, and let the sun shine on one, and look out over the brackish waters of the marsh to the bay beyond, and wait, and wait, and wait. There is one out there who has waited now these fifteen years! It is not unpleasant, though, to sit there on the porch and look across the marsh, streaked through and through with blue, meandering ribbons of water that come up to the very gates, made, just now, more attractive even by the orange filaments of the cuscuta that form large patches of bright color here and there in the dull green of the sapphire. But to sit there fifteen years!

I try not to condemn the City Fathers for the manner of their treatment of these poor outcasts, for condemnation would do no good—it is too near election to expect city money now—but perhaps a suggestion toward indicating the direction which private endeavor could take in their behalf might not be wholly useless. These people are, unfortunately, quite cut off from the society of others. The law does this, and public sentiment and popular prejudice. The utter isolation is not necessary, for there seems to be no doubt that a leper is many times less dangerous to those about him than a consumptive. But we have determined to deny the lepers the relief pleasant words and new faces bring with them, so that means of doing good is closed. But there are other ways of aiding them. Some of them need clothes. The books they have have been well used—read and re-read. These wants are obvious. I have thought, though, if some one could discover some useful thing for them to do, that would be the best of all. For by doing, we forget. If Mayor Ellert's plan of sending them to join the leper colony at Hawaii could be carried out, that would surely be the most humane and satisfactory method of solution of this problem, for there they could be given occupation, society and life. For, without a doubt, there is despair, and hopelessness, and utter heart-crushing blankness in the faces at the pesthouse now.

C. MICHENER.

THE MAIN BUILDING
(Photo by Bank Somers.)

A Glorious Prospect.

Grand-dad has reached the age of eighty-two. Time has not dealt gently with him. He is bald, toothless and wrinkled like an old apple. Baby looks at him fixedly and with intense curiosity.

"Grandpa, when I am old as you are, shall I look like you?"

"Yes, my darling, if you are a good boy!"— *Toronto Saturday Night.*

Crown fountain pens are the best. Sanborn, Vail & Co., stationery department, agents for the Coast.

Hicks—The paper says there was a fire started in our street early this morning.

Mrs. Hicks—Well, nobody will suspect you of building it. *Toronto Saturday Night.*

VAN PELT—What breed of fighting dog is that?

SCHNEIDER—Oh, I don't know; he's a terrier, or a daughter of the revolution, or somedings.—*Town Topics.*

THE GLASS OF FASHION

The inconsistency and apparent recklessness shown by the generality of women in San Francisco in their street dress, displays not alone a want of thought but a distinct lack of a sense of the fitness of things. Early in the morning, marketing hour, the middle of the day, before the wind arises, or at five o'clock, as the men are returning home from business, we womenkind wear the same clothes. Having just returned from some resort, and still feeling that the summer is not yet upon the wane, the woman of to-day dons her muchly-betrimmed India silk, with the ribbons and laces, appropriate for the country or the house, and decides it will do very nicely. Reaching the front door a blast of wind smites her, conveying to her mind, at the same time, the necessity for a sealskin or fur cape. This she dons, with no idea of the incongruity of the combination, and starts for town. What a pitiful spectacle she presents! But she is utterly oblivious of the fact, and fancies herself sufficiently exquisite to evanesce or be wafted upwards on a chariot of fire, so that in all her glory she might be beheld by her Supreme Judge. Poor Bobby Burns! What ecstatic bliss must be his if, from his seat on some well upholstered cloud, he can survey the world, and, by the sweet zephyrs, have wafted to him from a thousand, yea, a million, lips, the product of his pen—

> O, wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us!

Would woman then, I wonder,—I of course mean a woman with average intelligence,—cling to such inconsistent clothes for street wear?

The Country Club is, at present, foremost in the minds of Society. I am ready to take such statements with salt, but I'm told that the frocks this year will surpass, in style and elegance, any worn here for several seasons. No other function this year, except, perhaps, the horse show, will bring out such a quantity of really swell gowns. Where does the money come from? I know not. Credit, perhaps.

One that is to be worn which will be outshone by none, I fancy, is of white linen. The coat is made quite straight in front, over a bodice of pale mauve silk covered with black accordion lisse, and has collar and belt of the mauve. The hat, which will effectually finish this costume, is of mauve tulle, with black feathers. The wearer is very fair, and will look exquisitely cool, with her parasol of black silk and mauve chiffon ruffles.

A biscuit-colored canvas costume, with a deep band of creamy lace guipure round the skirt, and the bodice very nearly covered with the same lace, ought to attract much attention. A black moiré sash is folded round the waist, and tied in a long knot, with falling ends to the hem of the skirt, which is lined with silk of the same shade. The owner of this gown intends wearing a lilac silk petticoat, upon the surveyal of which, I could not but remark the excellent taste displayed by a few women.

The dressmakers are making no end of chiffon blouses, but I am heartily tired of them. They look very nice just at first, when fresh and untouched by care. After donning them a few times, however, a crushed and dejected spirit comes over them, and always reminds me of the one rose which, through carelessness, did not reach the water in the vase.

Muslin delaine becomes tiresome, but occasionally an inspiration falls upon some person, and a brilliant success is made of a gown of this material. One I noticed in my peregrinations I shall describe to you. It was adorable. The delaine was of a warm, rich cream color, striped with narrow lines of white satin, round which a pattern of pink ribbon was represented coiling in a series of curves, each of which held a spray of pink and blue forget-me-nots. Across the chest—you know so much trimming is worn across the chest—was a twist of pink and blue satin ribbons, marking the lines where a pink velvet yoke met the pale blue silk, with which the lower part of the bodice was covered. This was cut out in sprays of forget-me-nots, and sewn over with pink silk. The black tulle hat worn with this suit was entirely trimmed with pink and blue forget-me-nots.

Cornflower blue crépon, and the same material in biscuit color, will be well represented this fall. In fact, I fear cornflower blue will be the rage. It is so becoming, too. It is like the face powders of which one reads: "Makes the old young, and the young beautiful."

This fashion of folded colored velvet on the collar may be getting a little common, but it is far too pretty and becoming to be given up on that account. The worst of it is, however, that the most barbarous combinations are made in this way. For instance, one occasionally notices a girl with a crude blue gown, with a collar of a harsh bright pink, which swears violently at the blue. Another, with a baize green gown, surveys her charming appearance and adds, much to her own satisfaction, a collar of brick-colored velvet. Such mistakes as these are inevitable, whenever fashion permits strong contrasts of color, and, after all, they only render the successes more pleasing to the eye by force of contrast.

The hats this fall are of endless variety of tulles, chiffons, and fancy plaited straws. They are trimmed with quantities of flowers, ostrich tips, and pompons of tulle. All are very perishable but exquisite to view. Chiffon veiling is still worn a great deal, and, in San Francisco, should become very popular, for it is a safeguard for dust and fog. It is most serviceable, washing like a percale tie, with as little trouble and the same results.

THE REFLECTOR.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

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LIBRARY NOTES

From the porch at Del Monte and the piazza of the Rafael I catch echoes of yawns, dreary yawns, borne up over sun baked meadows and orchards, across wide stretches of tule and blue reaches of bay — portentous yawns carrying suggestions of an infinite ennui, wide spread and piercing. "Nothing to read" is the cry that ascends the Monterey skies and is faintly whispered among the turrets at San Rafael. Listening to the reproaches of elegant leisure, the murmurs of dowagers, the despair of wall flowers, one might believe publishers had ceased publishing and book dealers, by concerted action, had cut off all literary remittances. And yet the terrible condition of affairs is really endurable if one only knows what in the way of poetry and narrative the last week has brought forth. With the new *Yellow Book* in town and the prospect of *Trilby*, the *Ebb Tide* and *Lord Ormout and His Aminta*, one can reasonably console one's self with the novels of the moment. Yes, Du Maurier's famous book will surely appear before the "Shoot" and Stevenson's latest should long since have given his enthusiasts the opportunity of going into new ecstacies over wild adventurings in "Seas forlorn" told in the most flexible of English styles.

In the meantime—though? No—there is slight reason for despair, for here is a volume, *Theatricals*, by Henry James, a society novel *Vashti and Esther*, and, in a neat form, that exceedingly readable tale, *The Prisoner of Zenda*. It is one of those books, that last, of which one turns the final pages with regret and then grieves because it has become a reminiscence instead of an anticipation. Truly a "ripping" story, full of life, adventure, dramatic incident, of good men and wicked, of swords and pistol shots, moats and embattled fortresses, of gallant deeds and brilliant scenes. Above all, it has in it Princess Flavia, pale and lovely, her head surmounted by the glorious Elphberg hair, and Rudolph Rassendyll, who is not only brave but true. One leaps from chapter to chapter—the action is so swift and sweeping—only to grieve because so fine a hero steps off the stage and spends the rest of his life repining the loss of so lovely a princess. Why did he not stop and be King of Ruritania, as he so easily might have done, but then—could the story have been written? It is so literal, the narrative, that one is impelled to discuss Rudolph as though he were not a creature of imagination, to envy him the moment when Flavia, her eyes shining with love, falls into his arms, and that other moment when, triumphing over a temptation of triple strength, he releases the hand of the woman he so truly adores to the King she is in honor bound, and goes off into the world to spend the rest of his life in regrets. There is a consolation though. It is that Mr. Hope has a real talent. The manner of this tale shows a skill in narrative and dialogue that promises to us readers of English some more stories perhaps as exciting and good—for the success of the *Prisoner of Zenda* is no happy chance.

Nothing smarter than *Vashti and Esther* could be imagined. Its up-to-dateness is as startling as its appropriateness for summer resort consumption. It is Society with a vengeance; hero and heroine and all their friends are decidedly "in the Swim" as well as "in the know;" one finds in its pages the argot of the London swell set and a reproduction that I am told is fairly accurate of fashionable life both in country houses and in the metropolis. Verily, they are "rapid" people, the members of that house party at Ladysmeade, composed of flirtatious and slangy beauties who wear each night a fresh gown; of exquisite young men who go shooting, pay compliments, and discuss ties by the hour; of Countesses married to youthful guardsmen who talk scandal, and criticize each other's style. The heroine, Lady Violet Johnson, is a bit out of it at first, is neglected by her husband who has millions and wears loud clothes, becomes a professional beauty, is paragraphed immensely, and finally, is reconciled to her spouse after tribulations that have the harassing grievousness of crumples amid rose leaves. One need give but mild consideration to the plot which is a somewhat attenuated string for the series of balls, parties, dissertations on the habits and manners of the married and single of high degree that make the volume. It is lightly enough handled, the narrative portion, and one cannot but be charmed at the virtue Lady Violet exhibits over the arrival of a basket of flowers from Lord Tony Fitz-Glyn, and at her delightful surrender of a sheaf of bills to Kenneth in the last act. Lest the impression might prevail that he does not accommodate the lady with the requisite funds I will add he turns her over a check book and, with a beatific smile, invites the splendid creature to do her worst. The finish is really charming as a domestic picture of London high life.

> Kenneth was seated in an easy chair, contentedly puffing away at a well-colored meerschaum, while Violet, in lowly attitude which best suited her remorseful mood, talked over their plans and was inwardly making a list of her various good intentions.
>
> "We'll have a ripping Gradwood," says Kenneth.
>
> Violet rubbed her wet face against his hand with the action of a grateful dog rather than of a high spirited, proud woman.

He was not much of a hero this Kenneth—but as the author remarks, "He was her husband, and one must love some one in some fashion."

It is a bold writer who dares decry the superior woman in this era of Sarah Grands and Women's Congresses. So to C. E. Raimond I doff my cap and offer him as a candidate for the Victoria Cross. This reckless chap has actually depicted, in the most unattractive guise imaginable, a lady novelist. She is selfish, hysterical, wears pink flannel wrappers, and refuses to permit her husband, who paints quite agreeably, to practice his art. What is even worse—she has a salon to which no one who has not done something is ever invited, she writes a drama, she has a tremendous appetite, and a command of adjectives that is monstrous. He is crushed into a mummy, into a merely negative errand runner this *George Mandeville's Husband* and one cannot but think he richly deserves the extinction and subjugation that are his fate. It is a pity the cleverness of the initial chapters is not permitted to extend through the volume, for the woes of the literary husband are unrelieved by a single retort and his comments on the rising sex are all delivered at the reader. However, as Mrs. Willbraham—the novelist's real name—weighs 172 pounds before marriage and has even as a school girl a personality, and perhaps an aptitude, at gymnastics, possibly she was the better man of the two. Certainly she had more character.

To condemn with proper rancor the two comedys that make *Theatricals*, by Henry James, one should have a wide acquaintance with dramatic literature. Though it be a reflection on my point of view, and virtually a confession of ineptitude, I'll confess having read with pleasure both *Tenants* and *Disengaged*. It is not especially smart dialogue, nor are the characters wonderfully picturesque or startlingly individualized, but they are pleasant people, who talk in smooth, well cut sentences which have the merit of helping along such of a plot as there is and developing an occasional idiosyncracy without italics. Of course there are some mild good things—though, like truffles, one has to hunt for them. Sir Frederick says to his son, "Remember that when you reach my age, if you've had time to have a past, you also have time to suffer from it." Miss Dyer remarks, "A woman who has no secrets must be a frump," to which Mrs. Vibert replies, "Not so great a frump as the woman who does not find them out." She replies too, this fascinating widow, to someone who asks when her husband died. "It doesn't matter; when we had wholly ceased to meet;" the same answers "that was the case even before I knew you."

To *Disengaged* there is considerable action of a somewhat complicated kind—a fascinating widow is again the nidus. Half the men are in love with her and there are proposals every few page. The male she fancies is chivalrous and is persuaded into proposing to another girl, but a curious jumble of weird happenings in the last act disentangles the situation and the curtain descends amid murmurs of wedding strains. More a farce than a comedy, it contains some situations that to the untutored mind of one who has seen the prodigies of Belasco and De Mille, Sidney Grundy and H. G. Carleton suggests possibilities comparatively diverting if not wildly interesting.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"George Mandeville's Husband," by C. E. Raimond. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Vashti and Ester." Appleton & Co., publishtrs. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Prisoners of Zenda" by Anthony Hope. H. Holt & Co., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Theatricals," by Henry James. Harper Bros., publishers. For sale by William Doxey.

"The Yellow Beok." Elkins Matthew & John Lane, publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

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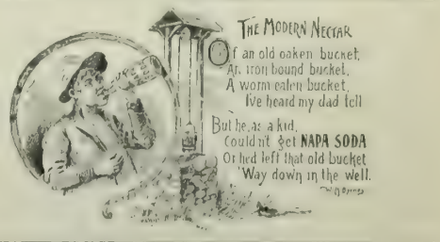

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PURE PRIMARIES.

Our thanks are due to the Oakland *Enquirer*; the *Argus*, *Encinal* and *Telegram* of Alameda; the Fresno *Republican* and Fresno *Expositor*; the San Jose *Herald*, the Contra Costa *Gazette*, the Yreka *Journal* and the Berkeley *Herald*, for the assistance they have rendered the cause of Pure Primaries.

The letters presented with this issue speak eloquently for Pure Primaries. Our space will not permit the reproduction of all the communications we have received. Hereafter we will cheerfully publish letters on Pure Primaries that may contain novel suggestion, letters merely cumulative we will arrange in some convenient form to lay before the members of the Legislature, so that nothing that may be written will be lost.

The following letter from M. C. Hassett contains a suggestion which may form the basis for an adequate Act. The prime objection to his plan may lie in the fact that the Party Representatives elected at a general election, may not harmonize with the political issues of two years hence. This fault, if fault it be, might be overcome, in part at least, by making its provisions applicable only to cities of over twenty-five thousand population, and giving to the interior, where primaries are properly conducted, and largely participated in by the respectable classes, the same law we have at present with some necessary modifications.

Mr. Hassett invites criticism and discussion of his plan.

EDITOR WAVE: Your earnestness in the direction of purifying our primaries should win the commendation of all good men.

I think it is pretty generally conceded now that that portion of the machinery of election which precedes the election proper is of more importance even than the election itself. For it is the primaries and nominating conventions that present aptest opportunities for trickery and fraud.

The purification of the primaries, therefore, is the most important to the welfare of our body politic; and to accomplish this, it seems to me, two things are plainly necessary. First, some means of exciting the interest of the better class of the community in the primaries; and, second, a law that will protect every citizen and assure him that the expression of his will in this regard shall have due force.

To bring about the first requisite, to obtain from practically every voter of each party an expression of his choice, I would suggest in bare outline here the following plan: On the day of the general election, the voters of each district should be given an opportunity to voice their selection of County Committeemen for their respective districts. This could be accomplished simply and easily by having placed in each election booth a separate ballot-box, under charge of an inspector, to receive the vote for County Committeemen of all parties. There would be but a small number to be selected in each District—three or five possibly,—and the counting of these ballots could be done by the clerks in charge of the count of the regular election, after its count had been completed. The additional cost of such an election would be slight, and could be born either by the municipality or the parties, as might seem most expedient.

T..e County Committeemen, having been selected in this way, would serve for two years, and direct the affairs of their party through the ensuing campaign. They would form the Board which would select the actual delegates to the Conventions, municipal, county and state.

The most striking advantage of this plan is that it secures an expression of an opinion from a large class of voters who at present, either from lack of interest or aversion to struggle and push, do not attend the primaries as at present constituted. Under this system, every citizen who votes at the general election must, of necessity, be present at the primary election. Then, too, every voter at the primary under this system is necessarily a qualified voter, for it is not until his ballot has passed the challenges of the inspectors at the general election that he is allowed to vote at the primaries.

It is obvious that the simplicity of the plan here indicated renders it easy to formulate into a law; and to that I have given very careful consideration for years past. I merely outline the plan here, however, and submit it as a basis for suggestion and criticism.

M. C. HASSETT.

Mr. M. Cooney, a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and one of its legal advisers, writes:

EDITOR WAVE: I agree with you that without a more stringent law, regulating Primary Elections, honest administration in office must remain difficult. Therefore my *first* suggestion would be to make the General Election Laws of the State applicable as far as possible to all Primary Elections. Second: In as much as Primaries form the foundation of all political work, every citizen should feel it a solemn duty to give some time and attention thereto. Unless this is done, the best of laws will be found useless.

Very truly yours,
M. COONEY.

It is a matter of regret that the writer of the following able letter has requested his name to be withheld. The statements it contains are terse, strong and evidence a familiarity with the subject in hand. At first blush one rebels against the position taken, but favor toward it grows as one reads.

Editor Wave—SIR: I have received your letter asking me to offer, if I can, "any practical suggestion which will assist in framing a law to purify our primary elections."

I cannot do so, and I am quite sure that no one else can. Moreover, the "primary election" is doomed and is not worth while tinkering with. The "primary election" is merely part of the system of nominating candidates by partisan nominating conventions. The system of nominating candidates by partisan nominating conventions is no part of the American constitutional scheme of government, though (unfortunately) it has apparently come to be regarded by many Americans as the most essential part of our Government. So far from being essential to our system, it is a fungus growth upon it and a deadly enemy to it, for it is the source of all corruption in our political life. It is, however, but an ephemeral growth. The partisan nominating convention was first heard of about 1820. It was not contemplated by the Constitution makers, nor has it ever been, nor can it ever be, recognized as part of our constitutional system. It must go, and with it, of course, goes the "primary election."

This is one purpose of the system known generally as the Australian ballot law—to enable any man to be nominated for office by any number of his fellow-citizens, great or small—by one thousand men or by one man only, and that without expense or inconvenience to him or them. The Australian ballot system, *if passed in its purity*, would accomplish this; but the politicians have put in the California law clauses *requiring* a nomination to be made either by an inconveniently large percentage of voters or else by the old partisan nominating convention. These clauses should be repealed and a new clause enacted providing that nominations to office shall be made by a writing signed by any number of citizens not less than five and in no other manner whatever. This will be done sooner or later, when the American people wake up to the Australian ballot law—it may as well be done *now*.

If your purpose is to retain the system of partisan nominating conventions, but to endeavor to purify it at the source, I think you must have formed the purpose out of a belief (common to many persons) that the system is essential to the maintenance of party discipline. I maintain that this belief is erroneous. Party principles, aims and discipline can be more effectually maintained without than with the debasing influence of the partisan nominating convention. Abolish at one blow the rotten nominating convention and the rotten primaries and you will do more to purify politics than can otherwise be done for many years.

I have said some things the truth of which may not be immediately apparent to some minds. I am prepared to maintain by argument all that I have said, if you desire, but I do not wish my name to be published. Allow me to subscribe myself simply

A DEMOCRATIC LAWYER.

Mr. Geo. C. Sargent imparts some practical information which will be of use to the Legislator.

EDITOR THE WAVE:—Observation of the last four elections has convinced me that the system o holding preliminary elections is irremediably defective and that its entire abolition is necessary. My opinion in this matter is founded upon personal experience. Some years ago, in my district, it became important to have a full vote of reputable element, in order to defeat a successful stuffing of the rolls of the local clubs. Our district was divided off and an attempt made to canvass it by citizens working in the interest of honest politics, and with a most discouraging result in all cases. I, myself, went from house to house, visiting everyone whom I knew and many whom I did not, fairly begging voters to come out, explaining why they should. Although it was a mere matter of walking around the corner in most instances, not one man whom I saw came to the polls. The result was the same with my co-workers, and all over the city. In my opinion, no legislation can remedy those evils. They have their root in indolence and lack of interest by the average voter. It is only when all classes are excited at the general election that voters of this class get up enthusiasm enough to cast a ballot choosing between two sets of rotten apples. Any proposed remedy must take these *facts* into account; and any system which does not, is destined to failure from the start.

My remedy would be to so amend the Australian Ballot Law as to deprive conventions of the power of placing their nominees upon the ticket; abolish the primary election and force all persons wishing to become candidates to do so by petition. This would place all persons on an equal footing, and rob conventions representing no one but the politicians of the prestige which they derive from being able to call themselves, the regular organizations and their ticket, the regular ticket. The public would then look at the names on the petitions and the nominees of the reputable element would have an advantage, instead of the reverse—as at present. In addition to the above, the law should be so amended as to make it a penal offense for any person to sign more than one petition for nomination to the same office.

I also favor the enactment of a law declaring cheating, falsification or dishonest manipulation of any kind at any meeting, or election of any kind at which political nominations are made or discussed, a penal offense and punishable by severe penalties. Heretofore, it has been thought that the state, as such, had no concern with any attempts at fraud, other than those perpetrated at the regular elections conducted by the state. The fact is that the trickery and corruption which go on at all political meetings at present are just as dangerous to the country, just as much an offense against the peace and safety of the people, as the ballot box stuffing and falsification of returns at general elections.

Wishing success to the cause you advocate and pledging it my earnest support, I am,

Yours respectfully,
GEO. C. SARGENT.

Mr. S. V. Costello, of the firm of Henly, Dimond & Costello, says:

EDITOR WAVE: I will not attempt to supplement in any way the suggestions that have already been proposed and promulgated in the columns of THE WAVE with reference to the ways and means of devising a system of honest primaries. There can only be one solution of the difficulty and that is to visit upon the head of the voters at the primaries the same penalty for illegal voting, fraud and intimidation as in the case of illegal voting at a regular election. Just so long as it is in the power of any one to violate with impunity the rules by which primaries are conducted, just so long will the present farcical system continue and just so long will the decent, self-respecting voter continue to absent himself from this most important essential to the expression of the popular will.

It is in the primaries that the boss and political manipulator inserts his fine, Italian hand, and the stream of politics is thus corrupted and polluted at its very source. The situation will admit of but one remedy, and that is that the strong arm of the law should be thrown around the honest voter at the primaries. Very respectfully yours,

S. V. COSTELLO.

Mr. George W. Towle has something to say of the "respectable citizen" who refuses to participate in politics:

EDITOR WAVE: I can make no suggestions which are likely to "assist in framing a *law* that shall *purify our* primary elections." Properly administered, the existing statutes are, perhaps, more than sufficient. The mischief lies not in the defects of the law, but in the apathy and indifference of the average good (?) citizen, who not himself seeking office, and having no friend who is, allows his own business interest to monopolize his attention, and refuses to enter the "filthy pool of politics," as he terms it. That such a course on his part is responsible for the "pool of politics" being filthy, he will, when cornered, *readily admit*, but he nevertheless will not enter it. Until citizens *en masse* can be aroused to a proper sense of their duty as citizens—their obligations to the State—the case is hopeless. They may be coaxed into doing their duty; or they may be flogged into doing it, perhaps; but a statute which shall simply provide the machinery for the election, or the

convention, or for whatever other means may be suggested or adopted for placing candidates for office in nomination will accomplish little good unless the whole body of voters are induced to act under it.

The interested element may, *and will*, register its wish under any system, if it alone votes or acts. If the candidate for office could receive his nomination —be voted for at a general election—only after having received a majority vote at a primary election of his party, and if each voter were required to vote *at some primary election*, under a penalty of having his taxes doubled if he did not, that penalty might scourge the average citizen into a performance of his public duty—might secure the nomination of good men. Such a punishment of the delinquents would also fit "the crime," to some extent, because the more the property requiring the protection of a good government the greater the delinquency of him who negligently leaves it to the mercy of a bad one. The poll lists used at the primary, placed in the office of the Tax Collector, would furnish a ready means by which he could collect the additional tax.

Yours truly,
GEO. W. TOWLE, JR.

EDITOR OF THE WAVE:—Replying to your request to make such suggestions as may occur to me for the purpose of bringing about honest primaries, I take the opportunity of proposing a simple and in my opinion a thoroughly effective remedy, one that will, if fairly administered, subdue the stuffer and the repeater and give honest political opinion a chance to voice its sentiment and elect its men.

It is this: Let the Legislature pass an Act making it a misdemeanor, punishable by fine and imprisonment, for any person in joining or becoming a member of any club, political or otherwise, or of any association or party, or in attempting to become such member or in attempting to exercise or in exercising any right or privilege of such membership or in representing himself such member, to assume a false name, or alias, or to falsely take upon himself an identity or name not his own, or as such member or pretended member to do or perform any act, privilege or right of membership under a false name, alias or identity.

A few convictions under such a law would soon stop roll stuffing and similar devices by which bona fide voters and citizens are deprived of all voice in party management. Such an act in my opinion would be entirely constitutional. Laws of a similar nature exist in other countries and have never proved a hardship.

A stuffer under such a law would put a name on the roll at the risk of a term in jail. And a like risk would attend any attempt to vote it thereafter.

Yours respectfully,
OTTO TUM SUDEN.

EDITOR WAVE: In compliance with your request for any suggestions from me, which might assist in framing a law to purify our primary elections, I have to say:

The most evident and universally admitted evils attending the operation of the present statutory and club primary election methods are:

First—The failure of any considerable number of qualified electors to vote at the primaries, either through indifference or through disinclination to be brought in contact and contest with the disreputable element that is usually in charge of polls or clubs at such elections.

Second—The stuffing of rolls and the repeating of votes by the ubiquitous political mercenaries who vote repeatedly and impartially at the primaries held by each of the political parties, all of which is more readily accomplished because the primaries of the political parties are now held at different times.

I think these objections can be most nearly overcome by the enactment of statutes providing:

(1.) That the registration of voters for every general election be had in the election precincts for the period of two weeks immediately preceding a period of three months before the day of the election; that the central registration be abandoned, and if it is desired to retain the "Great Register," it can be made up from the precinct registers.

(2.) That each person upon and after being admitted to registration as a qualified voter for the ensuing general election may, while said registration board is in session in his precinct, deposit his ballot with said board for the election of delegates to the nominating conventions of his party, such votes for delegates to be publicly canvassed at the end of each day.

By this method every qualified voter who desires to vote at any general election is necessarily compelled to register for such purpose in his precinct, and at the same time he will have ample time and free opportunity to select and vote for the delegates to his party conventions—State, county and municipal. As a full vote for the election of delegates would thus be secured as would be cast at the ensuing general election. It is also evident that as the primary of each party is thus held at the same time and place in each precinct the same person cannot vote for more than one set of delegates, nor vote more than once for any delegate or set of delegates, unless he should violate the registration law by registering in more than one precinct, which is a contingency and a violation of law possible under the most perfectly devised system of registration, which can be verified and checked only by domiciliary inspection. Objection may be made to having the votes received and canvassed by the Board of Registration on the ground that such board may be selected and controlled solely by one of the political parties. If there is any force in such objection provision can be made to have representatives of the various political parties placed upon the Board for the purpose of receiving and canvassing the votes for delegates.

The limits to this communication make it impossible to enter into such detail provisions as the statutes would have to contain to make their operation effective and harmonious. Such provisions, however, will naturally suggest themselves to the Legislature, and the adoption of such statutes will also necessitate the repealing of certain existing laws.

J. P. LANGHORNE.

San Francisco, August 11, 1894.

Judge Belcher of our Superior Court, states his views briefly, but to the point.

EDITOR THE WAVE: I heartily concur in the views expressed by THE WAVE touching the present primary election system. The election law passed by the Legislature of 1889, is good to its extent, but it does not go to the fountain head. The waters are already defiled past purification at the point where reclamation commences. *Melius est petere fontes quam sectari rivulos.* The work of reformation should commence at the primary. If the return from the primary is justified, then the labor of the convention will be justified also; and then it may be fairly said that the candidates are of the people.

Chapter XIV of the Political Code, Sec. 1357, et seq., provides that "any committee or body, "authorized by the rules or customs of a voluntary "political association or organization to call elections "of or for such association or organization for any "purpose, may, by resolution * * * elect to "have such primary elections," etc., etc. This should be entirely changed. Instead thereof, the law should make it the duty of the Board of Supervisors or other Board having charge and control of elections in code of the counties and cities and counties of the State, to order primary elections to be held at a time certain and in a manner similar to that provided by Sec. 1131 of the Political Code, as amended by the Legislature of 1889; and the primary elections should be conformable to the general election law.

I do believe that the conscience of the people can be aroused, and that the great reform which THE WAVE has so zealously entered upon is possible of accomplishment. Very sincerely yours,

EDW. A. BELCHER.

Ex-Judge Van R. Paterson, of the firm of Rodgers & Paterson, offers the following:

EDITOR THE WAVE: The only way in my judgment to bring about the reform sought is by compelling voters to attend primaries, or give sufficient reasons for not doing so.

It is a singular fact that while the right to vote for officers is considered a great privilege, the right to vote for those who are to name the party candidates is little esteemed and is exercised by a very small percentage of the voters. If the primaries are run in the interest of bosses and politicians and constitute "the filthy pool of politics," it is because the better class of voters do not exercise the right that is conferred upon them. This negligent class should be taught that the right to vote is not only a privilege, but it is a public duty arising from the very idea of government by the people. A citizen who thinks so little of the right and duty as not to exercise it at the primaries, should be deprived of the right to exercise the privilege on election day.

There should be a uniform system for the selection of delegates to name candidates for office, and every elector should be required by law to attend and vote at the primaries. I do not believe in enforcing obedience to such a law as it is enforced in some countries of Europe, and was enforced in portions of this country prior to the Revolution, by fines; but I would deprive the voter of the right to vote at the election following the primary, and in order to secure the exercise of the duty resting upon him, would make it easier, more convenient and more profitable for him to attend the primary than to stay away. He should be required to go before the County Clerk or some other officer and make affidavit as to his excuse for failure to attend the primary; and these excuses should be limited to sickness of himself or family, absence from the city if it be a municipal election, or from the county if a county or State election, engagement in some duty required by law, or some other condition showing that his absence from the polls was unavoidable.

We shall never have pure primaries until the voters generally take an interest therein, either through patriotic motives or legal compulsion. When they find it easier to attend than it is to go before some officer to be sworn and examined, there will be a great awakening of interest in the primary, and it will be at least as pure as the election.

VAN R. PATERSON.

EDITOR THE WAVE: By your editorials advocating a reform in the existing primary election laws, you have aroused the respectable citizens of this community to a realization of their duty in the premises, and without an exception all that I have heard discuss the question heartily accord with your views. For myself, I have long realized that while the present system of primary elections continues, it will be impossible for the majority of the people to express a choice in the selection of nominees for public officers. The nominations are now made by the representatives of a small minority in each party, which only too often in the past has consisted of but one or two men. The system being the same in each of the principal political parties, the people are at the general election merely given the chance of selecting the least of two evils. This, of course, could be remedied by the respectable citizens participating in the primary elections. Experience has proven however, that no matter how strongly they realize and appreciate their duty in this respect, they will not do so while the present system of bulldozing, repeating and stuffing is carried on. They understand only too well that while no punishment follows a violation of the law under which the primary is held, they might as well stay away from the polls, as the political managers and their riff-raff followers would certainly stuff the ballot-boxes with enough votes to elect their tools. To induce the respectable portion of the community to participate in the primaries, by which means only can we ever expect to have honest administration, it is therefore necessary to have honest primaries at which they can vote with the same security as at general elections, and with the same certainty that their choice will find expression. Honest primaries, in my opinion, can only be secured to our citizens in the manner suggested by THE WAVE, viz: The adoption by our Legislature of laws to govern them which will punish illegal voting at such elections in the same manner as is now done at general elections. While it is true that the Australian ballot law (so called) now in force in this State was adopted with a view to enable our citizens to nominate candidates without the intervention of conventions, and thus destroy the evil effect of currupt primaries, the fact must be recognized that as yet the average voter is too strongly wedded to the traditions of either of the old parties to display independence in casting his ballot, and rather than be guilty of what to him seems treason blindly votes for the nominees of a convention selected at a dishonest primary. In time, probably, the purists in all parties will recognize the weapon placed in their hands by the Australian ballot law, and use the same to defeat the candidates who owe their nominations to the iniquitous system of primary voting now in vogue. Until that time arrives, however, we should not stand idly by and allow the old system to prevail. The Legislature should at its next session pass a statute which will insure to the voters an honest primary, and your movement to bring about such object will receive my hearty support.

Yours truly,
J. J. KENNEDY.

Tissue paper for lamp shades, and paper flowers. Stationery department. Sanborn, Vail & Co.

BETROTHED.

She is mine in the day,
  She is mine in the dusk;
She is virgin as dawn,
  And as fragrant as musk.

And the wood on the hill
  Is the home where we meet—
O, the coming of eve,
  It is marvelous sweet!

To my satisfied heart
  She has flown like a dove;
All her kisses are taught
  By the wisdom of love.

And whatever my grief,
  There is healing and rest,
On the pear-blossom slope
  Of her beautiful breast.

—BY NORMAN GALE.

COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

Now that Mrs. John Bryson has succeeded in obtaining a division of the estate, she does not propose to have the roof taken from over her head, if she can help it; and so has called upon all her sons for their earnest co-operation and assistance to keep the wolf from resting near the corner of Flower and Tenth streets. She stated the case in true motherly fashion, and of course all responded. As she is now getting only twenty thousand dollars a year, she felt the need of economizing, so all of the boys would have to pay her board to help over the "hard times." The boys, who, I think, average less than a hundred dollars a month, have forthwith "dug up" every month since, and now she need worry no more over the morrow, as the present day brings enough for both.

This is the month when all who can are laying off and enjoying life on the borders of the Pacific, or the cañons of the Coast Range. As a rule, the ladies prefer the former place, but there are a few who are said to be crack shots and wonderful mountain climbers. Camping parties at the beaches are all the "go," and I presume the girl of the swagger set is amusing herself learning to swim and tiring the obliging young man. Mount Wilson is also quite popular, and many are the little mixed parties that have made the trip up and back this Summer.

Some have returned from Catalina, among them Mrs. J. T. Conroy, Major G. W. Bonebrake, Mr. C. A. Sumner, Mr. Doran and many others.

Many have just left for Catalina, Mrs. H. M. Sale, the Captain of the Thimble Club; Dr. Walter Lindley and bride, who have left the sunny smiles of the Whittier youth for barracuda and yellow fish of these waters; Dr. C. C. Towles, our great surgeon, and great favorite with the ladies, and sure enough bachelor. While the doctors are leaving for the seashore, the undertakers forsake their handsome parlors—for indeed these parlors are the only thing in the town resembling a club house—for the mountains. Mr. Kreglo, a very recent addition to the corps of black wagon drivers, has left for Glendora for a week's recreation. Mr. Breeze has gone to Pasadena for a few days. Mr. Houry went to Gararenza. Funerals have been scarce, and the health of the city is at its best during the absence of doctors and undertakers.

As ever BECKY SHARP.

SACRAMENTO.

There have been a great many departures for the seaside resorts during the past week. Some Sacramentans have wandered toward Santa Cruz; however, the majority are at Summit Soda Springs. The Eugene Crouches are at Lake Tahoe occupying the glorious little "Idlewild" cottage. They have as their guest, the minister. "Idlewild" is such a romantic spot for lovemaking, but then only engaged couples are supposed to indulge in that pastime. The minister has seen fit to deny the existence of an engagement. However, those tete-a-tete drives are becoming more frequent and everything points to a wedding in the near future.

It was such a surprise when he realized that the druggist's daughter was the heroine of the blackmailing scheme, wherein the lawyer was the hero. Naturally, the local papers made a great effort to hush the matter up, but then that only made the public more anxious. Gradually the names leaked out, and considering the social standing of the parties concerned, it created no end of sensation.

Mrs. Neale gave a delightful musical on Thursday evening. The affair was informal, but the talent was of the very best; Miss Felter was the soloist and her voice was heard to charming advantage. The men folk consisted mostly of lieutenants and proved a most agreeable contrast to our every day beaux. Mrs. Ed Carroll has deserted us for Sausalito and will remain there for an indefinite time. Her husband has gone East. We hope on his return he and his wife will make Sacramento their home again. They were conspicuously identified with all of last winter's festivities and did much themselves to brighten our social atmosphere.

What a lot of notoriety Lieutenant Davis was subjected to in one of your local papers! Since he has been stationed here he is noticeable at all our social gatherings. He certainly created an enviable impression.

The bicycle race on Sunday morning was quite an event. It attracted a large concourse of people to the Riverside road. Stuart Upson carried off the laurels, much to our delight.

The members of the Sutter Club have at last awakened to the fact that a little effort at entertaining the lieutenants was expected of them. They have decided to give a very swell reception some evening next week. The Club affairs are always select, but this promises to eclipse every previous effort. SISTER SUE.

Aug. 14, 1894.

SAN JOSE.

The week past has been one of absolute ennui to our women. Mankind with us, as a rule so charming, have been buried deep in political covers and we are left to our own resources. Be sure, however, that our tongues have not been entirely idle, and while as yet not specially active in the political arena, we lose no occasion to express preferences or dislikes. The difficulty is this, among Democrats: You see the State convention is approaching and we all want to go. To accomplish this the lions and the lambs have kissed and made up, but each fear treachery. The Ruckers, as usual, want to be delegates, the Bowdens, as usual, ditto, and when Missouri and Ireland get to fighting, look out for trouble. The younger Bowden, however, is willing, it is said, to sacrifice his vaulting ambition for a consideration and that consideration is the nomination for Prosecuting Attorney. The chances for this are in his favor although Vic, now at Tahoe, has undertaken to deliver the entire delegation to American Protective Cothran. I hope this can be successfully carried out because I admire Mr. Cothran—more perhaps on his wife's account than his own, and then, too, I'd hate to see a man so imperious in manner and so personally bitter as Mr. Bowden in such a place. I like him, too, but I never could understand why or how it is that the great Democracy can so rally about him. He seems, whether in court or out, perfectly oblivious of the feelings of those about him, and his common boast, "I love my friends and hate my enemies," sees daily demonstration. The blows, social and otherwise, that stagger other men, seem to be but caresses to him and really we'd all prefer a weakling like Cothran to a man of Bowden's force of character and power of mind.

The postoffice fight is still in a tangle. Hon. B. D. can't yet decide whom he wants. Mrs. M. wants the ten cent man and telegraphed her preference to our Senator over her husband's signature. Barney, though, was compelled to repudiate this and now we are in a worse place than ever before. Orlo Phelps has the inside of the race, although our Sammy, in the gushing innocence of his heart, beguiles the short intervals between cocktails with the vain hope that the prize will drop his way.

We are all looking for the announcement for the engagement of the Judge's daughter and the young medical man.

Miss Hunkins has left for Europe where she will pursue her musical studies under the best masters, and the talented, charming and handsome musician will surely achieve fame in her chosen profession.

Miss Nellie Calhoun has been visiting her relatives here and strange to say that not a single social function has been given in her honor. The times must have changed or our former society leaders are suffering from the smallness of their bank accounts, as a few years ago when Miss Calhoun visited her old home they all vied with each other to see who could give the most elaborate entertainments in honor of this accomplished actress.

I hear dissensions have crept into the last year's Saturday Morning Musical Club and that Mrs. Frank Wright and a few others wish to organize an opposition club where only a select few will have the privilege of exhibiting their slight knowledge of music. It is amusing to hear them discuss who is who and which of the members belong to one set and which do not. BESSIE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: Oh, dear! We have been having such a stupid time here of late. Everyone seems to have gone to Pine Ridge, and reports of gay times are regularly coming from there. The latest is that the campers have erected a dancing platform and are having just jolly times.

Miss Wright and the Harrell girls entertained quite a number of the young folks at their evenings at home. By the way, Lou Anderson is now stopping at the Harrells. She is such a charming girl. There will now be many more young men who will find a strong attraction in the house on the corner.

The church social Friday evening did not amount to much. There were very few there. The Judge and his wife were there, and Carrie came along, too, but she appeared quite lonely, and evidently had her thoughts on absent ones. She had to be contented with the company of one of the "kids."

It is whispered about that the Doctor and the dashing young widow are soon to part—that is, only for a short time. He is reported to be preparing for a trip East, while she will probably remain with us. Dame Gossip further has it that the wedding gown, initial-work, etc., had all been given out, but were afterward countermanded.

Well, Harry has at last left for Los Angeles, after several postponements. Dear, but what a parting scene there must have been. Harry, in all probability, already has the plans drawn for the little dovecote. What a mean trick that was that those two cruel boys—both named Frank—played on him and Margaret the evening of his party. The boys thought it was a huge joke, but it was not. Margaret is a sweet girl. Harry is so sentimental of late that he has grown to be quite a nuisance.

The opera-house opened Monday for the season with Harrigan in "Reilly and the 400." Quite a number of our bloods were there. Louise, Carrie, Johnnie Mac, Dr. M. and the Judge and his wife made up one of the parties that occupied a loge. But, of course, something had to happen to spoil the evening. The doctor was called out by a raving patient to pull a horrid tooth.

Ernest and Fannie were found in their accustomed place.

Dr. Lawerance was also there. Alas, the favorite one was absent. He made the best of it, though, and took the younger sister. TRIX.

AWAKE MY HEART.

[By Robert Bridges.]

Awake my heart, to be loved, awake, awake!
The darkness silvers away, the morn doth break,
It leaps in the sky; unrisen lustres slake
The o'ertaken moon. Awake, O heart, awake!

She too that loveth awaketh and hopes for thee;
Her eyes already have sped the shades that flee,
Already they watch the path thy feet shall take:
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

And if thou tarry from her—if this could be—
She cometh herself, O heart, to be loved, to thee;
For thee would unashamed herself forsake:
Awake to be loved, my heart, awake, awake!

Awake, the land is scattered with light, and see,
Uncanopied sleep is flying from field and tree:
And blossoming boughs of April in laughter shake;
Awake, O heart, to be loved, awake, awake!

Lo, all things wake and tarry and look for thee;
She looketh and saith, "O sun now bring him to me.
Come, more adored, O adored, for his coming's sake,
And awake my heart to be loved: awake, awake!"

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The advice of a bishop to a young preacher applies equally well to an advertiser: "Have something to say. Say it: Stop."

An advertisement should tell the whole story in the least number of words, carefully selected and easily comprehended. The display should be adapted to the medium used.

To catch the eye is the first requisite in an advertisement; what follows should be so well put together as to excite the readers interest and claim his attention to the end.—*Printer's Ink.*

Ornamental plaques, panels, studies, colors, brushes, etc. Lowest prices in artists' material department. Sanborn Vail, & Co.

ADVERTISING PAYS. Three shrewd Germans, who had become stranded in New York last week, hit upon a scheme to procure work. They walked down Broadway, each having suspended around his neck a board on which was printed: "I want work of any kind." They were seen by several newspaper reporters, and their novel idea was written up at length. The next day they had all obtained employment.—*National Advertiser.*

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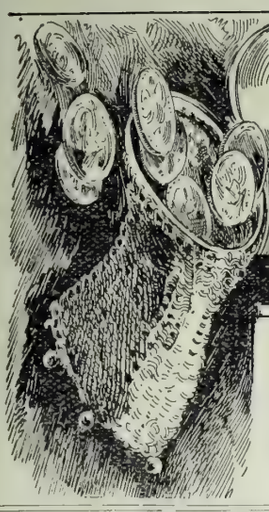

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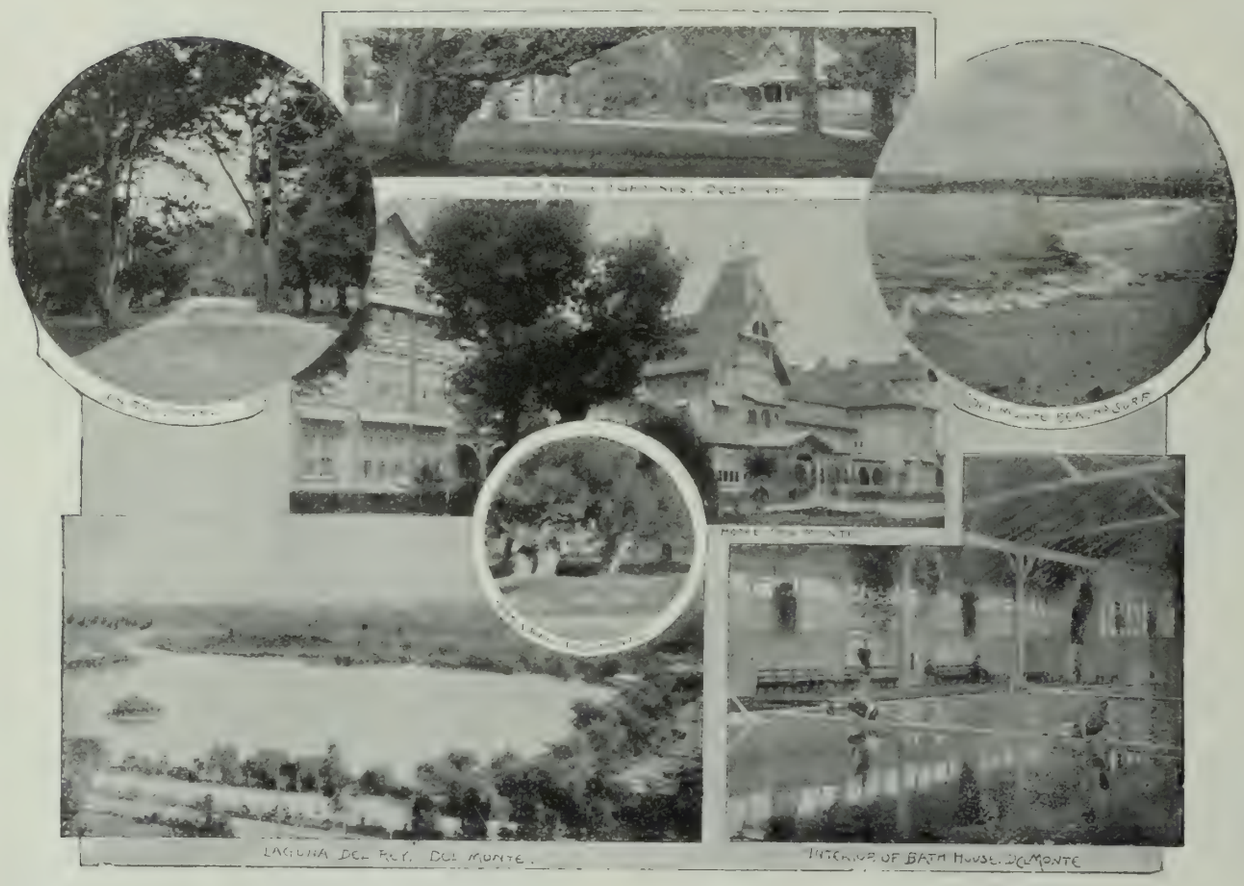

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PURE PRIMARIES

The advocates of Pure Primaries, honest candidates and honest administration have scored a most decided victory.

The Democratic party recognizing the universal demand for a change, alive to the fact that in the hearts of all honest men there is burning indignation against the iniquities that Bossdom is inflicting upon us, have incorporated the following plank into their platform:

PRIMARY ELECTIONS.

We favor the passage by the next Legislature of a law regulating political primaries, compelling all parties that hold primaries to hold them at the same time and place under the control of election officers appointed in the same manner as at a general election, and we recommend to the various Senatorial and Assembly District Conventions that they pledge their nominees to vote for the enactment of such a law.

This victory belongs to the WAVE and to the honest and fearless papers of the interior, representing both political parties, which have so strongly advocated a change in our election laws. The victory belongs, too, to the public-minded citizens whose letters from time to time have been published in the WAVE. It belongs to decency. It belongs to the honest men and to the interior press of both parties. If a Republican convention were to meet to-morrow to formulate a platform, the law-abiding men of that convention would force such a plank into that party's platform. There is no way for the legislative candidates on the Republican ticket to give expression to their views on this most beneficent legislation except through letters to the press. The WAVE will cheerfully publish such letters, and will give them the widest circulation through its columns and through private circulars. Before the next Legislature meets every member and every possible member of that body, of both parties, should pledge himself to this good cause.

During the past week the WAVE has received the following letters bearing on the question of Pure Primaries. The contributions most needed at the moment are carefully drawn bills or a series of bills that will meet the suggestions contained in the letters published in the WAVE this week and last. This will bring the various suggestions within the domain of criticism and contribute toward an early determination of the best course to pursue to accomplish the purposes desired:

Municipal Civil Service Reform Is a Step Towards Pure Primaries.

EDITOR OF THE WAVE: In answer to your request for a *practical* suggestion which will assist in framing a law to purify our primary elections, I beg leave to submit the following. I shall limit my remarks to municipal primaries, for obvious reasons. There is no doubt that what would greatly tend in the direction of pure primaries would be to eliminate, as far as possible, the motives for corruption.

Those motives may sometimes be a corruption-fund furnished by associations allowed by law to monopolize public utilities, which find it cheaper to be in than out of politics; then, again, fraud at primaries may be traced to a hope of factional reward in the shape of positions in the city government, which must be gained first by a victory at the primaries and then at the polls.

If there exist associations of a quasi-public character, to which the people have delegated some public function, which use money to corrupt primaries, such treasonable associations should be bought by the Government, under the right of eminent domain, in very self-defense.

As to the properties which the people of this State may take for public use, and the procedure in such cases, I refer the investigator to sections 1237 to 1263 of the Code of Civil Procedure.

The Postoffice Department, to the spoilsman's sorrow, has no primary fund or daily-or-weekly-paper-subsidy to advocate, for instance, that it defer the payment of its debts till the millennium, at a millionth part of the market rate of interest, or that it compromise its taxes, or litigate them for a quarter of a century, nor do the patrons of the Postoffice have to pay for enormous salaries or the education of ignorant representatives of the people at Washington or elsewhere, nor have its employés been found at primaries aiding or abetting or participating in repeating and stuffing, or kindly representing some spiritual voter whose name still adorns the register, but whose non-interference death has assured. Why is this? Why is the Postoffice Department so apathetic when delegates are to be chosen to nominate candidates for office? The answer is plain: Because sordid self-interest is absent. Would there not be lesser temptations for primary corruption if such associations as monopolize the public utilities, and are necessarily forced into politics, were even as the Postoffice? Many citizens, whose opinions are undoubtedly unprejudiced, honest and worthy of consideration, refuse to say "Yes;" but all good citizens are unanimous in guarding the elective franchise and punishing crime, by whomsoever committed. They know a republican government cannot last where the officers of the law are the law-breakers, and that a republic's life depends on a pure ballot. When the ballot becomes an empty form the law-abiding will seek relief--somewhere, somehow. There was the Vigilance Committe, once a necessity in California--may that emergency never return!

Across the Atlantic the law-abiding people, at one time, in troublous days, looked to a Napoleon, a Cromwell; here let us look to the press. The American people have successfully combatted England, and broken the chains of millions of slaves; now it is left for the honest American press to win a bloodless victory by enforcing fair primaries, and make the purity of the ballot-box as dear to an American citizen as the flag of his country.

Such fraud as arises at primaries from hopes of acquiring municipal positions will be lessened, in my opinion, by a municipal civil service examination law, the object of which shall be the testing of the fitness of applicants for subordinate positions in cities, by a non-partizan civil service commission. An anti-spoils law should be drawn on the lines of the United States civil service act, found in the supplement to the Revised Statutes of the United States, page 392.

I have heard it said that primaries of all parties in San Francisco have generally been farcical. Of course, in theory and practice, the delegates elected at a primary should represent the majority of the party voters, yet this is the exception, and often the delegates represent, instead, the power that appoints the inspectors, and judges and clerks of the primary. Take the primaries that have been ordered by the party organizations in the past, to be held under the *regular* election laws—that is, as provided in sections 1357 to 1365 of the Political Code; although all the punishments enacted for irregularities, prescribed by sections 41 to 61, inclusive, of the Penal Code, have been in force, yet the press records a uniform tale of fraud and non-prosecution. I am afraid this will always be, where primary officers are rewarded for dishonesty, and when *esprit de corps* seems to prevent the members of the same party from appearing to prosecute each other for breaches of the primary election laws. There is probably more truth than phantasy in the statement that municipal positions are often held by persons whose only requisites for office are that they are "handy" men at a primary. The sentiment of the American people will soon be irresistibly in favor of subordinate positions in the municipal departments being held during good behavior, and for capability alone. Let the next Legislature pass a municipal civil service reform law for all cities of over one hundred thousand inhabitants; for there lies, in my humble opinion, a step toward the WAVE's noble effort—an honest primary.

Very respectfully,

W. G. BRITTAN,
Attorney at Law.

EDITOR WAVE: The way to cure an evil is to destroy its root. What is the root of the evil of the corrupt primaries that are conducted in San Francisco by both political parties? The most patent fact in connection with these primaries is that they are manipulated from A to Z by what are called "heelers" and "bums," acting under the direction of a boss or bosses. What actuates the heelers and bums? Certain promises of emoluments or sometimes something more substantial than promises given them by the bosses. What actuates the bosses? In the answer to this question lies the solution of the problem. The bosses are not in politics for glory or for their health. Behind them, dictating their movements, are certain powerful persons, corporations and influences that have much to gain or lose in the merry game of Politics. The corporations want franchises, special privileges, complaisant Courts, public officials and legislators, in order that certain laws may not be too rigidly enforced, and that certain proposed legislation looking to the abridgment of special privileges may not be enacted. Besides the corporations there are behind the bosses certain persons who desire to manipulate the distribution of patronage, not only for personal aggrandisement, but also in the interest of the corporations. The bosses are martinets who dance when the corporations pull the strings, and the heelers and bums dance when the strings attached to them are pulled by the bosses. Therefore, in order to purify our primaries, corporations must be placed in a position where they will have no further interest in manipulating them, and our laws must be so changed that appointments to public office shall depend, not upon doing the will of the bosses, but upon special fitness for the work to be performed. Nationalize the railroads, municipalize the gas company, the water works, telephone company and the street railroads, and these all-powerful influences behind the bosses and heelers will no longer be able, like Oliver Twist, to be forever asking for more. Do this, and in addition, enact a vigorous civil service law, and the political atmosphere will be as pure and sweet as is the physical atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being, after a thunder storm. Though neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, I nevertheless prophesy that we shall never have pure primaries until this is done.

Respectfully yours, WALTER P. STRADLEY.

EDITOR WAVE—I am glad of the opportunity of complying with your request for "practical suggestions" upon the feasibility of purifying our so-called "primary" elections. It does not seem to have occurred to any of your numerous correspondents except, perhaps, to the "Democratic Lawyer" (who advocates abolishing them *in toto*) that we have not in fact any such thing as *primary* elections in California. What we call *primary* elections are not *primary* at all. They are merely *secondary* elections. The "good citizen" who is so much scolded for not doing his duty by voting at the "primaries" long since learned, to his disgust, that when he appeared at the polling place of his precinct to cast his vote for the twelve or fifteen delegates to which his assembly district is entitled, at the party convention, that the selection had *already been made*, and that there was nothing for him to do but to choose between one or more of the lists of names presented to him by the rival local manipulators who were in possession of the polls with their henchmen "running" the "primary." The "good citizen" who has the political misfortune to be a *gentleman* looks in vain over these lists of names for somebody that he *knows* or has *heard of before*, but finds (if he makes diligent inquiry) that they are made up of a collection of "ward strikers," political "bums," saloon hangers on, fellows who are in what they call "politics" for what "there is in it," in the way of small offices, deputyships, and municipal jobs of various kinds, with an occasional person of sufficient standing to lend an appearance of respectability to the body, but with not sufficient power to prevent the majority from carrying out the orders of the bosses. In short, he finds that he is not attending a *primary* election at all, but that he is being used as a mere tool by the party manipulators (who are always at war and trying to "down" each other) to aid in overthrowing the one or perpetuating the other in their equally nefarious schemes. The "good citizen" rebels. He refuses to play such a role. He feels that he has been duped. He leaves the place with indignation and never goes back again. That is what the "good citizen" does, and who can blame him?

Now what is the remedy?

It is simply this: Let the law be so amended as to provide that the Assembly Districts shall be subdivided into as many precincts as there are delegates to be chosen, so that each precinct shall be called upon to select simply *its own delegate;—not* by requiring the voters to go to a polling place to cast an impersonal vote, or secret ballot, but by requiring them to go to a *public meeting* of the party voters of the precinct to be held at a specified time and place;—where the voters can meet each other face to face, as our New England forefathers did at their famous "town meet-

ings";-where there can be an opportunity for counsel, discussion and debate;—where the "good citizen" can have a voice; where the "ward strikers" and "heelers" (being necessarily few in number by reason of the diminished size of the precinct) shall be overawed by the presence of those whom Confucius aptly calls the "superior men," who will naturally take control of the meetings as against the ignorant, the turbulent and the vicious. By such a system representative men will be chosen as delegates to our party conventions. You can't get the average "good citizen" to join party clubs, attend party "rallies" or march in torchlight processions. He very properly regards these campaign methods of "whooping up" the party and engendering shallow enthusiasm as beneath his dignity. Yet the class of people who participate in and enjoy these semi-barbarous political party spectacles are *the very fellows who select the delegates for the primaries.* Now, by sub-dividing the Assembly Districts into small precincts, so that each precinct shall select but *one* delegate at a *public meeting* called for that *one* purpose you prevent the domination of unwieldy crowds, you circumvent the machinations of the corrupt party manipulators, you escape the danger of clandestine ballot stuffing, you overawe the vicious elements and ensure the free and untrammelled selection of delegates in a manner open, public and above-board. I am, sir, with great respect,

A REPUBLICAN LAWYER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WAVE—*Dear Sir:*—In response to your query which you have propounded to myself, in common no doubt with others, asking for practical suggestions to assist in framing proper primary election laws, I have the honor to reply that I congratulate you upon taking the initiative on this important branch of political government.

I have, as a general thing, heretofore excused myself from offering suggestions on different matters that now and then came up, as my professional engagements did not permit me to do the subjects justice, and I feel that I have not the time to fully outline what I consider should be done at the coming session of our Legislature. But as you happen to hit on a subject that I have given special study and attention to during the past seventeen years, I venture to express very briefly to you my views of a mode which I believe will result in the purification of our primary election system, which has always been in a most deplorable condition.

I have been informed of suggestions made by some of our citizens, written with the very best intentions, but I fear for the success of the plans of those whose opinions I have seen, because of the apparently insurmountable obstacle, to wit, the supineness of both Democratic and Republican citizens on the day when the primary election takes place.

There are two facts which, Mr. Editor, you must consider as existing and continuing to exist in the framing of any new law, as long as the primary and the general elections are run and held independently one of the other, one is that the bulk of the voters will attend the general election and the other is that they will most surely and positively neglect the primary election. No matter how strong the law is, or how binding it is written, the voter's apathy at primary election time will continue unless there is some irresistible compulsion brought to bear upon him. Any law which does not succeed in finding out and enforcing a compulsory process will result in the abuses which have come under my supervision during the time that I have been engaged in politics in this city. For instance, when I was president of the Manhattan Club in 1881, which organization was an anti-boss organization gotten up by the Democrats, we put a reform ticket before the people at the primary election under the old Porter primary law. We had a corps of lawyers to investigate complaints on the day of the primary election, and we had sentinels posted in every part of the city to watch the abuses perpetrated by our opponents. In one instance a number of our sentinels followed one of the professional voters on the other side, as he went to polling place after polling place, voting at every place. In a scuffle that ensued between this man and his gang and our sentinels, a bunch of cards was secured from him; on each card was printed the words, "name, occupation, residence, age," etc., and opposite this was written in lead pencil the name he was to vote. He possessed as many names and votes as he had cards and he had a card for each polling place, so that he would be able to answer questions on matters that he could not mentally retain.

This is only one of the hundreds of schemes resorted to to put up a slated convention in advance. If the municipal primary elections of the Democratic and Republican parties are conducted by dishonest men, the men they put forward will be dishonest, the convention will be dishonest and the nominees of the convention are likely to be dishonest; and if the elections are universally attended, the reverse will be the result.

Now the suggestion that I have to make is this: Draw your laws so that any man who has not voted at the primary election for delegates to the State or County Conventions shall be absolutely debarred from voting at the general election. Make that the principle of your law. What right has an American citizen to go before the people at the general election and to shout and to hurrah for a Democrat or Republican candidate for Governor and to brag about his vote in the government, if he in the beginning has allowed the bosses to steal from the people at the primary election the convention, and thereby steal the very nominee for Governor, and other officers. I claim that no man who has not voted at the primary election has any right at the general election to decide between the nominees of two bosses. I should rather see a man vote at the primary election and neglect the general election, than to do the reverse. Just let the entire population of voters attend the primary, and the general election will take care of itself, because any man who is nominated by a good convention is bound to be a good Governor, Mayor or Supervisor, as the case may be.

Now the question arises as to the detail of carrying out this principle. As a suggestion in that line I would say that the law should be so framed that when any man goes to the City Hall, for instance, to put his name on the great register, let him at the same time be compelled to vote by way of primary election for delegates to the State and County Conventions and close the registration and primary election say a month before the general election. In this way the safeguards which are thrown around the registration laws, and which are the best we have obtained thus far in this country, will likewise be thrown around the primary election law, and if we poll a vote in San Francisco, for instance, of 75,000 voters, I will guarantee that you will see a convention which will be the expression of the votes of 75,000 voters given at a very simple primary where no time is lost and no great expense incurred.

Of course the details as to making up this law should be left to a committee of lawyers the same as a labor contract between business men would be left to lawyers to draw up; and if you, as the Editor of the WAVE, would advocate the principle you could easily have skillful and competent men to draw the details, so that the principle will live and be enforced.

Yours respectfully,

CHAS. F. HANLON.

San Francisco, August 16, 1894.

THE WAVE: Your communication seeking for some practical suggestion to assist in framing a law to purify our primary elections at hand with enclosures, all of which I have read. I heartily concur with the views expressed in your editorials on the subject, and I trust your paper will keep up the agitation until practical results are secured. I do not find in any of the letters from your correspondents that you publish, any practical or other suggestion looking to a remedy of the existing evils. Do not understand me to offer a criticism upon any of them. I only notice that which is too often the case and may be so in mine—they deal in "glittering generalities" without suggesting any remedy. The wily politician keeps out of print on all subjects, unless he can say something that can be read on all sides of every subject. The honest observer of our past primaries cannot have failed to observe the plans that are adopted by the scheming politician to foist himself into place and subvert the will of the people. I do not mean to intimate that these men are all bad men, but I do mean to express with emphasis that where these tricks are used at the foundation the whole fabric built on them is thereby rendered shaky and unstable. I am a hearty supporter of the nominees lately made by the Republicans at Sacramento. If there are dissenters it is because of the useless, tricky methods that were resorted to in the preparation for and in the primaries in this city and perhaps elsewhere. The body of men that constituted that convention was representative, but still behind many of them there was and is a strong feeling among the people that the voice of the people was not consulted in their selection as delegates. I assert that the politicians—leaders—who run these things (and we must have leaders) should so run them as at least to leave a general impression among the people of each section that they, the legitimate voters, at the primaries, have had a voice that was heeded to. To have the thing run as "raw" as it was at our late primary and preparation therefore is calculated to leave a taste in the mouths of the voters that bodes no good to the ticket. The two main steps in the selection of delegates to a convention are usually as follows: (1) the selection of candidates to be voted for at the primary; (2) the conduct of the primary itself. Our latest experience forms a good example of the application of these steps as they are, I regret to say, usually applied. Preliminary to the first step "pure politics" was heralded and following that district clubs were formed under the supervision of the County Committee. The herald brought out to the clubs many old line Republicans who for years have kept aloof from the working ranks of the party, who came believing that this time they were to be consulted. Among the officers of the respective clubs was an executive committee of five. These committees had no power delegated to them to select candidates to be voted for at the primary. The members of the club were largely trusting, confiding people, not schooled in the tricks. By some means, doubtless a part of the scheme, the meeting of the clubs to select candidates was placed for the evening before the primary. At that meeting the people assembled still in their confiding mood, when after calling to order and dispensing with the reading of the minutes of the preceding meeting the report of the Executive Committee is called for, and one of that committee submits names that they claim to have selected as candidates for delegates. Someone in league with the scheme immediately moves the adoption of the report of the committee, and a few others in league vote aye on the motion and it is declared carried, and then the "club" at once adjourns to meet no more. The members of the club, the old residents who came out in response to the call of "pure politics," then get out on the sidewalk and kick themselves for having submitted to such proceedings, but they realize that, the primary being next day, it is too late to devise a remedy, and if they did attempt to put up a ticket, the same schemers who so adroitly (?) ran the plan just mentioned through, could get ten *alleged* voters out to their one. Besides a ticket had to be printed. They make enquiries, and they learn that the "regular" (?) ticket had been printed for several days before the club meeting, *at which the selection was to be made, was to be held.* So they go away seeking some new party affiliations, or swearing that they will have nothing more to do with politics.

I have still made no suggestion as to a remedy. I realize that it is hard to suggest one that will reach all the plans that have and will be devised to prevent the people having a voice. It is evident that to attempt to directly consult the people, a club system will have to be devised to select candidates and supervise the primary. A law could easily be framed providing for such clubs and making it penal for any one not qualified to register or vote in them, pointing out the notice to be given of the formation of the respective clubs, and providing the time that candidates should be selected in the club with refe ence to the time of the primary, giving time for all parties and cliques, if you please, to get their ticket in the field. Also placing a heavy penalty on any one who either procures illegal voters or illegally votes at the primary. Such system need not be very complicated. The simpler its provisions are, the better, if they are to the point. Such a law would not cure all the evils, but it would reach some of them. I am afraid the Australian ballot system is too complicated and expensive to be made available at primary elections, but I have not fully considered the subject.

Respectfully,

H. C. FIREBAUGH.

THE WAVE: The campaign you have opened in favor of honest primaries is indeed highly commendable. Honest primaries are an excellent thing, but honest primaries *and* conventions are the *sine qua non* whereby eligible candidates *and* good public administrations can be secured. I am in favor of applying the Australian ballot system to both primaries and conventions. I would restrict the right to vote at primaries to such electors only as were duly registered at the previous election. I would make all infractions of the primary and convention laws felonies. To a law applying the Australian ballot system to the holding and government of conventions, I would add appropriate provisions requiring all candidates for office to submit their candidacies in writing to the Chairman of the respective State Central and County Committees not earlier than three and not later than two weeks previous to the holding of the convention; requiring the said Chairman to print lists of such candidates on ballots similar in form, size, color, arrangement and disposition to the official ballot, with a blank space for each officer, to be nominated, and requiring the candidates to be nominated and the result of the voting to be ascertained in the same manner as under the Australian ballot system at our biennial elections. I would also require the respective Chairmen of State Central and County Committees to publish the lists of candidates in the newspapers of the place designated for the holding of the conventions on the 12th and 11th days before the meeting of the convention, and give the candidates five full days before the fifth day of the holding of the conventions, within which to have mistakes corrected or omissions supplied, any material violations of such provisions by the respective Chairmen to invalidate all nominations made, and to be punishable as felonies.

There are many other practical suggestions I could offer, but what I have said, I think, will convey a fair idea of the structural plan of the law on primaries and conventions I would like to see adopted and enforced.

Most respectfully yours,

P. A. BERGEROT.

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THE WAVE

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 25, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

GUILE AND GULLIBILITY.

Though the age of miracles has passed and witches are no longer burnt in Salem or ducked in Scotland, humanity has lost little of its superstition and is as ready as ever to be terrified by bugaboos and startled by bogies. The moral of the cartoon, "Guile and Gullibility," needs no explanation for those who have watched the progress of affairs at the Baldwin this week. Through the convention runs a pervading horror of three ghosts—the specters of Buckley, the A. P. A. and the Railroad, and alas! but little trouble has been taken to examine into the cause of effects so startling. It is astonishing what a huge hubbub can be produced to-day by insignificant disturbers, and what mighty consequences may be precipitated by a little ambition backed by a page or so of small type.

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

AT this writing the Democratic Convention is into the late afternoon of Thursday, without showing definite results. The Committee on Resolutions was suspended in grave doubt about many things. Whether to denounce the A. P. A. or not was a thorny and troubled theme. If Murphy were the candidate denunciation would be in order any way, but if Maguire should be nominated the A. P. A. vote must be depended on to offset what he would lose of the church vote. The platform reviles the Reilly bill to refund the railroad debt, and in this particular is in line with the railroad, which also reviles that bill for that it imposes conditions that are intolerable. If the pledge to reduce, by twenty-five per cent, freight and passenger rates pass it will be due to the fine work of some railroad lawyer who knows that under the Texas decision of the Federal Courts such a pledge will nullify any reduction made by the Commission, if indeed it will not disqualify any Commissioner who may be elected under it. There is a long line of decisions on the latter point, and Clitus Barbour was perfectly right when he warned the committee, from a legal standpoint, against its action. The radical policy of the Convention will not change the results at the polls, but there is sad danger that these red hot planks will serve as gang planks for people to walk into the Populist party, and the lustful arms of Mr. T. V. Cator. After the work of the body is completed, it will be subjected to review in these pages at such length as such a dignified subject requires.

AT this writing the platform of the Democratic Convention is before the public. It is somewhat lacking in edge, and betrays a certain humility of spirit, which, after all, is becoming to Christian soldiers. The silver plank is the last gasp of a false issue, and is written all over with compromise. The WAVE felicitates the party upon following its advice, and endorsing the President. The *Examiner* fought this endorsement step by step, but in vain. Our counsel prevailed, and the wisdom of it was shown in the spontaneous and hearty outburst of applause which leaped from throat and hand of the Convention when the plank was read. The President of the Convention had studiously insulted the President by omitting mention of him in his speeches, as had others, but they heard a comment on themselves in the hearty cheers which greeted the endorsement that had been wrung from a grudging committee. It was the sole show of spirit, and the inspiration of combat that had flushed the Convention from the beginning. The platform is somewhat of fish when it ought to be mutton; but, aside from this weakness, which it shares with the mermaid, is a fairly creditable and unexpectedly conservative document. The roast of the railroad, which is as much a part of a platform as the skirt of a dress is very mildly done. The Convention agrees with Huntington in opposing the funding bill, and, probably, also with him in the indefinite demand that the Government "bid in", the Central and Union Pacific at executive sale. As the late Michael Reese would have said, the platform talks of this process like $144,000,000, "vas a beanut." Suppose somebody should outbid the Government? The platform requires that Uncle Sam shall continue to wink at the auctioneer till the roads are knocked down to him, and the Company will be relieved of a colossal debt by parting with a worthless piece of property. The pledge required of candidates for the railroad commission that they will horizontally reduce freights and fares 25 per cent betrays the fine Italian hand of a railroad lawyer. Under the Texas decision such a pledge invalidates any reduction the Commission may make. It is like a candidate for the Supreme Bench pledging himself to decide the Blythe case in favor of the brevet widow. It is probable also that the taking of such a pledge will invalidate the election of any candidate who subscribes to it.

There remains of the anti-railroad expression just one feature,—that which squints toward Government ownership,—but it is so smothered in subjunctives that it is to be taken simply as the usual cowardly pretense required to meet an emergency which offers in the craze for paternalism. The WAVE's second victory on the platform is in the demand for a pure primary law. This, like the endorsement of Cleveland, was fought bitterly by the *Examiner* anarchists, but we carried the day. If, on the whole, the platform is conservative and offers a house of refuge to the conservative sentiment of the State, which is tired of the gymnastic and hysterical politics which has been too long the fashion in California, it leaves Estee seated on the radical end of the limb, busy sawing it off between him and the tree, and Webster still hunting for a high tea with a train wrecker and robber. Chris Evans, in his retirement in Folsom penitentiary, says that the Populist movement is a vindication of his methods, but he will not find as much comfort in the Democratic platform, which stops short of train-robbing. The Convention was a fine body of men, but as badly housed in the Baldwin theatre as a fat man under a lounge. The delegates were packed in so that they had to spit down the backs of the necks of those in front, and the business was transacted in the midst of intolerable physical discomfort, so that any excellence of result has higher merit than if the meeting had been in a comfortable place. While the platform may give signs of that tired feeling, the ticket is being made up of runners, and people who don't clear the track for it will get dusted.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

THE Governor's proclamation setting forth the nine amendments to the Constitution to be voted on at the coming election is entitled to

careful scrutiny and criticism to enable citizens to intelligently cast their vote.

The first amendment in the list—Assembly Amendment number eight—exacts an educational qualification from every elector under the age of sixty years. The rights of persons now entitled to vote are not disturbed, but the future applicant must be able to read the Constitution in the English language and write his name. No intelligent citizen will oppose this amendment.

Second in the list is Senate Amendment number fourteen. The amendment adds to the present section the words, "The Legislature, by general and uniform laws, may provide for the formation of new counties." The present method—particular acts for particular county divisions—has been productive of much scandal. This was notably the case in the Glenn County division, where one Assemblyman informed me he had been offered six hundred dollars to vote in favor of division. The object of this amendment is to enable the Legislature to frame a general law which will permit districts—under certain restrictions—to erect themselves into new counties without the interference of the Legislature. To this extent it is a wise provision.

Assembly amendment number seven, which is third on the list, is entirely new. It is sought by this amendment to exempt young orchards and vineyards from taxation. Growing crops are already exempt under our Constitution. If reason exist for the latter the same argument would apply to the new amendment. Generally speaking, I am opposed to taxing thrift, and, for the same reason, would favor an amendment exempting from taxation machinery actually in use in manufacturing, removing, in part, one of the unnatural burdens on manufacturing enterprise in California, and affording partial compensation for some of the natural burdens which now exist.

The fourth amendment, known as Assembly amendment number twelve, is most hastily and poorly framed. The fault of its construction lies in an attempt to tack on to an affirmative statute prohibitory exceptions—a dangerous experiment in most cases. The object of the amendment is to prohibit aliens holding real property, but the section is such a jumble of words, and so obscure in its phraseology, that it should be defeated, even by its friends, and a new and more explicit and comprehensive section submitted.

Senate Amendment, number seventeen, fifth on the list, affects San Francisco particularly. It is provided in the present Constitution that cities of over 100,000 inhabitants shall have an upper and a lower Board of Supervisors. The Constitution in this respect has been held not to be self-executing, but in consonance with its terms the duty of the next Board of Freeholders, in drafting a charter for the city, would be to provide for a Board of Supervisors in harmony with the Constitution. The adoption of this amendment will leave them free to create such a board if they consider fit. On this subject we will have something further to say later on.

Senate Amendment number seven is intended to increase the number of members of the State Board of Equalization. It is now provided in the Constitution that one member of that board shall be elected from each Congressional District in the State, "as the same existed in 1879." The proposed amendment omits the words quoted, leaving the number of members elected to be determined by the number of existing Congressional Districts, which is at present seven. There were four Congressional Districts in 1879. This will increase the present board by three members. The annual salary of each member is three thousand dollars and traveling expenses. The adoption of this amendment will increase the expense of the State Government something over ten thousand dollars per annum.

Senate Constitutional Amendment number seventeen, which is seventh in the proclamation, adds to the list of property exempt from taxation: "Property used for free public libraries and free museums." I would think better of this amendment if it applied only to property used *exclusively* for free libraries and free museums, as it does at present for property used *exclusively* for public schools. Its looseness leaves the door open for fraud. Libraries such as the Bancroft Library, and museums, such as are used in connection with quack remedies, may, by their owners, be declared "free" in name, and thus escape taxation. I cannot but feel that danger lurks in this amendment, and would, therefore, condemn it for want of certainty.

Amendment number eight, which will be voted for as Assembly Amendment number thirty-one, is intended to increase the membership of the State Board of Education, among whose duties is the compilation of our series of State school books. The amendment adds to the number: "The President of the University of California, and the Professors of Pedagogy therein." It is a good provision, and should be adopted.

The object of Amendment number nine, known as Senate Amendment number twenty, is to increase the pay of members of the Legislature from eight dollars per day for the ninety days, to one thousand dollars flat. There are various opinions as to the wisdom of this amendment; but I am decidedly in favor of it in the belief that it will result in more deliberation and better considered laws. Double the amount named would hardly be adequate compensation for the conscientious and honest legislator; any sum would be too much for the dishonest member. The tendency of this amendment will be to elevate the office.

THE sugar bounty has been choked off in its infancy. This is well. Bounties and benefits legislated to any industry not naturally profitable have never yet infused such industry with the strength to stand alone. No matter how big it grows, it is always in its cradle, mewling and puking, and feeling for the sucking bottle. There will arise a cry from the vicinity of the sugar factories in this State, and politicians will be appalled thereby. But the industries which have paid the bounty out of their natural gains will not be disturbed by the clamor.

POLITICS AND PROGRESS.

EVERY country has two histories—one of its politics and the other of its people. Its political history relates to its public affairs; that of its people to its progress. This country is no exception. Beginning with the century the surface of affairs was ruffled by the feud between Hamilton and Burr, which long disordered the politics of New York, but while they were wrangling on their way to the duel and death a quiet, introspective man was busy in a shed with the model of a boat and an engine, and to-day every sea and lake and river on the planet is foaming with the wheels and screws to which Robert Fulton gave life on his first steamboat. While the compromises of the Constitution were under discussion and the South was trying to get rid of slavery and accepting inducements to retain it, the inventor of the cotton gin was gnawing a crust and biting his nails over a devise that was to give that institution a greater hold than all the bribes and compromises of the politicians could effect. So the projectors of the first railroad were trying to hold the spikes down in their wooden rails and Peter Cooper was toiling in his shirtsleeves in the construction of an American locomotive, while the politicians were soliciting votes amongst the farmers by telling them that horses and oats would have no price if freight were carried by canal or rail. Morse was inventing the telegraph while the Whigs were shaking their fists at John Tyler and the Democrats were shouting themselves purple for "Polk and Dallas and the tariff of '42." In our own day Edison has worked by night to illuminate our streets and houses and move trains by electricity, while the politicians have been sweating to save the country and get elected as an incident. The substantial material progress, the increment of civilization, the enlargement of human opportunity, come from the people who work and devise undisturbed by the clamor of politicians. The lesson is that the best thing government can do is to let the people alone as much as possible. The Government has neither business tact, honor nor ingenuity. It creates nothing; it invents nothing. It can neither toil nor spin. These things are left for the people, pressed to effort by ambition and necessity, brought to sparkle by the wonderful ferment of genius.

THE election of Congressman Oates to the Governorship of Alabama marks the decline in the South of unsound money theories. Governor Oates has stood bravely in Congress for honest money and against empirical finance, and his courage and intelligence were used against him in the campaign which he has won so gallantly.

THE REILLY BILL.

THE horse is again called to laughter. The Government is in possession of the cash to meet all the Central Pacific debt, which matures till near the end of the century. The Reilly bill to refund the unpaid part at maturity imposes obligations which the railroad cannot perform, and Huntington has so stated openly, and for that reason does not favor the bill. Yet a number of worthy candidates for office are using rhetoric as the art of denunciation against the same bill, and are, therefore, in exact agreement with the railroad. The question of Government ownership of railroads is a separate issue of policy, and is opposed to everything taught as principle by the Democracy from Jefferson to Cleveland. The Government has no business to be in business is the Democratic maxim, observance of which has preserved the party through storm and trial. But now a Democrat who stands upon that sound principle is subject to rabid denunciation as a "railroad man." In California the candidates are to enter upon a joint and several advocacy of this monstrous doctrine of paternalism and destruction, and while each denounces the other as a tool and hireling of the Southern Pacific. And this is politics! The *Bulletin* says that "railways have taken the place of the old highway, greatly to the detriment of the people." The old highway was a wagon road in more or less bad condition, and it still exists. If any man wants to send his fruit to Chicago in a four horse wagon, there is the road clear through and all bridged. The Southern Pacific charges a cent and a half a pound for carrying the fruit to Chicago. If that is a detriment to the people it must be because hauling it in a wagon is cheaper. Why doesn't the *Bulletin* start a wagon train, fill its chest with the profits and rescue the people from the "detriment" which they now suffer?

THE Chinese treaty is ratified by the Senate and the Chinese issue passes out of politics. The treaty is a sound guaranty against covert or open Chinese immigration, and the Administration by making it has earned the gratitude of every American who believes in the National honor.

Senator White did himself conspicuous credit by supporting ratification, and that act will appear as not the least of the many services he has rendered to the people of this State.

FRUIT SHIPMENTS TO LONDON.

The advantage of a low freight rate on a long haul is shown in the shipment of several trainloads of fresh California fruit to London. We have several fruits which are specially adapted to that trade. The Bartlett pear, the Simon plum, the apricot and the Japanese persimmon, are some of the kinds which reach ripe perfection some time after picking. They are showy, as well as excellent in their edible qualities, and they can be on London tables within fifteen days from leaving the tree in California. If this trade can be held with a small profit, it will be of greater value to our fruit industry than is measured by its actual returns, since it takes up a percentage of the surplus crop, and reduces the surfeit of the domestic market. At the same time it will make the British public familiar with California fruit, and the attention attracted to the fresh article will attach to the tinned and dried product, which we are able to export in quantities unlimited. As to all of these food products, it is true that the raw or unchanged article is the forerunner of that which has been changed to increase its keeping quality, and enlarge its field of consumption. Our fruit growers have shown magnificent enterprise in this appearance in a foreign market six thousand miles from their orchards, and the whole State should applaud and assist them, and our California railroads should see that they have all the help there is in low rates and rapid transit.

THE NEW TARIFF.

IT is not probable that any party will soon go before the people advocating an end to end change in the tariff. The Morrill tariff was gradually built upon from 1862 to 1883. During that period lumber and many other articles were added to the protected list by individual bills, and the protection on others, notably wool, was increased by the same method. As the Protectionists built up the system of removing articles from the free to the dutiable schedules and adding to the tax upon those originally dutiable, it should now be the policy of the anti-Protectionists to reverse this policy by the same method. The plan has the merit of exciting no general disturbance of business. When a bill is introduced affecting iron or coal separately, the interests built upon paternal treatment of the article affected are the only ones impressed. The Protectionists will not dare go to the country in 1896 upon a threat to again disorder business by a new tariff throughout, and it is the duty of their opponents to elect men to Congress who will take each of the remaining enormities in detail and dispose of them in turn. The bill just passed is not what the party promised nor what the country expected, but it is a beginning, and perhaps as good as was possible, considering the demoralization of public opinion by thirty years of paternalism. If this Administration can close with a sound money policy established, and the direction of tariff legislation changed so that it faces away from Protection, the party will have vindicated itself, and be in good shape for the final fight against paternalism which comes two years hence.

THE new tariff bill makes many reductions from the McKinley law. The following are some of the important ones, which we advise the press to circulate and the people to read :

Articles.	Per cent of reduction.
Borax, refined	60.00
Castor oil	56.28
Peppermint	46.89
Baryta, manufactured	55.86
Whiting, dry	50.00
Paints, ground in oil	50.00
Zinc paint	42.80
Lead, red	49.99
Lead, white	50.00
All other not specially provided for	50.00
Soda (saleratus)	50.00
Soda, caustic	50.00
Sal, or soda crystals	50.00
Sponges	50.00
Cement	50.00
Lime	16.67
Clocks, china	58.33
Iron ores	46.67
Fuel, bars, blooms, etc	45.46
All other, and slabs, blooms or loops	76.31
Sheets or plates (iron or steel)	45.73
Tin plates	16 05
Wire rope made of steel wire not smaller than No. wire guage	58 40
Sheets	60.09
Chains	61.50
Penknives and pocketknives	42.50
Knives and forks	52.09
Firearms, pistols	53 15
Shotguns	55.88
Nails, wire	46.16
Spikes	76.67
Bronze metal	60.88
Silver leaf	61 00
Lead	50.00
Zinc	50.00
Sugar candy	71.00
Mules	79.00
Cattle	68.00
Beans	51 00
Castor beans or seeds	50.00
Raisins	40.00
Peanuts	73 00
Apples	83.00
Lard	50.00
Mustard	47.00
Cotton cloth	50 00
Cotton plushes	50.00
Flax	50 00
Cables, hemp, untarred	55.00
Cables, tarred	68.00
Gill netting	72.00
Shoddy	71.00
Woolen yarns	81.00
Woolen shawls	77.00
Knit fabrics	74.00
Blankets	72.00
Hats of wool	72.00
Flannels for underwear	71 00
Woolen dress goods	51.00
Woolen plushes	52.00
Carpets	61 00
Silk	67.00
Silk velvets	69.00
India-rubber wearing apparel	39.00
Paper sheathing	50.00
Playing cards	63 00
Brooms	50 00
Buttons	41.00
Shoe buttons	62.00
Firecrackers	66.00
Coal, bituminous	47.00
Matches	41.00
Gun-wads	71.00
Gloves	50.00
Cocoa matting and mats	72.00
Clay pipes	80.00

It will be seen that most of the foregoing reductions are upon articles of prime necessity and general use by the people.

CURRENT events in the courts of this State give one a gruesome feeling. A number of large estates are in controversy between members of the families which heir them. Human nature presents no more revolting aspect than in these family fights. The Murphy heirs washed a half century of dirty linen in presence of the public over the division of dollars none of them had earned. Other families are now in the same unsavory business. Every tiff from childhood to adult age is put at the service of attorneys who toil for a contingent fee, and business honor and private chastity are alike assailed by those who normally should hide from public gaze the infirmities of which but few are free. The poor man who rears his children in habits of industry and good citizenship is a prince of happiness, compared to the millionaire who has squeezed the sap of life from his veins to pile up a fortune which induces his children to call each other prostitutes and him a drunkard or a dastard.

The closer the examination of great wealth the duller is the lustre of fortune. Wholesome labor and fireside content bring more happiness than all the dazzle of great possessions, which are the curse of unfilial and unfraternal deviltry and contention.

THE first election of the year at which the Populists have a chance to show their strength is that in Oakland for the refunding of $140,000 in school bonds, which are maturing with no cash on hand to meet them.

"No bonds" is the *alpha* of Populist principles. The property owners of Oakland who don't want such an increase in the year's taxation, as would be required by a present levy to meet this debt, desire its extension by refunding, but not many of them are Populists. The members of that party are somewhat inconspicuous on the assessment-roll; therefore, they are unaffected by any tax levy, and are indifferent to the burdens of the men who pay taxes. There is nothing easier than to drain the other man's pocket, and when the drain is illustrative of a great pur-rin-ciple, the untaxed reformer finds his zeal to be cheap as it is nasty. At the present outlook the taxpayers of Oakland are likely to find themselves beaten on the refunding proposition and a large sum added to the taxes they must pay this year. They will foot the bill with no more pleasure, because the result will be quoted as evidence of the spread of Populist principles.

THE *Call* is depressed by the dismissal of the suit brought in the Federal Court at Los Angeles to fracture the consolidation under one administration of the various links and franchises composing the Southern Pacific Railway. The suit was brought by Mr. Call, a left-over Republican dependent on the Department of Justice, to whose vision railway consolidation presented itself as a form of trust and in restraint of trade. The first of these consolidations in this country was effected in behalf of the Chicago & Northwestern by Samuel J. Tilden at the instance of Henry Keep. Since then the process has been repeated to the creation of many trunk lines, the economizing of their business and the facility of trade. The fact is that while American railways pay 40 per cent higher wages and furnish transportation of freight and passengers nearly 50 per cent cheaper than European railways, is largely due to this system of consolidated lines, made up of different links under individual franchises, under one operating management. To break it down would involve in calamity every long haul on the continent, to the disaster of the distant shipper and the distress of the final market. This is the truth and the common sense of the issue. The *Call's* sympathy with its legal namesake is not based upon reason or common sense.

THE *Nerve*, a bright weekly published at Eureka, has entered heartily into the campaign for Pure Primaries. It agitates the subject in each issue, and to further awaken public interest has printed its editorials in circular form and sent them broadcast throughout the State. This is the proper spirit. If the interior press would but take up this question in the same way, and urge the senators and assemblymen from their districts to pledge themselves to Pure Primaries, it would achieve a victory worthy of the effort, and establish the fact that the interior press, by concert of action, can wield a power greater than it is generally credited with.

SPLASHES

AMONG THE VIRTUES of Bohemia is an incapability of invidious comparison. The tendency to contrast is gloriously absent from the institution, and the delicious consequence is the superlative importance of that which occurs last. For each successive Jinks there is an unvarying formula—it is that the club has never done better—the last is always the best. While I am ready to accept the dictum of several of the jolliest chaps in the world that the Gipsy entertainment in the redwoods last Saturday overlaid everything that Bohemia had ever had, still, I am unfortunately mindful of the brilliant illuminations, the gorgeous costumes and the elaborate ceremonials of Sire Redding's third forestry entertainment. I cannot but recall the enthusiastic admiration of the "jolliest chaps in the world" over Fred Somer's Budda festival and the stupendous spectacle that very elaborate travesty on Oriental solemnity furnished. However, the dead past buries its dead without mourning or extreme unction in Bohemia, and Lethe flows sluggishly between Jinks. And Lethe, by the way, is as admirable an institution as the ignorance which is bliss.

* * *

In the current programmes there was no suggestion of the temporary eclipse the club had undergone—not a reminder in the gaiety, the exultation of the occasion of the sorry brick pile on Sutter Street, whose rounded solidity is a sad memorial of what might have been. Athwart the hillsides were the tents of the gypsies pitched in a long line running from the stage proper to the rustic bridge across the gulch. The grove was dark as midnight when the first light flashed in the topmost tent, and then signal fires burst into flame along the line. Under an old fashioned tripod from which the inevitable kettle swung, a pile of faggots burned briskly. A moment later two calcium lights sent glowing shafts of light among the redwoods, throwing into dark relief the tents so picturesquely grouped, the huge tree trunks, the shadowy foliage, the lines of flickering flame. Really the effect was striking, and worth traveling up the valley to see. The literary exercises called into vocal evidence the tutelary dieties of Bohemia, and they spoke their pieces with no little eloquence and glow. But it was a fine background to talk against.

* * *

The climax was an eloquent prophecy delivered by the aged seeress of the tribe, in which it was predicted that to Bohemia the wandering Rommany will finally resign their vagrant pretentions, and on the Post Street Club will yet devolve the responsibility of perpetuating appropriately the love of outdoor life and freedom, which characterizes the Gypsies. This admirable sentiment was applauded, if not to the skies, at least to the echo, and was further celebrated with an illumination of pink fires, whose sanguine splendor set off the dark holes, and sent ruby flashes searching into the depths of the forest. Then came the burial of Care, with High Priest Bromley leading the procession in robes sanctified by the usage of many a previous jinks. The cortege passed in and out among the tree trunks to the music of Chopin's Funeral March, the dirge sung by Loring Club men with solemn effect. After the rites, the dear old rites that Uncle George has done so often, the match was set to the casket containing Care, and up it went with a fine flare and glare, and then St. John of Nepomuck, thirty feet high in fireworks, revealed himself as the patron of Bohemia, with which manifestation the High Jinks ended.

* * *

Some one spoke of the intervening supper as a fantasie in beer and sandwiches, spiced with wine and whiskey, but it was much better than that. With the dying out of his Nepomuck Saintship the scene was changed. Solemnity gave place to the extreme of frivolity, and the Ta-ra-roo club had full swing. The stage underwent transformation into a bar room with a dance hall addition—a far away tinkling of guitar and banjo—then a big country wagon drove up, a crowd of toughs and their "Molls'" dismounted, and the moonlight picnic, under the floor management of Mr. Jimmy Hamilton (red rosette), began. Somewhat of a saturnalia it was, with all manner of rows and rowdy songs, intervening policemen and obstreperous songsters. Stanton and Joullin did rival toughs as though to the manner born. W. W. Naughton made a characteristic policeman. Count Beauviere was a pretty grisette. A tough orchestra, under Stewart, discoursed wierd waltzes for the prize waltzing. Altogether a grotesque entertainment relieved by some clever violin solos from Herr Fritz Scheel. There was much to laugh over, and I suppose every one did laugh, though no one seems to know, now, just what they found so amusing in the affair. But, then, it is only the abstemious chaps who slide off to sleep while the fun is at its height, who can remember what has happened, and even they are somewhat uncertain about the jokes.

* * *

Half the fun of a jinks is the property of the advance guard. Companionship converts preparation into a form of enjoyment. For the crowd of men who ascended into the redwoods before the festival there was an infinity of work, and how they did strive, hew wood, draw water and perform services they would not under ordinary circumstances exact from their hired man. Especially active was Colonel Mike Hecht, who from early morn until dewy eve carted timber and exhorted to activity his millionaire brethren. It seems a pity he should have been rewarded for all that exertion by a sprained ankle. Diving off the spring-board, he slipped, and was carried off to the Polyclinic tent with all the honors of invalidism. Besides the work, however, there was an infinity of fun, late suppers in the various tents, visiting back and forth, swimming in Russian river, wandering in the moonlight through the giant groves. Uncle George Bromley set the most active a brilliant example. He never thought of bed until after three in the morning, but he was up with the lark the following day, and all that on top of his seventy-seven years. One other accident there was—the falling of a redwood on the "Moulin Rauge" tent, but the inmates suffered not a particle, though I imagine they were startled more than any one of them would care to own.

* * *

A FUNCTION so eminent as the "shoot," participated in by the smartest men in town, for years past the subject of paramount interest in the fashionable set, attracting to Del Monte the belles of the season and the beauties of the entire series of circles, can hardly be relegated to a position of secondary importance without comment. Yet, though the Country Club proper is in voluminous evidence, it is the Burlingame contingent that rivets attention and excites the fascinated interest of the visitors. This year the gossip of the piazza concerns itself not with the marksmanship of Tallant, Sprague or Webster, but rather with the riding of Tobin, the driving of Clifton and the array of horseflesh Hobart has here for the races. In fact, but for the business-like preoccupation of Webster and his assistants one might never realize the importance of Saturday's contest, and imagine the entire interest centered in the events of Friday, the ball to-night, the music, the illuminations, and all the other distinctive features that occur within the immediate radius of Del Monte.

* * *

If some one has blundered, however, and from an egotistical point of view, it is always an error for social organizations to divert attention by a division of interest, still the consequences are most agreeable. Never has Monterey been gayer. Not in the smiling days of universal prosperity has so large and so smart a crowd been gathered at the fashionable caravansary. The hotel is packed from basement to attic. Each train has swelled the great list; the life of the clerks has been made a burden by the flood of telegrams and letters demanding accommodation. Altogether there is a glow, a brilliancy, a glitter about the environment that surpasses the palmiest periods of the past. Dining-room and verandas—even the large drawing-room, with its weird flower-pots and diversified chairs—all are utilized by the crowd of smartly dressed men and girls whose gay camaraderie and verve, as they promenade the corridors after dinner or overflow out of the breakfast room in the morning, and stand talking in groups on the porch beside the big chimney piece, is in striking contrast to the listlessness of last year's contingent whose members seemed to find little to do, and even less, worth doing. But society has almost undergone a revolution in the year that has rolled around since August last. The spirit of friendliness has entered into the several sets, and desire to go in for hospitality, has drawn together persons whose pretentions seemed diametrically opposed.

* * *

This interesting manifestation, I am inclined to impute to the brilliant bouquet of buds whose entrance into the swim last season has proved so palpable a factor in the general gaiety. It seemed they supplied an element hitherto lacking, and their joyous participation in le sport, as well as in every other form of diversion the hours afforded, supplied a lack that previously no one could have defined. One may say, indeed, they have proved a species of missing link. There is an ample represen-

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tation of these bright young people at Del Monte this season, and I hope they will receive the consideration their invaluable services have earned. However, the "Society sporting spirit" is in the air. Every one talks horse. In the morning every body goes out to the stables to look over the horses, watch them being rubbed down and groomed, and altogether give up the first part of the day to the consideration of the "flesh" and the possible and probable results of the coming contests. On Tuesday morning a carload of distinguished racers arrived, and the deepest interest was speedily developed in their identity as, shrouded and hooded, they were led off to the stables. Of course, a profound secrecy as to names and conditions is preserved by the grooms, and it is amusing to note the blank ignorance affected by the sporting element in regard to all such matters of importance.

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THOUGH Del Monte is noted for the degree of interest the question of clothes excites, I doubt if more attention has ever been given the subject than it attracts this year. There are excellent reasons, however, for its paramount importance, for really some superb gowns have been worn, and several of the younger and richer women have come equipped with a most extensive repertoire of costumes. Among the girls Miss Houghton's gowns have been especially stunning—one dinner frock she wore Sunday night last being pronounced the very prettiest seen at Del Monte. It was of pale pink, cut high in the throat, with huge reevers and very striking sleeves, flounced with chiffon. Miss Mary McDermott, a decidedly interesting girl, who has spent several summers at the hotel, virtually makes her debut this year.

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Without being in any sense a beauty, with her splendid Titian hair, fine eyes, beautifully moulded neck and arms, she is certainly striking looking, and her gowns—for she affects black and gold to an unusual extent—accentuate the effect of an admirable complexion. In addition to her physical attributes Miss McDermott is decidedly intelligent, well read, and in addition, is an heiress. Miss O'Connor affects white India mull morning, noon and night. She wears a white dinner gown with a noticeable trimming of pink and a collar of ermine—odd rather than pretty, especially on a summer gown. Of course Mrs. Spreckels preserves her prestige in the matter of clothes. She has a series of inimitable gowns, one of the most characteristic being a dress of yellow silk with a tiny Dresden-china pattern in pink, green and white, trimmings of heavy Russian lace forming braces and belt, the collars and cuffs of blue satin. A hat in the shade known as "Eminence," an American Beauty rose pinned at the corsage, whose shade matching it in tone, completes a costume which would attract the attention of connoisseurs even in Paris.

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Miss Woolworth is another girl who has come up and out within the past year. With her mother she has been an habitué of Del Monte for many seasons, but has figured among the young people. They are just out of mourning, and Miss Woolworth affects white exclusively, and it suits her style which is dainty and girlish. She has pale red hair. Miss Clement and Miss Jessie Coleman, who are, perhaps, the most popular girls of the year, came down Thursday night, much to the delight of their set. They have always a large following of bright men, and around them there is ever a degree of merriment.

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Picnics large and small have been almost numerous. One of the jolliest was given by young Rutherford who pursuaded Mrs. Gus. Spreckels into the service as chaperon. He is quite a popular youth, thoroughly posted on the proper caper and, though only seventeen, carries himself with the aplomb of a man of the world. Indeed his clothes are decidedly up to date, and both in looks and manner he resembles his mother who is now Mrs. George Crocker. The party drove out to Carmel and picnicked in the woods. There was a capital spread, champagne, truffles and all the delicacies of the season in profusion. Altogether it has been decidedly gay. At night, after dinner, the ball room is the center, and to the admirable music of the Prater orchestra there is dancing. On Wednesday morning, Mr. James Brett Stokes gave a flannel cotillion—similar to the one he had three years ago. There were twenty-five couples, the girls in ducks and outing frocks, the men in snowy flannels and negligée shirts. Mr. Stokes led with Miss Houghton and introduced some decidedly pretty figures.

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THE SMARTEST dance they have had at Sacramento in a long time was that given by the Sutter Club in honor of the officers of Colonel Graham's command. This, the leading social organization of the State Capital, has been threatening for some time past to give the regulars a reception, but they hesitated so long about carrying the interesting threat into execution, that it seemed as though the troops would be withdrawn ere the affair occurred. Flags and flowers—the usual array of palms, shrubs and foliage generally, set off the clubrooms, and at nine exactly the guests of the evening arrived in a body—they are spoken of collectively in Sacramento as "the lieutenants." A reception committee took them in charge, and a little later dancing was begun to the strains of Beale's orchestra. I had supposed full dress was strictly *en regle*, but many of the matrons appeared in street suits and walking hats, though, of course, most of the girls were in ball gowns. Miss Adelaide Upson in white, and Miss Etta Berdsall in a pretty Parisian toilette, were most noticeable among the girls. Mrs. Halsey Smith, in a stunning blue silk gown, was the belle among the married women. Of course this is hardly the time for the club to entertain, for ever so many of Sacramento's prettiest women are at the seaside. Mr. Will Ormsby, I believe, accepts congratulations for the supper which was unusually good.

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An interesting engagement just announced is that of H. H. Darling of Boston and Miss Harriet Brown of 1217 Sutter street. Miss Brown is a bright and charming girl, a daughter of that very able and clever physician, Dr. Charlotte Brown. The groom is an attorney and is connected with the office of Judge Lowell, one of the eminent members of the Boston Bar. The wedding is to take place on the evening of September 4th, at St. Luke's. Dr. Fred Brown, the bride's brother, will be best man, and the ushers will be Morton Gibbons, Richard C. Harrison, Clarence Quinin, William Randall, Thomas Wells Ranson and Lieutenant W. R. Smedberg, U. S. A. Of these gentlemen Messrs. Harrison and Randall were classmates of the groom during his course at Harvard.

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Rather an interesting wedding was that of Miss Alice Kinne and Dr. C. J. Burnham, who were married at St. Lukes on Tuesday last. The bride is a daughter of Colonel and Mrs. C. Mason Kinne, who are so prominent in Grand Army and insurance circles, and is a tall, handsome girl, with a face full of character and intelligence. She made a superb picture in her white satin gown and leghorn hat trimmed with white ribbons and chiffons. Dr. Brewer performed the ceremony in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. The happy pair went south for their honeymoon.

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The marriage of Ensign G. H. Burrage, U. S. N., and Miss Graham, daughter of General W. M. Graham, Colonel Fifth United States Artillery, commanding at the Presidio, will be celebrated at St. Luke's Church, at noon on September 4th. The ceremony will be performed by Right Rev. W. F. Nichol, assisted by Rev. W. H. Moreland. There will be no cards issued for the affair.

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Another charming girl, Miss Jessie Rodda, was married to D. E. Jackson, at the residence of her father, E. J. Rodda, on Post Street. She is the Secretary of Art Students' League, and is among the most cultivated members of that organization. She is a tall, graceful girl, of much refinement of manner and style. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jarrett Easton, of Oakland, in the presence of a small gathering of friends and relatives.

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There was a hop at the Vendome on Saturday night last that attracted to the hotel most of the prettiest girls of San Jose—those at least who are not at the seaside or at the interior resorts. Some exceedingly pretty gowns were displayed. Everyone seemed to have a good time. Among the guests were scions of the best known San Jose families—the Bowmans, Eatons, Adels, Coxes and Lions.

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The McNutts have gone to the Napa Soda Springs for a week or two of quiet and rest. Their many friends will regret the absence from Del Monte of Miss McNutt, whose style of beauty is highly adapted to summer hats, snowy gowns and rustic effects generally.

* * *

Decidedly a charming affair the luncheon given last Saturday by Mrs. Joe Austin, the bright and popular wife of the Park Commissioner. Her pretty and very cosy cottage on Page street was adorned with a wealth of roses, sweet peas and orchids in pink tones, the general effect of which was exceedingly smart and really artistic. However, Mrs. Austin's entertainments are by no means floral effects alone. A capital menu was served under the direction of Miss Hallinhan—quite recherché enough, indeed, for an epicure of the most exacting type. After lunch the party went to the Baldwin, where a row of orchestra chairs afforded a capital view of "Liberty Hall" and Miss Viola Allen, who, it seems, has almost as many feminine admirers here as Miss Marlowe won.

* * *

THEOLOGICAL GOSSIP is of course only a little more edifying than that of society, and in strict church circles is the subject of condemnation even more positive. There are generally good stories floating round in a religious environment if the elements are

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After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

properly blended, and especially is this the case in Oakland — appropriately called the City of Churches. Quite the latest is one of which Dr. Chapman figures as hero. After the unfortunate break in the ranks of Brooklyn Presbyterians which had its climax in the resignation of the reverend pastor, the vacant pulpit was filled by an ardent young person from the East. On the occasion of his formal installation a reception to welcome him was given by the ladies of the parish, and among a good many more, Dr. Chapman attended, and that in face of the late unpleasantness. The retiring pastor made a welcoming speech, and then Rev. Campbell Coyle, of a neighboring parish, arose.

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His remarks had the merit of being to the point, for fixing his eyes on the silvery locks of Dr. Chapman, he said in clarion tones: "What the church wants is young men. There is no moss on your *new* pastor. Old men cannot do the work." This graceful display of tact and kindly Christian feeling, won less than the admiration it should have evoked, for even the opponents of Dr. Chapman felt cold thrills at the cruel allusion. However, demonstration is by no means conclusive, for last month Campbell Coyle, the loud-mouthed head of that occasion, was called on to assist his brother, Robert Coyle. Much to the dismay of his congregation he left them pastorless, deeply in debt and completely disorganized. Now came Dr. Chapman's turn. He was called on unanimously to fill the vacancy, and on him devolves the task of bringing order out of chaos, so that Centennial Church may be restored to the rank and prosperity it enjoyed prior to the rule of a "young man with no moss on him."

* * *

THE CALM and studious atmosphere of Berkeley is conducive, doubtless, to longevity. I am told there are among the intellectual celebrities of that instinctive region several whose age is much in advance of their appearance, whose vigor belies their years. That did not detract in any way from the interest attaching to a lunch which Mrs. John Garber gave in celebration of her mother's eighty-sixth birthday. Some sixteen matrons and misses were gathered at "Bellevue," the charming residence of the Garber family, in honor of the event, and partook of a menu appropriate to the occasion. That it was elaborate and well served, and from the artistic point of view, was beautifully set off with white jasmine and ferns, with which the table was decorated. Mrs. S. A. McKee, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. J. S. Wall, Mrs. Spier, Mrs. Goodfellow and Mrs. Palache were among the guests.

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Miss Bertha Crouch, who ranks as one of the popular girls of Oakland, gave to some fourteen of her friends a farewell dinner. She goes east for the winter to be absent from these shores, perhaps, longer than the six months of which that generic term is significant. It was an affair for the younger set, though I cannot quite see how the decorations—white sweet peas and magnolia were especially typical The effect was pretty, however, and I don't imagine either the girls or the men were especially concerned about relations between magnolias and matrons—that is if any may be held to exist. Another Oakland affair, was the luncheon which Mrs. J. S. Wall gave. For table decorations she had La France roses, which were very prettily arranged. Her guests were Mrs. Rosborough. Mrs. Col. J. Hayes, Miss Cronin, Mrs. J. Glasscock and Mrs. Ben Morgan.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Daggett, nèe Cohen, will doubtless be the recipients of several dinners and luncheons ere their departure for the East. The Tom Dargies had a swell dinner for them on Tuesday evening, to which the entire bridal party, together with some of their special friends, sat down, Dr. and Mrs. P. L. Wheeler, nèe Kirkham, have also returned from their honeymoon. They are residing for the time being at the Kirkham residence, and had quite a reception yesterday. They are to be at home next Friday also, and doubtless all their friends will continue to offer their congratulations.

* * *

It might be invidious to insist that the summer residents at Tahoe are having a more liberal allowance of fun than visitors at other resorts less remote. Indeed there are nice distinctions in such connections that place the mere recorder at a disadvantage, seeing that the undefined thing called a "good time" is relative and individual. There are picnics and launch "rides" innumerable, one of the most conspicuous of the latter being a party which Mr. Burt Hecht gave on the 16th to some eighteen men and girls. Embarking at Tahoe, they ran down to Bijou, where the ball-room was opened for their accommodation. After a very jolly dance, they returned in the moonlight. Supper was served on board. Mrs. Isaac Hecht made a most amiable and agreeable chaperon.

* * *

SAVE FOR the Avery cotillion and some informal teas, very little has occurred to relieve the social monotony of Sausalito this season. The tide of travel ebbs and flows up and down the hill-sides, through and to the gulches called "Hurricane" and "Poverty," but the gay days of yore even the pool rooms seem powerless to restore. A gleam of fashion flashed across the social horizon there in the shape of a matinée dansanté last Saturday at the Campbell's. Their house, a somewhat stilted collection of gables, and porches and verandas in shingle, adjoins the Avery residence, is surrounded by a pleasant bit of a garden, and overlooks in a manner effective, if unromantic, the Hotel El Monte. The affair was in honor of Miss Neffe of Cincinnati, who costumed the occasion quite prettily in yellow—silk with velvet trimmings. One could not help noticing Miss Campbell, who had on rather an odd and decidedly striking combination of Mandarin yellow and blue in China silk. Miss Ames, in pale pink, was charming as a dream.

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So far as the afternoon's entertainment went the affair partook of the nature of a conversazione, though there was a little dancing in doors. The men and girls entertained themselves on the porches and verandas chatting and listening to the music. A select few remained for the cotillion after dinner, that proved very good fun and was kept up until the moon had crept into central altitudes. Indeed, a more perfect night for a party could hardly have been created—a combination of perfect calm, glorious moonlight, the air, soft and warm, filled with the perfumes of summer flowers. An excellent supper was served, but without wine. In fact that seems a doctrine pretty generally accepted over at Sausalito, though under any circumstances the Campbells are strict people, and believe in temperance more from principle than from economical motives.

THERE IS more excitement in the *Examiner* over the pool rooms than I have noticed in Sausalito. Indeed, the impression current there is that the innovation can hardly be attended with any very disastrous consequences. The moral tone of the English faction of Stilt City is far above the temptation of so obvious a type of gambling, and the diversion may drive the Dago section from less pleasing form of pleasure. There is little fear of the encroachments of a wildly gay element on the privacy of the villas, for there is a discouraging steepness about the hillsides that will surely keep the visitors on the water front. Instead of repining, there should be active manifestations of joy over the invasion, for just at present Sausalito is as sadly stupid as a cemetery. Even the brilliant moonlight of the past week has not operated as an incentive to excursionizing, I believe Morpheus has established there a maratime headquarters for no one is awake save by accident after nine and on the faces of the men condemned to take the early boat there is an expression of heavy-eyed reluctance eloquent of dreams rudely dissipated.

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A few of the sanctified whose homes are in proximity to Rev. Mr. Miel's parsonage have felt the occasion justifies their interference, and have started a petition. The Town Trustees, however, are in favor of permitting the existence of the poolrooms, and until some definite reason is offered for their disestablishment will continue in that way of thinking.

* * *

SOMETHING is wrong over in Oakland again. This time it is another charter. The city has just come out of a long and bitter contest over its present charter, and now the whirligig of time and the adoption of an amendment to the State constitution has made it necessary to have another election and a new charter, so as to take the government of the city from out the domain of the general laws, and, therefore, not subject to freaks of legislation in respect to street work and other public calamities. There promises to be a merry time of it, too. Some are for abolishing the Board of Public works created by the present charter, the members of which are at present appointed by the Mayor and draw the comfortable salary of two hundred dollars per month. This board to-day controls the Police and Fire Departments, and, in fact, nearly all the patronage of the city. It has been the home of jobs and political manipulation, and the good citizens not in the ring have grown very sick thereat.

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One proposition that will come up, will be to limit their term of office to the pleasure of the Mayor. Another will be to declare the Mayor, the City Surveyor and the Auditor a Board of Public Works, and abolish the salary in connection therewith, now amounting to six hundred dollars per month; to increase the salary of Councilmen from forty dollars to one hundred dollars per month, and to establish separate Boards of Fire and Police Commissioners, to serve without compensation. It is hoped by this plan to bring out the best citizens to accept the office of Commissioners. Let Oakland take lesson from San Francisco, however, and build up about its Police and Fire Commissioners stringent prohibitions forbidding them under penalty of immediate removal, to interfere in the politics of the city, county or State. Or they may fall within a bossdom even worse than we have over here.

The plan to increase the pay of Councilmen is a good one, for the work required of them

is most exacting, and is a thankless task at best.

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THERE IS ONE lawyer in town whom the President would appoint without further question to the Circuit Judgeship which Congress recently created, but his necessities do not permit him to accept the honor. The salary is but a matter of six thousand dollars per annum, which seems a huge amount if one makes only half that sum, but is small enough from the standpoint of the fifteen or twenty thousand dollar man, whose standing at the bar has the requisite distinction. However, the field is clear and the fight is open, with the chances, I am told, rather in favor of Judge Ross, of Los Angeles. Among the latest aspirants are Robert Y. Hayne and John A. Wright, whose fee in the Blythe case relieves from the burden of common litigation. Ex-Judge Hayne brings to bear the Parrott influence, which, however strong in social and financial circles, is hardly a power in politics. In that quarter the "pull" of a millionaire is commensurate with the magnitude of his campaign contributions and liberality has hardly distinguished the efforts in that direction of the Parrotts. However, Hayne has the reputation of being able and competent, and his impartiality and integrity could not and would never be questioned.

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Wright is a positive, earnest man, of a type directly opposite to that of Judge Hayne's personality. In learning and capacity he is as competent for the post as any one I could name, unless it be Judge Wallace, whom it is understood the President will not appoint on the ground he is over sixty years of age. When the Judge was at Washington some twelve months ago the question of this particular post presented itself, and Cleveland then told Wallace that he would do less than his duty to the Democracy in selecting anyone over fifty for the place. That the Judge found himself unable to approve of the President's view is only natural, but though several efforts were made to have him make our jurist an exception he declined, and it may be assumed Wallace is permanently out of the race.

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BEFORE THE ERA of municipal conventions is announced, Assessor Siebe will have made a display of political energy quite rare in these luxurious days. He has actually undertaken a house to house canvass of the city, proving, wherever the opportunity offers, by personal statement the integrity of his administration. It is not that he cares so much for renomination, for experience has demonstrated the place as a disagreeable one, because of the campaigns directed against it. The chances for dishonesty are so numerous and so obvious, that no matter how good a showing an official may make, his opponents find loopholes for their accusations. Mr. Siebe, during his term, has suffered a great deal of abuse, and now he is determined on having the only satisfactory and conclusive kind of vindication open to an office holder, and that is re-election. So he is out in the city day and night convassing with an energy that means success. He commences quite early in the morning, I believe, transacts the details of his private business, and then plunges heart and soul into politics.

* * *

I am inclined to believe the fate of the several non-partizan movements, now being considered, hinge largely on the action of the Republican Municipal Convention. If that is to be but the public expression of Colonel Burns' private will then, most assuredly, an independent Republican Convention will complicate the political problem with a ticket on which, doubtless, the names of Siebe and Ellert will figure prominently. While most men are ready to concede personal honesty to the new boss, and to admit, if bosses are necessary, that he is a fair specimen, still there is great discontent under his regime, because of the arbitrariness of his sway and the uncontrollable tendency he exhibits at elevating to positions of trust men whose sole distinction is that of his friendship. Instead of it being policy for an aspirant to conduct honestly and impartially the affairs of his office, he can well afford to neglect public interest if he but devote himself to the private service of the Colonel. It is admitted that against his intimates no man has a chance, and the consequence is he can hardly walk abroad for parasites. It is conceded he has no financial interest to promote in handling affairs, and that his participation is but the indication of a strong personality, full of an active desire to rule. He should remember that moderation is the main spring of prominence.

* * *

AS AN EXPOSITION of the gentle art of making enemies the course of the *Examiner* is full of entertainment. Hardly a day passes but it massacres some unfortunate whom fate or strange gods have thrown in its path. The suggestion that its soubriquet be changed from "Monarch" to "Moloch" has considerable point, though I can hardly imagine the God of the ammonites had ever as sumptuous array of burnt offerings as the *Examiner* daily serves us up in the form of "roasts." However, be that as it may, the victims do not all accept their treatment with equanimity, and some day I look for a reaping of the whirlwind that may rather astonish Willie and convince him, perhaps, there are toes and heels in the community as well as pen points in his office. Among the latest addition to the army of enemies may be added John W. Mackay and Richard Dey, executors of the Fair estate. They were exposed in the pillory a week or two ago for accepting undue fees, and handled with that savage vigor which insensibility to consequences promotes in a reporter.

* * *

It happens that Mackay has ever been a friend and co-worker of the Hearsts. He has also been a staunch upholder of the *Examiner*, and whatever in the way of information or assistance it lay in his power to afford the paper he has cheerfully given. Time and again the participation of the Postal Telegraph Company, of which he is President, has resulted in obtaining the journal exclusive stories of great news value. Indeed, in a hundred ways he has established grounds for gratitude far apart from his personal relations with Arthur McEwen and Sam Chamberlain. All this did not save him or his associates, although the "extortionate" fees were only the charges allowed by law, and represented services extending over a period of two years. Under the circumstances the publication was an extraordinary instance of both bad taste and ingratitude, and I am not surprised to learn that Mackay resents bitterly the attack. His associates here were much put out over the uncomplimentary inferences inseparable in the connection, and in future will hardly put themselves out to assist to assist Mr. Hearst's young men in the cause in filling his journal's news columns.

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THE BOY who amused himself by prodding Barnum's elephant with a darning needle, after having bathed a spell in liniment and tears, concluded, in an interval of mature reflection, he had made a mistake. It is possible the bucolic attorneys over in Oakland who are advertising themselves at the expense of the machinery connected with our Supreme Court may arrive at a similar conclusion when it comes time for liniment, tears and reflection. It seems the Supreme Court recently decided a case involving the title to some overflowed lands. The opinion, in its original form, contained certain dicta which to a greater or less extent touched upon the title to submerged lands and was, therefore, considered available in the Oakland waterfront case now in course of trial. In revising the decision for publication in the permanent reports of the Court, the dicta was eliminated. This the Oakland attorneys discovered the other day, and they pounced upon it with hungry avidity. Instead of proceeding in an orderly manner to investigate and to ascertain the truth, they sprang it as a sensation, rushed into print, fed the press with suspicions and contributed toward inspiring a lack of confidence in the courts of which they are the sworn officers. Of course ignorance of the general custom which permits courts of last resort to revise opinions before final publication may be considered as partial palliation of their offense. However, it is their method of procedure rather than their inexperience that subjects them to criticism. On its face their actions seem inexcusable.

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I am reminded, by the way, that the opinion of the United States Supreme Court in the Chicago case, upon which rests all the hope of Oakland to recover her water front, has been likewise "mutilated." The opinion as it appears in the United States Supreme Court Reports does not correspond with the same opinion as published in the Federal Reporter. It has been altered and amended in a most important particular. The attention of the Oakland attorneys is respectfully directed to this "mutilation" as a fresh windmill for their tilting lances.

* * *

WHILE IT IS asserted that Robert Louis Stevenson created the character of Mr. Hyde without the privilege of Calvin Somers' acquaintance, it must be admitted the two have certain unenviable characteristics in common. Considering the situation as logically as a meagre knowledge of the resources of Mr. Somers' mentality permits, I am inclined to think that he is at a disadvantage in comparison with his prototype. In connection with him I have never heard of a Dr. Jekyll, and the latter figures as the redeeming feature of Mr. Hyde. Mr. Somers has been in the dailies a great deal of late and from all indications appears to be rather at a disadvantage. With the fine capacity for making himself disagreeable he possesses I am sure this condition is but transient and that his star will again be in the ascendant and he as daringly disregardful of consequences as ever before.

* * *

There are phases in the career of Somers that reveal a fine flavored depravity—a generous energy in producing desired results which savor of medieval wickedness, and reminds one of bits out of Webster's "White Devil." However, it is hardly about that I am taking the fellow's name in vain, but in connection with the Reay vs. Butler suit in which the Treadwells figured so conspicuously some time ago. The Supreme Court, it may be remembered, sent the case back for re-trial,

and it is now before Judge Hebbard, with chances for the development of sensations galore. Reminiscences of the first trial must still linger round the corridors of the City Hall, and rumor has it that Mr. Somers has consented to clear up the mystery of the stolen papers, and to give much valuable information in an equally interesting connection, which may make trouble for personages who now hold their heads quite high.

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A feature of the case was the reiterated accusation that a certain decision had been shaped agreeably by the proper use of coin—some $50,000, I believe. There was no evidence adduced, but the Grand Jury investigated the rumor, and was unable to find a basis for entertaining it. Now come the gossips and aver that Somers has made startling disclosures. It may be as well to remember that the character of the man is such that any statement he makes is tinged with doubt by his utterance of it. Mr. Somers is another of the persons one believes when the probabilities are set in the direction of his assertions.

* * *

THE PASSING from Bohemia of several of its most distinguished members may well bring to the observant eye a transient tear. Considering one never knows how soon the subject of the lacunae in question may return, it is as well to be moderate in expressions of grief, though abstinence from vigorous manifestations by the undiscerning is ever translated as indifference. Ed. Morphy, who obtained more than an ordinary degree of journalistic distinction for the work he did on the *Firecracker*, went to Japan some weeks ago to do up the Corean embroglio for that journal. He lived here a series of years, did Morphy, and his solitary reason for remaining was the inhospitableness of the Farallones. In fact, he has ever gone as far west as his opportunities, and a little further, perhaps, than his credit. But then in him these are but the eccentricities of genius, and on the *Firecracker* they define the divine faculty not as an immense capacity for taking pains, but the ability to get ten dollars per column for one's contributions.

* * *

Like other great man, Morphy had lengthy spells of inactivity. Unfortunately his expenses refused to reconcile themselves with the reduction of his income, and that is the sole reason why he had debts. Indeed if the worst must be admitted, he owed quite a number of the freebooters of commerce, and gloried in the magnitude of his liabilities. They were not so heavy, these liabilities, but his creditors fumed and fretted over his embarrassment as though he were really a sinner. Indeed he might never have got off, but for the daring of his brother, who graciously assumed the burden of his brother's identity for the satisfaction of a quintette of the most importunate who threatened if no Morphy appeared to resort to search warrants and other legal paraphernalia used to make irksome the life of the unoffending debtor. It was charming though to see the beatific smile on the face of Morphy as the ropes were cast off, and he beamed a smile full of indulgent exultation on the coterie of collectors as the vessel lumbered heavily into the stream.

* * *

Dick Heath has no intention of permitting the *Examiner* to placate him by any apologies. He has the Monarch in a tight place and intends, I believe, to press his case against it to the bitter end. The circumstances of the suit are familiar to most people. Heath was pilloried as a participant in a saloon row in which there was smashing and punching galore. It happened in reality that the young man was home in bed and his relatives are ready to prove as fine an alibi as was ever exhibited in a court of justice. Some days ago an explanation was published—a species of apology in which tardy justice was done the young man's reputation. However, General Barnes has the suit in hand, and I shall be surprised if a verdict for the full amount is not returned against the paper. It is safe to believe the case will not go to trial until after election, however.

* * *

THE PITY of it that Captain Dick Falkenberg's proffer of assistance to the Mikado was not accepted! He is no ordinary person, this bold and daring frontiersman, whose characteristics are those of a knight errant. His career might figure in one of Weyman's romances, with but few changes, and would be far more sensational than the bloodiest page of "A Gentleman of France." He is an eccentric, this Captain Dick, whose proper name is Count Von Falkenburg, of a noble Prussian family, distantly related on the mother's side with Spanish royalty. He began his career as a member of the Imperial Guard, but subsequently came to America and married a niece of the multi-millionaire Russell Sage. The life of cities is infinitely distasteful to him and he went West, engaged in cowboy life, hunted Indians, led expeditions after the Apaches, and finally settled down near Los Angeles, where he owns property. Captain Dick is one of the handsomest men in the State — tall, broad-shouldered, with clear-cut features and fine, flashing eyes. He is enormously strong and would make an ideal leader for a guerilla band or the head of a troôp of buccaneers.

* * *

FROM THE degree of interest exhibited at the Baldwin, one might imagine the Democracy certain of success. There was as active a contest for the Gubernatorial nomination as though selection meant election, which I am unhappily persuated it does not. However, the trembling of the disaffected has been stayed by the degree of enthusiasm developed, and the delegates will go back to their sections prepared, I am sure, to fight bravely for the ticket. Without question it is the most representative gathering the Democracy has had in a decade, and there is ample basis for optimism in the vigorous figures and characteristic faces of the hundreds of country men who invade the corridors of the hotel and overflow into Eddy street and around there. It is a very solid gathering, not especially brilliant perhaps, but independent and opinionated. Throughout the week, the absence of control has been most marked, and the proceedings offer as startling a contrast to the Republican ratification convention as could could possibly be imagined.

* * *

So far, there has been no oratory to speak of. There is talk of but a solitary speech—that of Colonel Messmore, delivered just after Patton obtained the nomination in the Sixth Congressional District. It was really an eloquent effort, and, undoubtedly, if heard before the ballots were cast, would have changed the result. Gerrett McEnerney has cut a conspicuous figure on the floor, has been heard respectfully on all occasions, and seems to have the ear of the Democracy. Besides, he has been Bill English's right hand man in the Murphy fight, and has spoken for that aspiring Warwick whose oratorical pretensions have been sadly interfered with by Federal etiquette, which demands from office-holders that they keep in the background at conventions. Jeremiah Lynch and George T. Marye have achieved the distinction of being the best-dressed men on the floor—Jere, in addition, having made several talks, figuring prominently and vigorously in the Platform Committee, and also in connection with Hinton's fight for Railroad Commissioner.

* * *

Though Del Valle is a very familiar figure around Democratic Conventions he seems to have gained impressiveness. Unquestionably he presided with dignity and impartiality. I am not an admirer of Thomas J. Clunie, but he is certainly making an obvious effort to win back the old standing he had in the party, and has exhibited tact and discretion on several important occasions. Neither Gavin McNab nor O. M. Wellborn have spoken much, though the former has been one of the most active of the workers, and with the strong following he possesses has done much toward helping results. John S. Daggett appears to be the "Buckley's ghost" of the Convention. Whenever he has exhibited an ambition, the special efforts of English, Foote, Moffitt have been directed at thwarting it. Indeed they may be counted in opposition to every unshaped wish the superintendent of the mint may have in his mind. It is amusing the degree of detestation there is evinced against him.

* * *

THE POSE adopted toward the arts here is not one of quivering sensibility, and only in things practical is the imputation of provincial torpor resented. The attitude of insensibility and antediluvian ignorance is quite correct, with the exception, perhaps, of the dramatic art. A languishing interest attaches to that branch, and discrimination is so far awake that the Lillian Russell and Blanche Walsh type of personage are efficiently cold-shouldered. Pictures—saving, of course, those live ones now to be seen at the Tivoli—are liberally ignored, and etchings are not mentioned in polite society. And still Mr. Vickery has the courage to exhibit in his effective little gallery a collection of some of the best and latest works of Van Muyden. Seeing that the picture buyers are to be counted on

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three fingers, and that no symbols are needed for numbering etching collectors, this is something unheard of in the way of enthusiasm.

* * *

Lions, tigers and the regal animals breathe with an ideal vigor in these impressions. The beasts are the rulers of their native wilds, fierce, free and magnificent. Not the least interesting things are the etcher's portraits of himself, an experimentalist, whose wide unevenly set eyes have the frank melancholy of outlook common to the greater animals and wide-minded souls. Power and grace of animal movement, some of the poetry of light, and especially the flattering skill of effort made under Gallic inspiration, evince themselves in this work. To the enveloping artistic eye a complete and splendid natural history rises up from going over those concentrated results of a fine intelligence, devoted to expressing imposing and grandiosa animal life.

* * *

IF THE INTEREST excited by Talbot Clifton's coach be a fair indication, a parade of such vehicles at Del Monte should create a sensation. Whenever it draws up at a port cochere or is brought around to the front veranda for the mount, everyone stares. In days gone by, the descent of Theodore Kearney of Fresno to his carriage used to afford the afternoon topic, but what was his equipage in comparison with the glories of this substantial turnout, with its black body and yellow running gear, Clifton, tall, lank, and exceedingly British, on the box, with Mrs. Page Brown, Miss Tobin, or some other pretty San Franciscenne beside him, and a section of the Anglo-maniac contingent behind.

* * *

Among the distinguished guests is Lord Russell, who is under the wing of Dick Tobin. There is little that is either smart or swell about his appearance, and in that way he is a contrast to the other Englishmen. Lady Churchill, who was at the hotel during the week, wore some stunning gowns, and to the surprise of the set, appeared at dinner in a bonnet. Lord Randolph met several of the men, and, I think, proved conclusively, himself, rather an advance on the human wreck the papers have been at so much pains to describe. The Barrons, who are prominent and wealthy Londoners, have attracted some attention, he in particular, by the extraordinary contrasts he affects in the matter of shirts, and, ties. With daring disregard of color harmonies, he combines red and blues, and sets them off with greys and drabs, with the weirdest effect imaginable. However that is a matter of taste and Mr. Barron, who is a member of the firm of Barron Brothers, can afford to indulge his most expensive outbursts.

* * *

MORE DISQUIETING far than the possibilities of evasion the *Bulletin* discerns in the Chinese treaty, is the growth of civilization among our Celestial neighbors. Time was when luxury in Chinatown consisted of rice and a chop-stick. Now the local consumption of bird's-nest soup is above the average, and each incoming steamer brings, for the delectation of millionaire merchants, the most recherché delicacies known to the cuisine of Pekin. One may forgive the advance of luxury along prescribed Oriental lines, but it becomes rather a serious matter when Celestials begin invading our pleasure haunts, and developing a taste for the things that make life worth living to our Occidental point of view. In the service of a well-known family is a Chinese chef, with quite a Western Addition repute. He has served in the kitchens of at least half a dozen millionaires, and has airs in proportion to his attainments. In fact, among Celestial chefs he is a veritable cordon bleu, and she would indeed be an heroic daring housewife who would dare dictate to him the details of a menu.

* * *

In addition to his professional accomplishments, Ling—for that is his name—speaks English as well as his mistresss and converses with her in an easy and familiar way which, if it were not so amusingly pretentious would hover on the verge of impertinence. The other night after dinner he entered the sittingroom where madame sat darning her husband's socks, and with the air of a privileged resident, remarked:

"Did you find any of my socks in Mr. C.'s laundry, ma'am? Several pairs are missing, and I thought they might have been put in with his by mistake."

"I don't know, Ling, but here are all the socks that have come in, and perhaps they are among them."

In no way abashed, the Chinaman commenced turning over the contents of the basket, picking out a sock here, another there—by no means the poorest of the collection. Some, madame had already operated on, and at these he glared a second, his imperturbility apparently disturbed.

"You see, I have darned several for you, Ling. Indeed, I thought they were my husbands," she said, meekly enough.

"So it seems, ma'am," he replied reflectively. "You know I have my socks repaired at a relative's place in Chinatown, where they insert pieces very neatly. I fear these will hurt my feet, though I'm not saying they are not nicely done, ma'am."

The magnificent assurance of his air, and the unqualified contempt for her darning were too obvious to be otherwise than amusing.

* * *

The State has been afflicted for some time with a large and very bad variety of county boomlets and booklets, setting forth by way of descriptions ad nauseam, the attractiveness of various localities in the State, and, by way of wretched woodcuts, the unattractiveness of the "leading citizens" of the same locality. One is led to wonder by what right such brutal looking creatures existed, and on what grounds any publisher dared perpetrate such physiognomies. If the souvenir publication of the Sacramento *Bee* entitled "Where California Fruits Grow," marks the commencement of a new era in county publications, it is doubly welcome, for it is a work of art, excelling any publication of the kind I have ever seen from either a private or public source. It is replete with valuable information, and full of excellent half-tone illustrations. An undertaking of this kind cannot fail to benefit the county, but I doubt very much whether the *Bee's* efforts will find the appreciation it merits.

* * *

JUDGE EDWARD SWEENY, of Shasta, is probably one of the handsomest men on the bench in the State. He is an able lawyer and upright judge and extremely popular at home. His position on the bench is most unique, and is not to be duplicated anywhere in the State. In 1890 he was nominated by the Republicans of Tehama county for Superior Judge, and although that county boasts of able lawyers on the Democratic side none came forward to oppose him. A Democratic convention endorsed his nomination and he was elected by the unanimous vote of his county. As a candidate for a Supreme Court judgeship four years hence—his home record will argue strongly for his selection as the representative from the neg-

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lected North. That he will serve on the Supreme bench with marked distinction, I am assured by those who know him best.

* * *

MAY I SUGGEST to certain contemporaries that it is time Superintendent Fillmore was allowed to vacate the position of holocaust for the Southern Pacific? The attitude of several of the newspapers whose managers dared advocate law and order is that of looking for opportunities of disproving accusations of railroad ownership. In the condition of anti-funding-bill feeling journalistic demonstrations are in order, and the unfortunate interview which has created so much talk supplied a fine text. Since then characters are being revivified at the expense of the general superintendent, who goes out to the State as a most iniquitous, implacable taskmaster; whereas, on the contrary, he is incapable of harboring resentment, though he should swear eternal hatred. It might be taken into consideration that as Fillmore is in no sense responsible for the policy of the Southern Pacific, that it is in no way bound by the vigor of his expressed sentiments.

* * *

Among those who know him best the General Superintendent passes for a big-hearted, liberal-minded man, who hides under a mask of gruffness a generous and genial personality. He accomplished his own elevation from the ranks, and is, I believe, one of the most popular officials in the service. Considering the pains he has ever been at to subserve the best interests of his men, I can readily imagine the late strike stirring up within him an evanescent rage that would consist chiefly in explosions of wrath on a diminishing scale. The idea of any one of Fillmore's rotundity and smiling good nature pursuing misguided men with an implacable vengeance is too ridiculous to contemplate. In connection with the attacks of the press which—if his employers were cowardly—could result in nothing but his discharge. If the *Examiner* staff or the *Bee* staff should strike, pi all the type just before going to press, drop blocks of iron among the delicate parts of their presses, screw down the safety valves on their engines, causing them to explode, kill several of their faithful employés, waylay and beat the men who had taken the places of others, preventing the issuance of their papers for weeks, then only be able to commence operations after the Government had brought its entire armed force to their rescue, I wonder what Mr. Hearst, Mr. McEwen or Mr. McClatchy would say?

* * *

One can readily imagine them manifesting outward and visible signs of reconciliation, taking their recalcitrant employés back, perhaps for such patronage as they controlled, but the pardon would only be superficial, and in the course of time every one of the strikers would find himself adrift. I can readily credit them warning a friend, who might have taken one of the dismissed into his service just what kind of dangerous ingrate he was feeding. It is no more than human nature.

* * *

I PRESUME the old saying "familiarity breeds contempt" may be applied to Police Commissioner Burns and the law. I am led to this conclusion by the open and notorious interest—to put it mildly—this gentleman takes in politics, contrary to the spirit, if not the letter, of the law supposed to hedge in the conduct of his office. There is a certain boldness and fearlessness about his operations that almost force one's admiration, though it seems extraordinary he should so daringly exhibit himself. The latest manifestation of his audacious personality had for its theater the thirty-seventh district. It appears Judge Cooney, Dr. Harris, and Messrs. Briggs and Donnelly, representing the respectable element out at the primaries, held the fort out there for Daniel against the assaults of Raisch, Blattner and others who were affiliated with Kelly and Crimmins. I had something to say about the performance at the time, but this is another matter. Since then, however, the Raischs, the Blattners and the rest of the workers have deserted the Crimmins camp and made their peace with the Police Commissioner, who in turn, I understand, promised to them to yield up the works in the 37th district. At the last meeting out there these worthies took complete charge much to the chagrin and disgust of the "respectables," who departed in a body, held an indignation meeting, and appointed a committee to wait on Police Commissioner Burns.

* * *

Headed by Judge Cooney, this very select delegation called on the Police Commissioner, at his headquarters in the Baldwin, and laid before him their grievance. He listened attentively enough, purred for harmony, promised he would attend to the matter, waved the Committee out of his presence smiling unctuously the while. On Tuesday night, he actually did attend to the matter. In person he went out into the wilds of the Thirty-seventh district, and preached a sermon on harmony and tranquility that might have served as a word painting of Heaven. In conclusion then, he told the Cooneys, the Dr. Harrises, the Briggses and the Donnellys that if they had a grievance they might lay it before the County Committee, which august body would give it the grave consideration it merited. As Police Commissioner Burns controls the County Committee, the State Central Committee and every other committee that dares claim right to existence in his presence, the "respectables" in the Thirty-seventh are trying to figure out "where they are at." My own impression is they resemble the man who fell out of the baloon, "they are not in it."

* * *

DECIDEDLY the most orderly person in the brick building at Fourth and Townsend streets is Jerome Madden, Land Agent of the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is no prefunctory devotion he offers to heaven's first law, but a perpetual observance of all the rites and ceremonies of deified accuracy. He is as precise as a mathematician, as neat as a German accountant, and, what is more, exacts from his subordinates and those who do business with his office the same niceties he practices himself. Among the habits Mr. Madden has cultivated is that of recording in a little memorandum book, in the past tense, such engagements as he contracts. For instance, if it is an appointment next week with some eminent agriculturalist from the environments of Huron who desires to locate a railroad section in the vicinity, the entry in the Land Agent's diary under the head of the proper date reads: "Met Mr. Landso, and showed him maps, etc." Thus the double purpose and a reminder is accomplished, and a certain amount of valuable time is saved.

* * *

Against human liability to error sometimes the most arduous precautions are futile. There is also in the employ of the company an individual equally positive and almost as punctilious as Mr. Madden, who is known to most of us as the thirteenth member of the Board of Supervisors. The necessities of a business transaction required the preparation of a deed to some Southern properties, and after several consultations Madden promised to deliver to J. J. Haley the document on a certain day. In consonance with his custom, he entered under the proper date, several weeks ahead, the deed as having been delivered and the matter passed out of his mind until six months later, when Haley, who in the meantime had been East, called and demanded it. "I cannot find it among my own papers," he said, "and I do not remember that you ever gave it to me."

Madden put on his glasses, looked through his admirably kept pigeon-holes, gravely shook his head and with positiveness announced he had it not. To make assurance doubly sure, however, he produced the inevitable memorandum book and read the entry: "June 20th, gave to J. J. Haley, deed No. ——," and triumphantly showed it to the testy Thirteenth Member.

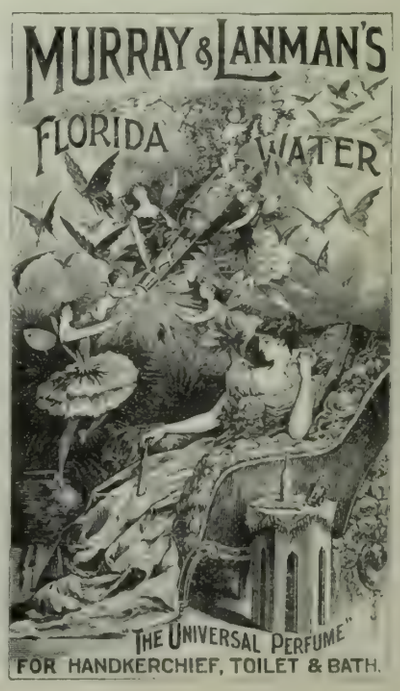
* * *

"Of course you did," commented Haley, as with a sarcastic smile he produced his own pocket-book. "On June 20th I was sitting fishing off the end of a log on the borders of the Kennebec river, in Maine. I distinctly remember you tripping gently along the log with that deed in your hand, and as I took it you asked how they were biting. Yes, of course, you gave me it, and I have not another word to say on the subject."

With that he dashed angrily out of the room, leaving Madden a prey to blushes deep and ardent. A further search revealed the missing document safely ensconced in the desk of one of the clerks, and with due apologies it was handed over to J. J. Haley.

The Witness

A well-dressed man's wardrobe is not complete without a "*Knox*" Hat. *Fall* styles *silk Hats* and *Derbys* now open. *Eugene Korn*, the *Hatter*, exclusive agent, 726 Market street, near Kearny.



THE TWO DROMIOS

Scene. Room plainly furnished; mottoes hanging on walls worked in worsted on perforated cardboard: "God bless the Rich, the Poor can beg." "A dollar's a dollar for a' that." "There's a chiel amang ye takin' notes at 10% per month." "Promise me no promises." "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver, the People a cheerful promiser." Poor boxes, Salvation Army life-boats, and other indications of charity strewn about the floor.

SOOTROW (*Solus*)—Now, in good sooth doth fortune bide with me again.

And fattening reputation with popularity is gorged.

Dame Prospero, with outstretched arms, invites my aged head unto her heaving bosom.

And bids me revel in her richest gifts to man.

(Sees an unused Market Street Railway Transfer on floor, picks it up hurriedly and puts it in his pocket.)

No longer doth my reputation lightly rest on grey Dundreary's, or hats of textile soft and color white. I am at once philanthropist and schemer; a giver of intangibles, a taker of the real. A spendthrift of promises, a miser of performance. A public benefactor for private gain, discounting all my benefactions as usurers do the notes of financially decrepit clients.

(Throws himself on couch, and buries head in hands deep in thought. Looks up suddenly, and continues soliloquy.)

How nicely adroit nature has balanced my duality. Sometimes I am myself most of myself deceived. At these unhappy periods methinks I am most kindly shaped to earn man's gratitude and love, and in my fear I tremble for mine own issue, lest I may rob them of their heritage, and so endow the city's poor. Indeed I have had papers drawn—deeds of gift and other well intentioned deeds, but they are trebly locked, and only to be ope'd when all three keys are turned at once. One key is in my Secretary's grasp, another with the elder Huntington, and still another with McEwen. When can these three meet again to open—never. Thus am I trebly safe from any passing form of yielding idiocy.

(*Laughs cunningly.*)

ENTER PAGE.

PAGE—My, lord, minstrels await without, and would play for thee.

SOOTROW,—What instruments have they, fair boy?

PAGE—A snare drum, fife and several instruments of brass.

SOOTROW (*reflectively*)—Aye, aye. Bring me cotton, lad, and stuff it in my ears. We must not deny the populace the pleasure of honoring our royal person.

PAGE—Aye, my lord (*Page puts large wads of cotton in his highness' ears.*

SOOTROW—Now let them play on—but not Daisy Bell, good boy; not Daisy Bell. (*Page retires. Music of "Ta-ra-ra boom de day" floats through the window. His highness removes cotton from one ear, and listens cautiously to catch the tune. Hurriedly replaces cotton, and dances a wild can can of rage*).

SOOTROW—And yet these driveling idiots call this a compliment; will want beer and edibles for this most horrid din they miscall music.

What, ho!

ENTER PAGE.

SOOTROW—Invite those murderers of melody in, fill their yearning and capacious maws with drink and food. Tell them I'm ill or I would speak with them. Tell them I grieve in solitude over some deep loss or other. Send them to play to—O'Donnell—to—to anyone but me.

EXIT PAGE, L. U. E.

Enter Butler, R. U. E., bearing tin tray, old business card upon which is written *A. Fiske*, and several calculations of interest at 10 per cent per month.

SOOTROW (*cordially*) — Ah, show him in, show him in.

ENTER FISKE.

SOOTROW (*both hands extended*)—Ah, my benevolent friend, how fare you.

FISKE (*jerking his words out*)—Got your invitation to lunch, so didn't eat breakfast. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! (*not a laugh, just a cold ha, ha*).

SOOTROW—I know not what my chef has for our entertainment. We had roast last night—methinks we must have stew to-day.

FISKE—Ha, ha! Ha, ha! I like stew. It does not tax the jaws or teeth. I hate taxing of any kind, and don't like roasts.

SOOTROW (*surprized*)—What, liketh not roasts?"

FISKE—No, no. I've been roasted too often myself to relish them. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

SOOTROW—Thou art in a merry mood, good Fiske.

FISKE—(*rubbing his hands*)—Should say so—five hundred—ten per cent a week—nice house and lot security—man sick—no money coming in—compounded weekly—got the house today—man dead—widow—oh, well, widow somewhere. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!

SOOTROW (*aside, contemplating his guest in admiration*)—I'd make another promise to the city if I had this man's pedigree before me (*warmly*) what a cross he'd make with the Tevis strain (*to guest*)—Come, good Fiske, we'll to the grill room.

FISKE—Hope you've something worth while—cost a dime to reach here—a dime—interest on a dollar for a year at ten per cent—interest on a dollar for two years and a half at Government rates—interest on——

SOOTROW—Hold! Hold! good Fiske, you pain me, and I am sad enough already.

FISKE—Sad!

SOOTROW—Life is a burden. Here am I surrounded by sand hills, all my own, seals all my own, ocean all my own, yet am I sad. The infernal county government has six thousand dollars of my money, all my own. The Populists have nominated me for Mayor and demand my percentage of election expenses, over three hundred ducats, all my own. I am being robbed, defrauded, chiseled, cheated and undone—all because I am so simple minded. I ask the people to buy stock in a railroad to the Cliff House, when the infernal monopoly scoops in a little line that does not touch my holdings, and, therefore, will not enrich me to a farthing's worth, and forthwith they reduce the fare, knocking all my calculations out and leaving me in debt for advertising.

(Sootrow weeps copiously, while Fiske shakes the poor boxes for stray nickles. The band strikes up, "A Boy's Best Friend is a Dollar," and arm in arm the two philanthropists follow up the scent of canned oysters and other choice flavors which are stealing up from the kitchen below.

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Husband on the street, in front of his own door. Time 2 A. M.

Wife—"Well, what's your excuse for coming home at this hour?"

Husband—"Let me in M'ria. Just come from the meeting of the Labor Union. Been considering what we'd do about the recent strike."

Wife—"Well, now you can just consider what you'll do about the recent lock-out."

"What sort of girl is she?"

"Oh, she is a miss with a mission."

"Ah!"

"And her mission is seeking a man with a mansion."

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MASKS AND FACES

I was talking the other night with some friends—students all—who had just returned from Paris; good fellows, still redolent of the *Quartier Latin*, and its slang and its people. And from them I learned of a fad that has captured that city of our hearts. It seems that the singers of the *cafés-chantants* over there have a fashion of employing a lecturer (*conférencier*) of some note—even men like Maurice Lefèbve condescend to it—to join with them in an evening's entertainment, and furnish that air of respectability pre-requisite to an attendance by the high world. For it is pretty evident that even the good mothers and sisters of us all nowadays have an unconfessed liking for the unconventional, and if the singers of the *cafés-chantants* are skillful enough to dislodge their performance from its too obviously impossible niche and couple it with some fair excuse for our going, why even the best of us will attend, mainly, without a doubt, to hear the lecture, but accidentally, of course, to listen to the latest *chanson* of the men of our own class, and of the women of the class below us.

The Tivoli management rate human nature very accurately; and so, when they announced their "Living Pictures" for this week in large type, they took the precaution to add in a modest little line "Iolanthe." Therefore, the house was surprisingly crowded with people, and they saw "Iolanthe." But in the present case there was no necessity for the combination of the opera with the pictures, except the fear—and the fact, perhaps—that this last source of entertainment connotes something not quite proper. I have seen some living pictures that deserved this censure, but those at the Tivoli this week are perfectly innocuous. It was a choice between finishing our Traminer and the first act of "Iolanthe." So we finished the Traminer. And really the last half of the piece is quite enough. One can't help thinking often how delightfully funny it must be in England. Still there are some redeeming bits in it, and the music is here and there refreshing, and one has not yet grown weary of Miss Neilson. But the crowded house last Monday sat through it restively, anticipatively. It was not "Iolanthe" the people came to see. There was a furtive glancing about on the part of the more staid matrons, an apprehensive hesitation in the demure faces of the maidens around, that betrayed a fear of something unexpected, startling, and—well, naughty. But it didn't happen. The pictures were simply pretty, and that was all.

When a fashion besets us in such an aggravated form as this living picture fad has undoubtedly assumed, it is natural enough to look back into the reasons and causes of it with inquiry more or less definite. I don't know much of the history of the movement, its inception or development. I think, though, one or more of the prominent magazines have thought the matter important enough for rather exhaustive articles. But one arrives at some conclusions about such things without any very great mass of facts to reason on. If I say that living pictures are not art, that will involve us in talk full of words. For you would ask me what I meant by art, and I should have to refer you to my four closely printed quartos where the thing is defined—or rather, may, perhaps, be defined, for not a word of the definition is yet on paper. So, don't fear. I won't apply the canons of Hegel's Aesthetics to living pictures! They are pretty, though, many of these tableaux vivants, and we all like to look on pretty things. But why should the crude re-representation of a picture through the substitution of crassly real human figures for the ideals of the artist, and these set in a background of paint and light utterly lurid—why should these things attract us more than the originals? Well, to tell the truth, I don't think they do. For it matters not how intensely fond of fact we may be, I think the best of us prefer our fact and our art separate.

There is a novelty about these things; they reverse the usual. For the man whose highest praise of a painting is the words, "That's great; the girl there looks as if she was alive"—says now of one of these living pictures that pleases him, "That's great; the girl there looks as if she was painted." The reversal of thought-condition is quite perfect, and it is that *espece de type* that gets the same pleasure out of a tableaux vivant as from a work of art. So living pictures pay.

But there are some things to be said in favor of a show of this kind. You see, but one picture at a time and you are forced to look upon it from proper distance, and to absorb it in such a manner as prevents analytic dissection. Then—at the Tivoli, now, at least—music is used very skillfully, and one's mind is suggested by it into the state most fitting for the fullest appreciation of the tableau that is to follow. And, too, the wonder and speculation as to what is to come next, the suddenness of the flashing out upon one of the color contrasts, and the impossible accentuation of light and shade—all these things serve pretty definitely to *épater les bourgeois* (which mental sensation they seem willing enough to pay for, withal), and the result is that accompanying chorus of Oh's and Ah's that follows a flight of rockets at the fireworks.

C. MICHENER.

"GUDGEONS."

Such an ingredient as "horse sense" is not evidently permitted in the accepted recipe for dramatic pot-boilers dealing with Southern life. Two long-named ladies, Emma Sheridan Fay and Mrs. E. G. Sutherland, follow the habitual plan in the matter that is in their curtain raiser, "Marse Van." The astonishingly heavy load of Southern pride is at the usual toplofty standard, mostly sustained by the customary beauteous maid of seventeen summers, a dashing young Northern officer redolent of romance, high sentiments, and, according to Mr. Edeson, gifted with a continuous talent for blinking, an innocent aunt, a very vile villain, and the usual Topsy-like girl who supplies local color by the speech.

A fine flow of elongated talk about Virginia, whom one was sometimes left to mistake for a relative of Sir Walter Raleigh's still living at the time of the war, carried all manner of rich and indigestible heroics with it. Having no ground for determined convictions or the reverse, Miss Mary Hampton came up to the best standard of pretty playing, as is easily possible to a young actress so well endowed with sweet looks intelligence, and a sympathetic personality. Mr. Thompson lighted up the ways of his villain with gleams of artistic intelligence not to be gathered from the lines. If elderly ladies in the South appear as Genevieve Reynolds represents, there must be a shocking waste of effort bestowed upon smile culture and the curvatures of Delsartean attitudinizing.

Clever and educated players have upon them almost the whole onus in making the success of the three somewhat loosely-jointed acts of

ACT III—"SEX AGAINST SEX."
HENRY MILLER VIOLA ALLEN

"Gudgeons." Messrs. Clark and Parker cut out their Americans from the good whole cloth which does excellent and thrilling duty in English dramas and English unclassable novels. From the outset the suspicion grows towards certainty that the authors built situations and afterwards made characters to suit the exigencies of the occasion. In comedy, perhaps, this method has possibilities if the lines are thickly and profusely witted. Verbal brilliants, however, do not coruscate with particular hilarity or exhilaration in the texts, and the players have to do all the tactful filling-out that action, gesture and inflection will do in the shape of vivifying this kind of dialogue. A few pert situations and a smart turn or two relieve the unoriginal plan adopted to bring forward parvenu aspirants for social honors.

Some versatility and a great deal of gentility have been long considered as belonging

to the stage personality of Mr. Henry Miller. That he possessed humoristic esprit had not dawned upon the public, however. As the adventurous uncle, with a name the playwrights assert it takes about six years to learn to spell, Mr. Miller is something of a surprise. The Henry Miller mannerisms have stamped themselves as plainly on the theatre-going mind as the leap-frog inflexions of Stuart Robson, the mighty-man-of-valor roll of Maurice Barrymore and the Warde bawls of emotion. Into his picture of the temporarily-flamboyant Ffolliott, Mr. Miller's stage ways settled comfortably and humorously even, while his accent might have been done from life. Isabel Irving, looking especially pretty, partially forgot to punctuate each sentence with the elevation of the chin, and succeeded in making something out of a dramatic nothing. Silas B. Hooper, in the person of Robert Edeson, had plenty of vitality, and reached the same standard of humor May Robson's servant touched with such artistic certainty. The playing of the company generally was what is expected of people supposed to possess ability, education and stage experience, a desideratum not always achieved in every individual case as developed in the acting of even a slight creation like "Gudgeons."

MUSIC.

Omens may have gone somewhat out of fashion in this free and enlightened epoch, but they still bear witness of future signs and wonders to a devoted few. To this select galaxy the disbanding of the Oriental Opera Company, after a single performance, is fraught with many a ghastly foreboding for our musical season. Nevertheless, if rumors are to become fact, there will be a paroxysm of concert giving, and chamber music will wax strong—stronger than in any season hitherto known. Local energy is expected to burst forth in a high-spouting fountain, and to leave the records of times past beyond any compare. In the coming season then, it is to be hoped, a few slight things will be omitted; for instance, those half-hour and more waits before the opening of performances, when even the indefatigable reckoner of "dead heads" has time to perceive the audience is becoming restive; also that clattering in of uncivilized persons and ushers during the progress of numbers, and especially the advertising of complexion messes and hair destroyers upon the inside covers of programmes.

Our city has not acquired that curiosity as to the merits of unknown virtuosi which exists in older communities, so that the first visit of artists whose fame is young is not usually brilliantly successful from a financial and popular point of view. Costia Doomcheff, the young Russian violinist, was received by the usual limited audience devoted to such occasions, at his first performance. Here we are unaccustomed to recitals made up entirely of violin music, and this fact also tended to limit the attendance. Hitherto, only pianists have been permitted the joys of an unaided recital. A concerto of De Beriot introduced the boy violinist. This and the succeeding number impressed the belief that his ear was of the best, but the third number considerably modified this, likewise being in itself unwelcome trumpery. Personality, talent and training are all apparent and of the choice kind. The elements of what will become real power show themselves in the lad's playing and in his physiognomy, which discloses, yet guards firmly, the deep secret of talent and character. Perhaps it is a special manifestation of gift that this boy violinist raises expectations he does not fully carry out in matters of phrasing and technique. An incidental passage without flaw supposes its completion by another; however the breadth of tone, sensibility of nuance, and absolute quiet betoken the possession of the highest gifts which time will undoubtedly ripely develop.

Violinists have certainly taken their share of the public ear this week. Costia Doomcheff, Princess Lilly Dolgorouky and the local student, Hother Wismer, have drawn attention to themselves and their instruments. Appearing at the Orpheum, the Princess has had the advantage of being heard by large audiences, who showed considerable enthusiasm, though, however, the size of that auditorium has something of a diminishing effect upon the limited quantity of tone the royal violinist is possessed of. Evidently aiming at a popular success, the lady suits her repertoire and style to that end. A great deal of manner belongs to this accentuated personality; the Russian costume, quaintly picturesque, and powdered heavily with gems all a-glitter, is sufficiently in keeping with a fidgety temperament. A light tone, some musical coquetting, and a fixed intention to be bravoura, belong to an individuality distinctively foreign, and in itself a thing of interest in our atmosphere, where the musical types become only too tiresomely familiar. Princess Dolgorouky's position in the musical world is too unique by reason of her social claim to require the aid of extraordinary ability to make other distinction a necessity. Incidentally, the Orpheum attractions, be it said, are quite uncommon, and the acrobatic feats done with particular daring and grace, exhibit talent and training of its kind quite artistic. Seldom is a concert given here under such bright auspices as Mr. Hother Wismer's, on Wednesday evening. An enthusiastic gathering of his friends welcomed the performer, and accepted the programme with entire recaptivity. The numbers selected by Mr. Wismer were not especially qualified to exhibit musical power, pyrotechnics being their end. In another atmosphere, this young violinist may acquire the distinction, style and intensity which belong to the artist Five years' association with the best people, as a student, ought to bring these qualities. Space does not permit of remarks upon the performance of a fairly interesting programme.

LESLEY MARTIN.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

"The Councillor's Wife," which will be presented on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday evenings and Saturday matinée next week, is a three-act comedy by Jerome K. Jerome, the well-known writer, and Eden Phillpots. It ran for seventy-five crowded nights in New York, and was in the zenith of success when withdrawn for "Sowing the Wind," which Manager Frohman was under contract to produce. It has a charming story, with two or three idyllic love episodes, and one of the prettiest heart sacrifices that a dramatist ever conceived. Both comedies will be cast to the full strength of the company, which includes Henry Miller, William Eversham, Robert Edeson, Viola Allen, Isabel Irving, Mary Hampton, May Robson, Agnes Miller and Genevieve Reynolds. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings, "Sowing the Wind" will be given for the last time.

Miss Lilian K. Slinkey is to be tendered a testimonial benefit at Metropolitan Temple, on Thursday evening, August 30th, prior to her departure for Europe. Miss Slinkey will be assisted by some of our best vocal and instrumental artists. She leaves for Italy shortly, and will prosecute her study of operatic music at Milan under the direction of the best instructors.

The bill at the Orpheum this week proved well selected, every number being well received. The Princess Lilly Dolgorouky carried off the honors, however. Her execution on the violin winning more than ordinary applause. For next week, the untiring managers of this ever changing kaliedoscopic entertainment have secured Senorita Pepita and Senor de Vecinto, who will appear in clever and picturesque Spanish dances. Jas. McAvoy will amuse his audience with clever original topical songs.

There is no abatement in the attendance at Morosco's Grand Opera House. A little after eight o'clock each evening, the box-office is closed, and the treasurers take a well-earned rest. Mr. Hanley, in "The Player," still continues to be the attraction. The prologues for the matinées to-day and to-morrow will include the stronger scenes from "The Lady of Lyons." Monday evening, the famous melo-drama, "The Great Metropolis," will be presented on a scale of great splendor. The company will be considerably augmented. Among the new faces will be Miss Mina Gleason, a young actress of great ability and of considerable personal attraction. Mr. Theodore Roberts has also been re-engaged to impersonate the principal heroic role. The scenery and effects have been in preparation for several weeks, and the management confidently expect the coming production to eclipse all former efforts.

Quite an interesting entertainment will be the one to be presented at the California Theatre under the auspices of the Mercantila Library Auxiliary, when Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith will give Robert Browning's powerful drama in three acts, entitled, "A Blot on the Scutcheon." Mrs. Smith proposes to produce the play with appropriate stage settings to each scene, and have the assistance of a complete orchestra, which will render orchestral numbers.

"Friends," which will be presented by Edward Milton Royle's company at the California Theatre September 10th, comes highly endorsed as a successful comedy-drama, bright and wholesome in its story, abounding with clean wit and full of amusement.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers
Next Monday ★ Last Week
CHARLES FROHMAN'S STOCK CO. ∴ ∴ ∴
FROM THE EMPIRE THEATRE, NEW YORK
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday
Evenings and Saturday Matinee
THE COUNCILLOR'S WIFE A Comedy in 3 Acts by Jerome K. Jerome
Thursday, Friday and Saturday Evenings
SOWING THE WIND
Coming, "CHARLEY'S AUNT."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING ..... Proprietor and Manager
TO-NIGHT ★ Gilbert and Sullivan's Satirical Opera
▲ ▲ ▲ **IOLANTHE**
Also the Latest European and Eastern Sensation
THE LIVING PICTURES
Next Opera, PATIENCE.
In Preparation, DON JUAN (ad lib)
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of **MR. LAWRENCE HANLEY** in
THE ∴ PLAYER
The Prologue for to-night and to-morrow night will consist of the Jealousy Act of Othello. This afternoon and to-morrow afternoon it will be the principal acts of The Lady of Lyons.
Monday Evening, THE GREAT METROPOLIS
Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Commencing Monday, August 27th, 1894
A MAGNIFICENT PROGRAMME!
Great Success of the Eminent Violinist, **PRINCESS LILY DOLGOROUKY**
And Our Splendid Stellar Company!
Sadi Alfarabi Deltorelli Bros. The Bicketts Levanion, Nelson & Bush Braatz Bros.
James McAvoy, the Popular Comic and Topical Singer
First Appearance of the Spanish Dancuse
SENORITE PEPITA AND SENOR DE VINCENTE
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

METROPOLITAN TEMPLE
Thursday Evening ★ ★ ★ August 30th
Grand Testimonial Concert Tendered to
Miss LILIAN K. SLINKEY Prior to her departure for Europe . . . . .
Prof. Faustino Zilliani, Director.
The beneficiary will be assisted by **Madam Angiolini Casati**, Contralto, **Gustave Lange**, Tenor, **J. C. Hughes**, Basso, **C. H. Hoey**, Basso, and the **Midwinter Fair Quintette**—Genaro Salderina, Will E. Bates, F. K. Tobin, Geo. McNeice and Charles Prince.
TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR
Seats may be reserved at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, on and after Tuesday Morning, August 28th.

BET ON THE ECLIPSE STAKES

Nothing could have been more unfortunate for Charlotte Crewdson than the circumstances under which she was left an orphan and an heiress. Her mother had died when Charlotte was about twelve years old, and the girl had then been thrown entirely on the society of her father, who, with all his good points, was not the best company for a young girl just at the plastic and malleable age of development. He was—it is hardly necessary to say, for Charley Crewdson's name is still a household word in turf circles—a jockey by profession, and quite in the very first flight. Yet, though he was known to be "straight enough as a rider, and, in fact, enjoyed a high professional reputation, his tastes and his company were far from being refined, and Charlotte had been used, ever since her mother's death, to the constant society of that noisy class of persons commonly yclept sporting "coves" and turf "Johnnies."

She was a wide-awake young lady, was Miss Charlotte, and perfectly capable of repelling the somewhat boisterous attentions which many of these racing chappies were wont to show to Crewdson's pretty daughter. But, all the same, such company did her very great harm as regards womanliness and refinement, and by the time she reached her twenty-first birthday, she had taken a very high degree in the school of masculine horsiness. She wore, what are technically styled, "dickies," also tailor-made costumes in loud checks, a billycock hat, and spats. She smoked cigars, talked the latest slang, and even now and then let drop a mild swear. Altogether, you will say, a most fast, vulgar, and unmaidenly young woman.

But that, somehow, she was not. There was much that was good, much that was loveable, much even that was refined under this deplorable exterior. The few people who really knew her inner nature used to say that she resembled a pie with a very thick crust; and that when you did penetrate that unpromising barrier of pastry you were well rewarded for your efforts by what you found beneath. They averred, also, that, although in company she appeared to care for no talk but sporting talk, and to understand nothing outside sporting subjects, yet, if you got her alone and conversed with her on other matters of a more intellectual kind, she would quite surprise you by her keen intelligence and trenchant remarks. By the general public, however, she was simply regarded as a fast, empty-headed, bad style of young woman, who—the matrons said with many a shake of their bonnets—would surely come to no good; and whom a Low Church parson, who had once tried to convert this pretty sinner—with astonishing results to himself—had described as being "in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity."

When she was about twenty-two her father suffered that fate which befalls so many jockeys. He died of consumption quite early in middle life, and that without having made a will. Consequently, the bulk of his fortune—a handsome one, though far from being so large as people had imagined—passed to his only child, Charlotte, absolutely. Some of her mother's relations wished the girl to go and live with them, but she resolutely declined. Nor, independent, high-spirited young creature that she was, would she permit any interference whatever in her affairs and plans. Her relations might coax and scold to their heart's content; they might hold up their hands in horror; they might remonstrate in the strongest terms upon the insanity—nay, the moral wickedness—of such a project. She simply took her own line, regardless of them all, and went to live in London by herself, in her own house, without any one to chaperon her or to restrain her unfettered will.

That this scheme of living alone was very imprudent in so young a girl clearly admitted of no denial. And Charlotte Crewdson's former bringing up and manner of life at once mitigated and aggravated the imprudence. Mitigated, because it had thoroughly accustomed her to take care of herself in any company; aggravated, because it had placed her on terms of intimacy with a number of doubtful "sporting cards," who had no idea of dropping her acquaintance now that she was absolute possessor of the late Crewdson's money.

It spoke well for the girl's character that, although these friends of her father's were constantly calling to see her—many of them obviously on matrimonial thoughts intent—no serious breath of scandal ever tarnished her good name. The men themselves knew well that she would stand no nonsense, or permit the most trifling liberty. One or two of the lower sort, who attempted to be more free and easy toward her than she approved of were promptly dismissed with some scathing words which penetrated the hides even of those human rhinoceroses, and sent them slinking out. The rest took warning by their example, and were more careful to behave themselves properly.

The most favored of all Charlotte's suitors was a certain Major Bilsworth, late of the Rifle Brigade, but now retired upon half-pay. He was a handsome man, of pleasing manners and address, and he had the advantage (which most of Charlotte's sporting friends lacked) of a gentleman's birth and education. The Major was a member of one or two good clubs, and had the entrée to some decidedly smart circles. But he was not generally popular, and the knowing ones regarded him with doubtful eyes. Not that they said anything against him or stated definite grounds of their dislike. He played, indeed, an excellent game of pool or billiards; at whist, euchre, picquet, écartèe, loo, baccarat, whatever you please, he was a perfect adept; in backing horses he did much, and seldom anything rash. But when he lost he always paid up, and what can a man be expected to do more?

The fact, however, remains that when these aforesaid knowing ones spoke of him among themselves they smiled and winked, and shrugged their shoulders; and that if any of them were included in the same rubber with the Major, he preferred being his partner to being his opponent. But there is nothing in that, for every one, of course, likes to be on the same side with the best player.

To say that Charlotte was deeply in love with the Major would be to use a stronger term than the facts, perhaps, warranted; but, at any rate, he was many lengths in front of all her other admirers, and, to tell the truth, rather comported himself as if he knew it. The girl had heard nothing of the rather sinister hints about him mentioned above. On the contrary, she believed him to be a perfectly honorable, straightforward man—as he was beyond doubt the most gentlemanly and the most attractive of all her acquaintances—and had he made her a definite offer of marriage (which he had not yet done), there is every probability that she would have given him a definite acceptance.

About this time, it was in July, 189—, a new admirer suddenly turned up, of a wholly different stamp. Henry Rewitt was a rising young M. P. of the most serious type. He sat for a constituency in South Wales, peopled chiefly by miners, who expected from their Member sound Radical work and sound Radical voting in the House of Commons, and who would be sure to call him to account if he showed any sign of shirking his duties.

Rewitt, however, was not of the shirking sort. He was a hard-working, earnest young fellow, full of deep schemes of social reform, a great hater of fine-gentlemen politicians, an uncompromising foe to the Established Church, a vigorous assailer of vested interests in every shape. Bung was his bogey, Bishop his bugbear. And so he was held in high esteem by his constituents, who were, almost to a man, dissenters; and who, while they themselves followed the Apostle's precept, to take a little wine for their—hem—digestion's sake, were, nevertheless, great believers in total abstinence—for others.

How a man of this sort could ever have "taken up with" Charlotte Crewdson was a mystery to everybody. He had met her quite accidentally at the theatre one night, and had been introduced by a member of her party, who was a mutual friend. He had only conversed with her there for about ten minutes; but that ten minutes had apparently been enough to attract him. He soon became a constant caller at Miss Charlotte's house, and was installed as one of her regular circle of admirers.

It may have been that her pretty face fascinated him. It may have been—more probably—that his quick apprehension detected the really fine character which lay beneath her exterior, and occasionally betrayed its presence, even in her most outrageous moods. At any rate, his penchant was obvious; and, "dash my buttons," said one of the vulgarest of the late Crewdson's pals, "if that square-toed nincompoop ain't dead nuts on our Charlie. But," he added, confidently, "I back the Major."

From the first moment of their acquaintance Rewitt had exercised a kind of influence over Charlotte's better nature, which she was very loth to admit, and for yielding to which when alone with him she took her revenge by slighting and snubbing him in public. Especially when the Major was by did she indulge in these pettish exhibitions, much to the warrior's delight and to Rewitt's chagrin. However, he had the wisdom and self-control not to give himself away by betraying vexation; though now and then, when her conduct or conversation was more unrefined than usual, he would give her a grave, half-contemptuous look, which was much more effective than any verbal remonstrance. Sometimes she would apologize to him afterwards for her rudeness. But here again he was wise, and kept the upper hand by treating her offences against him as unimportant, and not worth recurring to. And so he always laughed her apology aside.

The Major, who was wide enough awake when his own interests were involved, soon began to discover that in spite of her affected contempt for that "dreadfully solemn young man, Mr. Rewitt," she thought more of him than he (the Major) altogether cared about. Our fascinating warrior was not, if the truth must be told, a marrying sort; and, in any case, he could not have afforded, being the man he was, to wed a social inferior. But he wanted this golden goose (as he considered her) all to himself, for there were many ways, besides matrimony, of transferring her sovereigns to himself. With this project Rewitt's presence very decidedly interfered; the more so, as the Major surmised that the young man might have heard hints concerning him at the clubs. He, therefore, began to use all his craftiest arts of persuasion to induce Charlotte to send "the saint"—so she styled him—about his business.

Charlotte only laughed when such a course was suggested to her.

"Pooh, George," she said to the Major. "He is quite harmless. You can not object to that nonentity."

"He is such a milksop," said the Major, "and so glum. The very look of his face always gives me the blues."

"Poor young man! He is a doleful creature, certainly," laughed Miss Charlotte, with a coquettish toss of her head. "But I don't think I can give him his congé *just* yet. I *must* have some one to bully and snub, you know."

Major Bilsworth was too wise to press the point further then. But he worked the conversation around to a little matter of business, which was, in reality, the primary cause of his visit. Miss Crewdson was in the habit of backing horses rather freely, and she had already got through a tidy little sum over that expensive amusement. She generally employed the Major as her agent in these affairs, he undertaking to get the money "on" for her, as the bookmakers were pardonably shy of having direct dealings with a member of the fair sex.

It was now the week preceding the great race for the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, and the matter of business which the Major wished to discuss with Charlotte, was what horse she desired to back for that event, and for what amount. For he was ready, as usual, to act as her go-between with the bookmakers.

He was in the midst of tendering his advice on this important subject, when the servant threw open the door of Charlotte's drawing room, and announced—Mr. Rewitt.

The Major bit his mustache angrily, and growled out an unparliamentary phrase. Charlotte laughed. I believe this coquettish young woman rather enjoyed having the two men there together, in order that she might play off one against the other.

"How do, Mr. Rewitt?" she said mischievously. "You are just in time to give us the benefit of your advice upon a most difficult matter. Tell me—what's going to win the Eclipse Stakes next Wednesday?"

"I am afraid the puzzle is beyond me," answered Rewitt, bowing. "Have you not asked Major Bilsworth? He is far better informed on these subjects than I am."

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

"Major Bilsworth tells me that nothing in the race can touch Firefly, the favorite."

"That is my humble opinion," struck in the Major, cowling sidewise at young Rewitt. "I have backed Firefly myself for all that I can afford. But pray do not let me influence you against your own judgment."

"I do not know that I have any particular judgment in the matter. Let me see. Shall I back Firefly? Mr. Rewitt" (pettishly) "do tell me what you think."

"I should take Major Bilsworth's tip," he replied. "His authority in these matters is too great to be disregarded."

"Very well," she cried, with sudden resolution. "Graveairs says I should, and so I will. What are the odds, Major?"

"They are quoted in the papers at 4 to 1," answered the ex-warrior, still scowling sideways at Rewitt. "But——"

"No buts, please," she interrupted him. "My mind is made up; I will have—yes, I will—I will have £500 on Firefly! £2,000 to £500 that will be, won't it? Will you get the money on for me, please, Major?"

"It is rather a large amount. But, if you really wish to back Firefly for such a sum——"

"I do. So there's an end of it. Fancy if I win £2,000! But I tell you what" (playfully), "if I lose I shall expect you two to pay my losings as I am acting upon your advice. Have a weed, Major? That's right, A weed for you, Graveairs? No, thank you? Never smoke? You ought to, then. It would make you less morose. Weed for you, Charlie, old boy? Thank you, I think I will."

She lit the cigar as she spoke, and proceeded to blow clouds of smoke from her pretty lips, varying that amusement by a deplorable exhibition of slang and horsey banter.

Ten minutes of this sort of thing was enough for Rewitt. He rose to take his leave, and bade Miss Crewdson adieu with his half-contemptuous smile.

"Ta-ta, old man," she said, with a wave of her cigar towards him. "Won't you have a B. and S. before you leave? No? Ah, well, *au revoir*. Hope next time you come you'll be in better spirits."

Rewitt acknowledged her words with a cold bow. As soon as he was out in the street he hailed the first hansom he saw.

"Where to, sir?" asked the cabby, as his fare jumped in.

"Liverpool street station; and drive all you know!"

* * * * * * *

It was about seven o'clock on the evening of the eventful Friday that Rewitt made his next appearance at Charlotte Crewdson's house. That young lady had intended to go down to Sandown for the great race. But a dreadful cold, caught in the treacherous July weather, had kept her indoors, and she was fain to wait at home, impatiently, for a telegram announcing the result of the race. At about four o'clock the message reached her, and her jubilation may be imagined when she read Firefly as the name of the winner. And although by the time Rewitt called the first exuberance of her joy had worn off a little, yet she was obviously in a high state of exultation.

"No need to ask you whether you've heard the news," said the young man, smiling. "But do you know that you've had a very near squeak of losing your money?"

"My telegram said that Firefly won in a common canter," exclaimed Charlotte.

"So he did. The race was a gift for him if he started. But he came very near not starting at all. Read this," handing her an evening paper. "It gives a tolerably accurate account of the whole affair."

Charlotte took the paper and read as follows:

"Firefly's victory is all the more satisfactory in view of a very disquieting rumor which was beginning to be whispered about him last week. When his owner, the late Mr. Butterton, died last year the colt became the property of that gentleman's nephew, who is said to have conscientious scruples on the subject of horse-racing"—('Bosh!' commented Charlotte) "and to have carried them so far as to have refused to allow Firefly to run. Tim Batler, the trainer (so the story goes), nearly had a fit when he was acquainted with Mr. Butterton, Jr's, decision."—('I should think so,' interpolated Charlotte)—"and he used every sort of remonstrance against such infatuation. Luckily, his remonstrances were at last successful, and Firefly was afforded the opportunity which he has used in so brilliant a manner this afternoon."

"That's all gammon, of course," said Charlotte, tossing the paper aside contemptuously. "No man would be such a perfect owl as to dream of scratching a crack like Firefly for conscientious scruples—rotten humbug!"

"It's quite true," said Rewitt; "I know it to be so on the best authority. Firefly's owner is a great friend of mine; he has told me the whole story himself. Batler naturally kept the thing very dark; in fact, as I have learned, he only communicated it to one person—in strict confidence—whose advice he has been in the habit of taking on difficult questions. And that man is your friend Major Bilsworth!"

"I hardly understand you," said Charlotte, eyeing him with some natural distrust; for she was not quite sure that this might not be a rival's scheme to oust the Major from her favor. "Do you mean to suggest that Major Bilsworth knew Firefly to be a doubtful starter when he advised me to back him?"

"I draw no inferences," he replied gravely; "I tell you the facts. When I met Major Bilsworth here last week it had come to my knowledge, through Batler, that he was acquainted with the intentions of Firefly's owner."

"And yet you advised me to take his tip?" cried Charlotte, still incredulous. "It strikes me you are giving away yourself as well as the Major, Mr. Rewitt."

He only smiled.

"Major Bilsworth was simply trying to swindle you," he said, "so I determined that he should hoist himself with his own petard. No sooner had he booked that bet of yours than I went straight down to Newmarket (where Firefly was training), saw Batler, cancelled my instructions, and gave orders that Firefly should run."

"You!" she ejaculated, thinking that he must have taken a temporary leave of his senses. "You! What have you to do with Firefly, Mr. Rewitt?"

"Just this much, Miss Crewdson: That I am—I half wish I wasn't—his owner!"

* * * * * * *

"I needn't ask you to keep the matter secret, Charlie," said Rewitt to his fiancée half an hour later. "It is quite a wonder that the real name and personality of Firefly's owner has not leaked out before. Of course I knew it must soon be known; but I thought I should win salvation with my constituents by refusing to let the colt run. The Nonconformist conscience rules the roost down there, and at the next election I shall be sacrificed upon its altar to a certainty. However, I do not care; for if I have lost my seat, I have won" (drawing her to him) "something far more valuable and more permanent."

There is just this to add: The Major did not pay up; but, acting under urgent medical advice, went abroad for a protracted period. Henry Rewitt sits for an English constituency whose undiluted Radicalism is not hampered by any fostering fads, and where his sporting wife is exceedingly popular.

They do say, however, that in a certain borough in South Wales the Nonconformist conscience is still sorely exercised, and that prayers are offered there every Sabbath for the repentance and conversion of their late member.—*Truth.*

THE STATE MILITIA.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR ITS IMPROVEMENT.

SACRAMENTO, Aug. 13, 1894.

THE WAVE: Your invitation for suggestions in the line of correcting abuses which may exist in the National Guard of this State, or for the purpose of improving it, is at hand. I have no doubt but that at the next meeting of the Officers' Association, in December, very many amendments to the present laws will be proposed and presented to the Legislature for adoption. The recent active campaign of the State troops will furnish ideas as to where to apply the pruning knife.

A careful study of the present laws must be had before the changes which should take place can be enumerated, but there are a few that stand out in bold relief which call for amendment, in my opinion, both in the line of economy and for the general good of the National Guard. Briefly, they are as follows:

It has been a hobby with me for years to reduce the number of brigades in this State from six to three. One would be better still because, since the adoption of the revised tactics, a colonel of a regiment may have twelve companies which may be divided into three battalions with a major in command of each, and the drill is practically that of the brigade. It is an admitted fact among the officers of the National Guard that the chief purpose of maintaining so many brigades is to secure legislation favorable to the Guard. Should this be considered a sufficient reason for the appointment of six brigadiers to command a force consisting in the aggregate of only one brigade?

A colonel and staff would have been sufficient to have commanded the San Francisco, Stockton and Sacramento troops on duty in Sacramento the past month, instead of which there were two generals and four colonels with numerous staff officers to command *less than a regiment*—a farce in itself and costly to the State. Again, there are too many colonels. Eight skeleton regiments constitute the entire State force, with two batteries, a troop of cavalry, signal corps, and a battalion of two companies—the latter in Humboldt county. The eight regiments should be reduced to five by consolidation as follows: the two southern regiments should be formed into one; the four in San Francisco and vicinity into two; the San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys should each have a colonel; the Humboldt battalion should be added to the Eighth Infantry, perhaps, and the two batteries should have a major in command. Companies should be consolidated and brought to near the maximum number instead of being kept near the minimum as now. This would make fewer companies but more men in each, and would also insure greater competency in the line officers, a matter of no small importance. Most of these changes can be made by the Board for Location and Organization, consisting of Governor Markham, Major-General Dimond, General Allen and the generals of the several brigades.

I would have every commissioned officer—general, field and line particularly—examined rigidly and passed by a *competent* board of examiners before his commission is issued. To insure the competency of the board I would suggest that a regular army officer be a member of it. I would not have an officer elected or appointed because he was a good fellow, or because he presented a fine appearance on parade, nor because he could make a good speech at a banquet or be an expert at emptying bottles of champagne. Finally, I would for all time do away with the summer encampments as now carried on, where, owing to the throngs of civilians day and night, it is impossible to maintain discipline and get good work out of the men. Instead of these, I would have the troops go on marching trips, taking tents, cooking utensils, rations, forage, etc. Each company should do its own cooking, pitching and striking tents nights and mornings, and the drilling should be in the extended order chiefly, as suitable ground offered. They should do guard and picket duty and the men should be paid at least one dollar per day, as many of them cannot afford to lose their salaries for even so short a period of time as would be consumed on such trips. The State could well afford to pay this small amount because the great cost of transportation of the troops to camp grounds would be eliminated.

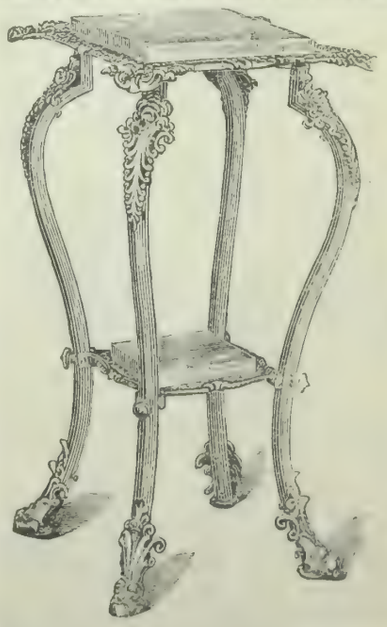
Captains of companies should be men of experience and of standing in their respective communities. Mere drill qualifications will not answer. They must be good judges of human nature and be respected by their men in order to maintain proper discipline in their commands.

One other matter suggests itself and that is, that there is not that unity of purpose or "working together for the common good" that should obtain between certain of the brigades to make them effective. The commanders should not allow red tape to interfere at critical times when moments are of value, but should assist each other with an eye singly to accomplishing the desired results, regardless of whether this brigade or that gets the credit. This can be avoided to a great extent if the consolidation I have referred to takes place, as one officer would have command, where now it takes four or five.

The troops of this State as a whole are a remarkably fine body of men. They are intelligent, fairly well drilled, and for the purposes for which troops are usually called out are effective and can be relied upon. The opening up and keeping open by the Sacramento and Stockton men of the road to the Oregon line, along which the feeling was at fever heat during the late strike, particularly at Dunsmuir and Red Bluff, proves this.

I am of the opinion that if these matters are taken hold of with an eye singly to the general efficiency of the National Guard, that it will be strengthened and brought to a good working basis.

Very respectfully,
T. W. SHEEHAN,
Commanding Fourth Brigade, N. G. C.



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LIBRARY NOTES

To that mild and civilized minority for whom the new school of English literature is more than a fad, if less than a revealment, the appearance of *The Yellow Book* is a species of event. There is nothing explosive or revolutionary about the doctrines or the essays of the decadents, as its contributors are called—the feature of the publication most conspicuous, from a cursory examination, is finish. Not only is the letterpress, the perfection of the art preservative, but the pictures represent the latest developments both in art and in process. Here is Aubury Beardsley, grotesquely eccentric in black and white, whose originality is as pronounced as the skill and grace of his lines. The strange face on the cover is his, together with a series of marionettes, whose leers and features unite the angles of ancient Egyptian figures with the airy curves of Japanese art. How admirable, though, the waiters—Garçons, de café—full of character indicated in a line or two, and the picture of Madame Réjane done in a few supremely delicate strokes. The other pictures, it seems to me, have less of interest than the unique series of graceful drawings in the initial number. Yet the work of P. Wilson Steer is exceedingly clever, the maiden in the foreground being a charming study. Three pictures by Sickert have the peculiar effectiveness that his method evokes, his portrait by Broodsby would hardly enable one to recognize that artist if he were to be met on Market street, but it is a capital study of a tall thin man, with angularities of head, ears and hands most conspicuous.

As to the stories, one must admit the refinement of manner their style indicates, but they are narratives of moods and phases rather than of episodes. In obvious contrast to the methods of English writing is the skill and character of their descriptive backgrounds, such rarity of touch, such novel verbal effects, admonitory of the effects of Meredith and Carlyle on the younger generation, decidedly graphic in places without suggesting especial affectation or striving for uniqueness. The work of Ella D'Arcy, who wrote the excellent story, "Irremediable," in the first number, is subdued and indicative, but her episode in "Poor Cousin Louis" has not the fine suggestive value of the passion which Esther invoked in the flesh of Willoughby. In "A Responsibility," Henry Harland comes as near the subjectivity of Henry James as his literary skill allows. "Passed" is the study of a mood lacking vital interest, though instinct with a delicate coloring. There is a pretty bit by C. S., but the strongest story in the collection is "Thy Heart's Desire," by Netta Syrett, which, I regret, is too long for reproduction. The atmosphere harmonizes with the figures in a manner that heightens the sombre melancholy of the conclusion.

In the "Coxon Fund" Henry James reverts to the long, drawn-out intricacies and verbal complications of his old manner—the manner of Princess Cassamessima, in which nothing ever happens. Full of the most delicate subtleties, of a humor fine as the skill necessary to discern and appreciate it, the narrative wanders on in an inscrutable way, and the reader is kept in pursuit by the literary gems distributed through the pages. There are happy bits of characterization like this: "Ah, hungry twenty-six? Gravener looked as blank and parliamentary as if he were fifty and popular. Mrs. Saltram is "a deeply wronged, justly resentful, quite irreproachable and insufferable person. She had arts of her own for exciting one's impatience, the most infallible of which, was, perhaps, her assumption that we were kind to her because we liked her. She offered the odd spectacle of a spirit puffed up by dependence, and indeed, it had introduced her to some excellent society." Saltram, the impossible genius, is a wonderful personage, whose talk is the exhibition of a splendid intellect, "the sight of a great suspended, swinging crystal, huge, lucid, lustrous, a blacky light, flashing back every impression of life, and every possibility of thought;" when he really exerted himself, "the very gates of the kingdom of light seemed to open and the horizon of thought to flash with the beauty of a sunrise at sea." "Woman is really the unfastidious sex." "Fine talk is the gift of the gods themselves—the one starry spangle on the ragged cloak of humanity: from the best talk the best writing has much to learn." "These were the things that Adelaide and I, who were old enough friends to stare at each other in silence, talked about when we didn't speak." Here is a portrait by the genius: "Suddenly there was projected across the clearness the image of a massive, middle-aged man, seated on a bench under a tree, with sad, far-wandering eyes, and plump white hands folded on the head of a stick. I stopped short as he turned his face to me, and it happened that, for some reason or other, I took in, as I had never done before, the beauty of his rich blank gaze. It was charged with experience as the sky is charged with light. After I had sat by him a few minutes I passed my arm over his big soft shoulder (wherever you touched him you found equally little firmness), and said in a tone of which the suppliance fell oddly on my own ear, 'Come back to town with me, old friend,—come back and spend the evening.' He was as mild as contrition and as abundant as fact. He was never so fine as on a shy return, and even better at forgiving than at being forgiven." The temptation to quote is more difficult to resist than the inclination to read the fate of this Saltram, who, removed from all want, suddenly retires from the literary arena.

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A FURTHER WORD ABOUT OUR LEPERS.

BY L. R. ELLERT.

I was much pleased to note in last week's *Wave* an article on the Pest House, for I think without a doubt it is a good thing to bring these unpleasant subjects that are usually avoided as closely home to the people as is possible. The disposition of the lepers who are here already, and of those that will inevitably come to us from time to time, is a matter of much importance to every one of our citizens, not only from a sanitary but also from a humane point of view, and it seems possible, therefore, that a further word or two upon this subject may not be without interest.

It seems to be conceded that persons afflicted with leprosy must be isolated forever from the rest of mankind, and such isolation implies, necessarily, a very sad state of things for those who are doomed to undergo it, for in the case of small leper settlements, such as we have in San Francisco, it cuts these people off almost entirely from friendships and companions, and condemns them to a life devoid of interest, enjoyment or profit.

I have given considerable thought to this matter, and it has finally seemed to me that the best thing we can do with our lepers is to send them to the large leper colony on the Island of Molokai, in the Sandwich Islands. I feel that these unfortunate people do not receive, and are not likely to receive, the same kind treatment here, and the same consideration, that they would if they formed a part of the Hawaiian colony of lepers. It is very difficult to secure for them such attention as they ought to have. The natural prejudices of the people, and the fear of this horrible disease, the difficulty of getting proper attendance and accommodations, and the danger that they will be neglected,—all these considerations appeal strongly in favor of sending the lepers to Hawaii.

Every sentiment of humanity is on the side of this plan. At the Molokai settlement there are several hundred of these people. This large number renders the very best of care easily possible, and at an expense per capita which is inconsiderable when compared with the outlay necessary to properly attend to their wants in small, detached groups, as we are attempting to do in San Francisco. But the most important advantage that would result from the change I have suggested would have to do with the life of these people themselves. The extent of the colony there, it is evident, furnishes opportunities for associations and companionships that are of course impossible in our Pest House here. The establishment of churches and schools is also feasible there, and the amusements and occupations of the people can be multiplied indefinitely.

To carry out this plan would, perhaps, involve international relations of a closer nature between the United States and the Island government, but it seems highly probable that some arrangements could be made which would be satisfactory to Hawaii, and result in our sending to Molokai the twelve or fifteen unfortunates that we are now pretending to care for out at the Twenty-sixth Street Hospital. There seems to be no legal difficulty in the way of the municipality of San Francisco negotiating directly with the authorities at Hawaii for the care of our lepers, and this latter course would doubtless be the speediest and most efficient in producing the result desired.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

The further one progresses in life, and the more we advance in fashion, the stronger grows the conviction that nothing is abrupt and isolated, that nature and society move by evolution and not by chance. The event which unfolds itself to-day before our eyes, has been sown in the past, and has its roots in a period anterior to ours, just as it will bear its fruits in the future. What use is there in reflecting upon the causes of a halt in a fashion, which must pass as rapidly as a caprice, and is as evanescent as a fancy? Still, upon all sides complaints are muttered, and one hears a constant cry for something in the shape of a novelty. Oh, ye pessimists! ye growlers! can ye not wait a little before you banish this beautiful summer season, this season of harvests so golden in their glory as to almost challenge the brilliancy of the sunsets! This season which has brought you an abundance of ripe luscious fruits, has given you a wealth of sea bathing, riding, driving, picnics, parties by moonlight and a hundred and one other joys afforded, forbidden by the cold of winter, the winds of spring. Yet you persist in demanding autumn toilettes. It will be but a short respite. Then perhaps satisfaction will no longer be weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The maneuvering to astonish one's friends, and have entirely new clothes for the Country Club's benefit, is most interesting. No form of duck, linen, batiste or percale has this season been conspicuous by its absence; therefore, the only chance one has is to have been supplied by nature with a brain which may suggest an original method of making these garments in some new design. One bright young friend of mine has determined to be a novelty in her style of blouse. It is certainly very remarkable, and should she have sufficient courage to wear it, will, I fancy, attract not only attention but admiration. It is of a mauve and yellow shot surah, with sleeves of green and copper. It is extraordinarily loud and inharmonious, but it suits her exquisitely dainty complexion. I trust she will wear a black skirt, though, when I saw her she had not yet determined as to the color of that garment.

A duck suit which will be rather heavy, I fear, is made with a very long coat, so long, in fact, that it reaches to the hem of the skirt. This, of course, will be worn by a woman tall and sufficiently graceful to make an odd style smart. I fear as all tailor gowns will henceforth be made with very long coats, the short, stout woman will insist upon being, though incongruously gowned, still in the style.

I asked a tailor why we should be compelled to wear these coats. He replied, I thought, rather inconsequently, considering he was a ladies' tailor. "You tailor made ladies persist in apeing us gentlemen, and we are rather anxious to adopt the long coats; naturally you cling to the same idea." Even if tailors treat us contemptuously, to my mind, no gown is so appropriate for street wear as a neat tailor made.

Being down town yesterday, I could not but inquire in the "big stores" of the "things to come." There is a sort of indefiniteness about them. Still, I can say this—that there will be quite a new departure in silks this autumn, and that moiré, to a great extent, will be dethroned, although, of course, it is bound to be worn by some. I saw a gorgeous pattern of green corded silk with a raised lace design in black trailing over it, and thought what a delightful bodice it would make for a smart cloth gown.

Why do men dislike the "independent bodice," as I heard them called recently? To my mind, if worn with skirts which are appropriate in coloring, they are very pretty.

Some of the Napoleon-blue velvets will be exceedingly stunning, this winter, and are to be trimmed with caracule—for those, of course, who cannot afford sable. "Caracule" lends itself so admirably for all sorts of things, and is so soft and fine that I rather anticipate its being exceedingly popular. Poulte de soie (not peau de soie), in Solferino cerise, and a few lovely tones in Chartreuse and other greens, will be amongst the leading colors.

Some swimming-teachers are almost humorous, especially those with Hibernian ancestry. At a very swell watering place there is a young lady whose ambition is only at its zenith when arrayed in a costume sufficiently effective to demand the perpetual attention and scrutiny of all the guests. In her wardrobe, carefully packed, so as not to be crushed, in tissue paper, was a most ornate bathing suit of dark red serge, most elaborately made and trimmed with red flannel. However, as swimming did not rank among her accomplishments, she, to please her friends, determined to take lessons. The swimming teacher was consulted as to her prospects of success, and having his assurance that the lines of her figure indicated unusual natatorial capacity, she entrusted herself to his care, and dared the surf. Nothing could have been more agreeable than her initial experience. The second time, however, a huge wave cast her panting and trembling into the teacher's arms, and he, as he grasped her firmly, whistled softly, and remarked in tones of mingled pity and surprise:

"Law, Miss, when I seed ye a walkin' down the esplanade—says I to myself, that's the fine young woman, but now, sure, that I have hould of yez—why, Missie, there's nothing at all of ye."

Most of us know the maiden in question, and, I assure you, this is no *bew trovato* story.

Precious stones are again becoming very popular. We are not going to make savages of ourselves by wearing earrings, but all our buckles, and this is to be a year of buckles, will be handsomely emblazoned with them. A popular fad is to have a belt-buckle of our birth-month stone. How I envy those born in May, for what stone looks prettier than the emerald, or is so lucky? Do you remember the rhyme:

> Who first beholds the light of day,
> In spring, the flowery month of May,
> And wears an emerald all her life,
> Shall be a loved and happy wife.

She is, of course, to be wealthy and to possess an eloquent tongue. The cat's eye belongs to June, the ruby to July, the moonstone to August, the sapphire to September and the opal to October. The topaz claims November, and the turquoise, which, by the way, is distinctly in vogue at present, is for December. The humble garnet is January's, and to February we give the pearl, the stone of tears; March is a desultory kind of stone, the jacinth, and April is to be congratulated upon her diamonds. It seems curious that diamonds, the most magnificent and costly of jewels, are known as an emblem of innocence; probably it is owing to the purity of their exquisite whiteness.

THE REFLECTOR.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

Well, as usual, the coming campaign absorbs all our thoughts and warps our social energies. Mrs. Barney would dearly love to be the Governor's wife, but the best laid plans of mice and men——. You know the rest. I would like to see something in the way of a social revival here—even a scandal, if of magnitude sufficient to overshadow the old ones, would assist a little. Of course, we do hear little bits of gossip now and then, but of such small moment as hardly to create a surface ripple. Tom Laine's son and his San Francisco bride have, it is said, separated once more. Too bad, because she's a lovely girl and deserves a better fate.

The Campbells will soon move into their magnificent home. The large hall is superb, though the only room in the house finished in natural wood. The others appear to be stained or painted in imitation of the real—"shoddy and plebian"—I hear all the envious critics who have been through it remark. Jealousy is indeed a stubborn watch dog. Their art glass windows are hardly in harmony with the rest, and my! wouldn't it make Mrs. Campbell mad if she could hear the fun that is made of Argyle's picture in Highland costume that stands out prominently in the colored glass window over the big porte cochère. We outsiders bear the ill comments passed upon it, though we know what joy will come when the house is opened up to the favored few of the madame's friends. It is to be regally done, that opening, and for one, I'm going to reserve my criticism until the furnishing's finished.

True, there is something incongruous about the whole pile, stately though it be. The artistic style of the Bowman house, and the refinement of its inmates, stand in bold contrast to the big plaster of paris ornamented mansion on the corner. Even Ward, with his limited means, has a much finer finish on the inside of his home.

I hear that last winter's dancing club is to be reorganized, and under the same old rules. For this, I am sorry, for Kate and Stella will be barred. They're Irish, you know, and the best people here are getting critical.

It does seem ludicrous to think of a down-right ROW in the Floral Society; but candor and truth compel me to chronicle it. After all, the fracas was delayed longer than all outsiders thought possible, when they knew who were the members. It would be as impossible to harmonize Mrs. Wilkes, the English know-it-all, Mrs. B—, the Southern wide-awake, Madame T—, who played the role of amiability, and offered up her magnificent sweet peas, her earliest violets and her choice roses. All these offerings failed to accomplish what the Madame was trying for, and the society managed to shuffle the hard work onto her, and then withhold the honor. Then the lawyer's wife, who has recently begun to pose as a society leader, undertook to run things her own way. However, Mrs. C. D— has gained a good deal of glory by her management of the show in the spring, and since then, some people say, has carried her head too high. She has actually kept Mrs. T— in order, and stepped on her pet failings just as hard as she wished.

Mrs. Maggie D— B— did not inherit the proclivities of her ancestors for nothing, as one may see by looking in her intelligent face and sparkling eyes; and the English woman wished to run everything, from the Mission down to the Society. E. W.

Our weekly society paper has grown stronger. If the past record of one of the firm is true, there should be quite an infusion of spice into the paper, or rather *pepper*, as I understand there's a HEAP in the office. If that one little woman has got to tow those great men along, I'm very sorry for her.

BESSIE.

SACRAMENTO.

The Lieutenants are still being extensively entertained. A stag party at Neale's was one of the events of last week. Tuesday, Mrs. Orcutt gave an evening at which the majority of the guests represented the "army." Lieutenant Graham was tendered a dinner at the Sutter Club by a few prominent members. The Metropolitan had a packed house on Saturday evening. There had been such a dearth of theatricals of late, that when John Drew was announced in "Butterflies," we all went. Lieutenant Dutton had Adelaide, and Mabel Deming, with Lieutenant Smedberg, occupied the seats next. Then Etta B. was there with some staid, dignified old veteran. Miss Scott had Lieutenant Benson in tow. Very few of our boys were represented. Society plays do not seem to suit them, they always flock to the sensational ones. Bert Adams escorted Ella Deming. She was charmingly attired in an organdie. Her sweet, expressive face was shown to distinct advantage under a huge, becoming leghorn. The dry goods man and his wife were there, and the latter, as usual, was very brilliantly attired. The three sisters from Third and P, occupied the box of their rich relative.

Will Chapin seems to have grown tired of our sex, so he managed a Lieutenant that evening. The audience seemed to derive no end of amusement from the appearance of the parquet. Instead of the usual crowd of men, there were several rows of girls, of course chaperoned. The men have grown so indifferent that we have given up depending upon them.

The announcement of Jack Wright's engagement to Laura Clark was received with some surprise. However, we are profuse in our congratulations to Jack, for he has won the heart of one of the sweetest girls that ever graced our city. Since her return from a two years' sojourn in Europe, her home has been in your city. However, her visits here to a married sister have been frequent and of a long duration. Laura possesses a fine degree of intelligence and is a thorough French scholar. She affects a stern simplicity in dress, which seems to enhance the beauty of an almost perfect figure.

SISTER SUE.

August 22, 1894.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY: One thing can certainly be said of the people of Los Angeles. They are "dead in line" with almost every proposition, and when anyone settles upon anything as the proper caper the rest draw up and follow.

The latest sensation is the sad difficulty in the mansion of an eminent physician, whose wife has nerves. He was out late, it seems, and, on returning, his good lady begged an explanation of his lengthy absence. Rightly or wrongly, he concluded her suspicions were uncalled for, and, I believe, asked that she mind her business, with more energy than the necessities of the case demanded. So she went in a dead, dead faint, and he, to revive her, I suppose, administered morphine. She had a terrible time of it. Three other M. D's. were called in, and among them they succeeded in burning her feet so badly with hot applications that she will not be able to walk for a month or two. The entire four gave her up and her relatives sent for a spiritual healer, who, by the process of laying on of hands, restored her to consciousness. I am told that her family are strong adherents of the spiritualistic faith, and have had their belief strengthened by the success of the experiment of spiritualism with their daughter, who, rumor says, will sue for a divorce as soon as she is able to know on just exactly what grounds she can stand.

You will share my satisfaction in listening to the pretty tale that engages our "Little Goldie" to the charming daughter of a deceased dry goods personage. I regret to learn the course of his true love has the proverbial luck, for the mother of the fiancée looks askance upon the affair, and insists, I believe, that her daughter choose again—this time some one with more dollars than Goldie has. However, this disapproval need not prevent the charming damsel driving round in the yellow cart while Goldie attends to his uncle's collections, and she has the infinite satisfaction of realizing the envy her good fortune excites in damsels whose place knoweth them no more.

Camping parties on Mount Lowe and yachting parties at Catalina take all our young people out of town. Mrs. J. N. Van Noys entertained in honor of Mrs. I. W. Hellman last Wednesday at her residence in Los Angeles. This is all we have had here for two weeks, except John Drew in "The Butterflies."

Mrs. Sumner P. Hunt, the wife of our tourist architect, and the woman with the highest ambition to shine among the élite, entertained "the officers" where she is summering in Santa Monica.

Mrs. Senator Jones of Santa Monica entertained Mrs. Stephen M. White, who is spending the summer at Santa Monica. Two ladies with silver Senators for husbands, one has his silver in the ground, the other in his brains.

Frank Schumacher, who was once or twice engaged to the present Mrs. Victoria Harroll, is not dying of a broken heart (or trying to give her a chance to change her name again), but is off on a vacation, and will return to-morrow.

Yours devoted,

BECKY SHARP.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: Johnny Mac. has gone—gone to return no more. I nearly cried my eyes out when I heard he was going to leave. So you can imagine how bad his especial enamorata must feel about it. Really, I thought we would have another engagement. They were *so* devoted. But there—you can't sometimes most always tell. Say, I've heard that if Johnny had won two "nine spots" he couldn't have left so soon. I have tried to find out what a "nine spot" is, but nobody will admit they know. At any rate, it must be something pretty good, for I understand that Johnny was $600 winner. Just think! Of course, this is *entre nous*.

There was another social at Daisy Williams' house last week. It was *so* slow. It was a perfect Adamless Eden. Not one of "the" boys was there. Big Bob was present. But then he beamed ever constantly on the young schoolmarm. To add to our misery, the orchestra insisted upon playing waltzes and polkas, and some of us came near disgracing ourselves forever in Daisy's sight by dancing.

Frank H.'s vineyard, several miles north of town, will soon need daily attention. We are looking anxiously for that time to come. It is a delightful ride in the evening, and he is such charming company that he will not be allowed to get lonely if we girls can help it.

The "Broilers" went down to the San Joaquin river Saturday evening on a moonlight ride. They were awfully select in their crowd. They took two or three of the older set, but I was not even honored with an invitation. One of the girls told me of some of the jokes. I thought the one on young Dr. Maupin was the best. Just ask him about it.

Some of our young bachelors have their quarters fitted up in most luxurious style. Will S. and Lee Gray have lovely rooms. It's no wonder they do not do much calling, when they can entertain the boys with perfect freedom at home. Their piano is kept busy often late into the night, and some very jolly times ensue.

I wonder why Anna Laura doesn't announce her engagement to Mr. Clark. All the girls say it is an accomplished fact, and point to the ring as proof. The dear girl herself smiles sweetly, though, and always gives evasive answers. I don't think its right to keep us in suspense this way.

TRIX.

DR. RUMBOLD, Crocker Building, Rooms 76-7.

Our Society Blue Book.

The Blue Book of San Francisco and surburban towns for 1894-95 will be the finest work of the kind ever produced in Europe or America. It will be divided into departments—seventeen in number—each preceded by an elaborate title-page of unique and elegant design. These title pages will be embellished in gold, with superb etchings, representing typical scenes of localities and figures illustrative of each subject. Among the departments will be found sections devoted to the "Army and Navy," "Picturesque and Artistic Homes of California," "Leading and Private Institutions of Learning," "Calling and Street List," "Classified Business Houses of San Francisco," the "Leading Hotels," "Alphabetical List," "Personnel of the Press," "Theatre Diagrams," "Clubs and Societies," "Private Memo. Pages," "Street and Avenue Guide," etc. The streets of the cities of San Francisco and Oakland will be numerically arranged so that any desired private address can be readily found. The book will be elegantly bound in the familiar blue-white covers. The Blue Book is sold by subscription. Advance orders only will be recognized, as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is especially intended. Now in compilation. Address all changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher. Office, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

Intending passengers going East are referred to the advertisement of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company on back cover.

The Gamble Shoulder Brace for sale in the city can be worn with more comfort and effect than any brace ever offered the people.

It had been explained to the small boy that babies were bought from doctors.

"Yes, but where do the doctors get the babies? Do they get them down in the tules?"

"What do you mean? What put such an idea in your head?"

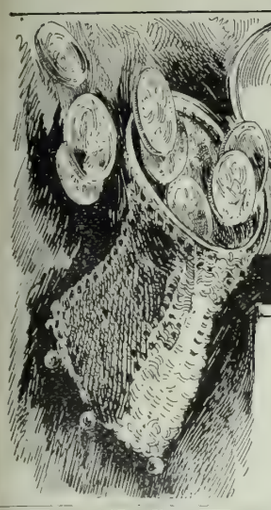
"I'll show you."

He brought a scrap book and showed a picture of Moses in the bullrushes.

"See that?"

His interrogator saw, and contributed a coin to the fund the small boy was saving to buy a baby with.—*Stockton Record.*

An Irishman was watching a fast-sailing catamaran, that was showing its heels to everything on the channel. He was much interested in the double boat, and turning to a friend, remarked: "Be jabers, I've got two boats, wan an iron-fastened wan and the other a copper-fastened wan; shure and I'll fasten the two of them togither, and, by St. Limerick, I'll bet ye five dollars the copper-fastened wan will outsail the iron-fastened wan.—*Stockton Record.*



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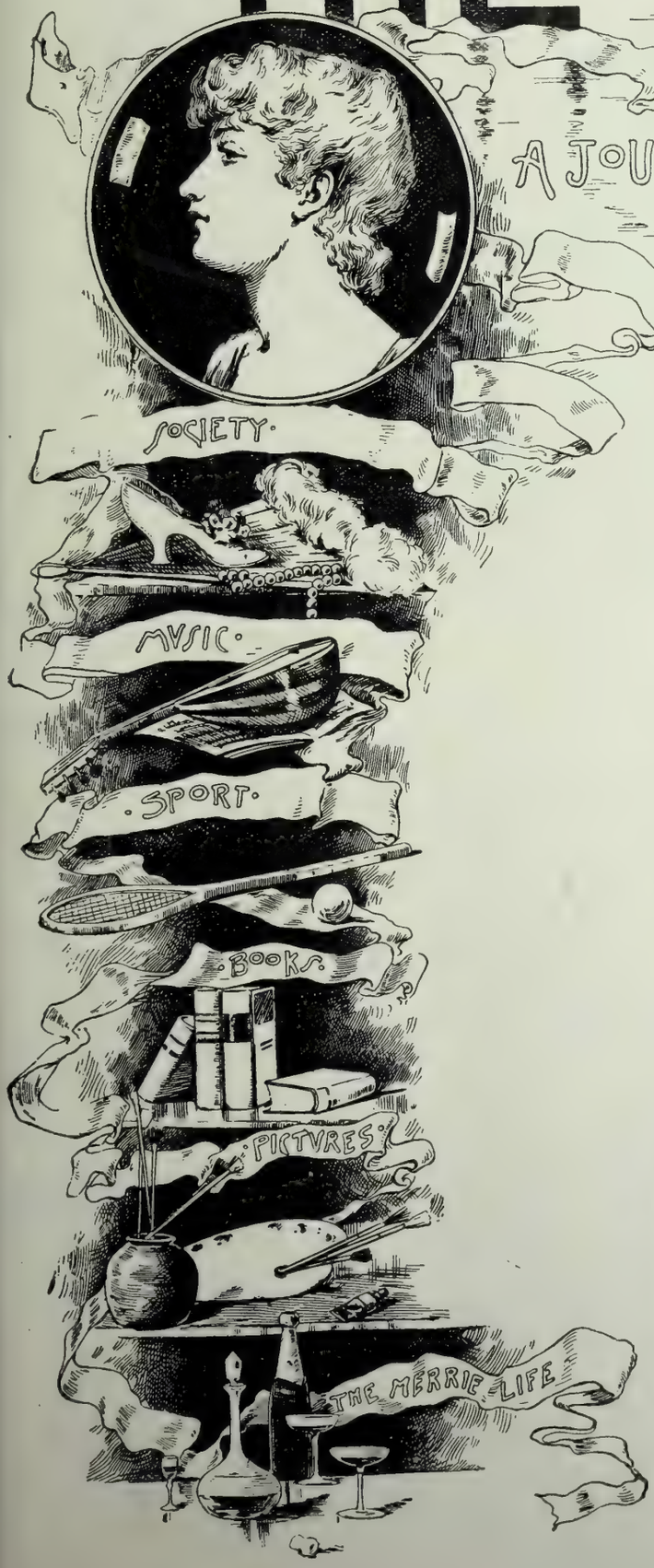

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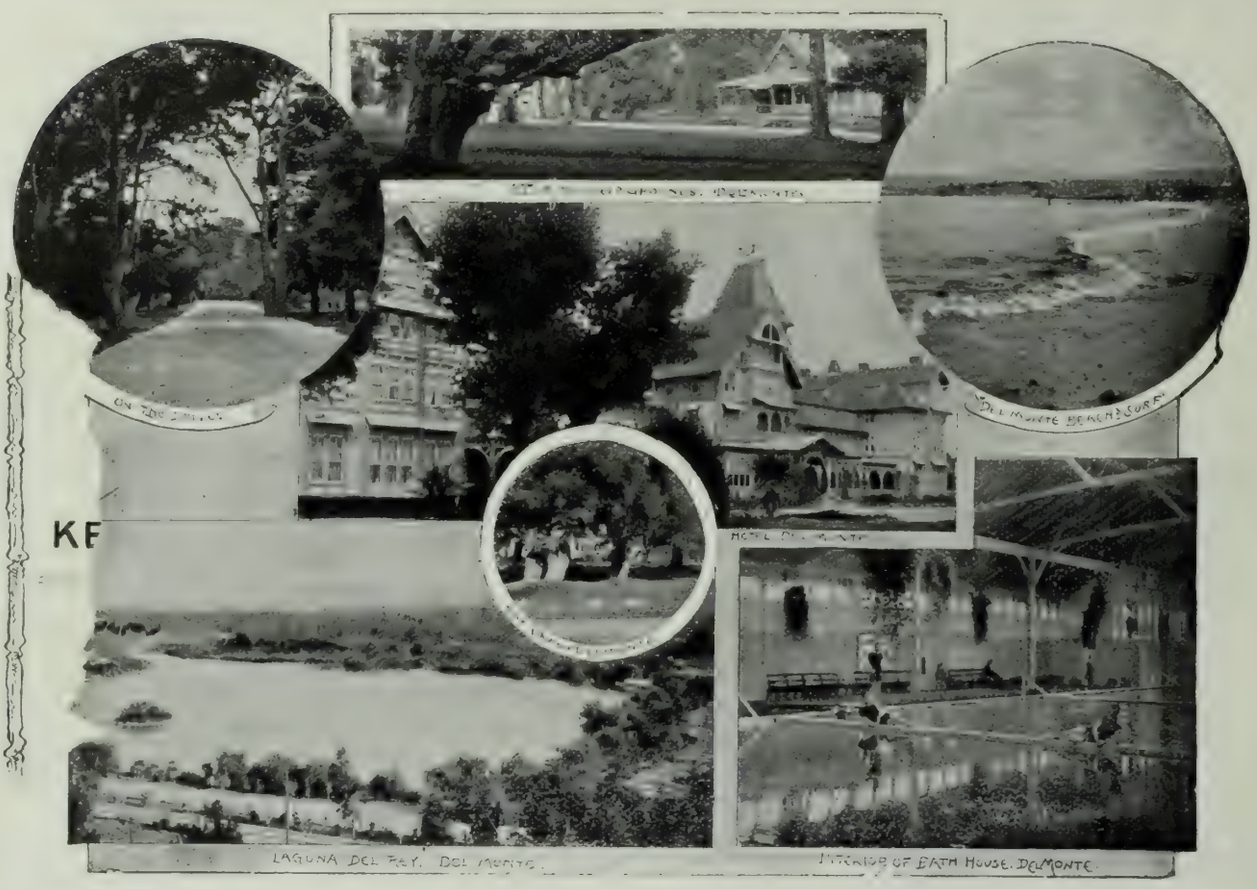

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8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
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THE WAVE

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THE WAVE

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

TWO POLITICAL PERSPECTIVES.

It does not require a guide book to translate the tale the cartoon shadows forth. It foretokens a condition the culmination of which Hope, supplemented by the insistence of Reason, declares shall never be. Countless law-abiding, self-respecting Republicans have likewise so determined and have definitely but quietly resolved to administer to Burns' ill-concealed pretensions, a rebuke that may serve as an admonition to his future emulators. The cartoon carries its tale of truth—truth that brings to Republicans an indignant blush of resentment against the conditions of to-day and the possibilities of the morrow. Danger from Estee lies more in his discretion than his valor. Danger from Burns in his valor rather than his discretion.

REFUGE FOR REPUBLICANS.

THE Democratic Convention is over. Its work completes the partizan preparation for the election in November. The tickets are now all in the field, the candidates are before the people and the argument to the jury begins. The members of the jury—the people—will, in about ninety days from now, go singly into a wooden coffin, standing on end, with an Australian ballot in one hand and a red rubber stamp in the other, and, by forms and ceremonies of great solemnity, will render a verdict. A word with the jury is desired by the WAVE. With the personality of Budd, Estee and Webster we have nothing to do. Let it be conceded now that they are respectable citizens, representative of the local patriotism and manhood of California, with families and property as hostages in the interest of public order. But a party candidate is representative in another sense. He stands for certain schools of thought and policy, and as an elect he cannot escape from his environment. The Populist party has a reason for its existence—indeed, many reasons. Its reasons and its purposes are separate. The main reason for its organization lies in the claim that the people have been to an extent excluded from the management of their political affairs, which has been turned over to bosses. In the Democratic Convention they behold emancipation of the people and their resumption of control of their own affairs. The Populist party is valuable as a protest. It is impotent as a remedy. It exists in but a few States, and in these has shown no substantial increase of numbers. The material in its make-up evidently needs the guidance of natural policies. Does it become its members to turn their ballots against a party that has begun reform by purifying the primary processes of politics? Does it become them to vote a ticket which is in the field now only to keep in power the Republicans of this State, whose scarlet sin of boss management is flaunted as the oriflamme of the campaign? Does it become them as citizens to aid in perpetuating the system which they declare is blameworthy of all the evils of which they complain? Let an appeal be made to their reason. This is no time to seek the gratification of personal ambition by rebuking the only party that dare say it has a soul and owns it. In the Republican party there is widespread discontent, which has the same reason as that in which Populism exists. The only refuge of such Republicans is in the support of Budd. They may express the reason of their discontent, and protect the commonwealth against the risk of boss control by pooling the one issue they hold in common with the Populists, and asserting it in support of the Democratic nominee. Without an efficient and admonitory rebuke of bossism, the boss will open shop indifferently in Populist, Republican and Democratic headquarters hereafter, and continue business at the old stand, to the disgrace of parties and the detriment of the State. The thoughtful and independent Republican, therefore, when he enters the voting booth, must purify his own party by snubbing its ticket, and must run away from disgrace on one side and danger on the other, by endorsing the ticket of the free and unbossed Democratic convention. Politics is politics. After the disasters of the Franco-Prussian war, and when Germany's heavy hand was laid upon France to disintegrate her territory, at a dinner in St. Petersburg, a Russian Grand Duchess toasted France, exclaiming, "France is not a *parvenu* of victory," meaning that in the many triumphs of her arms, France had learned the sober use of victory. The Democratic party, tried by long defeat, has many victories on each side of its thirty years in the wilderness of minority. It is no *parvenu* of victory, and is impressed by the great and solemn responsibilities of power. It will not tease with straws, nor act like a spoiled child. Its candidate for Governor will show the dignity and elevation becoming to the man who is the civil and military head of a great commonwealth, and power put into its hands will be used in the shadow of responsibility. No party boss will sit behind the seat of authority and move the hands of a mannikin. Its sway will be a guarantee of civil order and civilization. It will not wear the muniments of power as a scalp at its belt, but will put them in its Ark of the Covenant as a reminder that power imposes duty. It must then be apparent that the ferment in California which moves the members of the old parties, and has produced a new party is not a separate principle in each case, but one common to all. And above treachery and bad faith, higher than the temporary organism of ambition, more sacred than the epileptics of revenge, is the duty upon every citizen of preserving the State. That this grand object of all political activity is best to be obtained by aligning with the Democratic ticket is the secret conviction of all thoughtful men, and will be their avowed purpose when November comes.

RUMOR has it again that a serious difference of opinion has arisen between Markham and Burns. Curiously enough both claim the distinction of having made the other. One might rather suppose each willing to deny the responsibility. But then there are individuals who have come forward to claim the authorship of "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."

EVOLUTION OF A BOSS.

How best to rid politics of Bossism is a question that has agitated more communities than our own. An insight into the evolution of the institution may aid in solving the problem of its extinction. In his work the "*American Commonwealth*," James Brice defines with inimitable accuracy the functions and characteristics of a Boss. He says:

"In a ring there is usually some one person who holds more strings in his hand than do the others. Like them he has worked himself up to power from small beginnings, gradually extending the range of his influence over the mass of workers, and knitting close bonds with influential men outside as well as inside politics, perhaps with great financial or railway magnates, whom he can oblige, and who can furnish him with funds. At length his superior skill, courage and force of will make him, as such gifts always do make their possessor, dominant among his fellows. An army led by a council seldom conquers; it must have a commander-in-chief, who settles disputes, decides in emergencies, inspires fear or attachment. The head of the ring is such a general. He dispenses places, rewards the loyal, punishes the mutinous, concocts schemes, negotiates treaties. He generally avoids publicity, preferring substance to the pomp of power, and is all the more dangerous because he sits, like a spider, hidden in the midst of his web. He is a Boss." * * * *

"A great city is the best soil for the growth of a Boss, because it contains the largest masses of manageable voters as well as numerous offices, and plentiful opportunities for jobbing. BUT A WHOLE STATE SOMETIMES FALLS UNDER THE DOMINION OF ONE INTRIGUER.

* * * * * * *

"He dictates State nominations, and through his lieutenants controls State and sometimes Congressional conventions, being in diplomatic relations with the chief city bosses and local rings in different parts of the State.

* * * * * * *

"A State Boss is usually a native American and a person of some education, who avoids the grosser forms of corruption, though he has to wink at them when practised by his friends. He may be a man of personal integrity. A city Boss is often of foreign birth and humble origin; he has grown up in an at-

mosphere of oaths and cocktails; ideas of honor and purity are as strange to him as ideas about the nature of the currency and the incidence of taxation; politics is merely a means for getting and distributing places."

The author concludes with the inference that Bossism arises, not out of conditions inseparable from the Republican form of government, but rather out of conditions which are separable and within control, to-wit:

The existence of a spoils system (paid offices given and taken away for party reasons).

Opportunities for illicit gains arising out of the possession of office.

The presence of a mass of ignorant and pliable voters.

The insufficient participation in politics of the "good citizens."

Spoils form the basis of Bossism. Without the power to reward the workers the institution dies. It was the vast patronage which Markham yielded to Burns that enabled that gentleman to stampede (?) the Republican Convention for Estee three weeks before it met, and cram a complete ticket and platform down the opened mouth of astonished Republicanism. It will be the patronage, running into the millions, which Mr. Estee, if elected, will yield to Police Commissioner Burns, that will fasten his control with bands of steel upon the Republican Party, and insure his dominance over the next Republican Convention, and the next. It is to prevent that evil decent men should concern themselves. Some good people, it is true, claim one boss is better than another, and yet confess a horror of them all. On the question of choice of bosses, the *Century*, in a recent editorial, had this to say:

"It is folly to think that one boss or one machine is any better than another boss and another machine, simply because the two wear different party labels. Both are corrupt, and are the agents and promoters of corruption. They are not politicians in any reputable sense of the word, but are the gamblers and brigands of politics, who are doing more than all other influences combined to make popular government a by-word and a reproach the world over."

Time and again attempts have been made to overthrow Bossism, and one of the most difficult conditions to meet in this connection is the combination of the bosses of two political parties who have joined hands to make common fight against their common enemy—Purity and Reform. They employ every art and wile known to the cunning and adroit politician to warp the judgment and excite the prejudices and passions of the people, and so becloud with suspicion the party which is seeking their destruction. Through agencies the ordinary man would never connect with them, charges and counter charges are made; and the honest citizen, distracted from the main issue, becomes disgusted and disheartened and so returns to his old party, or refuses to vote at all. That Messrs. Burns (Republican) and Buckley (Democratic) have entered into a compact to dominate the politics of this city and State for mutual profit and advantage cannot be contradicted; that they jointly engineered the recent Republican primaries of this city, that they control the Republican County Committee, the inspectors and judges of election, and the police and fire departments, in the interest of their delegates, is true; that they had strikers and repeaters, both Democratic and Republican, employed to vote as often as they could the names of the dead as well as the names of the living, and that they were protected in so doing by the police, is well known. That Mr. Burns at Sacramento was dictator, that he fastened the shackles of Bossdom upon a meekly submitting Republican convention, is confessed in whispered shame by the respectable men of that party. As Americans we are filled with mortification that such things exist, yet they are not new, either in this city or in the East. Combinations of bosses of opposing parties for mutual protection are as old as the institution itself. They are in politics for "what there is in it." Attacks made on either in the interest of pure politics are attacks on both. Party differences, which are never, at the best, serious matters with the Boss, are laid aside; then all unite to fight the common enemy, "Reform." Shameful as it may seem, unless the public mind has been thoroughly aroused, the Boss ever comes out victorious. Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York, every large Eastern city, in fact, has witnessed performances of this kind time and again, until affairs have reached such a condition that thoughtful men of both parties pause to consider the evil that is casting its shadow over republican institutions. In an Eastern city some time ago the honest citizens of both parties, to rid themselves of a corrupt local ring, organized an opposition. The bitter contest that resulted had among its consequences a murder at the polls and dissensions innumerable. The ruling Boss came out victorious, and, as the result demonstrated, was saved by the support given him by his political rival. In another city, in New York, the respectable members of the Democratic party repudiated their Boss, and put in nomination a ticket composed of honest men. The Boss, however, not to be outdone, joined hands with the Republican manipulator, and, with a mixed ticket composed in equal parts of men of their own kind, defeated the reform.

Reform is threatened with defeat in this State by the same type of combination. Buckley, the individual who, for years, has burdened the Democratic party with the iniquities of his reputation, has been shaken off. The party stands pledged to a purification of our primary laws; its nominee for Governor owes allegiance to no boss, corrupt ring or political tricksters. He typifies the reform to which his party is pledged, and is the standard bearer of honesty, decency and reformation. This attitude very naturally alarms the bosses. They have joined hands for self-protection, for the fate of both is now at stake. Whether this infamous institution will live or die lies with the voters of California. It cannot be repeated too often by the press that the defeat of Estee means the downfall of Burns' sway, and the defeat of Budd includes the rejuvenation of Buckley. Both bosses are interested in the election of Estee.

THE beet sugar bounty was a dead beat from the beginning.

BLAND AND SILVER.

POOR Mr. Bland, of Missouri, is still in trouble about fixing the standard of value. He has many companions in misery, most of whom have no value to dispose of and therefore no possible voice in fixing the standard. To enlighten those anxious, let them know that the law cannot fix the standard of value as long as the freedom and obligation of contract is assured. The dealers in value fix the standard which is necessary as a convenience, a security and a medium of exchange. These dealers in value are the business men of the civilized world. They may be selling real estate or tape, fruit, or lending money; in whichever they employ themselves, they fix the standard measure of the values in which they deal. They have chosen gold by natural selection and without other collusion than arises in the natural laws that are the statutes of human action. If legislatures fix another standard the dealers in value do not conform to it. If they did, no inflation in prices would follow an inflation of currency in the form of a circulating medium composed of the ne and artificial standard. The natural standar remains and the dealers in value fix such price on their values in the new standard a will maintain the price they wish in the ol When gold was at a premium in greenback that required $3 in paper to pay for one gol dollar, any article that brought $3 in pape could be had for one dollar in gold. Th latter was the natural standard while pape was the artificial standard, and what appeare to the people to be a rise in prices was only fall in the purchasing power of the artificia standard. The history of standards prove that as prices apparently rise under the arti ficial standard the people find it difficult t buy what they need, and ascribe this to th lack of the currency which represents the ar tificial standard. Thereupon they demand more of that kind of currency, and the empirics and politicians issue more, with the result of further decreasing its purchasing power and another apparent rise in prices, followed by a demand for "more money," met by a further issue of the same kind and with the same results. Finally the system is inflated to explosion and everybody is ruined except the dealer in values, who has all the time had prices in the artificial standard convertible without loss into the proper price at the natural standard. It will be found that he has worked the artificial standard into fixed property, by purchase or mortgage, and is rich when everybody else is poor, as a result of divergence of standards, and the triumph of the natural over the artificial. Nations whose finances are managed by wise men are aware of this. They know that legislation is best which conforms to the natural standard, and by such conformity they secure the greatest stability in finance and the cheapest money. England has the natural standard—gold—and has such an abundance of it that English capital is sought all over the world, for it exacts the least interest, and is therefore cheaper to the borrower. Mr. Bland's countrymen are forever seeking English capital. It is sought to revive dormant mining, to build railroads, to spur manufactures, to conquest lands to the plow; and while this is a daily experience, Mr. Bland and his school continually talk against the "conspiracy" to strike down silver in order that under the gold standard money may be scarce, easily cornered by the plutocrats and hard to get by those who want to use it. Low interest means money easy to get, and low interest follows the use of the natural standard everywhere. Therefore Mr. Bland is wrong, but he will never know it. The only way to transfer the world's financial center from London to New York is the same way in which it was induced to migrate from Genoa to Amsterdam, from Amsterdam to London. England was the financial slave of the continent as long as she clipped her coins, and persisted by law in turning a farthing into a penny and a shilling into a pound sterling. When she quit this and brought her financial legislation into agreement with the natural standard, the movable wealth of the world fled from empirical finance and unstable credit and took refuge in London. There is nothing in vituperation and facial redness over the situation. Its creation was by a law as natural as that which bellies a sail when the wind blows and lets it flap in a calm.

CLUNIE-POPPER AFFAIR.

The good housewife brightening up her silverware in preparation for the coming guests invited to partake of viands she has prepared, first smuts her silver with a paste of deadly

cynide to give the polish brighter lustre. She cares not for the rag which accomplishes the cleaning, nor does she permit the slightest particle of cynide to adhere to fork or spoon. She would, indeed, be a careless mistress who first prepared her viands, and as her guests were seated at her board commence the cleansing process, cynide and all. What should we say if she insist, beside, that the rag and poison be taken as an entrée to the feast.

THE EFFECT OF THE NEW TARIFF.

THE protectionists profess great disquiet over the many signs of industrial revival in Europe, and are wildly alarmed because England is going to send us imports. It is demonstrated that protection has wrongly distributed the wealth of this country. Labor had not accumulated wages enough to carry it through one season of short work, and agriculture had been prostrated through its enforced contribution to manufacturing. Now, suppose Europe resumes work as the result of the new tariff and sends us imports, are they given away here, or is there any way of compelling us to buy them until the paralysis and poverty follow which the protectionist frets about? The new tariff rouses industrial energy in Europe because we have a surplus of that of which Europe has a deficiency, and a little lowering of the tariff wall makes it possible for that surplus to flow naturally to fill the European vacuum. This surplus is mostly of the products of the soil, due to the toil of the farmer. When the agricultural surplus can be exported and find a market abroad, the largest class of owners and employers in this country are benefited. The Republican platform in this State confesses that the farmer gets no benefit from protection. Then his interests lie in a reduction of tariff. The conclusion is irresistible. As imports come in they crowd exports out, for trade between nations is an exchange of products, not the payment of cash by one for what the other can spare. It was the boast of McKinley that his tariff had destroyed the industries of Europe, and Americans were called on to rejoice if the tin-workers of Swansea, the cotton-spinners of Lancashire and the button-cutters of Vienna were in poverty. But the effect was not only to impoverish our foreign customer and destroy his power to take our farm surplus, but to send the poverty-smitten labor of Europe here by the hundreds of thousands in answer to the McKinley advertisement that we had taken a contract to give work to the world's unemployed. As a result, the American farmer lost his foreign market and American labor gained unwelcome competitors for its wages, and the country was plunged into last year's panic and this year's despair. The new tariff is not all that it ought to be, but the fault found in it by protectionists is the first and best evidence that after all it is to be of such substantial benefit that the country will feel its impulse. Our foreign market is to be better. A revival of industry in Europe will keep labor at home. American labor will soon be absorbed and be less under the threat of imported competition, and the campaign of 1896 will be upon the old lines by demanding that the benefits of a little tariff reform shall be enlarged by more reform of the same kind.

WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, Federal Commissioner of Railways, is in California. He has had a long and upright career in public affairs since the war, and is of unimpeachable integrity and judgment. A Democrat of the Jefferson school, he sees in the evils that are upon the country the effect of paternal practices in the Government, and their remedy in a reversal rather than a projection of that policy. In the Debs-Coxey programme for Government ownership of railways, he recognizes a proposition distinctly anti-Democratic and destructive of free government. For this he is beset by the anarchist daily press of this city, and subjected to insult and contumely. His views are those of a vast majority of the people of this country, who are tired of paternal government, and when the issue comes this majority will assert itself. The habit of the anarchist press of using sneers for facts and insult for argument is evidence of the weakness of its cause. The programme it proposes involves as great a change in our scheme of government as would be the abandonment of a Republic for a Monarchy, and for that reason the change must be subjected to discussion. The vote-catching politicians who promise everything to get office are not able to prevent this debate, nor to deprive the people of a chance to reason concerning a change in their government, and they will find that Wade Hampton and those who stand with him will not be suppressed by a sneer nor silenced by a lie.

PROFESSOR KENT, D. D., in the *Non-Sectarian*, favors Government ownership of railroads, money, telegraphs, telephones, land and mines, "with a view to the general employment of the people and the consequent improvement of our social conditions." This means, in effect, that the Government shall own everything, employ the people and pay them wages. How the Government is to own the money is not explained, unless that by appearing as the owner of all the business of the country, it takes all the profits thereof in lieu of taxes and uses the money to pay the people for their work and carry on the functions with which it is already charged. The Rev. Dr. Kent is of the opinion that when this reform is brought about the life of man will be "a life of usefulness and growth, of manly helpfulness and loving service." But, for the life of us, we cannot see why. Man does things now because he has to. If the Government own all things and employ all men the stimulous to exertion will be removed, there will be no reason for helpfulness, the Government will help everybody, the progress of the race will cease and all the manly qualities developed by endurance will atrophy and disappear. Dr. Kent sees ahead less labor and less hours, with more leisure to improve the mind. But why under such circumstances improve the mind? To what end? Improvement of the mind is sought now because of the better equipment it implies for the individual exertion required in supplying the physical and intellectual wants. It is noted that the cases are rare in which those who have the physical needs supplied without enterprise have many intellectual wants. In our opinion the only reason for improving the mind in Dr. Kent's Utopia will be for the purpose of escaping from its conditions, which would be found intolerable to any healthy and wholesome and intelligent human being.

MR. LEASE, of Kansas, can lay aside the darning needle and turn the stocking basket over to Mary, his wife. Heretofore, he has practiced the domestic arts at home, has spanked the children, boiled their mush and dried their "didies," while Mary has been out using rhetoric as an art of confusion in politics. But in an evil hour she took office, and developed a desire to take everything in sight, and in her career of conquest marched up against the chief of the party, Governor Lewelling. He was somewhat on the take himself and he and Mary laid claim to the same hot stove, and there was a quarrel, which ended in Mrs. Lease being knocked down and dragged out of office. Her misfortunes did not end there. Her dressmaker, doubtless led on and instigated by the devil, made her dresses too tight, and, in donning these vanities, Mary crowded what the Populist orthography would call her "victuals," and sorrow's crown of sorrow is now jammed down over her eyes in the form of a refusal to let her take the stump in the Populist cause. Of course, old Lease is tickled clear through, but he no more dare show it than a school boy who sees the teacher sit down on the bent pin he has put in the throne of authority.

AN EDITORIAL in the Stockton *Mail* directs attention to a recent circular issued by the Republican State Central Committee in which that organization offers to furnish the newspapers of the interior with the party platform and eight columns of Mr. Estee's speech "*in plates*" ready for use, obviating the necessity for type setting. This is a form of meanness that carries its own consequences. Its immediate result is to deprive some poor printer of just so much work. If the Republican Committee were reduced in circumstances, which it is not, one might readily forgive it the practice of such paltry economics. However the attention of the Typographical Union is respectfully directed to the matter, as we are under the impression it is an infraction of the by-laws of that organization.

THE daily press of San Francisco, with one exception, opposed the renewal of the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii. Now that it is rumored the treaty is to be terminated they are all abusing the Administration on the strength of the report. This is characteristic of the daily press of San Francisco.

THE *Examiner* wants the Democrats to adopt Sutro for Mayor. Why does it throw off on O'Donnell in that heartless way?

COMMUNICATION.

EDITOR WAVE—I have abstained from answering the numerous statements appearing in the press as coming from the Olympic Club until the election was over. Now that the turmoil is ended I may speak.

I will not answer any personal attack but confine myself to the absurd statements made in reference to the Salt Water Company.

From the 1st of June until the 27th of August the Olympic Club *used* an average of 400,000 gallons of salt water per day. From the 28th of August to the 2d of September, the reservoir record shows that the consumption of water by the Club had been reduced by 200,000 gallons per day, yet the Club still used its maximum of 200,000 gallons, except on the day its tank was surveyed. The pipe system to the Club is direct from the reservoir and is of capacity sufficient to furnish 200,000 gallons per day, but is not sufficient to give the Club 400,000 as heretofore. With a six inch pipe the Club could have passed 5,000,000 gallons per day into the sewer.

The Club, until the 27th of August, had control of our reservoir. I would not place a meter on the Club. Why, is obvious; I trusted to a decent use of a service which is worth $1000 per month to the Club.

Ignorance of water pressure, pipes, etc., is responsible for all the talk in the Club. The Salt Water Company was unwisely generous, and for its kindness has been abused. It made an offer to supply the institution with hot water without affecting in any way the existing contract. The offer was not accepted. Let that go. The Club will always get its water—get every drop of it. This is the desire and policy of J. D. Spreckels and his co-directors, without whom no drop of salt water would have entered the Olympic Club tank.

WM. GREER HARRISON.

SPLASHES

NOT ELEGANT exactly, but oh so swagger—the Oregon-boot walk. It is the latest gait of society—direct from Newport and Fifth avenue, and warranted the very dernier crie. A dozen damsels of the tailor-made type are busy practising it and I saw on Saturday afternoon last the prints of their industry on Van Ness avenue. They have hardly the swing yet, for it takes some time to blend style and action, and they were a bit awkward. Briefly, the recipe is this: drag one foot, keeping the leg stiff and straight, then spring on the other. That is the Oregon-boot walk and certainly its attainment is a consequence sincerely to be deplored. Still, however, it is swagger, and to that mere grace or naturalness must bow. Look out for the Oregon-boot walk. It is almost as marvellous in its way as the Grecian bend of délêtable memory. Strange we should have the latest in movement and yet be oblivious to the bicycle craze They have it as violently at Newport and around there as in Paris where the wheel has been all the go for months past.

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THE SEASON'S PROSPECTS have been the main subject of discussion in society this week. Indeed, the subject seems to have been shared with "Charley's Aunt," which every one has been to. Though there are several big affairs on the horizon, prevailing anticipation seems hardly to look for exuberance in entertaining. The truth is, quite a number of people who, in the ordinary course of events may be depended on for an affair or two, have gone or are going to Europe, and I fear the remnant may be a bit depressed thereby. The Crocker family seem to have deserted us quite, though I believe Mr. and Mrs. Will are to come home after the Sperry-Poniatowski nuptials. Colonel Fred goes out with D. O. Mills to Egypt via Japan and the Orient. It seems there is to be quite a gathering of the Mills clan in the land of the Pharoahs. Thence he travels through Europe, meeting there Mrs. A. M. Easton, who took the overland last week with Colonel Crocker's children. They are to be put to school in the East. Mrs. Louis Parrott accompanied Mrs. Easton. Mrs. Lillie Coitt and her mother, Mrs. D. Hitchcock, have also set out for the Old World, and once again has Mrs. Coitt declared she will never return here. I am pursuaded, however, it is only a matter of time ere she will once again be installed in her quarters at the Palace. Certainly, a large circle of friends will miss her exhilarating companionship.

* * *

The marriage of Prince Poniatowski and Miss Beth Sperry is to be celebrated in Paris early in October. Mrs. Will Crocker and the bride elect are now at the French Capital having put up at the Hotel d'Alhe, a caravansary patronized by the extremely wealthy. Will Crocker, accompanied by Mrs. Sperry, left for Paris last Saturday, and Mr. and Mrs. George Crocker, who are still in Europe, will doubtless find themselves at the capital for the ceremony.

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WITH HIS INVARIABLE punctuality, Mr. Greenway announces the reincarnation of the Friday Night Club. Invitations are out for the usual series of cotillions this winter under the same conditions and auspices as last year. Odd Fellows' Hall is the chosen locale. Until the new building of the Native Sons is finished, it will remain the largest dancing floor in town, and the club requires plenty of space. There is the usual talk about the exclusion of various people, but rumor is responsible for most of this kind of gossip, and rumor, we all know, is a lying dame.

* * *

An effort will be made, I believe, to organize a riding club. There is considerable talk about the forthcoming horse show, and it is anticipated a number of amateurs will be invited to exhibit their skill. Though the polo field at Burlingame has developed good riders among the men, few girls have acquired the ease and grace in the saddle that characterizes the seats of their brethern. During the winter, however, the opportunity will be afforded, and it is to be hoped the idea will be enthusiastically taken up. Another prospect is, that the entertainments of the Fortnightly Club may lose their literary cast and become dances merely. This seems a pity for the meets of this organization were a relieving feature of semi-intellectuality in a society strikingly devoid of interest in aught that appeals to the mentality of its devotees. Some little originality and no small degree of cleverness and versatility were displayed by several Fortnightly "Cabinets." Their affairs afforded material for interest and scope for criticism. I cannot but think it would be a pity not to revive the club even if it be at the cost of complete reorganization.

* * *

A new idea was introduced for church marriages at the wedding of Miss Harriet Langdon Brown to Herbert H. Darling, at St. Luke's, last Wednesday evening. To prevent guests leaving their seats before the end of the ceremony, which, I might add, is a very infrequent occurrence, wide bands of white ribbon were stretched across the entrance to the pews from chancel to vestibule. Though hardly a displeasing feature, I hardly think it was appreciated by the congregation to the extent that the originators doubtless imagined. But innovations of this description are too obviously superfluous to justify experiments. It was not the most punctual of wedding parties, but it appeared in the neighborhood of eight o'clock, led up the aisle by the ushers, Messrs. Gibbons, Harrison, Quinlan, Randal, Ransom and Lieutenant Smedberg, for the most part college friends of the groom. Then came the bride, looking exceedingly well in a pretty white dress, trimmed with lace and a tulle veil, fastened by La France roses. Miss Darling, sister of the groom, made a charming maid of honor, but the position of bridesmaid was entirely done away with. Mr. and Mrs. Darling will leave for their home in Boston shortly, where the groom is connected with a leading law firm.

* * *

THE FORBES HOUSE made a capital frame for the nuptials of Miss Edith of that ilk and Mr. Edgar A. Nearne. It is a broad mansion, with fine, large rooms and artistic mouldings, furnished in decidedly good style. The ceremony was performed in an improvised chancel decorated in palms, ferns and flowers, Rev. Dr. Foute of Grace Church officiating. Otherwise there was no effort at formal decoration, though an abundance of flowers and foliage, in vases and pots, gave the interior the requisite festive appearance. Indeed, it may be said the fishing net set style of adornment has completely gone out, never, I trust, to return. The effect of loose flowers is far more artistic and graceful. Her costume, of white moiré, hung with orange blossoms, set off charmingly the type of the bride's style. She is a brunette, with rather a strong face. Miss Alice Decker, and her sister, Miss Kate Forbes, were her attendants. Mr. Robinson stood up with Mr. Nearne.

* * *

Miss Forbes is the daughter of the late Alexander Forbes who came to California from Mexico in the early days and amassed a fortune in business here. He was a shrewd and clever old gentleman, of exceedingly good Scotch lineage, and his widow has taken exceeding care in the education and upbringing of her family. After the ceremony there was a reception and supper, at which the health of bride and groom was drunk in bumpers of sparkling Roederer. Mr. and Mrs. Nearne left on the following day for their honeymoon, but kept their destination a profound secret. On returning they will reside at Hanford, King's County.

* * *

AFFAIRS at Burlingame progress swimmingly. The institution is now out of debt, and has to its credit its golf, polo and tennis grounds, all in admirable condition. At the annual meeting last Sunday, the financial statement exhibited considerable prosperity, and everyone is satisfied with the prospects. Indeed, the year has been an eventful one for the club. It has steadily forged ahead, and to-day ranks as the swagger organization of the coast. That it has conferred benefits on society no one who witnessed the races at Del Monte can question. It has furnished the men with new sources of amusement and the women with new topics of interest to discuss, besides offering an incentive to active out-door exercise of a value not to be fixed from the mere point of view of enjoyment. The club has developed half a dozen capital readers and a genuine interest in amateur sport.

* * *

During the coming year the policy of the directors will be to improve the grounds as much as possible and to encourage polo tournaments whenever practicable. The usual election for directors to succeed the four whose terms expired resulted in the selection of R. M. Tobin, R. P. Schwerin, R. Sprague and Joseph Tobin. The latter declining to serve, Downey Harvey, who received the next largest quota of votes, takes his place on the board. Major Rathbone has been persuaded to take the presidency this coming term, and his administrative ability will find opportunity and scope in ways that cannot fail to add to the attractions of the region.

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On Monday next there is to be a polo match on the grounds. Three teams compete for a silver cup for which the various members have subscribed. There being nothing else on the tapis, I look for a large gathering of society

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people at the club house, and am told of several lunches arranged for the occasion.

* * *

In general the Loring Club does not quite hit the happy balance between the eternal masculine and feminine element as to executing its programmes. The trousered performer is too much in evidence and one is usually over impressed with him as a conquering factor. To have brought out Miss Florence Heine and Miss Beatrice Priest was something of an inspiration and deserved more appreciation than the placidity of our ruminant audiences permit themselves. The concert as a proper medium for enthusiasm does not seem to commend itself so far; only opera done by dressed up amateurs of the Bostonian type wins exuberant interest.

* * *

Miss Heine has the distinction of being an acquisition in this present home of violinists. Qualified by the characteristic feminine limit as to tone her playing is musicianly highly educated and backed by no small talent, not that a romantic temperament expresses itself, but a senous personality which has won for itself extreme facility in the art of violin playing. As with the gifted women whose names are famous certainly and a high standard instead of chimeric splendors of inspiration belong to Miss Heine as an artiste. Light sopranos of a winsome personality are not so common that Miss Priest should be neglected. Her singing has a good ideal underlying it and is for the most part technically rational. An occasional lapse into some dryness of tone may come from over hard study to be warmed out by rest. For her intelligent style and enthusiastic delivery Miss Priest ought to be welcomed back cordially.

* * *

TENNIS AND swimming were the chief diversions offered at the Hotel Mateo during the week. On Wednesday evening a concert under the management of the lady guests developed some unexpected talent. Recent arrivals are C. H. Miles, Will E. Fisher and wife, and H. S. Fields and family of San Francisco; Mrs. Jas. White, of Adelaide; Earll Russell, of London; the Hartwells, of Honolulu; the Geo. H. Ripleys, of Brooklyn, N. Y., with three charming daughters. It is interesting to note there has been a change of management at the hotel, and that Mr. Leo H. Keene is now in charge.

* * *

SPEAKING OF ARTISTS and midsummer jinks reminds me that Connie Von Gerichten has recently finished—no, delivered would be better—a portrait of Al Geberding of Bohemia. The work is peculiar in its composition, and decidedly fin de siècle in conception. I desire, however, with that deference that becomes my mastery of technique, to enter a mild protest against the expression of pained suspense that haunts the ex-president's otherwise interesting face. Its effect on the observer is to burden one with an uncomfortable impression that something has gone wrong. Possibly there is some mysterious conjunction betwixt this most unhappy mien and the defalcation of his cherished and luxurious clubhouse enterprise. Perhaps the artist has caught and exaggerated some fleeting mood that took possession of his being and forced suspense out through a studied studio repose. I do not think the sins of judgment should be perpetuated, and I suggest the artist "take a shy at it again."

* * *

Musical members of Bohemia, now that Donald De V. Graham and other birds of song have taken their departure, are imbued with a mixed spirit of emulation and feeling of curiosity in respect to the individuals who shall succeed to the cloaks doffed by the departed songsters. Graham's voice will be missed more acutely as time wears on, for he was a willing soul and a master hand. Apropos of Bohemia, I understand Ed Greenway has become a member of the club. He will prove an acquisition to its entertainments of the future.

The portrait of Miss Emilie Hager, on which David Neal has so long been occupied, is finished, and now adorns a corner of Mrs. Hager's white and gold drawing room. While I am not ready to acknowledge that the artist has done his subject full justice, it is a striking bit of portraiture representing Miss Hager in evening dress in a graceful pose. A portrait of the late W. S. Hobart has just been finished by Keith, and ranks, to my mind, as his most successful effort in this direction. Though painted from photographs of the late millionaire, the likeness is excellent, and apart from its qualities as a portrait, has intrinsic merits that make it a valuable work of art.

* * *

SKETCHING COUNTRY villas and bits of suburban scenery, with a rare knack for hitting the characteristic, without losing the poetic, has endeared Mr. Charles Graham to the hearts of our much-to-be-envied proprietors of country houses. His clever brush and pencil have levied and paid tribute to some of the most delightful nooks that nestle in and about Belmont and Burlingame. I am credibly informed that a number of very clever sketches made during the last midsummer jinks will grace the pages of Harper's. His work heretofore appearing in that journal all breathe of California fields and woods, and do him credit in the world abroad.

* * *

A LIVELY interest was evinced in the election of officers at the Calliopean Club rooms last Tuesday. A novel balloting system which, I am informed, out-Herods the Australian ballot law was inaugurated, and there existed besides a distinct rivalry for the office of President which brought out a full expression of the Club's choice, an honor which the ballots conferred upon I. I. Brown, who, by the way, was the Club's first presiding officer. Irvin Weil, Sandford Walter, and Louis A. Schwabacher were elected Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary respectively. The remainder of the directors, Messrs. Bachman, Erlanger, Waterman and E. D. Peixotto give rich promise of a season of merry entertainment during the winter, and I will be greatly disappointed if my predictions in this connection come to naught.

* * *

SAUSALITO has had serene weather this week, and but little to talk over unless it be the speech of Rev. Mr. Miel before the Town Trustees. He is very fine and easy, this reverend personage, who, in his talks to the congregation of his choice, or any other audience, never fails covering exactly the thought he desires to express. That is a gift, by-the-way, much rarer than most people imagine, and is one seldom enjoyed by clergymen. Rev. Miel is averse to the pool room proclivity, and has waged quite an earnest fight against a gambling invasion of Stilt City. Addressing the trustees, he explained very briefly his views and then, leaving the subject, launched into a series of anecdotes that were decidedly refreshing and amusing.

It may interest Sausalitans in general to learn that the grounds of the Hotel El Monte are to be subdivided and sold for cottage sites. Mr. Slinkey has contemplated enlarging and renovating the El Monte for some time past, and has now the plans and specifications prepared. Surrounding the caravansary there are two acres of land affording most charming sites for villas, and at an early date these will be offered for sale. Quite a number of people have already signified the intention of becoming purchasers.

* * *

The event to night is the *soirée dansante* given at the home of Mrs. Annie Donohue on Bryant and Second streets, by the three Martin boys who, next week, return to Georgetown College, where their education is undergoing finishing touches. They are very popular boys, these scions of the Martin family, and have innumerable friends among the debutantes. Some two hundred and fifty invitations have been issued, and an exceedingly jolly evening is anticipated.

* * *

EXCURSION PARTIES at Castle Crag are now, since the departure of Irving M. Scott, held under the leadership of E. J. Crane. The possibilities afforded for long rambles among the pines, by babbling streams with mossy banks, are thoroughly appreciated by a knot of adventurous and nature-loving guests. H. C. Nash, who is there with Mrs. Stanford, I am informed, has organized a whist club, which has become the center of an enthusiastic throng of experts, and promises unlimited evening's entertainments.

* * *

ACCOMPANYING her sister, Mrs. George F. Cartwright, who has been the Crellins' guest for some months, Miss Belle Crellin will spend the season in London, and in the spring, accompanied by Mrs. Cartwright, will make a tour of the continent.

* * *

Not content with the reputation that has come to him as a will breaker and raconteur, Colonel Kowalsky adventures forth into new fields in search of laurels. He gave at the Baldwin Friday evening last an elaborate dinner, the distinguishing feature of which was that he had cooked it himself. Now, dinner giving is comparatively easy for anyone who has at his command the wherewithal and the acquaintance, but the Colonel secured an unique distinction in thus offering the fruits of his own handiwork for the delectation of his friends. Quite an elaborate menu it was, commencing with an especially excellent clam chowder, fish, maccaroni prepared according to an original recipe, alligator pear salad, and a goose fit for the delectation of a diplomat. Veritably that bird should have its excellencies elaborated in verse. The culinary treatment of every plate was highly original, and the banquet was garnished by capital stories from Mr. Ackerman, Mr. Delmas, Judge Levy and the Colonel himself.

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Edwin E. Blennerhasset, the delegate who precipitated a commotion in the late Republican Convention, announces that he will speak on the subject of "Bosses" at Metropolitan Hall next Thursday night.

* * *

THE GRAHAM-BURRAGE wedding, celebrated at St. Luke's last Tuesday, was easily the most swagger church affair that society has turned out to witness since summer began. Nearly everybody who is home

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from the country put in an appearance,and brass buttons, silks and satins show galore. Pretty little St. Luke's had decorations enough to set off a cathedral—buds, blossoms, ferns—indeed, everything up to date in the flower way was represented. It is easy to imagine the effect. At high noon Lieutenants Galbraith and Summerland, of the Army, and Ensigns Blue and McVeagh, of the Navy, garbed in full dress uniforms, came stalking down the main aisle, followed by the bridesmaids, decked out in lovely frocks and leghorn hats. The bride, attended by her sister, Miss Meta Graham, followed, looking refined, as usual, and eminently maidenly and graceful, in a gown of white satin, falling away into a lengthy court train. Folds of real lace peeped out of every imaginable recess, and a delicate tulle veil, reaching nearly to the ground, was fastened by a spray of orange blossoms. At the chancel the bride was presented to the groom by her father, General Graham, who, in the swell raiment of his rank, appeared as important as the occasion seemed to justify. Rev. Bishop Nichols, assisted by Rev. Mr. Kelley, of the Presidio, performed the Episcopal marriage services.

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After the ceremony the wedding party and a select number of invited guests drove out to General Graham's residence at the Presidio, where they were received by Mrs. Graham, who wore a handsome gown of gray brocade, finished with Honiton lace. A reception followed the proverbially correct wedding feast, and the bride and groom received the usual congratulations. Ensign and Mrs. Burrage are to make a tour to the Atlantic States, returning here in a month or so.

* * *

In excess of the record, the variety of extraordinary errors made in the Jarboe-Dimond betrothal announcements, I've been astonished and surprised at some of the unparalleled combinations. Quite the most unique of the collection was caught on the wires emanating from a source no less authoritative than the Associated Press. It told of the celebration of Mr. Jarboe's diamond wedding, and went on to describe him as the partner of Justice Harrison, an old and highly experienced legal practitioner, and much more in the same vein. Fortunately for the benefit of the service the notification was delivered into the hands of a young lady operator who reads THE WAVE, and she sent it rejoicing onwards redeemed from error by a touch of blue pencilling.

* * *

EVEN MORE notable than the plunge into architecture is the development of the drag craze. For superb creations in this direction six orders have recently been placed, and no longer will Hobart and Talbot Clifton be able to lord it over less fortunate rivals. Joe Grant has found a fine team for his equipage—strong, big horses, far fitter than the ponies the Englishman obtained from White Hat McCarthy for the task of trundling his vehicle over San Mateo roads. The Bournes have also placed an order for a coach, to be ready about the time their home at St. Helena is finished. All this bespeaks unusual possibilities for the parade at Del Monte next August, for it may be presumed there will then be a brilliant display of all the new equipages.

* * *

It was a bit amusing the readiness with which the drags were ordered out at Del Monte over the shoot. At the slightest provocation they appeared at the port-cocher, be it only for a trip to the bath house or to the station, much to the disgust of the grooms and ostlers who took the enthusiasm of their masters rather to heart. Most philosophic among them was Ed. Orton, a functionary of the Burlingame stables, who commenting on the condition of affairs remarked:

"We don't do that at home, but it pleases the youngsters, pleases the youngsters."

* * *

THE LIBERALITY of young Mr. Hobart wins him quite a degree of attention. Certainly he contributed a great deal towards the enjoyment of the young people at Del Monte this season, and his generosity was in vivid contrast to the economy which characterizes the second generation of California millionaires. Curious as it may seem, the genius for economy which distinguished the creators of our great fortunes, with few exceptions, proved hereditary. It would be easy to mention a dozen men whose time is occupied re-investing three-quarters of their incomes, who seem unable to realize the value of their opportunity, or are incapable of appreciating the pleasure open to them. I was a bit amused at a bit of dialogue heard on the piazza. Hobart, emerging from the hotel one morning in full riding rig, seemed to be in a difficulty over the contents of his pockets. A spirited mare was being led up and down along the gravel, and it was rather apparent he would have his hands full to hold her.

* * *

Over to Joe Grant he sauntered, and thrusting towards him a handful of gold twenties, said:

"Joe, won't you look after these for me. My pocket's so small they keep dropping out."

"All right," said Grant, pleasantly, taking the coins. "Just $120 here—is that right?"

"Suppose so," said the young man absently. "Must have dropped a couple along the corridor, but they don't matter."

I am not reproducing the above as an example of youthful ostentation, for Hobart is by no means an indiscriminate spendthrift, but a bright, active, quick young fellow, who seems to have inherited no small share of his father's shrewdness, and who does whatsoever he tries very naturally and without display.

* * *

OPTIMISM may be a form of self-indulgence under the circumstances, but I am half persuaded into expecting results from the new literary and art club in process of formation. It is to be called the Salamagundi Club; its headquarters will be the old studio of Jules Tavernier, on the corner of Montgomery and Jackson streets, and it will commence life with but twenty members—five, each, from the professions of art, literature, music and architecture. Keith, Dr. Wooster, Jack Parrott, Bruce Porter and Willis Polk are among the organizers, and, as all stand for something in the lines of their choice, they may be depended upon to associate with themselves others equally effective. Early in October the club signalizes its existence with an exhibition of Japanese prints—a series of marvellously choice and beautiful pictures which will surely be worth seeing. Later on a loan collection is to be gathered, and the projectors promise a departure from the conventional that those who make a practice of going to loan exhibitions will be glad to hear of.

* * *

The idea of the Salamagundi is taken from an organization of that name in New York, which, in a quiet, unostentatious way, continued to effect much good, artistically. It dared to suggest to the City Fathers certain improvements in municipal architecture that have resulted most harmoniously. Whenever there was in contemplation a public work they offered suggestions and criticisms, or evoked from other quarters designs of a different character to those submitted to the city. Following these lines the club proposes calling for designs for the Donahue fountain, to be erected at the intersection of Market and Fremont streets. Had it been in existence earlier it might have interfered between Mayor Ellert, Architect Shea and the City Hall dome—a condition of affairs there would have been no possible objections to, I am persuaded. Women are not eligible to membership in the Salamagundi Club, and it is proposed to restrict the total number of the roll to forty men, though the institution commences with only half that number.

* * *

THEY ARE excellent people, the Oaklanders, and above suspicion in a variety of ways, but I should like to know what the correspondent of the *Tribune* refers to in this enigmatical sentence? Referring to an entertainat the home of Miss O'Neil, in honor of a Miss Albright, who is to be married very soon: "Dainty souvenirs were given to each. I promised not to tell what, but you may guess—something yellow and something round." Does she mean the damsels who assisted at the entertainment were presented with oranges?—they are yellow and round—or with gold bracelets, similarly shaded and shaped? Sunflowers betray like characteristics, but why so much secrecy. Good heavens, she cannot mean—no, that is impossible!! They would never venture aught so daring in Oakland. One blushes at even considering the possibility. I hope some one will clear up the mystery and remove even the suspicion of recklessness.

* * *

Miss Marion Albright, whose marriage is set for September 19th, is being feted by way of preparation for that important event. On Friday last Mrs. Kline had a dance in her honor—an affair that went off with plenty of swing and snap, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those who were fortunate enough to be among the invited guests, as the society reporters daintily put it. The guest of the evening wore a stunning gown, handsome enough for any one's trousseau. Miss Mamie Pope, Miss O'Neill and Mrs. Van Lame looked handsome in pretty costumes. It is not customary to mention the men whose physical charms attracted attention, but Will Foote, Richard Ayer and Arthur Loud, shone out effulgent, and were the recipients of the most agreeable feminine attentions. On the preceding afternoon, Miss O'Neill, who is to be one of Miss Albright's bridesmaids, had an "At Home" in her honor. It proved a pretty and pleasant affair, the decorations all in yellow flowers, the effect being rather novel. Beside the usual interchange of comment and criticism about things in general, there was a little music and a few recitations.

* * *

Engagements have been few and far between in Oakland these latter days, and on that account as much as because of the prominence of interested parties, a pronounced degree of attention has been directed to the betrothal of Miss Bessie Wheaton and Mr. Edson Adams. Miss Wheaton is the daughter of the most popular woman in Oakland, and inherits the geniality of disposition and the frankness that are her mother's chief charms. Besides, she is a decidedly handsome young woman, and full of good nature, and predisposed towards happiness in general. Mr. Adams has long figured among the "eligi-

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les" over the bay, has both real estate and ock, has shown eminent capability in tak- ng care of both, but is not accused of flagrant conomy. Both have been busy receiving ongratulations ever since, and for once the elicitations ring genuine, as their friends are ather more sincere than acquainances in gen- ral.

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MISS ETHEL HORNICK, a clever young locutionist—and they seem indigenous to Oakland—has returned to Boston to assume a rofessorship in Emerson College, from which nstitution she but recently graduated. A rief visit home gave opportunity for a round f entertainment in her honor, which must ave been supremely gratifying to the young ady. One of the brightest of these, was the eception tendered by Mrs. Rod. W. Church, where Mrs. J. Bardellini, the local "belle iffleuse," and others contributed to an even- ng's pleasure, marked by skill and grace in nusical as well as elocutionary endeavors.

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MRS. S. P. BRAYTON loses her two nieces, he Misses Mildred and Madeline Brayton, who return to their Santa Barbara home very soon. They are bright, charming girls, and during a brief stay in Oakland have made many friends. Quite a number of small teas and dinners have been given for them, and in one way or another they have met most of the men worth knowing, to say nothing of the girls.

* * *

Fashionable Oakland has a plethora of engagements for Saturday next. On that date Miss Pipe of Highland Park gives a lawn party whose object is charity. The "Free Kindergarten" is the institution to be benefited. On the same afternoon Mrs. Henry gives a garden party at her home in Fruitvale, and doubtless will gather a crowd. Her affairs have generally gone off with brilliancy.

* * *

OVER THE COMING season there is considerable speculation these days, across the bay. The assumption is pretty generally entertained that the prospects are comparatively good for small affairs, varied at intervals by big balls. With the entrance of the younger element into the swim on both sides of the bay there has been a gradual thawing out, with results most agreeable. Social circulation has been increased fifty per cent; the number of informal excursions and picnics is far in advance of bygone days. One hears of dozens of little dinners and suppers now where one happened before. These are excellent signs, and if the best people remain in town—by the best I refer, of course, to the wealthiest families, there being an inseparable connection there—I am sure no one will have cause to complain of dullness.

* * *

The final demonstration is made by the young people, who have just sent out invitations for a dancing club to be called the "Deux Temps." It is to meet every other Saturday during the winter at Masonic Hall. Among the patronesses are Mrs. Glasscock, Mrs. Selby, Mrs. Requa. This organization will, I feel sure, bring many San Francisco men across the bay, as at least a dozen have been asked to join by intimate friends among the girls. The hours of dancing are to be brief—eight to ten-thirty—but the club anticipates giving a real ball or two during the winter.

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THE SEASON at Berkeley has opened literally, with a flourish of trumpets. The fraternities are trying to outdo each other in entertainments and in one way or another are making as beguiling as possible the early months of the term. Of course there is an object in this demonstration. Each organization desires to attract unto itself new members and with that object all are setting out fine tables and in every way beguiling the new comers. Think of it—most of them set out salad and ice cream for lunch—later, I fear, when the inquiring youths have made their minds up there will be a return to the ancient staples—hash and stew. In the meantime there are entertainments galore. Last Friday evening there were actually three parties to say nothing of the Philosophical Union whereat the brainy of the two sexes congregate. One affair was at the Phi Gomma Delta Hall which is easily in the lead among the fraternities. It took the form of living pictures—a series of tableaux in which the young men displayed their various graces in a decidedly clever way. From the programmes everyone assumed a serious show,but the initial revelation banished that impression.

* * *

Tableau No. 1. "The Man with the Hoe," remarked a swagger youth, poking daintily at a pot of maiden hair fern Russell Selfridge, in a very swell and exceedingly decolleté gown, was Gainsborough's "Lady of Fashion." There were several more equally effective. The audience that enjoyed the entertainment was representative of the bay cities, including, as it did, Miss Vrooman, Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Craft, Miss Esma Dean, the Misses Gibbons and several others whose names at the moment escape me. On the same night the Beta Thits Pis gave a reception, and the Zita Psis, a card party, altogether, every one had some fun, which is first rate and proper.

* * *

The fact that a contingent of Belmont "blades" are now comfortably domesticated in the university over the bay, has been the cause of a good deal of disappointment among the students of the Menlo College. The latter institution it seems had its heart set upon having the score of convivial youths whose entertaining tendencies while at Belmont had won them quite a reputation, and as social spirits are not quite as numerous as brains among their hats, they were even more than eager to grab the chrysanthemum banged youths and their conviviality. Alas for their gay anticipations, the longed for youths ignored them, and hied themselves away to Berkeley. Already have they commenced to make matters interesting among the freshmen. They have formed themselves into a club and intend breaking the dull monotony of college life by giving a series of entertainments which will probably provoke considerable amusement as well as creating no little interest.

* * *

THE LOFTY ENTHUSIASM, the subject merited being unavailable during recent weeks, I omitted alluding, save in the briefest manner, to the visit of Madame Barrios. She is, as any one may guess who has witnessed her, a personage in Guatemala, and her importance is expressed in the rarity and beauty of her toilettes. Such a collection of gowns as she displayed would have roused the envy of a Priscilla Alden, presupposing the possibility of so virtuous a young Puritan indulging in a breach of the Commandments. In addition to being the wife of President Barrios—a distinction that ought to satisfy any ordinary woman, Mme. Barrios is tall, slender, graceful, with pale blonde hair and a delicate profile. She is a Creole, was a schoolfellow of the celebrated personage who is now Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and met in the most incidental way the youthful Barrios, who happened to be journeying in that environment. He had prospects in those days, the young gentleman in question, and a most agreeable disposition, but no money.

* * *

She had faith in the future, this graceful young Creole, and, after the proper amount of wooing, married the little, dark-eyed, quiet Guatemalan, whose imperturbability is almost an achievement. Then both had a hard time of it. He, exiled and far from home, had to depend on remittances whose coming was exasperatingly unpunctual. Time and again they underwent veritable hardships, especially during the period of trouble in Central America, when the supplies became more perfunctory than ever, and Barrios and his pretty blonde wife were compelled, oftentimes, to dine on frijoles. That dish would be their only sustenance for days at a time. But not a word from Madame, who, having accepted the responsibility, took the ills as well as the joys of it—then the latter seemed a most uncertain prospect. However, the sun shone for them again, and, elected President, with revenues galore, the little Guatemalan has endeavored in every way to show the extent of his devotion and gratitude to the woman who clung so uncomplainingly to him in the days of adversity.

* * *

They are jealous, these Guatemalans, and like not blondes. Not that golden hair in the abstract is a basis for detestation, but it is not, in their eyes, the appropriate shading for the tresses of their President's wife. Like themselves they imagine she should be brunette, and have raven locks and olive tones like their own. 'Tis the sole blot on the popularity of the President, this sunny-haired Creole wife of his, but he seems very indifferent, and assures her at intervals of the extent and depth of his affections—from him quite a concession, by the way, he not being rapturous in his inclinations. Like other good Guatemalans, however, Mme. Barrios was seized recently with a desire to escape the hot sun of the equatorial summers, and started for San Francisco, intending ere she returned to run over to Paris. In her absence the President set about securing the passage of new divorce laws, permitting more liberty to those anxious to break their marital bonds.

* * *

Of course, he did not throw down the bars utterly, but under the provisions one had not to proceed to violent extremities to obtain freedom. This legislation the church viewed with alarm, and in no uncertain way raised vigorous protest. Then there arose a whisper—a malicious whisper—that it was with a view of securing personal liberty to wed a dark-eyed beauty that the President betrayed so much interest in the new divorce laws. In no time the story spread. Some one said he had given the blonde two millions to release herself under the laws of California, and that he proposed sanctioning the separation at home. The excitement the story aroused was quite exhilarating. Finally one of his counsellors told the great man what the Guatemalan monde was saying, whereupon, in a fit of rage, he cabled for the immediate return of Madame Barrios. With her beside him he will give the story a quietus far more effective than any merely verbal expression of admiration or love. And that is why the blonde lady, whose toilettes so electrified the Palace and the Del Monte, returned home without adventuring her sunny looks and ornate complexion beyond the Rockies.

IS THERE aught inseparable between music and beer? We are to have both in perfection this winter at the National Theatre Herr Fritz Scheel has just leased. Concerts every evening like those at the Vienna Prater save that the orchestra will be larger, better, more effective in several ways, and no domineering beer syndicate may intervene in prescribing prices or programmes. Nor will the classic outlines of the gracile Stephany distract our attention from either of the staples. Good beer at five cents—better at ten—schooners at fair rates and music—popular music—opera, dance, patriotic, every kind—with special fêtes on specific occasions. It is good news, this, and under its influence one may find in the frowning front of oncoming October something to look forward to, for on the first of that month the concerts begin. Herr Scheel is now hard at work drilling his musicians, among whom are the best artists in town, and above all is he busy directing the high lights who are to participate in his Friday afternoon symphony concerts, which he promises will far excel the performances last season at the Tivoli.

* * *

At the initial one of the series he proposes giving Liszt's Faust symphony and several other monumental works. Later there are to be Beethoven and Wagner evenings. Sunday afternoon will be devoted to solemn requiem performances without beer or other mundane distractions. The prospects of success are admirable. Mr. Jack Parrott lends his patronage to the classical concerts, and has aided in securing subscribers. Several other wealthy men interested in the arts have also promised to see nothing financial interferes with the execution of the scheme. On fittings some $6,000 has already been expended, renewing and changing the interior. I am sure the project will be a success, and wish for Herr Scheel the prosperity he deserves.

* * *

VIOLIN ENTHUSIASTS are probably the most exuberant of all music lovers. In popularity the instrument ranks easily beyond any other, even the organ is retired a second step in its favor, and its players flourish and multiply amongst us with characteristic Californa prodigality. For an instrument commanding the service of numberless gifted musicians, the available literature left by them is singularly little in the shape of enduring works of finished beauty. A violin recital is a matter of infinite pains in the arrangement of the programme, that is, if there is to be an ever new delight as to variety Costia Doomcheff has had the distinction of introducing to us, successfully, programmes dedicated solely to the violinist's art, an achievement of magnitude. Our public prefers familiar joys to experimenting in musical novelties.

* * *

Nothing could be more *comme il faut* than the Russian lad's manner of accepting himself and his gift. Playing prodigies of skill with quiet seriousness, his mental attitude appears to accept talent and intuition as the natural order of things, instead of an occult mystery, to be surrounded with a network of curious wiles. Mechanically his talent has no limit, and, on the æsthetic side, maturity only is needed to bring completeness. Here is one of the rare individualities armed equally with temperament, physique, character and artistic intellect to whom nothing is impossible in the world of art. The delicate nature of the violin does not warrant the length of a programme so liberally filled out with encores, and the lad's endurance, wonderful as it is, might receive a trifle more consideration.

WHEN THE HISTORY of the last three decades comes to be written, I am inclined to believe Colonel Isaac Trumbo will figure rather more prominently in it than some of the statesmen whose names are now so large in the public mouth. The admission of Utah has cut a big figure in the legislation of the last few Congresses, not on the surface, perhaps, but as an under-current, swift and potent, shaping towards the goal that has just been attained. Of course, the Colonel is comparatively a young man, and he has not been identified with the Mormon cause for all that time, but when he went to Washington, first, one alluded to Salt Lake City with bated breath. Statesmen spoke of the region as demoralized and disreputable. Writers made reputations by denouncing polygamy. It was the theme of endless sermons; platforms deplored it as an evil, and good women all over the world prayed that both institution and adherents be extirpated. In fact, Mormanism was regarded as a blot on the fair fame of America.

* * *

Sent on to Washington to curb the exactions of the federal officials who fattened greedily off the persecuted "Saints." Trumbo, who is a natural diplomat and a manipulator of exceeding shrewdness and dexterity so handled things there that Mormonism has become a dead issue throughout the country. It is no longer decried as a devastating force nor feared as a dangerous influence. Instead of disenfranchisement which seemed imminent but a few years ago, the region has been made an integral part of the Union and will be represented in the next Congress by two Senators and the usual array of representations. It happens indeed that revulsions of feeling occur in nations as in communities, but analysis invariably exhibits such changes due to the pursuance of an adroit policy, rather than any general realization of conditions. In this instance a system of conciliation and rapprochement was followed with the most agreeable results. In the great campaign the surrounding States have all been admitted one by one—Colorado, Wyoming, Montana; each with a large Mormon population—and finally Utah after a quiet fight that has figured as the secret spring of several of the most prominent events of the session.

* * *

Illustrating how imminent the disenfranchisement of the Mormon settlement once was, Colonel Trumbo related a bit of history the other night. The feeling against polygamy was at its height, and throughout the country there was a cry for its suppression. Bills of the severest kind were in process of drafting, and it seemed as though the end had come. At that time Trumbo had been several sessions in Washington, and he knew the ropes as well as another. To Senator Edmunds, then in the zenith of his power, he came, representing how unfair and un-American the projected disenfranchisement was.

"You may stamp out Mormonism, but you make for the Republican party thousands of enemies," he said.

To the grim Vermonter he talked to no advantage, so to Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, one of the most chivalrous, honorable and fair-minded men in the lower chamber, he went.

"Mr. Congressman," he said, "think what you are doing. These people have done no wrong; they are but acting according to their conscience and faith, and you would disgrace them by a punishment that virtually makes them slaves."

* * *

Tucker turned on him fiercely.

"I thought better of you, Trumbo, than that you should uphold this rancorous heresy, this blot on the fair fame of our country." He turned on his heel leaving Trumbo blushing and downcast.

* * *

As he retired he met President Cannon of the church and one of the elders who had accompanied him on to Washington.

"We have but one hope—Blaine," he said; "I must find some big man who can talk to these people."

So the three journeyed to the office of the Secretary of State, and to him Trumbo explained the condition of affairs. "They are going to disenfranchise the people out there in Utah," he said, briefly "and if they do it will be the worst day's work the country has ever seen."

He explained the situation at length, Blaine listening intently. Finally he called to his secretary and ordered messages sent to the prominent Senators and Representatives, asking their attendance at the Secretary of State's office that afternoon.

"No great party," he said to Trumbo, "can live that believes in the disenfranchisement of a part of its people."

The two Mormons were waiting outside. From Trumbo's face they guessed his success.

"It was an inspiration sent you to Blaine," said Cannon. "Now I feel sure our danger is all past. This is the ebb tide for us—the beginning of the end."

* * *

It has happened as he said. That afternoon Blaine made what his listeners considered the oratorical effort of his life. Tracing the progress of Joseph Smith and his band of followers across the plains, speaking of them as the pioneers of the West, the people who had made the conquest of California possible, he asked if for their magnificent services they were to be punished by being deprived of their Constitutional privilege. Really an eloquent and splendid effort it was, worthy the cause, and after he finished only a single voice was heard. It was that of Tom Reed.

"No bill to disenfranchise Utah will go through this Congress," he said.

Next day Blaine sent for Trumbo, and, in a peculiarly quiet way he had, remarked:

"You can tell your boys out there they don't need to worry."

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Royal Baking Powder

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That was all. Trumbo began to thank him, apologizing for the trouble he had given and his intrusions on the great man's time. Blaine, who then had but a slight acquaintance with the Utah man, which developed later into a very warm friendship, turned quickly and said :

"Come in as often as you can. You are like a streak of sunshine in the office."

All this Trumbo tells in the simplest way—indeed, considering what he has done, and the glowing acknowledgments of it he has received from the greatest men in America, his modesty is extraordinary.

* * *

AT THE OLYMPIC Club there is a certain amount of satisfaction manifest over the general result of the recent election. The friends of Horace Coffin, however, feel hurt, and are inclined to resent the south-of-Market-street political methods that were imported into the club election, and which accomplished that popular gentleman's defeat. Coffin, who, by the by, is an active out-of-door athlete, and a firm friend of that branch of the institution, was nominated by the "Regulars," endorsed by the "Progressves," and, therefore, his election seemed certain. It is now charged that the "Regulars," anxious to secure needed support to their ticket, out of abundance of caution and poverty of decency, agreed with the "out-door" faction to sacrifice Coffin for Hancock as Captain if they would in turn support the regular ticket. Hence, Coffin was defeated. This would have been decidedly clever politics for Buckley, but is hardly becoming a club of gentlemen, and I recommend its originator as an admirable lieutenant to Colonel Burns. Generally speaking club differences are to be discountenanced, and it is to be hoped, therefore, that harmony may re-turn and the bitterness of the past contest be sent hurtling down the path to oblivion.

* * *

NOW THAT the fumes of election are dissipated it is to be hoped the Salt Water Co. and the Olympic Club people may come to a better understanding. Especially unwelcome to Mr. Spreckles and Mr. Harrison are the malignant rumors that emanate from the Post street institution, interpreting their every move as a menace to the club. The removal of the six-inch connection pipe was rendered necessary by the wasteful manner in which the water was used, and on top of that the stupid suspiciousness of some of the members prevented the generous offer of Mr. Harrison, to furnish hot salt water being either accepted or appreciated. The ground of refusal was that acceptance would abrogate the contract between club and corporation, though, I believe, the contrary was stipulated by Mr. Harrison. Considering the relations, these antagonisms are highly unnecessary for it is preposterous to assume men of the standing of Mr. Spreckels or Mr. Harrison attempting to do up the club. Some one should mediate and harmonize the connection.

* * *

In the meantime the prosperity of the Lurline Baths is beyond cavil. The variety of malicious rumors circulated by ignorance or malice seem to have been received with proper contempt by the patrons, the sole result being that the management runs the water out of the huge plunge every night instead of twice a week, as heretofore. That precaution puts at rest the preposterous canard about dead bodies being discovered in the depths, though so far as sanitary requirements are concerned this precaution is quite unnecessary, as there is a continuous flow of fresh water throughout the day. The latest improvement is the purchase of an additional piece of land behind the bath-house to be used for new dressing-rooms. Quite a number of these are to be built, including some that will be rented to regular patrons at fair rates. It is interesting to note the increase of patronage during the last three months. The figures are as follows, though it should be stated they represent the number of paid admissions rather than of baths : June, 40,000; July, 48,000 ; August, 57,000. During the trio of hot days the figures were : Friday, 1800; Saturday, 3650 ; Sunday, 3970. The average attendance on Saturday and Sunday is 2500.

* * *

SAVE AS A member of a most interesting family, the death of Emil Sutro calls for no specific comment. He was an integral portion of the firm of bankers and brokers—Sutro & Co—but attending rather to interior details than figuring in the conduct of its operations, he failed to win the prominence his brothers have attained. Not, indeed, that his part was less valuable, it was merely less conspicuous. There are, or rather were four brothers composing Sutro & Co., Gustav, Emil, Charles and Albert, and though calling themselves "bankers and brokers," they were strictly speaking neither. It would be more appropriate to speak of them as financial operators, for that is what they really are, handling securities of every kind—Government, State, County, or Municipal, public or private, either for themselves, or as the agent of others.

* * *

The firm has for many years been regarded as the leading authority on the speculative value of all kinds of bonds, both European and domestic. Their shrewdness in dealing with this class of securities, together with the intimate knowledge gained through years of experience in buying and selling them has built up a large fortune for each of the brothers. Remarkably conservative and cautious, although speculators in the true sense, it is said they have never suffered a heavy loss in any purchase except in the case of the Montgomery Avenue bonds, and in that instance they followed the advice of their attorneys against their own better judgment. Their office is a plain, empty looking, unpretentious place on Montgomery street, with nothing but a few foreign coins in the old fashioned show window, a few books, an empty counter and an immense vault in the rear. Unlike a banking establishment, the house never appears to be doing any business, but the weightiest financial transactions have taken place over its counters. The surviving partners and deceased were all very much alike in character, taciturn, reserved and unassuming in every way. It has been as hard to draw an opinion from one of them as from a Russian diplomat. The deceased was particularly quiet, a studious, book-wormish sort of man, considerable of a scholar, and rather eccentric. In fact, eccentricity runs through the entire family, the redoubtable Adolph being only more remarkable in that respect than the others.

* * *

ARCHITECTURE begins to show signs of renewed vitality. In the direction of private houses I am told of several enterprises that may relieve partially the reproach of the Western Addition. The Gibbs house promises a handsome, solid exterior in reddish tones—with Willis Polk responsible. The Whittier house, which Tharp has on hand, will be worth looking twice at. The Reed brothers have the Spreckels Van Ness avenue mansion in hand, and will balance the Hobart domicile with a substantial edifice. In out-of-town homes there is talk about two cottages—called so rather out of courtesy than because of their

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proportions. The Bourne house, at St. Helena, will be a stately stone edifice, in the style of a French chateau, built round a large courtyard. Wide porches and deep verandas will be a feature. This Willis Polk is at work on. Page Brown has a design for Joe Grant's Burlingame cottage, which will be an ornament to the landscape of that region.

* * *

BY NO MEANS to be undervalued in an emergency is a capacity to turn one's talents, literary or otherwise, to account. It may be that journalism is a gift apart from literature, but both are the stringing together of words, and the degree is purely a question of manner. Who knows but that Count Beauviere, who has but recently joined the editorial staff of the *Chronicle*, may not have in him all the faculties of a great news gatherer? He will have ample opportunity for the test. He is a pleasant, talented fellow, this Frenchman, whose name has crept into print a bit through his connection with the Fair. He came to this country with a fortune, ambitious to double it. Entering into financial operations of magnitude in the Northwest, he was in an exposed position when the '93 panic came, and the fabric of his anticipations crumbled to the dust. So he came to San Francisco, engaged himself at the Fair, and finally has drifted into reporting, for which he shows aptitude. I believe he is rejoiced to perceive that his copy so far has had but little illustrating in blue.

* * *

ON THE authority of a member of that most peculiar organization, the A. P. A., I some time ago announced, as an item of information merely, that Mr. Estee was being vigorously opposed by that society, or organized hatred, because he had married a Catholic lady. Since then Mr. Estee's marital relations have been closely pryed into and investigated and the first rumor duly proven without foundation. In other respects, also, I believe his skirts have been found likewise spotless of Catholic taint. While I will take great pleasure in contributing toward the defeat of Mr. Estee, it would be painful to believe that the Catholicity of his wife's relatives would contribute in any degree toward accomplishing his political undoing. This retraction is made with a great deal of cheerfulness, though incidentally it may give point to a multitude of other things I have had occasion to say concerning the gentleman which remain as yet undenied.

* * *

SHREWDNESS AND SECRECY marks the late political manipulations of Police Commissioner Burns. He has decided to take the Kelly and Crimmins' workers into camp, and is gathering them in as rapidly as their diminishing confidence in the old regime will admit. This, of course, may permit the conduct of the coming municipal primaries to present, at least, a general outward semblence of decency. The next grand coup will be to establish an enforced peace with the two deposed bosses, and then Dan will be well and firmly fixed in the municipal saddle, though he may lose a scattering number of "respectables" who will object to this company which political necessity has thrust upon them. So thoroughly and so quietly are these manuevers being accomplished that exposure of them will be delayed until it is too late to afford the protestants a chance to even complain.

* * *

WAILING AND GNASHING of teeth will fill the corridors of the State Capitol next winter when the bills for printing the Governor's Constitutional Amendment Proclamation are up for approval. There exists a very strong and a very well founded suspicion abroad that the State will pay the bulk of the election expenses of the Republican party in liquidating these bills. The law provides for the publication of this proclamation in four papers. It is being published in dozens. The manner and influences directing its distribution will form an interesting inquiry in the next Legislature, and promises to lead up to an investigation which may bring rich developments,

* * *

I MUCH REGRET that, in the matter of appointing committeemen, Mr. Budd has not displayed that force of character of which I know him to be possessed. He was faced with an issue and should have met it—not shirked the responsibility. The question arose as to whether Popper and Clunie should be included in the list. He should have promptly answered in the negative. Though he may owe a debt of gratitude to Clunie, he could not ignore Popper without appearing to take sides in the issues existing between these two men—issues which Clunie had precipitated at an ill-chosen moment. There are other means of recognizing Mr. Clunie's services, for which abundant opportunity will be presented later. It is not too late now for Mr. Budd to assume the reins he has voluntarily abandoned, and I trust he will do so and demonstrate the ability he possesses to face emergencies and down them.

* * *

VALOROUS DEEDS marked the opening career of General George Stoneman, who died at Buffalo last Wednesday. The close of his life was crowded with sadness and despair, and did not bear out the rich promises which were justified by the events of his younger days. Stoneman represented a class of Americans now passing into history. His record as a soldier is alive with distinct achievements, and his promotions in the service were richly merited. Brave men have gone before him, whose lives, like his, were blasted by political ambition and unscrupulous advisers. Too true to harbor suspicion of treachery in his friends, and willing to be led by them in the gentle arts of peace, he forfeited the esteem of many who were ignorant of the true reason for the vaccilating and unwise course that marked the closing of his public life. His friends and enemies alike will pity him the misery that hedged about his later days, and regret the mournful end that overtook one so brave, yet gently framed.

* * *

AMONG the whimsicalities of the late Democratic excitement is the story of M. F. Tarpey's overthrow. He is eminently a personage in the party, is Tarpey. For many years he has represented California in the National Committee, and the time when he ran for Lieutenant-Governor behind Washington Bartlett is well within the memory of men. And yet, despite his eminence, a colored gentleman who serves in the household of Rudolph Herold, defeated him for nomination to the State Central Committee. Just how it occurred no one seems able to relate, and the assumption is that some one blundered. Mr. Herold, it seems, and Mr. Tarpey, both live in the same Assembly District, and the ambition to represent that district in the councils of the party occurred to each. Just how the fight was made I cannot guess, but Mr. Geo. W. Dennis, for that is the worthy's name, was elected hands down, and is entitled henceforth to be treated with eminent deference and respect. I may be mistaken in imagining the selection reflects on the intelligence of the delegation. Tarpey is a man of strong individuality and mind, and perhaps they don't care for these things in that section of Alameda County.

* * *

THERE IS a clever stylist on the staff of the Republican State Central Committee. I am half persuaded it is the Colonel himself, but I cannot make myself believe one man can enjoy gifts so diverse as literary ability, financial capacity and political sagacity. However, Napoleon and Ben Harrison were both lawyers as well as soldiers. Versatility, indeed, is no reflection, howsoever the envious regard it. For all I know then, it may be the Colonel who asks the lights of the party if their personal oratorical talent may be "availed of." That is an extremely graceful expression and has the subtle advantage of originality never having been used in connection with a speaker before. The implication it suggests is that eloquence is a faculty apart from the individual, amply justified from the point of view of one who has nominated a Governor on gratitude. Imagine any one enthusing over Estee. He is as genial as the manager of an ice company.

* * *

Democratic politics are full of humor at the moment. I am told of a gracefully worded epistle sent to Max Popper by Sam Rainey. It ran something like this:

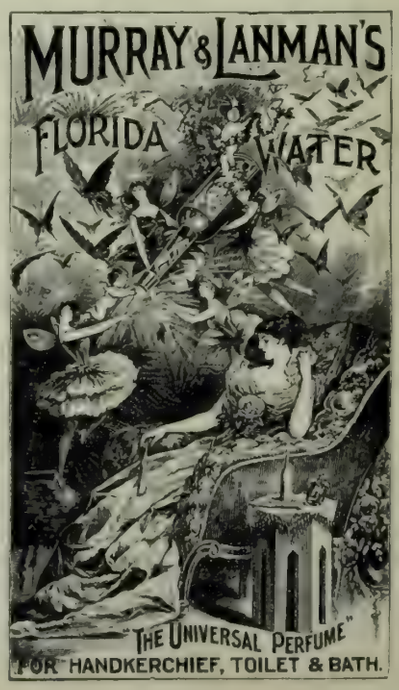
"*Dear Max:*

Now you're in trouble, let bygones be bygones. You may have to run for it. If so, let me know before you decide. I can show you how to get out without a soul being a word the wiser.

Your old friend,
SAM."

The Witness

You may be lean; perhaps you're fat, but you'll be right "in it" with a new KNOX Hat. Fall styles now open. Eugene Korn, the hatter, sole agent. 726 Market Street, near Kearny.



From Dan to Beersheba.

A PROBLEMATICAL DIALOGUE

Scene—Apartment fitted up in Oriental style. Luxurious silken curtains cover window. Bokhara rugs on frescoed floor; divans strewn with silken cushions along walls. Air of luxury and wealth. In upper center, mahogany throne inlaid with gold. Reclining thereon in splendid robes, sparkling with diamonds, is *Dan*. Moustache done up in thousand dollar bank notes. In huge frames around are slabs of slate, labelled "1898," "1902," "1906." Inscribed thereon a list of officers supposed to be within the gift of the people, but really controlled by *The Boss*.

ENTER PAGE.

PAGE (*who has been appointed out of deference to Senator Mahoney*)—Say, nibsey, there's loads of fellows out there waiting to see you. Why don't you give your thinking-tank a rest and let 'em in?

BURNS (*aside*)—Mahoney must rid me of this brat. His face will drive me unto drink (*pleasantly*)—Who is there, my boy?

PAGE—A judge, a lawyer, and a feller they do call Governor. A blind man's just come in, an——

BURNS (*interested*) — Blind man? Show him in.

(*Dan descends from throne as Chris gropes slowly into audience-chamber.*)

DAN (*with much fervor*)—Chris!

CHRIS (*hysterically*)—Dan!

SOFT MUSIC. N. B.—Omit bass drum.

(*The two worthies embrace each other. Audible sound of tear drops falling on tesselated floor.*)

CHRIS (*sobbing*)—A beggarly lot of district conventions! And to think I used to run the whole machine.

DAN (*climbing up on throne*)—Never mind, dear Chris; there is One on the seventh floor who notes the sparrow's fall and the lambs' misfortune.

CHRIS (*seating himself on an empty chest labeled "Examiner's Attacks on Burns"*)—But it's so sad, Dan.

DAN (*fiercely*)—You must have your r-r-e-venge!

CHORD OF MUSIC—MINOR KEY.

CHRIS (*determinedly.*) — Budd must be beaten.

DAN—At any cost. Think if he should win and these fools pass a pure primary law.

GLASS CRASH, R. U. E.

DAN (*face pale and distorted; reaches for bottle of Vina brandy*)—Don't talk of such impossibilities, Chris. We'd both be undone forever. By the way, I'm taking Crimmins' men into camp. Got to have the appearance of pure politics for old Fitch's sake. See? (*Winks knowingly.*)

CHRIS (*reflectively*)—They tell me, Dan, you want to be United States Senator.

DAN (*coquettishly*)—Pshaw!

CHRIS—Indeed they do. I hear you called on Colonel Fred and asked his assistance.

DAN (*blushing*)—Pshaw!

CHRIS (*persistently*)—Indeed, the boys declare you exact a pledge that they shall vote for you for the short term. They say you want to retire the good Perkins.

DAN (*inflating his chest*)—It's true, Chris. But you should hear how cunningly I do the trick. You'd like it. When one of those chaps that wants to go to Sacramento comes in I say like this about: "Will you run for Senator from your district?" "I will," says he. "Will you give me your vote for United States Senator?" says I. "I will," says he, and so the bargain's made. I laid awake three nights to turn that question. Twist it anyway you please, and it goes with you, see? Study it, dear Chris, you'll find a deal of meat in it, and Perkins' boys and shrewd De Young don't see its cunning meaning.

CHRIS (*admiringly*) — Good Dan, you grow as wise as myself or Sam.

DAN (*in a whisper*)—This must be kept from Perkins, De Young and from the country. I've got to play my game beneath the surface.

CHRIS (*Enthusiastically*) You've got the *Chronicle* in hand, I see. Mike's standing in like a County Committeeman.

DAN (*Aggressively*) Why shouldn't he? Oh, tell me, Chris, do you notice that move of mine to make the State pay our election expenses? That's what the Proclamation is being advertised for, me boy. I've still got a bit of pull left with the Governor.

CHRIS (*apprehensively.*)—But won't there be a scandal when the appropriation comes up?

DAN (*laughs.*)—Yes, but that's poor Markham's funeral. He won't ever dare to say *I* told him, so the whole responsibility falls on him, and will cook his senatorial aspirations. He's no good, anyhow. He didn't respect the wishes of my committee in making appointments; actually took the bit in his teeth, and dared to select some friends of his own.

CHRIS. (*sorrowfully.*)—They will all do that. Dan.

DAN. (*warmly*)—Estee won't.

CHRIS.—Well, Estee's a kinder weak sister.

DAN (*patronizingly*)—I've fixed up for him a new and clever scheme, Chris. Had a committee arranged and I appoint myself on it, to which, for harmony in the party, the old man refers appointments. That gives it an air of decency and I control.

ENTER PAGE.

PAGE.—Say, there's a bloke out there says he wants to see you. Been a Republican thirty years, fought through the war, been a judge two terms, and——

DAN. (*pettishly*)—I don't want to see him. (*Anxiously*) Has short-haired Boozer been here?

PAGE.—Nope.

DAN.—Nor the Butchertown Masher?

PAGE.—Nope, but there's a real fine respectable looking old party out there who everyone is polite to, will you see him?

DAN. (*with determination*)—No. (*anxiously*) If Snipey Bill or Boozing Sam come, show them in immediately. To any man who looks too clean or respectable, say I am not in.

EXIT PAGE.

CHRIS.—It's the devil to mix clean politics with the rough, Dan.

DAN—It is. I've had more trouble out in the Thirty-seventh and Forty-fourth Districts and other places, where there are a lot of fellows too d——d decent to vote more than once.

CHRIS (*sympathetically*)—I know, I know; but let us take a turn up the street, dear boy. The air's a bit chilly in here, and I'm tired. Dan, I've got to love the open air.

DAN—Now, Chris, come off, and let us take a drink.

(*Climbs off throne, links arm with Chris, and both go out through side door, leaving Judges, Colonel, Majors and other gentlemen awaiting in the ante-room listening to Senator Mahoney's stories.*)

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THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.

There's a beautiful Garden of Dreams,
That one finds as the daylight dies,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er sapphire-tinted skies.
Where the mignonette sedately spreads
Its vaguely-sweet perfume.
And stately lilies rear their heads
And chaste white roses bloom.
O, the air it is soft and the birds up aloft
Seem to carol a ringing refrain,
That tells their delight that the earth, for to-night,
With its woes, is forgotten again.
And the angels are smiling a good-bye to grief
In the mystical silence it seems,
And a soul that was weary has found its relief
In this beautiful Garden of Dreams.

There's a beautiful Garden of Dreams,
That one finds as the eyelids close,
Where, amid the glad sunbeams,
A shadow comes and goes—
Ah, a shadowy face, as purely fair
As moonbeams of the South,
With burnished coils of ebon hair
And a cleft rose for a mouth.
It's a face of the past that may only, at last,
In this Garden of Dreamland exist,
And must vanish from sight with the death of the night
In the morning's contemptible mist.
But fair is the dawn in the sun's purple ways,
And yet, to my thinking, it seems
I would not exchange a whole lifetime of days
For my beautiful Garden of Dreams.

—*Town Topics.*

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Attend the San Francisco Business College; it is in the lead

PROPRIETY IN DRESS.

To know how to dress with propriety is a gift not accorded to the generality of mankind. Blind confidence in one's tailor is well enough in its way if one's tailor be something more than a student of mere fashion plates. Besides studying the literature of the sartorial art—and there is an abundance of it—one's tailor should possess a natural discriminating sense of propriety, which, alas, all tailors are not endowed with. He should not only know what is what in tweeds, but whether the "latest" is suited to his customers' style. The shade of the season is brown as opposed to grays and blues. But there are men for whom brown is impossible. It is because J. A. Ulrich, of the Crocker Building takes a personal pride and interest in the costuming of his customers that he secures so large a clientelle.

Delbeck "Extra Dry"

CHAMPAGNE

The Perfection of a Dry Wine

James De Fremery & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO

General Agents for the Pacific Coast

FIRST GRAND CONCERT
Tuesday Evening, Sept. 11th.
IN THE
Handsome New Auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Ass'n
Mason & Ellis Streets

Chas. D. Kellogg, of Philadelphia, Bird Warbler; Emily Stuart-Kellogg, of Philadelphia, Contralto; Eda Blankart, Violinist; Willis E. Bacheller, Tenor; Pearl Ola Humphrey, Emerson School of Oratory, Boston; California Quartette.

TICKETS, $1.00.
FOR SALE AT
SHERMAN, CLAY & CO'S, 137 KEARNY STREET

Well, "Charley's Aunt" occurred. She dashed in, shot across the stage, flew over chairs and under tables, donned and doffed feminine petticoats, came and went with a snap and a bang—and the audience howled.

The "Aunt's" sublimest witticism was expressed in tan trousers which, at telling points, displayed themselves eloquently beneath black satin skirts. Had Arthur Larkin been suddenly stricken dumb those tan trousers would have carried the rôle.

The climaxes of the first two acts were reached when the "Aunt's" pantaloons came into evidence, accompanied by frantic kicks of skirt suppression from the erstwhile nephew. Two curtain recalls after the rollicking second act—one for each trouser leg—and the audience howled. To allow the effective tan trousers a respite, the denouement bloomed to the artistic dignity of a vogue model in yellow satin, bestowing its amplitude and its Brazilian millions on a *vogue* Willy boy with a military monocle.

But the audience smiled rosily and the farcical-comedy was a success, instantaneous and electric. The fat man laughed unctuously, the matron palpitated, the young man clapped and the sweet girl was convulsed. It was funny, uproariously, popularly funny. It was as light as thistle-down without its grace. People smiled their way out of the theatre, not a jot richer in an idea or a phrase, but lighter in heart, free from care and carried blithely by the touch of rapid nonsense. Rollicking fun tickles the popular palate, and "Charley's Aunt" is a piquant relish for one who is not a gourmet.

The motive of the play? Amusement for lighter minds—it fulfills that purpose. The situations are funny; the complications neatly evolved, and the entire atmosphere breezy, gay and purposeless. The company contains average actors, not one artist—the farce calls for none. Raymond Capp, George Trader and Arthur Larkin exemplify the tendency of the talented ribbon clerk to jump the prosaic counter for the glamour and fascinations of the footlights. Bryan Darley, he of the military monocle, represents one degree higher in talent, namely, the evolution of the statuesque floor-walker, who takes his lordly mien and grand air from dress goods to dress suit, and calls it art.

And yet New York laughed for three hundred nights, brainy Boston regaled itself for one hundred and fifty, Chicago went into a consistent gale of hilarity just as often, and San Francisco will be in high glee for as many nights as "Charley's Aunt" displays the trousered underpinnings.

The farce was most prettily staged; the characters badly shaded, except as to toilettes, which fairly revelled in vivid greens, pronounced pinks and screaming magentas. Alas, that Miss Della Stacey was deprived of an opportunity to kick; the pity of it that the light of her green diamonds and be-ribboned figure was not shed upon us in the fitting setting of a Charley Hoyt farce. Frances Stevens and Millie James, together with Grace Thorn Coulter, stepped out in sharp contrast to her; they had about them more of the refined atmosphere of the Lyceum Company, reposeful, easy, better finished, better gowned.

The dialogue scintillated with brilliant flashes of pugilistic eloquence, punctuated with original observations to the tune of "Where Did You Get That Hat?" and the audience howled.

When "Charley's Aunt" pertly put his (her) five fingers to her (his) nose, the merriment of the people grew hysterical, and when she presided at the tea-table and poured tea into Stephen Spettigue's hat with a naivété peculiarly her own, the audience, purpling with suppressed risibilities, burst into an Indian-like yell.

Possibly the success of the farce, full of horse play as it is, is due to the ubiquitous and comical cats that herald its approach in every town, and carry on their countenances the humor of backyard concerts, and the merriment they might afford. Then again, the success may be due to the flavor of Anglomania that permeates it—Oxford, the Indian Service "me-man," half a crown and other English land marks so very dear to the American heart. So, for a good laugh, a merry time, without thought of anything above or beyond mere amusement, commend me to "Charley's Aunt."

———

Variety entertainments never had much vogue with us here. Tony Pastor—the inimitable Tony, with low-cut vest and broad-cut mouth, which threatened to engulf his ears—once paid us annual visits. His coming gave occasion for many old New Yorkers to revive early recollections, and Tony was feasted and wined throughout his stay. His company, always a clever lot of people, held forth to crowded houses at the Bush Street, but it was long ago, and at a time when that house was in the heyday of its prosperity.

Until Manager Walter's venture in the Orpheum I cannot recall a permanent variety company that was fit for anything but immediate annihilation. The Orpheum was first greeted with the cold hauteur of uncivil incredulity, and compelled to live down traditions linked with variety entertainments, beyond which the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. At once it seemed to dawn upon us that a really clean and clever show was being neglected, and like the last act in the melo-drama, virtue triumphed, and success was persuaded to take lodgement with the management. A new venture of Mr. Walter's—another Orpheum in Portland, Or.,—will justify more frequent importations of clever people, and, I feel free to predict, fresh laurels and increased appreciation.

Reminiscences of Pastor suggest the little house across the way—the Standard—where minstrelsy held forth so long—where Fatty Rice, the end man, all mouth and stomach, rolled his fun-provoking eyes upon a beggarly lot of empty seats. Moreland, the baritone; Tyrell, the sweet tenor, Johnson, and a number of other stranded artists of minstrelsy, formed a very clever company, that had worn out welcome. Every night, before the slim audience had departed, the gas was turned low, and while the patrons were feeling their way out, the entire company, without washing up, rushed wildly for the meter to ascertain whether the box-office receipts would satisfy the gas man and leave a margin sufficient to insure breakfast on the morrow. The days of minstrelsy are about over, and the burnt-cork artist has drifted into farce comedy, or, like Wilson, who was once the junior member of a graceful song-and-dance team, gone in fo light opera and amassed a fortune.

———

THE GUSHING, gurgling matinée girl radiant with smiles, saucy eyes, piquan mouth and landscape hat, is a factor th manager of the society drama cannot afford t ignore. Her demands lend importance t manly beauty, and let the budding leading man be ever so talented, unless he be fortified by physical attraction of more than passing merit, he is relegated to the melodrama or the farce-comedy. The Frohman Company, recently at the Baldwin, carried three eloquently fascinating personages in its dramatis personee. I refer, of course, to Edeson, Henry Miller and Will Faversham, the two latter being accompanied on the trip across the Continent by their wives. Brutal as the announcement may seem, they are married, and, for aught I know, spend their midnight hours dancing refractory Millers or Favershams on parental knees, or heating infant's food over flickering gas flames at the Baldwin.

Faversham came into vogue by reason of a certain quiet but very effective hug he bestows on Viola Allen, in "Sowing the Wind." It was considered by connoisseurs even finer than the embrace he bestowed on Miss Walsh in "Aristocracy." On one occasion during the run of that play in New York, he failed for some reason or other to appear at a matinée performance. His absence almost provoked a riot. Scores of girls besieged the box office, demanding the return of their money, and otherwise conducted themselves in a manner calculated to drive treasurers to despair or suicide. Probably this distinguished trio are the recipients of more highly perfumed and highly imprudent missles of misplaced affection than any three men on the American stage. The matinée girl must write to relieve her consuming devotion, and it is a matter for infinite congratulations that the Frohman men are impregnable.

———

THE GOOD old gentlemen whose pale foreheads extend up and around the apex of their cranium and then gently glide down to the neighborhood of their immaculate collars, have been disappointed at the exceeding purity of the Tivoli's Living Pictures. Let them not plunge into any wild spasms of unrestricted grief, for Manager Friedlander of the California Theatre, likewise disappointed at the prudishness of the Eddy-street display, has determined he will gratify the demands of a large contingent of fellow-sufferers. The preparations for this coming sensation have called out an expenditure of some three thousand dollars. For the sake of the old gentlemen in question it is to be hoped that the merest modicum of this amount has been applied to costumes, for I am sure they will waive any short-comings or absence of detail in respect to mere artificial personal adornments. The vicinity of the California has been simply besieged by budding, half developed and full fledged Junos, Dianas, Minervas and Venus de Milos this last week. The discriminating eye of Manager Friedlander has been so dazzled by this aggregation of beauty that he has taken to smoked glasses. Seriously, the pictures which will be presented will be beautiful in the extreme. Miss Marion Nolan, the prize beauty, is among the posed; the petite form and handsome face of Marie Pixley will be seen to advantage in "At the Brook." Miss Pinkie Ross, a maiden of stalwart proportions will be costumed as "The Fisher Maiden." "An Affair of Honor," representing the duel scene between a pair of female rivals, made famous through the prints of the day,

will receive a realistic interpretation through two very dashing and athletic young women, who in addition to the possession of ravishing figures, are notably clever with the foils. The pictures are to be shown immediately after the drop of the curtain on "Friends," and "standing room only," I am inclined to believe, will glare at the disappointed late comers throughout the week.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Walter Morosco has completely revolutionized theatricals in this city. The drama was at its lowest ebb when with great pluck and judgment he leased the Grand Opera House, which though in existence a decade and a half had proven a white elephant and an expensive disappointment to everyone who touched it. Mr. Morosco against the advice of the wise acres assumed the management of the theatre and has disproved all the gloomy prophesies of failure and converted the house into a veritable gold mine. This week A. W. Freemont is crowding the theatre with "777." Monday afternoon a matinee will be given, and the week will commence with Scot Marble's interesting play "The House with the Green Blinds." The following is the cast:

Doctor Meeker, an old physician, married to a young wife to whom he has bequeathed a $20,000 life insurance, W. L. Gleason; Jasper Lago, the Doctor's assistant, E. J. Holden; Lee Thornton, the faithful lover and dupe, Theodore Roberts; Alfred Meeker, the adopted son, ambitious, Carl Smith; Preston Knot, in love with Ora, a trifle slow, Leslie; Bagley Knease, the emotional blackmailer, Chas. W. Swain; Wilson Ross, Detective-Sergeant of Police, Wm. De Vaull; Pendalum, the servant, formerly of Washington, J. Harry Benrimo; Fanny Meeker, the wife, all for love of him, Lucille La Verne; Amanda Trent, distant relative, acting as housekeeper, Julia Blanc; Ora Dean, the orphan niece from Carolina, Helen Henry.

THE BALDWIN.

Arthur Larkin as "Charley's Aunt" carries off the honors easily in the comedy of that name. The audiences at the Baldwin during the past week have been large and on several nights people have been turned away.

Alexander Salvini, who will appear this winter at the Baldwin, is expected to arrive from Europe about September 1st. His tour will open in Milwaukee October 1st., and from thence the company goes West, taking in the principal cities of the great Northwest and the Pacific Coast. The supporting company includes William Redmund, John A. Lane, William Harris, Elmer Delanater, Ben Johnson, Eleanor Moretti, Augusta de Forrest and Maude Dixon. Though the standard plays of the romantic drama will dominate the repertoire, definite announcements will not be forthcoming until the arrival of Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, the director of the company, who accompanies Mr. Salvini from Paris.

THE CALIFORNIA.

"Friends," Royle's successful comedy-drama, is announced at the California for the week commencing next Monday. The cast consisting of the author, and Messrs. Henderson, Allen and Lyons and Selena Fetter Royle, is practically the same as that of last season. The play is clever, modern and popular, and will bear repetition The piano recital of Lucius Henderson which is woven into the drama and was an agreeable feature of last season's performance will be repeated. In connection with "Friends" Manager Friedlander promises a display of Living Pictures which, it may be said, will surpass anything ever seen on this coast, and cause a decided sensation.

THE ORPHEUM.

The programme for the Orpheum next week contains several new features. In addition to the new faces introduced this week, the Sankey Bros. of London, England, will appear in an original novelty of a serpentine acrobatic order. Miss Bessie Phillips, the clever singing ingenue, will contribute some of the latest and most captivating songs, in which she is credited with success at Koster & Bials. Manager Walter is in Portland, Oregon, attending the opening of his new theatre there. He left last Tuesday evening, taking with him a strong combination of vaudeville talent.

Theodore Kremer, the young author-actor from Australia, who is at present in this city, is negotiating for an early production of his play, "Church and Stage," the principal scene of which is laid in San Francisco, at the house of the rector of Trinity Church. Mr. Kremer claims that although all our leading religious denominations are represented in his play, there is not a single offensive word against the church. Religion, with its attendant charities, is upheld in a most powerful manner. The leading characters are the rector of Trinity Church and the Rabbi of San Francisco. Albana and Rebecca, the respective daughters of the last named distinguished personages, seek fame upon the stage. While the one succeeds the other fails, and it is around these four characters that the plot is constructed. Besides being intensely dramatic the play abounds with wit and comedy. It is announced that Mr. Kremer has chosen the clever young actress, Annie Mifflin, to create the leading rôle of Albana.

GRAND CONCERT.

The Young Men's Christian Association may well feel proud of their new building. On Thursday evening, September 11th, they propose giving their first grand concert, and present a programme replete with variety and beaming with talent. It includes Charles D. Kellogg of Philadelphia, bird warbler; Emily Stewart-Kellogg, contralto; Eda Blankhart, violinist; Willis E. Bacheller, tenor; Pearl Ola Humphrey, Emerson School of Oratory, Boston; and the California Quartette. Tickets may be had at Sherman & Clay's. The advance sales insure a large attendance, which the programme justly merits.

PASTELS.

OLD BILLS—The astronomers say that Venus will touch her apogee to-night.

OLD STILLS (waking up)—For how much?

Town Topics.

Senator (seeking information)—"Then you don't make your clerks pass any competitive examination?"

Millionaire Financier—"Oh, dear, no! That would never do. It may answer for Government officials, but, you see, in my business I require sharp, clever fellows, gifted with common sense, who can think for themselves."—*New York Mercury.*

A little girl asked her mother if God was everywhere?

Yes.

Is he in my pocket?

Yes.

She got up to go to the garden; her dog started with her. She said lie down, Fido; it is bad enough to have God tagging after me, let alone a dog.

Two Irishmen, fresh from the Emerald Isle, joined the Boston police force, and, during their first week's duty, they managed to secure a lot of cases, and, all of them being trifling offenses, a large amount of money was taken in fines. They were just on the point of promotion when they resolved to leave. The Superintendent was greatly surprised when they gave in their notices, and asked them what they intended doing, and if they could better themselves.

"Oh, yes," replied Pat, "for you see we are going to start a police station on our own account. I am going to run them in and Mike will inflict the fines."—*New York Mercury.*

Saidso—"Stop my paper right away."

Editor Bazoo—"What's the matter?"

Saidso—"My wife has started in to cook according to the 'Household Hints' in your paper, and I can't stand it."

A cantankerous old farmer, who hardly ever agreed with anything his wife said to him, came home one wet day, and placing his back to the fire, stood up to dry.

After some little time his wife turned to him and said:

"John, you'll better watch yoursel', or you'll burn your flannels."

To which John replied:

"I think I'll need to burn my trousers first."

"Indeed, John, you'll need to do naething of the kind—they're burned already."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

She moaned piteously.

"Is the worst over?" she faltered.

They shook their heads. It was a stand-off between the man with the cornet in the flat above and the female elocutionist on the same floor.—*Town Topics.*

"What was the trouble at Thompson's yesterday afternoon? I saw him flying home like a house afire."

"Oh, nothing much. Just triplets, and all crying at once."

"Huh, that is the first time I ever heard of a man making a home run on three bawls."—*N. Y. Mercury.*

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers

Beginning Monday, September 10th

Second Week—Second Matinee Saturday

Instantaneous and Enormous Hit of

CHARLEY'S AUNT

By Brandon Thomas
Direction of Charles Frohman

THE ONLY REAL FUN IN TOWN!

CALIFORNIA THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager

Two Weeks, Commencing, Monday, Sept. 10

Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinee Saturday

The Beautiful Comedy-Drama **FRIENDS**

BY E. M. ROYLE

Interpreted by the same Excellent Company that has appeared in it during the past two seasons.

Sale of seats commenced Thursday, Sept. 6 at 9 a. m.

SPECIAL.—Following every performance of "FRIENDS," La Chevreusse's famous "**LIVING PICTURES**" will be displayed in the same artistic and skillful manner as originally produced in Paris.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING ..... Proprietor and Manager

TO-NIGHT ★ Gilbert and Sullivan's Esthetic Opera . .

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THE LIVING PICTURES!

Next Opera, DON JUAN (AD LIB.)

Also Reappearance of GRACIE PLAISTED

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MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Handsomest Family Theatre in the World

WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager

Last Performance of MR. A. W. FREMONT in the Sensational Comedy-Drama

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ "777" ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Week of Monday, Sept. 10th

"THE HOUSE WITH GREEN BLINDS."

Special Holiday Matinee Monday Next.

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week of Monday, September 10th, 1894

A NEW BILL OF SPECIALTIES!

Sankey Bros., Serpentine Acrobats, from London; **Bessie Phillips**, Singing Ingenue, from Koster & Bials; **Ouda, Ray Burton, Americus Comedy Quartette, Mons. Sarina, Mlle. Lalo**

And for One More Week, **PRINCESS DOLGOROUKY**

Saturday and Sunday Matinees

Matinee Prices: Parquet, any seat, 25c; Balcony, any seat, 10c; Children 10c any part. | *Evening Prices:* Reserved Seats 25c; Balcony 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.

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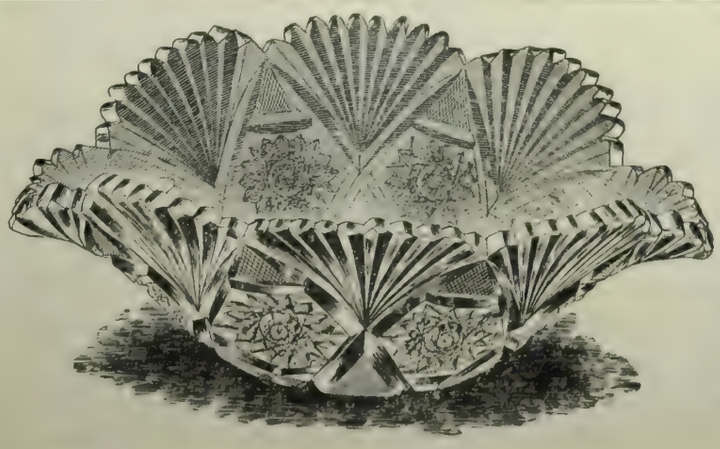

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BELOW MONTGOMERY

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

In the early days of my University sojourn (it would be absurd to call it a career) I was considered promising. The Provost himself, when I went to breakfast with him on the last day of the summer term, was good enough to tell me so.

"The College," he remarked, "expects great things from you, Mr. Vansittart."

"I wish, sir," I rejoined, "that the College may not be wrong."

"With a little more application," he pursued, "a first class is, in the opinion of the College, well within your reach."

I believe I blushed. The young lady sitting opposite to me flung up her eyelashes for a demure amused look.

The Provost smiled kindly.

"Yes, you are a promising young man, Mr. Vansittart," said he. "God bless my soul! It's ten o'clock, and the Vice-Chancellor is waiting for me!"

"Oh, papa," said the young lady opposite to me.

The Provost held out his hand; I clasped it; I believe that he supposed me to be going at the same time. He went; I remained.

"It is," I observed, with a profound sigh, "the last day of term."

"Yes," said the young lady.

"If," said I, "you were to come and unlock the gate at the bottom of your garden for me, I could reach my rooms that way."

"Would it be the shortest?" she asked.

"It would be much too short, anyhow," said I.

A few minutes later I sat down on a bench. Daisy stopped, looked doubtful, shook her head, sat down; we pursued the conversation which we had begun as we came along.

"Papa would never hear of it," she said.

"I should not wish him to—just yet," I observed. "But when I have taken my degree——"

"That's two years off—at least," she interrupted.

"What do you mean by 'at least?'" I asked, rather hurt.

"People don't always get things the first time they try."

"You're thinking of the first time I——?"

"No, I'm not," she cried, blushing amazingly, "I meant you'd probably be ploughed."

"I'm going to get a first," said I.

"Nonsense," said Daisy.

I drew a little nearer.

"You read the article?" I asked. "The fellow showed quite plainly that it could be done on three hundred—with careful management, you know."

Daisy nodded sagaciously.

"And I don't see why I shouldn't have three hundred in—well, in about three years." I spoke as though three years were a moment of time."

"I shall be twenty," mused Daisy in an awestruck tone.

"It's not a bit too old," I cried.

"N—no, I suppose not," she conceded. "But it's a terrible long time, Dick."

A pause followed. I hammered my cap against the bench.

"It's a beast of a world," I burst out. "Why the deuce can't——? There's the Dean just got married!"

"The Dean must be forty," observed Daisy.

"He *says* he's twenty-nine," and we both laughed. (I happen to know, now, that the Dean spoke the truth.)

"Dick," said Daisy, in a wistful tone, "I wish you were rich, like Mr. Franklin Ford."

"Ford's a beast," said I.

"I didn't say he wasn't *that*, Dick; but——"

"Of course, if money's what you want——"

"You know I don't; but I suppose there's no harm in wishing that we——"

I recovered my temper; I always did when she said "we."

"I can make as much as he's got," said I confidently.

"Oh, can you, Dick? How soon?"

I was not going to boast. Assuming a calm and wise air, I answered:

"By the time I am thirty, anyhow."

Daisy's face fell woefully.

"Oh, *thirty!*" she moaned. Then she turned to me with a smile, saying:

"Never mind, Dick dear. We shan't want quite as much. Why, he's got five thousand a year!"

"How do you know?"

"Mrs. Jackson told me so. Oh, what do you think, Dick? She said if I liked I might—she said she was sure I might—— Where are you going, Dick?"

"If you're only going to tell me what that wretched old woman says I am going back to my rooms. What did she say?"

"I wont talk about it if you don't——"

"Oh, what did she say?"

"Oh, well, why that Mr. Franklin Ford—(you'll break the corner of your cap in a minute, Dick)—only that Mr. Franklin Ford—(There, I knew you would—your cap's in an awful state, Dick—so is your gown)—only that Mr. Franklin Ford—Oh, how stupid you are, Dick! You know perfectly well what she said."

I flung the battered cap upon the bench, thrust my hands into my pockets, rested my chin upon my necktie, and stared moodily at my toes. There was a long pause. Presently I felt the slightest touch on my arm: I took no notice. The touch grew more insistent.

"Poor boy!" said Daisy. "Dick, I told her I thought Mr. Ford horrid."

"Did you?" I cried, my hands flying from my pockets to—elsewhere.

"Yes, and she said I should know better as I got older. I don't see what she means. Of course, I couldn't tell her about you, or she'd have seen that my getting older couldn't make any difference. Oh, Dick, isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes," said I, soberly, for a look had passed in the blue eyes that seemed to me very wonderful.

Presently Daisy said in a low tone.

"I wish papa wouldn't insist on going abroad all the Long. He says he can work better there."

"What does he want to work for?" said I.

"I don't know," said she. "Dick, why don't you come abroad?"

It was a bitter moment. *O dura paupertas!*

"I've got no money," said I, with defiant bluntness.

Her breath caught half way through a little laugh.

"Oh, you poor, dear boy!" said she. "Never mind, Dick. It's only till October."

"Only!" said I, in tones a Hamlet might be proud of.

"Will it seem very long?" she asked, drooping her lashes.

"As if you didn't know!"

"Yes—but, Dick, I may like to be told all the same, you know."

So I told her, and *æons* and *æons* of weary waiting rose before us at the bidding of my words.

"And in all that time," she said, "are you sure you won't forget? Oh, well, then, I believe you won't. Think, Dick, what it will be when you come back! You must look out of your window *all* the first day—and *perhaps* I may come by."

"And look up?"

"Perhaps."

"Perhaps you'll have forgotten."

"Oh, Dick, that is horrid of you! I never forget my friends."

"Friends!" I echoed indignantly.

"Well, you know what I mean," said she, indulgently.

As she spoke the great clock in the tower struck eleven. She sprang to her feet.

"Don't go," I urged. "Daisy, it's the last time."

"Oh, but I must; so must you."

She seemed resolute.

"Well, then, before you go, promise!" I urged.

"But I have promised. Well, then, yes, I promise, Dick."

"You'll think of no one else the whole time?"

"No—of no one else."

"Not of that fellow Franklin F——?"

"Dick! I told you I hated him. Aren't you going to promise, too?"

The garden seemed peaceful and quiet. We sat down on the bench again for a moment—or it was meant to be a moment. But such moments are endowed from Heaven with blessed elasticity. I think I promised for a full quarter of an hour.

Then, at a cry from Daisy, I looked up. A tall, stout man in gold spectacles, stood looking down at us, a curious, only half unkind, smile on his face. It was the Provost. I felt crimson all over, and sat speechless.

"Pray, what's the meaning of this, Mr. Vansittart?" he asked, the mixed smile still on his lips.

I looked at him in fright for an instant. Then a pride arose in me. I cleared my throat and began: "Sir, I am promising——"

The demon of irony raked up, in the Provost's mind, the memory of his last words to me. Oh, that I had found another exordium for my heroic speech!

"Upon my word," said he, thrusting one hand into his cross-cut trouser-pocket, and pulling at his whiskers with the other, "you are promising, for your age, very promising, Mr. Vansittart."

The bubble was broken. Daisy hung her head; I was red and hot again.

"Very promising!" chuckled the Provost, jingling the money in his pocket. "*Very* promising, indeed!"

I could have struck him for his mocking iteration.

"Daisy, go indoors," said he, "and, Mr. Vansittart, may I lend you my key of the garden gate? Pray be so good as to return it to the porter."

He handed it to me with a polite bow. Daisy was in retreat, hurrying in sad shame towards the house. I took the key.

"I meant it, sir," I stammered.

"You're a young fool," said he. And then he held out his hand.

"Yes, a young fool," he said again, as he shook hands. I went.

He stood watching my exit. I looked back as I reached the gate. He was there still; and behind him, in the porch, waved a handkerchief. I passed through the gate and locked it behind me.

And was the Long, very long, and did I forget her in the Long?

I am willing to answer, at any cost to my own character, all material questions. But that question is immaterial. For she forgot me in the Long.

Dear me, I hope she's happy somewhere!—*The Idler.*

HOPKINS' SAFE.

BY W. J. ALDEN.

"I see," said the Jericho station-master, "that a train on the Denvar road has just been held up, and the safe robbed of over three hundred thousand dollars. Well! these things has to happen so long as the present style of burglar proof safes is in fashion. Any robber that has been properly educated to the business can open a safe inside of a half an hour, and can do it without any dynamite or such violent ways. Now, a safe can be made that nobody can open except with the proper combination, for I have seen such a safe myself. Saw it on this very road, too, and it was buried only about fifty miles from here."

"What in the world was the reason for burying a safe?" I asked.

"Because you can't have a funeral without burying the corpse," replied the station-master. "I've got just about time enough to tell you the story before the Athensville express comes in, so set down and you shall hear about it.

"About ten years, or maybe eleven—I ain't any sort of a hand for dates—there was a baggage master on this road by the name of Hopkins. He and I were on the same train, which was the regular day express, and carried the gold dust that used to be sent down once a week from Custerville, where the mines were panning out at the time pretty middling well. Thishyer Hopkins—Jim was his name—besides being baggage master, also acted as agent for the express company, and took charge of the safe. As a rule, the train was held up about once a month, and the safe was either opened by Jim, with a pistol to his ear, or else, if the robbers had plenty of time before them, and took a pride in their profession, they would open it themselves.

"Jim got tired of this sort of thing, and being an ingenious sort of a chap who had invented quite a lot of things, he undertook to invent a safe that nobody could open except with the combination. Moreover, he cal'lated to make it so strong that dynamite wouldn't have no effect upon it, so that it would really be a burglar proof safe, in good earnest. Well, Jim he worked at that safe for a good part of the winter, until he had got it planned out in a way to suit him, and then he took some of his savings, for he had a good lot of money in the bank, and he built his new patent burglar proof safe, and had it put in his baggage car.

"The new safe was about twice the size of an ordinary express company's safe. Outside it looked like any other safe, but besides being twice as strong as any thing of the kind that had ever been built before, it had a good many special features, which I don't pretend to remember, not being a mechanical sharp myself. I do recall, however, that it had a spring lock, which Jim explained was for convenience in case the train should be held up very sudden, and there shouldn't be time to close the safe and lock it in the usual way.

"'Seems to me,' said the conductor, whose name was Sampson, though we always called him Gates, after that friend of Sampson's that he carried away from somewhere on his back—I don't exactly remember the name of the town—'seems to me,' said he, 'that when you get a pistol to your ear that safe'll come open as easy as any other safe.'

"'So it will,' says Jim, 'provided I ever find that pistol alongside of my ear. But I cal'late that I've got through with that style of amusement. The next time thishyer train is held up, the robbers won't find me, unless they can open that safe, which is just what I mean that they shan't be able to do.'

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"'Why, where are you going to be?' asked Gates. 'Are you cal'lating to hide yourself in the fire-box, or under the water in the tank?'

"'See here,' says Jim, 'I ain't no blamed fool, if I do look like one. No, sir, I don't cal'late to try no such games as those you're a referring to, but I do expect to get inside of that safe when the train is held up, and to stay there till the robbers get tired of trying to open it.'

"'That's a big scheme, Jim,' says the conductor, 'but I'd like to know how you expect to open the safe again when you want to come out?'

"'O!' says Jim, 'that part of the business I leave with you. I'll give you the combination, and after the robbers have got tired and gone home, you can open the safe and let me out.'

"'All right,' says Gates, 'I'll let you out fast enough, provided I can remember the combination, but you know my memory isn't what you might call first-class, and I might forget the combination, and never be able to open the safe. Of course, you wouldn't mind a little thing like that, for you would be snug and comfortable, though perhaps a little bit hungry after a while.'

"Well, the conductor kept on chaffing Jim about his new invention, but the two were good friends, though it was afterwards thought by people who didn't know all the facts, that Gates was partly to blame for what happened. Jim, he gave Gates the combination of the safe, and the very next day after the thing was put in the baggage car, the train was held up just this side of Athensville.

"The robbers climbed into the baggage car, and when they couldn't find Jim they brought up the conductor and told him to open the safe. The conductor swore that nobody knew the combination except Jim, and that he wasn't aboard the train that night, but had laid over at Jones's Misery, owing to not feeling very well. The robbers, seeing as Jim was not to be found, believed what the conductor said, and they went to work to pick the lock of the safe. Of course, they couldn't do it, for that lock was just a masterpiece of engineering, and there wasn't a man living that could pick it. Then they tried their centrebits, but they couldn't make an impression on the safe. The bits would just slide around and scratch the surface here and there, but they hardly made a dent in the steel. By this time the robbers had got pretty mad, and they slid the safe out into the open, and tried what they could do with dynamite. They must have put a lot of the stuff under the safe, for when it went off the safe sailed more than thirty feet into the air, and then came down so solid that she made a big hole in the ground. But when they came to examine her she wasn't hurt a bit, not a joint nor a bolt was started, and except for a little blackening of the outside, she was as good as new.

"'Thishyer is a low-down outrage,' says the robber captain. 'The man that made that safe deserves hanging if ever a man did, for the thing is going to put an end to train robbing, and will throw hundreds of men out of employment. I hate a man what hasn't any feelings for his fellow-men.'

"Well, the rest of the robbers they stood around the safe and cussed till they were tired, but they admitted that they couldn't open it, and after a while they told the conductor that he might take his safe back again, and start his train down the road. Accordingly, we got the safe into the baggagecar again, and after the train was a mile or two down the road the conductor he opens her, and there was Jim, as gay as a jay-bird, and laughing himself sick over the failure of the robbers.

"There wasn't any doubt that Jim's scheme had worked well, and the express company gave him fifty dollars as a testimonial of their gratitude for having prevented the robbers from having seized two hundred thousand dollars worth of gold dust. Bimeby, a new idea occurred to Jim. You see, at that time there wasn't any telegraph on this line, and there being only a single track, and that a pretty rough one, accidents were frequent. One day when there was a drove of cattle on the line, and Jim, looking out of the car, saw that there was certain to be a smash up, he just opens his safe and gets into it, to wait for better times. That train went off the track, and the baggage car broke loose and went down an embankment, turning over a half-a-dozen times, and going clean to kindling wood. When we began to clear things up, and missed Jim, we all supposed that he had been smashed, but when the conductor opened the safe to see if the contents were all right, there was Jim as smiling as a basket of chips, and inquiring in a kind of careless way if there was anything the matter with the train. After that, Jim regularly climbed into his safe whenever he heard the danger signal, and he never once got the least scratch or bruise. He went through three collisions in that safe, and after one of them, the safe was buried so deep among the rubbish that it was two days before we could dig it out. That didn't disturb Jim, however. He just took the time out in sleep, and, according to what he said, would have been perfectly contented if he had only been able to smoke his pipe, which he couldn't do, owing to the scarcity of air in the safe. You see, as long as he kept his mouth somewhere near the keyhole he managed to do very well, but it wasn't what you could call an airy sort of place.

"Jim was a careful man, and never neglected any precaution that would make the valuables in his charge as safe as possible. This was why he made it a rule to change the combination of the safe every month. About the third day of August—I remember the month, because I always suffer from the liver complaint in August, and I was off duty at the time and riding in the smoking car, being too sick to work as brakeman—we came near running into a wagon that was crossing the track. When Jim heard the brakes blown down, he crawled into his safe and shut the door, expecting there would be an accident. It so happened that the wagon got clear of the track just in time, and we went on our way rejoicing. After awhile we missed Jim, and, knowing that he must be in his safe, the conductor started to open it. He found that the combination wouldn't work, and then, remembering that it was just after the first of the month, he knew Jim must have changed it, and forgotten to give him the new combination. So the conductor gets close to the keyhole and calls to Jim to give him the combination, but Jim answers that he had changed it that very morning, but couldn't for the life of him remember what it was.

"Here was a pretty go. The only man who knew the combination had forgot it, and he was shut up in the safe. We told Jim that we would leave him quiet for an hour, and that there wasn't any doubt that he would be able to remember the combination in that time, but somehow when he agreed to this his voice didn't sound very sanguine. At the end of an hour he hadn't made any progress. All he could say was, that the word had something to do, either with robbery or politics, and that it must be a word of five letters, that being the way the lock was made.

"Well, we set to work to think of every word in the language relating to robbery and containing five letters. It was like working out some of these puzzles that you see in the Sunday papers, but we couldn't hit on the right answer. Seeing as 'robbery' didn't furnish us with the word, we tried words connected with 'politics,' and if we had only known it, we were on the right track, but we never got there. The conductor sent to his house for a big dictionary, and proposed to begin and try every word of five letters in the whole concern, but after awhile we found that it would take pretty near a year to get through with them all, and by that time Jim wouldn't be wanting to get out.

"We worked at that combination for a good twenty-four hours, taking it altogether, and then we had to give it up. Then we sent for the best safe burglar in the whole Northwest, and offered him a hundred dollars to open the safe, giving him leave to try any plan he might prefer. The man had heard of Jim's patent burglar-proof safe, and, being an ambitious chap who took a genuine pride in his profession, he was glad of the job. But he didn't succeed any better than we had done. Picking the lock, guessing at the combination, and working with the jimmy were all failures, and having heard about the experiment that the first gang of train robbers had made on the safe with dynamite, he didn't think it worth while to try that sort of thing a second time. However, he did say that in his opinion sledge-hammers would open the safe if they were used long enough. So we got two men with big sledge-hammers, and set them to hammering the safe hour after hour in the same place, and when they were tired we had two more men to relieve them. We took the safe and the men along with us in the train, and they made such a noise that you could have heard that train a mile away, and would have thought she was a boiler manufactory on wheels. At the end of twelve hours' steady hammering there wasn't so much as a good-sized dent on that safe, and we gave up sledge-hammers and made up our minds that we had seen the last of Jim.

"For all that we kept tinkering at the combination for a fortnight or more afterwards. Jim had been quiet after the end of the first eight days, and we couldn't get any answer from him. So, seeing as the time had come for to bid farewell to him, we decided that we would take the safe down to the Athensville cemetery and bury it as it stood. Which accordingly was done on the following Sunday, and, seeing as it was well known that the safe belonged to Jim, and was empty at the time, except so far as Jim was concerned, there was nobody who had the right to make any objection. The minister who conducted the funeral did say something about the extraordinary nature of the coffin that we had chosen for the deceased, but we had told him that the coffin didn't concern him, and that all he had to do was to heave ahead, and give it Christian burial without passing any of his remarks. We didn't think it worth while to sink the safe very deep, because some day the combination might be discovered, and then Jim's heirs would want to get the safe out again and put it among Jim's assets, for it would have been sure to fetch a big price if there had been any way of getting into it.

"It must have been a year after the funeral when a passenger got to talking with the conductor of the express in the smoking-car about Jim and his safe, and he accidentally mentioned that the night before Jim shut himself up for the last time they two had been talking politics, and Jim, who was a Democrat, was slinging language about President Hayes, and saying that he had stole the Presidency from Tilden, and was no better than a train robber. When the conductor heard this he swore a while in a thoughtful sort of a way, and then he says, 'We've got that combination at last.'

"'How so?' says the man.

"'Why,' says the conductor, 'Jim allowed that the combination was a word of five letters that had something to do either with robbery or politics. Now 'Hayes' would be exactly that sort of word, and I can't think how it happened that we didn't try it. I haven't the least manner of doubt that if we was to dig that safe up and try it with "Hayes" it would open without the least trouble.'

"'What's the good of opening it after Jim has been occupying it for more than a year?' says the man.

"'Why, just this,' says the conductor. 'That there safe is the only burglar proof safe ever built, and if the combination was known the relatives of the remains could sell it for two thousand dollars easy. I'll see them about it to-morrow, and we'll have one more try at opening it.'

"Well, to make a long story short, the relatives dug the safe up, and found, sure enough, that 'Hayes' was the word that unlocked it. It was a little rusty on the outside, but otherwise it was just as good as ever. There wasn't very much left of Jim by that time, but what there was received a second funeral, for there wasn't anything mean about Jim's family, and then the express company bought the safe for eighteen hundred dollars, and it was used on this road for upwards of two years."

"What became of it finally?"

"What always becomes of anything or anybody that sticks to railroading too long. The train went off of Three Mile Bridge, about seventy-five miles north of Josephusville, and, there being a quicksand at the bottom of the creek that no man could ever find the bottom of, the whole train, including Jim's safe, sank out of sight, and nobody ever found the least trace of it afterwards. You ought to have heard of that accident, for about three hundred passengers went down with the train, and the company never paid a cent of damages, because there were no remains found, and nobody could prove that anybody in particular had been killed. I say it didn't cost the company anything for damages, though they do say that the jurymen cost altogether not far from five thousand dollars apiece. However, the company got out of it very cheap, and the directors were more disgusted about losing that safe than they were about losing the whole train. Come into my office, and I'll show you Jim's photograph, standing by his new safe, and making believe to pronounce an oration on its merits. He was a good fellow, was Jim, but he put his confidence in that safe once too often."—*The Idler.*

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LIBRARY NOTES

The divided divinity of Robert Louis Stevenson is a disturbing factor in the wide circle of his worshippers. Time was when his name shone out alone on the title pages of his novels. Now it is united with that of Lloyd Osbourne, and the question is as to the wherefore or the extent of their collaboration. It is difficult to persuade those who know the *Master of Ballantrae* or *Kidnapped* that their author requires aid in the construction of plots. On the other hand is it conceivable that so punctilious a stylist would share the burden of narrative with a novice? The copyright theory furnished an adequate explanation while it lasted, but under recent legislation Mr. Stevenson's rights are secured to him without the titular participation of his American stepson. It may be generosity is somewhat of a factor in the problem—or the modesty of one whose genial tenderness magnifies a mere suggestion into participation. Perhaps Osbourne adds strands to the warp of episode or fibers to the woof of character for the other's weaving—perhaps he gathers for the master hand the raw material. The question is though—has Stevenson the right to share his pedestal with another whose name has not the sanction of an individual reputation? Is he justified in dividing his divinity with one whose celestial origin is in doubt, whose prose is a surmise? Can we, his admirers, not demand that there be between us no strange gods?

The name of Stevenson is sacred to romance; his style has the quality of opalescence, for I can think of no other word to express the varigated lights that flash through its lucidity, the fires that glow in the heart of his phrases. The partner of his celebrity should bring to the cause a verbal quality as aerial, as graceful, or at least a faculty at plot-weaving equal to Balzac, Dumas or de Boisgobey. But the collaborated tales do not shine with a double luster. Save *The Wreckers*, which for me is the model story of adventure, a fit successor to the *The Master of Ballantrae*, the books on which Osbourne's name appears, are those whose loss from the Stevenson series we would least deplore. *The Wrong Box* is hardly an effort of genius; *The Ebb Tide*, though imbued with all the strangeness of a unique environment, shining with the brilliant coloring of tropic climes and Southern seas, has not the sustained evenness of interest that gave unity to the kaleidoscopic efforts of *The Wrecker*, nor that pure romantic flavor in which lies the fascination of *The Master of Ballentrae*. Still it is an advance on the tales composing *Island Nights' Entertainment*, in which manner seemed at issue with subject—the ground tones and tints the spirit of the region being unrealized, or, at least, unreflected.

About the combinations and complications, the curious characters and strange episodes of this new storry there is a something suggestive of process, of recipe. The grouping of incongruities is too marked for the free flow or play of natural narrative. Yet who will put down, half read, the story of the three castaways, comparing experiences on the Tahitian beach—nameless adventurers whose histories have something curiously common, as of men one knows familiarily without delusion. Herrick, who, incapable of rising, yet could not stoop to fall, saved by a residuary refinement from capitulation to the lowest influences, is like Pinkerton, a modern product. This sense of failure neutralizes effort at regeneration and his self-conscious tendency to brood are subtly contrasted with the Captain and the cockney who together sail in the "Farallone." The motive of the action of these two is instinctive—they are hurried into consequences by the impetus of previous events. Herrick does nothing without consideration. Apart from the strange adventure which forms the plot one might speak of the rendering of this London clerk as an unique study in failure showing weakness of will-power on an individual otherwise gifted with the qualities of manliness and capacity. The manner in which he is caught by the ebb tide, compelled to persevere at the peril of his life through the strange orgie of his companions, through the voyage of the champagne ladened schooner in southern seas, with their sudden squalls that whiten the waves, their fluctuations of color and storm, makes an episode of vital interest that one follows breathlessly. As for Atwater he is a character out of the realm of pure romance, and to the lovers of verbal photography I commend the portrait of this curious individual whose eyes of "an unusual mingled brilliancy and softness, sombre as coal and with lights that outshine the topaz," corrected the effect of listlessness that his huge bulk and sinews seemed dissolved in. Entering the island of the pearl fishers one almost hears the noise of the breakers on the beach—a continuous noise like the passing of a train. Then that admirable passage which paints in tones so pure the southern dawn. An exquisite picture, that of the mysterious south sea Atoll, lying there in the blue waters, strange and delicate as a dream—passages there are here as fine as the inimitable night in the Cevennes—jewelled passages in which barbarous coloring blends with classic dignity, the richness tempering the tone rather than the tint. I cannot forbear quotation of one most graceful paragraph. Herrick having sacrificed his possessions one by one, preserves a tattered copy of Virgil, which he studies as he lies on the beach gazing over the sea on the Mountains of Aimeo:

"And if the Oracle—as is the way of oracles—replied with no very certain or encouraging voice, visions of England at lest, would throng upon the exile's memory—the busy school-room; the green playing-fields; the holidays at home, and the perennial roar of London, and the fireside and white head of his father. For it is the destiny of those grave and classic writers, with whom we make enforced and often painful acquaintanceship at school, to pass into the blood and become native in the memory; so that a phrase of Virgil speaks not so much of Mantua or Augustus, but of English places and the student's own irrevocable youth."

A poetic genius figures as hero in the last book of Anthony Hope—a good-looking young gentleman, whose personality is signally removed from his faculty at verse-making. Flying into fame as the singer of revolt, of rebellion against conventionality, he sells edition after edition, and, emerging from Bohemianism, takes a manor in the country, and settles there with a coterie of friends. Such fun as they have with the institutions and superstitions of the region, until Dale Bannister—that is the poet's name—succumbs to the fascinations of Miss Janet Delane, the handsome daughter of the Squire, and is converted from disaffection and revolt to extreme loyalty and correctness. Of course, the tale has not the swing and splendid "go" of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, but it is told well enough to excuse reading. The gift of dialogue belongs to this writer to a degree that reminds one of Dumas. He sweeps his narrative along in a fine, easy flow, that carries one back to chapters of *Monte Cristo*.

ORACLE K. B.

DREAMS.

BY RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

"In the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

Unworthy! yea,
So high thou art above me
I hardly dare to love thee,
But kneel and lay
All homage and all worship at thy feet,
O lady sweet!

Yet dreams are strong:
Their wordless wish suffices
To win them paradises
Of sun and song.
Delight our waking life can never know
The dreams bestow.

And in a dream,
Dupe of its bold beguiling,
I watch thy blue eyes smiling;
I see them gleam
With love the waking moments have forbidden,
And veiled and hidden.

O brave deceit!
In dreams thy glad eyes glisten,
In dreams I lie and listen
Thy bosom beat,
Hiving hot lips among thy temple-hair,
O lady fair!

And tho' I live,
Dreaming in such fair fashion,
I think, in thy compassion,
Thou wilt forgive,
Since I but *dream*, and since my heart will ache
When I awake.

—*From the "Yellow Book."*

MY IDEAL.

[Helene Riviere.]

The splendor of the Orient night
Is flashing in her eyes,
Whose veiling lashes but enhance
The fervor of the glorious glance
That gilds her low replies,
And lures me onward to entrance
My senses with their light.

From off the full, broad, Grecian brow,
Flows back the clustering hair,
As rolling waves on ocean's breast
With shadows dark but gilded crest,
Like gleams of firelight fair,
And sparkling with a changeful zest,
Its tint to disavow.

Upon the softly rounded cheek,
The paleness of the pearl,
Suggests no bloom of ripened peach,
Nor tinted shell upon the beach,
That waves have sought to hurl
Far from the frenzy of their reach,
An outer life to seek.

And when shall I this face behold?
This dream within my skies.
When shall I clasp the form so fair,
And when caress the waving hair,
And meet the lustrous eyes,
This breathing vision, passionate, rare,
This sylph of earthly mould?

Toronto Saturday Night.

What, think you, was the still intent
Of this dumb offer? It was meant—
One must needs think—to bring to mind
That, deaf and dumb, they were not blind,
These doners, to the mark and hue
Of what those vagrants never knew:
The country's flag.

—*J. Percival Pollard, in Kate Field's Washington.*

M. PLOYER—With all this work I can't let you off for a ball game.

CLARKLETS—But this pass is for two, and——

M. PLOYER—Why didn't you say so. Where is my hat.—*Town Topics.*

MILLS—Is Dacker's cottage in Newport built on the cliffs?

DILLS—Partially. But the greater part is built on wind.—*Town Topics.*

BRITISHER—Who are your swagger set here in New York? The old families?

GOTHAMITE—No; the Police Department. At least it seems to have monopolized all the swag.—*Town Topics.*

THE GLASS OF FASHION

Amid silences deep and exhaustive, compunctions and condonations alike unutterable, we still hear the sad refrain of "The Cry of the Women." To my mind this unprecedentedly illogical cry is becoming distinctly tiresome, and if the new woman desires to be judged by the fiction she writes, reads, applauds, or, to be more truthful, inspires, then she must, to my mind, accept the position of the bitterest foe to the cherished modesty of our sex that the century has known. The stories woven by feminine imaginations within the last few years only serve to reveal a passion for thinly veiled pruriency in the minds of those who conceived them. Is the world improved either religiously, morally or intellectually by the preachments of this latter-day feminine fiction? Has it contributed the smallest fraction to the sum of human happiness? On the contrary the readers of this perilous nonsense are incited to explore realms of thought which cannot, and do not, yield any more wholesome fruit than unrest, discontent and morbid longings. They contend that they discover the truth about the bad side of man. Even so; is there anything new to discover in that direction after all? And if there be, cui bono?

In the numerous and elaborate experiments I have made as to all roads leading to Rome, so, more or less fin de siécle maidens lead to the Court or the Divorce Court. Occasionally a pessimist suggests suicide as the sole alternative for the remedy of having married the wrong man—or, in other words, having made capital out of her heart. This deliberate disparagement, this tearing of a prurient passion to tatters, this ruthless uprooting of the most fondly nurtured ideals, which is engrossing all the attention of the true woman, is too serious for mere ridicule. Its influence must be counterrailed. The essentially feminine—thank heaven, she is in the majority—must organize a crusade against a propaganda which assuredly menaces the foundations of society. There is little time to be lost. Pray, ye mothers, let it be recognized as your sacred obligation to arrest the progress of the unprecedentedly uncanny fallacies of fin de siécle feminine fiction. When is a woman not a woman? When she is unfashionably unintelligent. Such a state of affairs now, however, surely will not exist, for the new tariff is enabling us to have our clothes—of course, I mean silks and trimmings, and all the goods we get from across the sea—ever so much more reasonable. Such silks as we are having this year! They produce the impression of standing alone, but in reality are as soft as a surah. The White House has the loveliest variety. They are, of course, shaded from the most delicate to the most gaudy colors, and embrace all the newest shades of greens, blues, magentas, pinks and heliotropes. One never sees them plain, for flowers make them so intrinsically more interesting and demand less trimming.

The trimmings, however, are very smart. Fancy a braiding of fur and jet, so daintily interlaced as to almost suggest that it grew like that. Fur will, to a great extent, take the place of velvet, and jet the place of lace this season.

I think the woolen goods at O'Connor, Moffat's are the best selected in town. Like the silks, they shade from soft dulcet sweetness to a splendid brilliancy, and embrace everything in the way of flowered goods, stripes, figured and plain materials.

I was so disappointed in the girls' dresses in "Charley's Aunt." They were excruciatingly incongruous, and as for style, they were utterably devoid of it. Why is it that actresses have the idea that anything in the shape of a gown is quite good enough for San Francisco. Do they not understand that a handsome, smart confection engenders much admiration and attracts universal attention. We San Franciscans pay them the compliment of dressing in our best whilst watching them display their histrionic ability. The very least they can do is to reciprocate, especially now with our new motto, "Free Trade and Reciprocity."

An ivory white alpaca gown which I saw yesterday has produced an everlasting impression upon my mind.

This gown is trimmed with fine narrow rows of pale green ribbon. From under the arms of the bodice and from the shoulder seams come fichus of pale green crépe with a very wide rib. These are crossed on the chest in a novel and very becoming way. That on the left shoulder is tied in a loose knot on the chest with the one that begins under the right arm, and the other two are arranged in the same fashion on the other side. The ends of all four are richly fringed with green silk, and fall about an inch below the waist, which is outlined with folds of the crépe, loosely knotted at the point of the bodice in front, the fringed ends falling to the hem of the skirt. The latter is lined with white silk frilled with cream colored lace in abundant soft folds, and the daintily shod feet are occasionally revealed sufficiently to show that the stockings are black with green silk clocks. The big, twisted Gainsborough hat had a bow of green ribbon in front and a huge mass of white and scarlet feathers flopping all over and even falling as only feathers can gracefully upon the hair on the back.

Another gown, which, even had it not been worn by a beautiful woman, could not have eluded an observer of the fact that no one else in the room had an appearance so charming, was of yellow silk sprigged all over with curved leaves cut out and sewn over with corn-flower blue. A lining of blue and yellow shot silk shown beneath and under the hem was a double frill one of the blue and one yellow. The waist was green lisse over blue with a wide sash-belt of the shot silk. Too many colors you may think but their harmony was excellent.

Fancy in hats, a bright mauve and geranium pink, consorting with crude metallic green; or with blue pink and yellow, all massed, anyhow together on an old-gold straw toque.

Talking of Parisian millinery, I fancy that the selections of Madame Andree of the Maze are inimitable. She has the sound judgment of gathering quantities of exquisite hats, bonnets, flowers and feathers to suit the taste of all. The dress goods, too, demonstrate a thorough knowledge of what is what, and are of every conceivable variety. Not to see the goods at the Maze, notwithstanding the crowds always there, is an obvious fact of the inconsistency and inaccuracy of some people.

White dogskin gloves sewn with black, or all white, with the regulation spear point, are the latest things for driving and riding, and extremely smart they look. In view of gloves, from a dress point of view, it is utterly impossible to give too much attention to hand coverings, and the present day gloves are very fascinating. Long ones, ruffled at the ends with lace, are well suited to elbow sleeves. Stitchings to correspond with the various toilettes are very much to the fore, an especially pretty one being known as the "heather point," sewn to represent heather.

REFLECTOR.

KNOWLEDGE

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly:—For the last week we have had our fling at politics, and the streets of the city have been thronged with the politician and the office-seeker and the friends of both. They have resembled the merry little bee that flits about, making honey, while the sun shines. Nearly every man in the town seems to be one of these little bees or else have a bee in his bonnet, and has been acting accordingly. The more practical of our Republican friends have contented themselves with discussing the demerits of the opposing candidates and expatiating upon the merits of their men. But, then, there has been another kind. The individual who has hitherto been classed among that great majority—the business man who is too busy to care about politics, and who prefers to stay at home of an evening enjoying the peace of his own domestic fireside. Well, a large number of this latter variety have become aroused to the exigencies of the times, and have gone up snorting, with a big hullabaloo, into politics. Of course this variety have friends among the candidates, to whom they have promised their unswerving support, but, as a rule, their lobbying consists in dwelling at length upon the needs of the country and the great principles of his party. He is strong on national and international politics, but on local issues he is a trifle weak and uninformed.

As usual, it is the poor wife who has to stand his views and do the "bravo" act whenever he pauses for breath to continue with his grand eloquence. The poor ladies have had a hard siege of it this week, and I tell you I am very tired of it.

Politics has its purposes, though, and one is to serve as a new excuse for getting down town. These husbands who but a few days ago could not have existed without the club, now inform their wives that they are not going near their former haven, but are going to discuss the situation at the caucus. Really, if all of the caucuses that were said to have taken place were held last week, the party would have been hopelessly split into a thousand parts. Of course lots of our friends have been quite prominent as delegates in the convention. There's Captain Overton, the dear fellow. The Captain was always on hand to vote for or against everything, just as his conscience dictated, and his fine hand has been most powerful in making up the slate. I think, though, that in view of his past record as a "bouncer" he would have achieved everlasting fame as one of the sergeants-at-arms.

Another more conspicuous figure, though probably not more influential, has been E. A. Meserve. He is so nice. He has always struck me as being a very impressionable man. He has been up for District Attorney, but at this writing I do not know how he has been received by the convention.

About the latest "flutter" in society has been the marriage of Wm. Lacy to Miss Nellie Boynton. He is a very wealthy capitalist of Los Angeles, and has been divorced from his first wife. The young woman is a musician of more than average ability. They have taken apartments in the Colonial flats.

By the way, there is a very nice little colony of people in these flats now. Among the residents being Mr. and Mrs. Joe Cook, Mr. and Mrs. O. N. Childs and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Sartori.

I have seen it published that Mrs. Emeline Childs intends throwing open her beautiful grounds for the inspection of her fine collection of chrysanthemums by the public. It is said the event will be for the benefit of the Associated Charities. This will certainly be a most gracious act, and will be numbered among the few "events" of society for the past year or two.

Mrs. Llewllyn, the contralto, is visiting in Dowlais, Wales, her former home.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Meyberg and Miss Leah Hellman, have returned from a trip to Strawberry Valley. Miss Maud Newell left this week for Evanston, Illinois, where she will finish a course of elocution.

Your devoted,

Becky Sharp.

FRESNO.

Dear Wave: "Some Day We'll Wander Back Again" is what our swagger set is singing, and they're all getting ready to carry out their song. Most of the folks are back now, but there are some who still linger at the sea shore and in the mountains.

Bettie and Mary are expected back in a day or two. Then many hearts, two at least, will be made glad. I heard a queer story about Bettie the other day. When the wonderful meteor fell a few weeks ago, it made a great light here and left a long trail of smoke. Somebody said it portended the end of the world. Bettie at once got a needle and thread, and asked her mother to sew their skirts together on one side, and to fasten the other side to the skirts of Daisy W., our dear, *good* girl chum. She wanted to be sure that she wouldn't be crowded out in the general final scramble, but would get a good seat, well in front, in the heavenly choir.

Speaking of heavenly choirs, reminds me of Dr. De Z. His confidence in himself is most stupendous. Think of his actually singing solos in church. But then he's a young man and good looking, and novel attractions must be advertised to insure good houses for mediocre shows. You ask Bobby Barton if that isn't so and he'll tell you.

By-the-way, Bobby is *so* queer. Why he has forsaken all his old loves. He used to be very attentive to two or three of the girls. I wonder if they have grown too slow to be able to keep up with him, or if Bobby has developed so much speed as to leave them behind. There is the sad, indisputable fact that since his advent as a theatrical manager our wiles have been powerless.

Socially we have done nothing this last week, except talk about Kitty's party. We have also stirred about making our party calls. Kitty is *such* a bright girl I am rather afraid of her. One never knows when she is going to say something that would start your neighbors laughing, and it is very uncomfortable not to be brilliant enough to be sure whether they are amused at the remark or you. The Hughes party was a start in the fall entertaining that at least broke the placid stillness. From what I have heard, I am afraid that it will take a *very* long time for the ripples caused by it to die away from the memories of some of the girls who attended it.

Fortune must surely be with Johnny Mac. He had not even been in San Francisco long enough to get lonesome, when, lo, I read in the paper that Louise had gone to San Francisco to resume her musical studies! Surely, my previous predictions will now have another chance. We miss them so much from their usual haunts. Carrie's blonde loveliness seems to have lost a part of its charm now that it has lost its dark foil.

The handsome Dr. M. will now have to take his inamorata to the ice cream parlors all by her lonely. Poor Doctor.

I have seen very few of the boys this week. I wonder where the attraction is. They certainly have some place te amuse themselves. I am going to ask my big brother, and maybe he will tell me.

Frank Shepherd is home again. I saw him in the street, but he seems to be so full of business of late that he hasn't time to notice any one who is unfortunate enough to be condemned to wear petticoats.

Dr. Lawrence is yet with us, and doing very well under the strain.

Mrs. F. W. Patterson was here this week. I see so little of her that I cannot get used to thinking that Lizzie is married. She was such a bright, pretty girl, and has changed so little that she is just the same favorite she was before.

Lee Gray still has his "business walk." I wonder what he will do with it when he gets married? I suppose De Witt will fall heir to it.

Trix.

SAN JOSE.

Well, at last our Democratic-Populist fight for the Post Office is settled. For the first time in many years a scion of the Rylands has had greatness thrust upon him—and such greatness, too! From Congress to a one-horse post office—Hyperion to a Satyr. For three generations past the name has been a familiar one in the record of unsuccessful canvasses, and friends and relatives have shared the stigma. Judge Wallace is the lone exception to an almost unbroken line of ill-success. The Hon. Caius Tacitus, to his credit be it said, deserves less degenerate sons, for, outside of Joe, they differ from the mule of fable only in possessing an inordinate pride of ancestry. The rest of the quotation is omitted. As for Charlie and Toss, both retain the hope that springs eternal. John, it is true, is social, handsome and very agreeable, and 'tis said that the son of the first Alcalde White is to be his chief deputy. In society he is very gracious, though the first that smiles upon him he deems the most charming of her sex, but experience demonstrates a less pleasing consequence.

Perhaps I betray a little too much bitterness this week, but our Sam, you know, was slated for the Post Office, and I hate to see it go to one less worthy. Then, too, if Sam had secured the office, there would have been a fine ringing of wedding bells, but I am persuaded his disappointment means the postponement of his nuptials.

I am a little mad, too, because upon the broad shoulders of Mr. English is wrongfully laid the blame of Barney's defeat. Now, woman as I am, I know Mr. English, and I don't believe there is a drop of disloyal blood in his whole body, and I don't like to hear the Bowdens and the Ruckers abuse him. The truth is, that the delegation from Santa Clara County contained too many would-be bosses. In politics, they're all kindergartens, with the possible exception of Mamie Dunn's husband. Many mistakes were made, all fatal to Barney's chances. You see, both Sam and Barney wanted the eloquent Delmas to nominate our favorite, but Nick's jealousy of Mr. Delmas was a stumbling block, and he forced the convention to substitute an old man's platitudes for splendid oratory.

The County Convention is coming on soon, too, and we women propose to take a hand in the fight in the interest of decency and temperance, if for nothing else. The same dull crowd expect to offset the San Francisco fiasco by carrying off the local honors. Sam and Nick and Joe and Miss Bliss' husband hope to carry things with a high hand. The most important office—that of District Attorney—they have promised to Nick's big brother. Divining the bitter fight waged between the warring Democratic factions, this young man has for the first time in his life kept aloof. In fact, he has held his tongue in about seven languages, and for this expects reward. But I've gone over to Schilling and Phelps, and the budding ambition of a Bowden for once at least will be quashed.

Mrs. Frank Wright is doing her best to organize a select musical club, but she finds there is hardly enough of musical talent among the would-be exclusives, and has almost given up in disgust.

The last season's dancing club people are wrangling over the admission of members, and have actually refused to allow some of our prettiest girls to join in their festivities.

Literature promises to be the fad during the winter months, and I often wonder what we are going to do with our highly educated girls. I think that is one reason why this town is overflowing with ancient maidens. They are all too well up in Greek and Latin to be at all companionable with our young men. The girls attend school until they are twenty-four or so, and continue with their studies afterward, while our young men go to work at sixteen or seventeen, and rarely read anything but the daily papers.

It is rumored that our brilliant young attorney, Mr. Beasley, will soon lead to the altar the accomplished daughter of one of our First street shoe merchants.

Gussie.

Do you know the San Francisco Business College received, for its methods of teaching, the Highest Award at the Midwinter Exposition?

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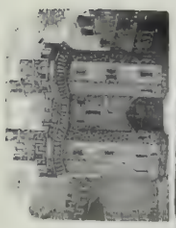

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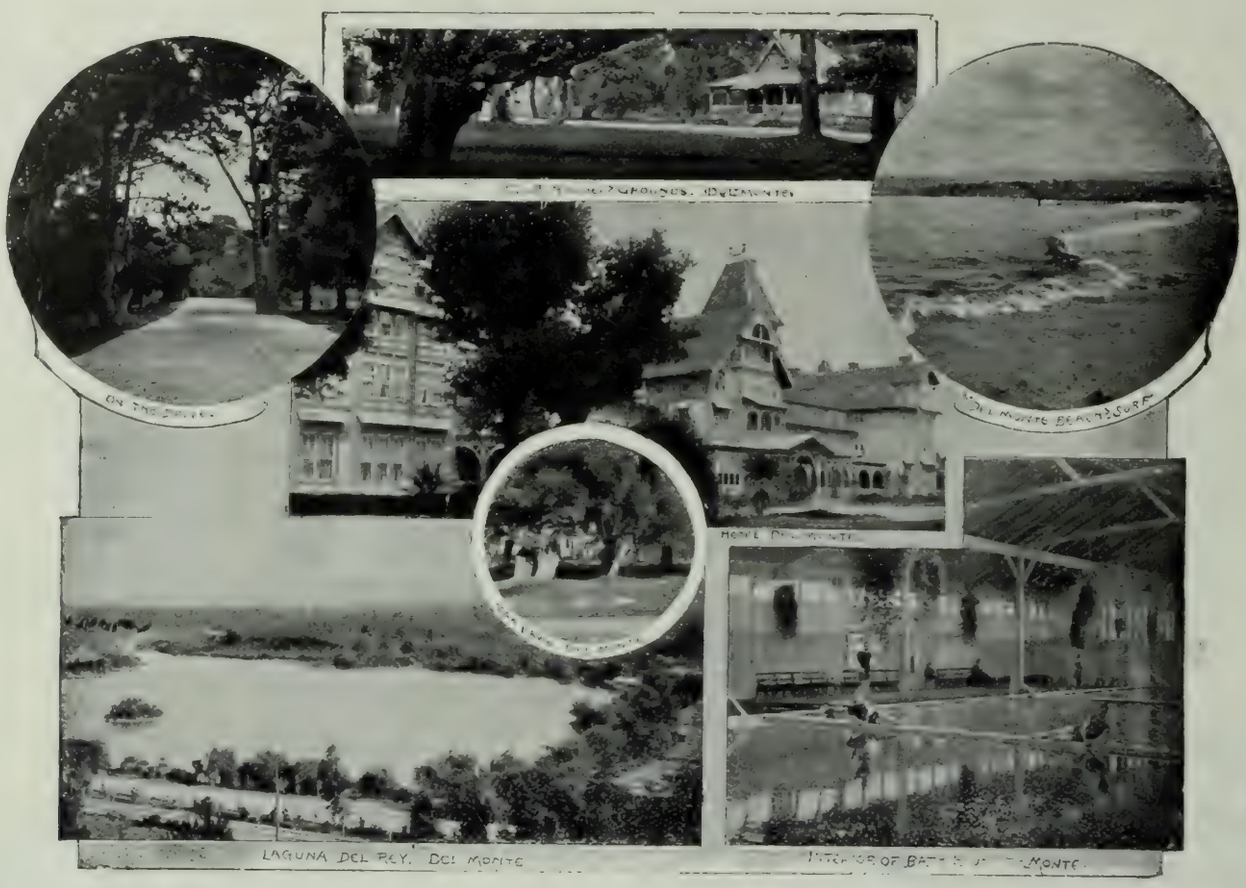

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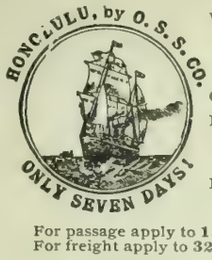

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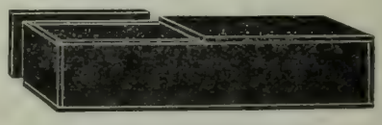

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 11. San Francisco, September 15th, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 15, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"Sowing the Wind."

Our cartoon this week is designed to illustrate one phase of the present political situation. Mr. Burns, who is not showing his face so much latterly, is industriously at work on the machine, while Mr. Estee is indulging in rhetorics of wind touching vividly upon every subject that does not concern the present campaign. The southern portion of the State, where Mr. Estee is mostly in evidence, is largely made up of Republicans from Eastern States who have settled here within the past ten years. Unfortunately, perhaps, they are not fully advised as to the past history of our commonwealth, which would be but half written if it excluded extensive mention of Mr. Burns and Mr. Estee. It cannot be conceived that these people approve the manner of the Burns convention at Sacramento, or discredit the inferences which follow as a natural sequence. Mr. Estee's emphatic silence on the subject must be taken as a tacit admission of the relations existing between himself and Burns, although it is claimed by his defenders that his refusal to discuss the matter is based upon a determination to pay no attention to charges which it pleases him to term "malicious attacks." Under the law of evidence the failure or refusal of a party charged with crime to take the witness stand in his own behalf, cannot be weighed against the prisoner by the jury. But neither law nor precedent can drive from the mind of the juryman a suspicion that a man who refuses the advantage offered has something to conceal. The people of the State of California are the jurymen in this case, the suspicion is abroad and will be recorded in their verdict next November, when the whirlwind is ready for the reaper.

AN OLD personal friend, a life-long Republican, and a well known citizen, has written THE WAVE a letter in which the following passage occurs:

"You have struck the key note to the political situation. I know it, and feel it. Not a Republican I meet but what admits that the election of Estee means more power to Burns. * * * I have known Estee fifteen years, but will vote for Budd and Jeter."

There is here the true ring of independent manhood. The sentiment is in the air; it fills the mind of every indignant Republican; it cries out in the highways and by-ways; it rings through the valleys and comes echoing back from the mountains. It is the doom of the Boss. No obstinate party sentimentalism is there to cheer the drooping spirits of the political marplot. Republicans are alive to the disgrace within their own party. They realize it would be a political crime to elect Mr. Estee. No blatant mouthings on national issues deceive them or affect the situation. National issues figure not this November. They may vote for every man on the Republican ticket, and some will, but they will scratch Mr. Estee and Mr. Millard, the tourist from Kansas, recognizing that in the election of these men rests all the hope of Burns for patronage and permanent power. Was not Estee himself a bolter from his party some years ago? Did he not then publicly announce he had "burned the bridges between it and him?" Did he not, with all the cunning sagacity of an old campaigner, seek the ruin and destruction of that Republicanism whose standard bearer he now is? We do not ask the defeat of Estee at the hands of upholders of Bossdom. Let those who desire the sway of Burns, Buckley, Stow & Co. do their utmost. But we do say to Republicans of manliness and character — destroy this autocracy; purify the party now or never. The downfall of Estee does not mean Republican defeat, but rather the destruction of Burns and his crew, the eternal confusion of Bosses.

THE management of the Republican campaign betrays a certain shrewdness which is complimentary to the tactical skill of Col. Burns Once when a city on the Rhine was besieged and its people had to make a sortie across a bridge to raise the siege or stay inside and starve, the fighting men drove their women and children in front of them. The investing army would not slaughter non-combatants, and the city was saved. During the recent strike it was a trick of the law breakers to lay their babies on the track, and so prevent the moving of a train.

Col. Burns has been reading history and studying the tactics of the strikers. He has learned the value of a moral ambush, and employs his knowledge by marching in front of his raid upon the muniments of power in this State, such incarnate civic respectability as is represented by such men as P. B. Cornwall, W. W. Montague and Asa R. Wells. These are all gentlemen of exceeding and well earned respectability. Their financial and moral standing cannot be improved upon. Their endorsement of anything from a note of hand to a vast public movement lifts it above criticism. While their character is of their own creation, due to a consistent walk and conversation maintained before men, their reputation they owe to the appreciation of that character by their fellow citizens.

The children of this world are wiser than the children of light, and if ever this world had a child his name is Burns, and he is using these three children of light as a tone committee, to give respectability to his raw work in politics. They should not permit it. Stool pigeoning is unbecoming to men of their standing in the community. Their presence in front of the hosts of Col. Burns is intended to convey to the State the impression that they are to control the administration which is using their credit as a gang plank to pass over to power. They are there to make it appear that Col. Burns is only what stage drivers call a "rough clerk," the man who buys the hay and sells the manure. But they cannot give to the State the slightest guarantee that they will influence the administration they are trying to pioneer into power. They know and the State knows that if Col. Burns' ticket is elected he will run the machine, and if they attempt to hold their present place in front he will remove them. He needs them for a temporary purpose only, and when they have served that they can take the attitude of apology while Col. Burns takes the cake.

IS IT due to the conviction of our enlightened Supervisors that the city has culture enough without more reading, that the Free Library appropriations are abbreviated? The Park is, undoubtedly, a very charming place, and affords Commissioner Stow an unique opportunity of displaying his private virtue, but we would willingly see a suspension of activity out there if, in compensation, the hiatus in the book fund of the city's reading-room were but relieved. It is a sad condition of affairs, a poignant reflection on the financial discretion of the committees in charge, that so deplorable an economy should become compulsory in a community so rich and so remotely cultivated as that of San Francisco. Considering our population, our societies and the quality of oratory the campaign already begins to put in evidence, we should offer every inducement, not only to our citizens, but to our speakers to read—to read all the time. Reading, it is said, maketh a full man. Our full men, alas, seem to be running over.

THERE is a demand that society be organized on the basis of the interests of women who have not indulged in the luxury of marriage or have enjoyed the delights of divorce. This demand is so discussable that everything starts it going. Judge Coffey, who has not chosen to do his duty to society, and remains single, has referred to the peculiarities of woman as a client, whereupon the Women's Press Club, Rabbi Voorsanger and many others appear in discussion of woman's sphere. In all this spherical debate there is scant attention given to the fact that the vast majority of women are enthroned in homes where they are supreme, and that the natural disposition of woman to hold her place in the homes of every land is the sole reason that there are any homes at all. It is because a home is to be kept, a fireside cheered, that men go down into the earth in mines, and down into the sea in ships, and up into the air in balloons. For this they toil in the field, shop and office, they hammer iron, sweat by the furnace heat and chill in the winter's blast. The vision of a woman at home, sheltered and cared for by all this exertion and adventure, sweetens toil and dulls the edge of danger. Take that vision away and put in its place woman riding a bicycle to the Legis-

lature, or jockeying on the turf in a split skirt, and the master motive which has civilized the world through its homes will fade away, and h ll will have to annex territory to hold the men who will go there afoot and a-horseback and in a hand basket.

Granted that home building and home-keeping have exceptions, and that there are women disfranchised of their rights in the great empire they were born to sway, let us not reconstruct on these exceptions lest they become the rule. It is quite the rage to declare that the domestic view of woman's sphere is arbitrary—constructed by the hand of man out of his own selfishness. But this is not true. It is the natural order of things, an order in which woman requires no forcible conformity. But if the sex fall out of it, and its soft tones fade, and its romance languish, the vagrant man will lose his unselfishness and lapse into that barbarism which Ingomar enjoyed before he met Parthenia.

A GREVIOUS ERROR.

THE Stockton *Independent*, one of the papers selected by Burns to advertise the Governor's Proclamation, declares the "cry of Burns is not only silly, but hypocritical," and adds: "When he (Mr. Estee) is elected he will be Governor in fact, and he alone will be Governor." We assure our Slough City contemporary it is grievously in error. Not only is Colonel Burns grateful but he has a lively sense of favors to come. He can depend not only upon the gratitude, but on the obedience of Mr. Estee, for is not that worthy his own creation—a work of his hands? He was not wanted by the great mass of Republican voters; his nomination was opposed by the Sacramento *Bee* and other influential Republican papers. All manner of plots and jobs were put up to defeat Burns' friend, but the grateful Colonel made an audacious, persistent and successful fight for his friend against almost overwhelming odds, at not a little cost to his pocket, and his reputation, even. Does the *Independent* imagine Burns is in politics for fun? We have learned with sorrow he is not satisfied with all that Markham has done for him. Is it to be presumed then that, while smarting under what he is said to have termed "Markham's ingratitude," he would select a successor of whose servility and obedience there could be any doubt? He lifted him out of the rusty groove of an everlasting aspirant to the high position of an actual candidate. That he did so without assurances, without pledges, will be denied only by papers running the proclamation advertisement. That is part of the contract. If Mr. Estee be elected and fails in gratitude to Burns he is infinitely worse than we are willing to believe—worse than Burns believes, too. Burns will dominate him utterly. Let every Republican who cherishes a hope or ambition to be Harbor Commissioner or Viticultural Commissioner, or aught else in the Governor's gift, remember that if Estee be successful he must first win the Colonel to his support. Burns is a Boss pure and simple, and the first rule of bossdom requires that it control the patronage. It would be stupid to believe otherwise, and it is criminal to delude the people with any other belief. There is no way for Republicans to stop this widespread impression, save to scratch Estee and Millard and vote for Budd and Jeter. Then when next election rolls around the party may express its own will in convention, and not record the exactions of an individual.

THE *Post* is publishing some very exclusive Republican news these days.

LOUISIANA AND THE DEMOCRACY.

IT is announced that the sugar interests which control the politics of Louisiana have decided to go into the Republican party, and carry the Pelican State with them. It is to be hoped that they will succeed. The Democratic party has survived from the election of Jefferson, in 1800, until now, by refusing to adulterate its principles to catch votes. It is preeminently the champion of strict construction of the Federal Constitution. When the slavery question came into focus the Democratic party declared that as slavery had existed in New England and the Middle States until the people of those States chose to abolish it, that institution, domestic to the States, had an equal right to exist in the South, until the people in those States chose to abolish it. The attitude of the party was defensive of the Constitution and not approval of slavery. The rightfulness of its position was admitted by Wendell Phillips, who denounced the Constitution as "a covenant with Death and a league with Hell," refused to take an oath to support it, and quarreled with Sumner because, as a Senator, he took such oath, and, finally, publicly burned the Constitution on Boston Common.

When the Constitution was amended so as to forbid slavery every Democrat yielded to it his instant allegiance, and the party defends and supports that feature of it as religiously as it does the Bill of Rights.

It is this principle of the party that has brought it, with increasing strength and vitality, nearly to a century of organized existence. During that time there have been twenty-four Presidential elections, of which the Democratic party has won fourteen by the electoral vote and three others by the popular vote, making seventeen general elections in ninety-two years in which it has won at the ballot-box.

The Federal, Whig and Republican parties have, in the same time, won ten times in the electoral vote and only seven times in the popular vote.

With such a record there is only one way in which the party can be destroyed, and that is by deserting its principles of strict construction of the Constitution, and chasing votes on temporary issues of expediency.

To deny that it has been in danger of this is to shut one's eyes to facts. The agricultural States of the Upper Mississippi Valley, once Democratic for unchangeable physical reasons, have forgotten these in the prejudice that generated in the war. The party has turned to the South as the stronghold of its majorities, and when, for physical and material reasons, a Southern State has found itself in line with Republican rather than Democratic policy there has been a tendency to sacrifice principles in order to keep it in the Democratic traces.

This has been done with Louisiana. That State wants artificial profit legislated to its sugar. The pelican wants her pouch filled by Federal bounty, and this is denied to her by Democratic principles. But the expediency leaders of the party have gone far astray in trying to be Democratic in the West and Republican in Louisiana.

It is a compliment to the manhood of that State that her people determine to end the unnatural *status* by openly following sugar into the Republican camp. They seek the bounties unearned by their industries, and relieve the Democracy of a burden which threatened its destruction. A Republican majority of ten thousand in Louisiana this year will be the most salutary sign in American politics that has offered since the war.

It will cure permanently the sectional syphillis of the Republic party, give to it a National character, and bring both parties to the natural alignment. Even if the next House is lost by it, the loss will not be too great. In consequence of the policy heretofore pursued in the endeavor to hold Louisiana we have, in this State, the spectacle of Mr. Geary, a Democratic re-nominee for Congress, when his natural and proper place is on the Republican ticket and in the Republican party. We salute Louisiana, and speed her as the parting guest, while we hail the coming Northwest.

WHAT man's influence would you seek to obtain an appointment under Estee? Boss Burns. Every element that smacked of Boss in the Democratic convention was against Budd.

THE DECAY OF THE "ARGONAUT."

ROMIE HART'S *Argonaut*, which, since the pitiful and ungrateful shelving of Pixley, has been indifferently edited by different editors, has an occasional flash of forgetfulness in which it remembers California, takes cognizance of passing events, and speaks of us in print. During a moment of remissness last week one of the editorial fractions scribbled the following graceful and elegant paragraph, which, as it appeared, evidently complied with the severe requirements of Mr. Hart's classical taste in style.

"The manner in which the Democratic Municipal Convention in San Francisco is to have its birth is extraordinary, even in that extraordinary party. Its members are to be appointed by the Democratic County Committee. Four hundred and fifty are to be thus appointed, and one hundred and fifty more are to be appointed by a committee of eighteen elected by the assembly district clubs. This will make a highly representative body, but it does not seem to us to represent the people, or even the Democratic party, but merely the County Committee. Yet this body is to nominate all the city officials, from the Mayor down, including the School Directors, and legislative candidates as well. And this important convention is to be appointed by the Democratic County Committee! It will be a daisy."

"A daisy," indeed. How the mighty have fallen, alas! Time was when such an expression could no more have got into the *Argonaut* than a millionaire into Paridise. But consider the occasion of this cla sic statement, think of the *Argonaut*, now a poor, pale, flickering phosphorescent glimmer of Pixley's brilliant intellect, objecting to a "highly representative body" of six hundred citizens nominating a municipal ticket, while it guzzles and battens upon an entire State ticket nominated by Burns, a State platform drafted by Burns, and is prepared to relish with its café noir an entire municipal ticket nominated by the same individual. No one will question the amenity of its course, but it is hardly intelligent. However, let me suggest to Mr. Hart the advantages of gracefully defending Colonel Burns from the attacks of his various enemies. There is an inimitable opportunity here to exploit a variety of cast-off political theories, and to judge by its own platform the intellectual wardrobe of the *Argonaut's* editor is full of these.

THE *Examiner*, *Call* and *Chronicle* assessments seem never to have attracted the argus and mathematical eye of Mr. John P. Dunn. All of these dailies attack the Board of Equalization for raising assessments, while their own taxable valuation stands in evidence of the need of such raise. The *Examiner* is assessed at $13,150; the *Chronicle* at $16,000; the *Bulletin* at $1225; the *Call* at $12,000; total, $42,375, or about the price of one press in either of the offices. The *Call* is known to be held at not less than $300,000, and the other two morning papers at twice that each. The whole of them drew from the State about

$100,000 two years ago for advertising the Australian ballot, by that one job clearing more than twice the sworn value of their plants. Yet they are horrified at the profits of the Sugar Trust and unitedly deprecate public extravagance!

AN IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION.

Thinking men are urged to read the following communication. The high standing of the writer, who has devoted to the subject in hand a careful and painstaking investigation, entitles the views he expresses to something more than a passing glance. During the agitation we have conducted on behalf of pure primary laws the WAVE has received and written hundreds of letters and communications. While most of the suggestions offered to us were calculated to throw about party primaries greater solemnity, and, to that extent, improve their general moral tone; yet it is impossible to avoid the difficulty that *behind* the primaries is the selection of the *delegates* for whom we are called upon to vote, *already* chosen by the very institution we are seeking to destroy—bossism. Men who love party better than the State, men who prefer a criminal officer of their own political faith to an honest man of another political faith, will not fancy the proposition contained in this communication. The great mass of intelligent voters, however, are commencing to think for themselves. They resent the party lash that compels obedience to the party boss. They have grown tired of accepting a ticket simply because it is Democratic or Republican, and are casting their ballot on election day for the men they consider best fit to represent the welfare of the commonwealth in the high places of government.

EDITOR WAVE:

SIR—The organized Democratic politicians, at their "State Convention," recently held in this city, declared in their platform: "We favor the passage of a law regulating political primaries, compelling all parties that hold primaries to hold them at the same time and place, under the control of election officers, appointed in the same manner as at a general election." This is an admission on the part of the politicians that there exists a strong public desire in this State to purify politics; and, so far, it is a hopeful sign of progress.

But the scheme of law suggested in the platform is vain and delusive. I do not mean to say that it was proposed with intent to deceive, but I assert it was proposed without adequate thought.

The first, and most obvious, objection is that it proposes to saddle on the taxpayers the enormous additional expense of holding the so-called "primary elections"—that is to say, it is a proposal (perhaps) to *double* the election expenses of the State. For, granting that the same election officers and the same polling places are used by the several parties now in existence, there still must be separate poll-books, separate tickets, separate ballot-boxes, and, perhaps, separate compartments in the polling places for the several parties now existing. If new parties come into existence hereafter the expense must necessarily increase further; but, perhaps, it is intended to prohibit the formation of other parties than those now existing! A theory seems to prevail among professional politicians that all Americans are by birth Republicans, Democrats or Populists, just as they are black, white or yellow, and can (or should) no more change their political views than they can (or should) change the color of their skins. (Still this is another matter.)

Let us suppose, however, that, with recklessness born of our long indignation, we should be willing to double our taxes if we could get pure politics, yet I assert that the scheme proposed by the Democratic Convention, so far from effecting this, would only intrench the professional politicians in power more securely than ever. By "professional politicians" I mean (employing the language of the *Examiner*) "the rascals of both parties who combine to give the control of the machinery of government to the men who will stoop to hire them."

I assert that these "rascals" will be intrenched in power by any plan which gives the so-called "primary elections" an air of legality. Assuming that the "primary elections" of all parties are held on the same day, and that they are conducted by election boards appointed in the same manner as at a general election, we should in that case (perhaps) have less repeating, personation, ballot-box stuffing and false counting *at these so-called "primary elections."* But *the "rascals" would already have made the "nominations" for party officers,* and the "respectable citizen" would find that even at such a "primary election" the selection of candidates was already made for him by the "rascals." For these "primary elections" would still not be "primary" in any sense (as was pointed out by the "Republican Lawyer" in one of your late issues). The precinct club must first have been formed; then there must have been sundry meetings of the club—for "organization," for "enrollment," for "revision of the rolls," for "the nomination and election of club officers," for "the nomination of delegates and County Committeemen," and so on *ad nauseam.* It is at these meetings, that go *before* the so-called "primary elections," that the "fine work" is now done. Under the proposed system these or similar *preliminary* meetings would still of necessity be held, and the "primary election" would still simply consist of a ratification by the "good citizens" of the work of the "rascals."

I assume that no one can be foolish enough to think that all the club meetings that necessarily go before the "primary election" can be effectually put under State control. There is nothing in the scheme proposed by the Democratic platform which suggests the *possibility* of doing this. But, even if attempted, consider for a moment the enormous additional expense any attempt to do so would further entail! The election expenses of the State would then be more than quadrupled.

I have heretofore, in my former letter to you, asserted that there is but one path to "pure politics," and that is to abolish the partisan nominating convention, and with it the so-called "primary." So long as the *superstition* is encouraged that partisan nominating conventions and "primaries," so-called, are a necessary part of the American scheme of government, the professional politician, as we at present know him, will of necessity remain in power, and will have "control of the machinery of government." This is demonstrated if we examine the organization of the parties as they now exist

No "precinct club" can hold a "primary" and elect a delegate who will be allowed to take part in any "partisan nominating convention" unless the club is recognized as "regular" by some body of professional politicians, generally calling itself a "State Central" or a "County Committee." These "State Central" and "County Committees"—that is a mere majority of their members—may, if they choose, "recognize" a club of "rascals," however small, and refuse "recognition" to a club of "honest citizens," however large. In a thousand other ways the members of these committees, under the plea of "preserving regularity," or even under the guise of honesty, can so control the "precinct clubs," that these clubs shall nominate only "suitable" delegates and "suitable" successors to the existing committeemen. Thus the committees practically may perpetuate themselves, or persons of like kidney. And, thus, so long as "honest partisans" are *compelled* to form or join "clubs" in order to hold "primaries," a mere majority of the members of these State and County Committees can always "give the control of the machinery of Government to the men who will stoop to hire them," even though "all primaries be held on the same day" under the benevolent auspices of State officers.

Now, where in the Constitution of the United States or in the American scheme of government, is there any warrant for the idea that the "partisan nominating convention," or the "partisan primary," or the partisan Central Committee is a part of the machinery of government? According to our analysis, according to the *Examiner*, according to the experience and belief of the multitudes of Americans of the present day, they are not merely "*part* of the machinery," *they are practically the whole of our Government.* But, if they are, they have become so since 1820. The "Fathers" never dreamed of any such machinery. The truth is, the "partisan nominating convention" and its attendant evils of "clubs" and "primaries" are a fungus growth—a sore—on the body politic, so large and offensive that the ordinary sight almost forgets there is a pure body upon which they have grown.

I say, again, abolish the partisan nominating convention and all form of so-called "primaries." Every American has a right to run for office, if he is so minded, without the consent of any committee or body whatever. Every American has a right to nominate and help elect to public office any other American whose character or political principles he may admire, and that without the consent or hinderance of any committee or band of politicians whatever. If this be not so, what is meant by "free government?" The industrious citizen should not be compelled to spend days and nights in forming clubs, fighting a whole horde of rascals in labyrinths of "party machinery" invented for their use, with the vain hope that his single vote may ultimately be cast for something like an honest man. A government machine that demands so much time from the producers of the community is a palpable fraud upon them and upon the community.

If politics are to be purified, it can only be done by enabling industrious private citizens who cannot make politics a profession, to make themselves felt *with little expenditure of their time.* Sooner or later those classes of the American people will obtain a method of nomination and election which shall not require them to expend so much valuable time as is now required in the supervision of nominations by partisan nominating conventions.

I respectfully suggest that the following scheme of law is the correct method for attaining the ends for which the honest rank and file of the Democratic party are aiming to attain.

First—All nominations to State and Municipal offices shall be made by certificate in writing, and in no other manner whatsoever.

Second—A nomination may be made by any two or more electors residing in the district or political subdivision for which the candidate named is presented. Of course, no one shall be allowed to join in nominating more than one person for the same office, and no person shall be allowed to accept a nomination for more than one office.

Third—The official ticket shall be printed so that the names of the public offices to be filled shall appear in alphabetical order, and the names of the candidates for the several offices shall appear also in alphabetical order under the names of the several offices.

Fourth—Put after the names of candidates, their places of residence and their occupation, *but forbid any designation of their party or political principles on the official ticket.*

[This will compel the voter to know something of the man for whom he is voting, and of the man's principles; and it will compel the candidate to make his personality and his principles known to the voter. A voter is unfit to have a vote who will not take the trouble to know for whom he is voting; and a candidate is unfit for office who is not known or cannot make himself and his principles known to the voters without fear. REMARK—That the people of this State do believe in an educational qualific tion for voters].

Fifth—If nominations to office shall be so numerous as to make the official ticket too large the ticket may be divided into halves or thirds, each half or third shall be marked on the top: "First Half" (or "First Third," as the case may be) "Of Municipal Ticket" (or other ticket) for the city of San Francisco, *containing nominations for all offices, alphabetically arranged from A to L*" The second half (or third as the case may be) shall be marked: "Second Half of Municipal (or other) Ticket," *containing nominations for all offices, alphabetically arranged from M to Z.*" Where the ticket is divided into halves or thirds, each half or third may be endorsed on the back in a similar way: "First half of municipal ticket for all offices arranged in alphabetical order from A to L," or "Second half of municipal ticket for all offices arranged in alphabetical order from M to Z."

Of course, every provision of the present "Australian Ballot Law," and of the "Purity of Election Law," that is consistent with the above scheme should be retained. This would give us the *genuine* Australian Ballot Law.

The system of free nominations that I here propose is manifestly the *simplest* system yet proposed. It will only require the "honest citizen" to make one visit to a polling place to do his whole political duty and to do it effectively.

But, moreover, it is the most economical system yet proposed. The State will be put to the expense of holding but *one* election.

The *great* objection raised by the politicians to the Australian Ballot system *in its purity* was that there would be too many nominations to office under it, and, in consequence, the official tickets would be too large. In other words, the American people were told that the size of a sheet of paper would be a serious impediment to good government. It has always struck me as singular that such an objection as this should have had so much weight with a people like the American people, who pride themselves upon their extraordinary ingenuity in overcoming mere physical problems. Simply to show how easily this objection might be overcome, I suggest the division of the official ticket into halves, if necessary.

But, as a matter of fact, experience in Australia and elsewhere has shown that nominations to office *do not* become inconveniently numerous. Men who have no popularity will not run *often.* Unknown men will not care to run unless willing to make an active canvass and able to become favorably known. The very freedom with which nominations may be made will encourage honest, able and energetic men to attempt to win public applause by exhibition of superior character and capacity. Demagogues and rascals will still, no doubt, ply their arts on the ignorant and unthinking, but they will not be able to shut out from nomination (as they now do by the machinery of party) honest and able men.

Nor will men cease to band together in parties. Like political views and aims will always bring men together, but they will come together more to support political principles and less for the mere purpose of obtaining office, if the "party machine" has no power to "give nominations." If "State Committees," "County Committees" or "Bosses" no longer have (as they have now) the practically exclusive power of nominating to office, surely a greater number of better men will be found in public places. Great economic and political questions will still remain for settlement, and will divide constituencies, as well as legislators and aspirants for offices, into parties; but parties will be formed principally to support principles, and incidentally to elect suitable men, and not, as now, principally to make nominations and furnish Legislatures, Supervisors and Commissioners in lots to order for the benefit of trusts and monopolies, and only incidentally to announce principles.

Abolish the partisan nominating conventions and the partisan primaries and make nominations free to all citizens. A DEMOCRATIC LAWYER.

SPLASHES

TO PRONOUNCE the event of a dull week so imposing a function as the Dimond-Jarboe wedding might seem, if one were inclined to be hypercritical, to detract from its importance. Nothing could be further from my intentions, or the fact, however. Indeed, the background of tedium heightens the effect of that brilliant occasion rather than takes from it. While we marry and give in marriage, propose and are

proposed to in San Francisco, it is not every day so prominent a girl as Miss Eleanor Dimond, or so popular and good looking a man as Mr. Paul Jarboe, join hearts and fates. Therefore, the affair demands and is given proper recognition, not only by society, which turned out in numbers far in excess of **400,** but by the dailies, who have nearly had verbal epilepsy over describing the opulence and luxury of the gowning and the luxury and opulence of the decorations. This is but just and proper, indeed, for matrimony demands and deserves encouragement, and it is a favorite theory of journalists that there is no earthly happiness equal to seeing one's name in print.

* * *

Verbal epilepsy invariably produces so many columns of descriptive balderdash that there are left but few points for me, bringing up the rear of the week, to make. Everyone has said the bride looked stately and moved up the aisle with grace and style, that her gown was an exceedingly swagger thing in nuptial robes and that it fitted admirably. Dozens of people have assured me that each one of the bridesmaids appeared to better individual advantage than any of the others, that Miss Mae Dimond looked both graceful and charming, which was to be expected, that the Hobart girls were preëminently dainty, which was obvious, that Miss McKinstry was characteristically swell and Miss Jarboe characteristically beautiful in the pink satin and muslin of the bridesmaid's costume. They have even dwelt on the gown which set off so admirably the refined style of the maid of honor. It was a creation of Mme. Leuenberger's—pink satin, trimmed with chiffon, skirt full in big pleats and immense balloon sleeves—the largest I have ever seen. But the effect was capital. The bridal gown was in white satin and India muslin made in fine lines. Miss Dimond wore no wreath, but her veil was caught by a diamond pin.

* * *

About every properly regulated church wedding there should be distinctive features, so on this occasion they were not lacking. Instead of her attendants following the bride up the church, they descended headed by the maid of honor from the vestry door down the aisle and met her at the vestibule. Then, accompanied by the ushers, leaning on the arm of her sister, Miss Dimond led the way up the church to the altar, where General Dimond, the groom and his best man stepped out to meet them. Prior to this ceremony the audience was enclosed in pink ribbon boundaries, which left the aisles clear and prevented egress until after the departure of the bridal party. It was charming on their way out to notice the very obvious devotion of the happy twain. Mr. Jarboe, who is one of the handsomest young men in San Francisco, was an example to future grooms by the manner he walked down the aisles, oblivious of everything but his bride. The choir played, and the quartette sang the wedding march from Lohengrin, to whose inspiring strains the congregation dispersed. A very jolly party assembled at the Dimond residence for the wedding

supper. Only the members of the bridal party and the families of the Jarboes and Dimonds were there. Pink hearts were the souvenirs for the ushers, and pink arrows were at the plates of the girls. Next morning Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe left for Santa Cruz, where they are spending their honeymoon.

* * *

But the church itself—I have not space to do justice to the gathering. Society was there in full force, and in some instances, in full dress. There were handsome gowns galore, and gowns that failed to appeal to my aesthetic tendencies—the half dark half light style that is creeping into vogue—pale bodice and somber skirt—a too vigorous, too glaring contrast, suggestive of make-shift, of undue economies. Among the innumerable faces I caught glimpses of, Miss McBean seemed looking most effective, her delicate complexion and pale blonde hair being framed in the black velvet of a large and very pretty hat. She wore a light silk gown, and was a charmingly harmonious picture. Miss Hager in a decidedly swagger white brocaded silk, and a hat to match, Miss Alice Ames and Miss Daisy Van Ness in covert suits, Miss O'Conner in a summer fabric, Miss Hoffman in dark tones, were all very effective. Talbot Clifton figured prominently among the spectators, his arm hung gracefully in a bandanna. The decorations were simple—palms, foliage, cut flowers in the chancel—no formal floral pieces or elaborate interlacements which, thank goodness, have completely gone out of style. Of course, the wedding presents were numerous and beautiful; they consisted for the most part of silver and crystal.

* * *

IN ONE SENSE the ball at Mrs. Anne Donahue's last Saturday night was a beginning of the end, so far as the older girls are concerned. Of course, the Martin boys belong to the younger set, and it is but natural to expect they would gather around them their especial friends. But out of some two hundred men and maidens I hardly saw any of the belles to whom it was fashionable to bend the knee a season or so back. Their complete eclipse by the debutantes is decidedly curious—at least the manner in which they accept seeondary station is. The parlors of the Donahue mansion are hardly intended for dancing purposes, but the young people did their best, though the crush was rather overpowering. Promptly at midnight the music was shut off, and Ludwig set the tables for a sumptuous supper.

* * *

Miss Aileen Goad was decidedly the belle. She came rather late, having driven up with Walter Hobart's drag party from Burlingame. A pale gown set off her delicate seduisante type of beauty to radiant advantage. At supper every one had a jolly time—champagne in abundance and a capital menu, including squab. Anent that plat an amusing story is told on Downey Harvey. Seated with his mother and aunt at the family table, he, as usual, was busy keeping his entire environment amused. Rather an attenuated bird was placed before him, and squab being one of his fascinations, very promptly he commenced its dissection. Finally he observed to Mrs. Donahue with extreme gravity:

"I think this must be a male bird."

"How can you tell, Downey?" she inquired.

"Why, it has no breast."

"Then get another, Downey," was the very concise reply.

Mrs. Donahue's late acquisition in the shape of a very beautiful marble table, with a picture of St. Peter's at Rome in Mosaic, was very much admired. She has also some handsome Mosaic pictures. Her many friends in the Western Addition will be glad to learn this very hospitable lady is soon to build a mansion on Broadway. Of course, her present locale has advantages, but Bryant street now-a-days is almost the other end of the world.

* * *

THE SEASON promises to be exceedingly gay. There are prospects of a number of big entertainments and a variety of minor ones. An unusually good crowd of people have come into the cotillions, and Mr. Greenway already beams enthusiastically over anticipating glories. There are almost as many debutantes this winter as were developed last year, and among them are some exceedingly pretty and

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attractive maidens. Among the bigger affairs talked of are balls at the Hobarts and at the Goads to celebrate the debut of Miss Genievieve. Rumor has it, too, that the Flood mansion will be opened for a big ball. Miss Flood was at the dance of the Fortnightly Club at the end of the '93 season—her first appearance in society for many years. Figuratively speaking, she broke the ice then, and may be seen around a little this winter. Society would dearly love to have the Floods enter the lists as entertainers. Their house is really magnificent, and some new Corots they have are worth going miles to see.

* * *

The new riding club is talked off a good deal among the buds as well as in the ranks of the older belles. It has been organized by Mr. and Mrs. A. Farnsworth, whose capability as equestrians most people who have been to Burlingame are familiar with. Quite a number of well-known girls have joined already, and a ring covering about a block out on Baker street is to be built at once. The purposes of the institution are to teach riding and driving to those who are not experts, also to afford a place for those who wish to practice the equestrian art. Later on, in connection with the club there will be "meets" for paper chases at Burlingame or Menlo, which should prove exciting and amusing. Mrs. Farnsworth and Mr. Thomas Neare, lately from England, will act as instructors.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Duffy, Mr. Charles E. Brown, Mr. Thomas H. Pike and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Tilley spent Admission Day as guests of Mrs. Lilian K. Slinkey at the El Monte Hotel, Sausalito.

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Among the most brilliant gatherings of the week was the dinner given by Mrs. Joseph Austin at their Page-street residence in honor of her husband's birthday. The artistic interior of the pretty cottage was cleverly decorated with agreeable shades of red, and the dining-room was elaborately adorned with red roses, the favorite flower of the popular host. Uncle George Bromley told some good stories over the walnuts and wine, while General Hammond and Harry Gray were as witty as usual. Mr. Austin satisfied his vociferative capabilities by listening to the cleverness of his guests. The menu was really delicious, but, under the agreeable circumstances, that was to be expected.

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THE BANQUET HALL of the California is now in great demand. Manager Warfield has an admirable chef and the service is superb. The Amateur Press Association, the Sons of Revolutionary Sires, the Unitarian Club, and the Associated Veterans of the Mexican War have given dinners there during the past week. Besides all this, the Democratic State Central Committee have taken possession of a suite of rooms that form headquarters both practical and beautiful. Among the permanent guests of the house are Mrs. and Miss Jarboe, Col. Nat. Messer and family, the A. C. Donnells, the C. L. Canfields and Col. Sontagg. I hope, now Col. Warfield is gathering a large family about him, he will inaugurate a series of entertainments that will give the house a position unique among our hotels.

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SOJOURNERS at Castle Crag have given themselves up to trout fishing, which at this season is excellent. Spencer Buckbee, who wields the rod in a manner calculated to cause the spirit of Isaac Walton to shed a green, glarish light of envy, brings in a basket full whenever he ventures forth. J. R. Folsom and wife had an exciting time with a large fish, the glories of which has travelled from the parlor to the porch and has reached the stable boys who are now discussing it. A herd of deer reported to have been seen within ten minutes' walk of the hotel, produced great excitement among the men, and has resulted in some tales of gun and field that conscience should have smothered ere the lip repeated. R. G. Brown and wife, of Oakland, with their daughter, Miss Florinne, are exploring the neighboring hills and valleys, riding and driving most the time. W. G. Curtis, Geo. S. Folsom, Miss Howard and Mrs. U. Y. Haynes are among the recent arrivals.

* * *

"PURITY of the Press" is the topic of a lecture chosen by Marcus D. Boruck to be delivered at Golden Gate Hall on October 11th for the benefit of the Children's Home. The entire proceeds will be devoted to charity. The lecture promises to develop some startling facts, and though charity reap the reward it is whispered he will be charitably uncharitable toward certain of the press of this city. The subject, as well as the object, entitles the lecturer to a large audience. Mr. B. is a ready flaker and will entertain his listeners beyond a doubt.

* * *

Miss Benfy, the elocutionist, has kindly volunteered to give a miscellaneous reading at Miss West's school on Thursday next, at three o'clock, for the benefit of the school library. The entire proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to that very laudable purpose.

* * *

The betrothal of Mr. Sol Sheeline to Miss Brodt, a niece of Daniel Meyer, is announced.

* * *

To obtain admission to the concerts of the Saturday Morning Orchestra is rather more difficult now than in times gone by. Herr Director Scheel is a strict taskmaster, much given to discipline and devoid of any desire of display en route. He intends the playing of the young women to be the best of his work and, I am told, expresses approval in a guarded way of their efforts so far—says they are up to, if not a little bit ahead, of the Philharmonics. It might be rembered, however, that he has aroused the enthusiasm of some very clever young women, who devote many of their leisure hours to subduing technical defects. In this direction I hear favorable reports of the work of Miss Alice Ames, whose violin playing has improved in a notable way. She leads the orchestra now and talks, I believe, of devoting herself entirely to music, making a profession of it. The execution of the project would rob society of one of its belles, but it would give to music a very beautiful and conscientious devotee, whom, I am sure, would be a decided success.

* * *

Among the events that society in general and particular anticipates with enthusiasm is the marriage of the very good looking Rabbi, Rev. Nietto and Miss Franklin. She is very beautiful, the bride, but is, I regret to hear, so deaf that communication with her must be had in writing. Contrary to the expectation of those who thought so prominent a function might not take place outside the realm of Rabbi Voorsanger, the ceremony is to be performed in the Taylor-Street Synagogue, at which place the prospective groom presides. On the evening of the 18th, Rev. Nietto, Sr., of St. Louis, is to come here for the wedding, and will perform the ceremony according to all the rites. A supper at the Maison Riche will follow.

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

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At a fantasia in bloodless dainties Miss Adeline Knapp entertained a number of her intellectual lady friends last Saturday. Miss Knapp has a quaint little cottage somewhere about the hills north of Oakland; but to herself, Joaquin Miller and a few other celebrities it is known as Adelheim. While not at the race track—for Miss Knapp is a connoisseur on horsey affairs and writes equine matter for the *Call*—she lives out here and, being a strict vegetarian, will not even permit a cat to share her wild retreat. Besides this, she is a faithful soldier of the Woman's Congress and loves pantomime, so to show her gratitude to the young ladies who participated in a noiseless affair that was given under the auspices of the Woman's Congress last May, she invited them in a body to her home in the wilderness, where they were regaled with a menu of strictly vegetarian plats, of which they partook with as great an amount of enthusiasm as could be expected under the circumstances. A visit to Joaquin Miller's mountain retreat followed the repast, and the Sierra poet amused his guests until the deepening shadows advised the painful necessity of a return to animal civilization.

* * *

THAT THE SUMMER season is on the quick march to departure was obvious to all who witnessed the "finals" at the San Rafael courts last Monday. With the thermometer at fever heat and Society in full force, all sorts of gowns were indulged in. Few smart frocks were worn. An occasional duck broke the monotony of the sombre blues and blacks, but toilettes appropriate to the climate and the occasion I missed. Even the clothes of the players seemed suffering a decline, and with the best intentions in the world I could not bring myself to admiring the rigs of either heroine. With dishevelled bangs and trailing skirts the girls tore over the sweltering courts, looking as forlorn and dejected as the noonday blaze and the struggle for supremacy could possibly make them. Miss Bates worked hard for victory, but her opponent's superb condition and the burning heat were too much for her, and the last two sets found her plucky but so exhausted that she was a fitter subject for a doctor's care than a fight for championship honors. Even her opponent's friends, who were present en masse, could not resist uttering a few words of encouragement to this Oakland maiden, whose skill and grit made the sturdy champion battle for victory as she has never done before; but Miss Hooper's condition, as well as her playing, was capital. Being under the careful supervision of Joe Daly, this young lady has practiced hard and faithfully for the past four weeks, and to this she attributes her victory. Though lacking the dexterous quickness of Miss Bates, she possesses unusual driving powers, which, together with a robust physique, great determination and a sufficient amount of confidence, makes her a player of no ordinary merit, and it is very probable she will defend her cham-

After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

pionship in rather the same manner as Taylor did.

* * *

Here I might suggest a change in the accommodation accorded the lady players at the San Rafael court. Equipped as it is with showers and all other conveniences, there are no separate quarters for the girls, and, of course, they are compelled to forego the luxury and refreshment of the bath and the rub-down, which the men find so necessary to keeping up their strength. Miss Hooper's victory, of course, was the chief topic of conversation at lunch. The huge dining-room was packed with people, and ices and cooling drinks were almost wholly substituted for solid victuals. A promenade around the cool corridors and all returned to the court, where the temperature was easily 102 in the shade and keeping cool almost an utter impossibility. The Carrigan boys, beneath headgear of astonishing proportions, came as near to looking comfortable as any one I saw, though the number of light duck costumes dotting the stand made the winter-garbed onlookers almost green with envy. Perhaps of all the girls Miss Miriam Moore, who was the guest of Mrs. George Boyd, looked prettiest. She wore a stunning gown of white lawn, dotted with small black specks and a sash and collar of magenta—the effect really charming. Mrs. H. W. Tay in pink, Miss Ruger in a white and green organdie, and Mrs. Lieutenant Fetch'eller in black, with a white hat, all looked exceedingly well. Miss Ida Moody, a pure blonde, with an exceedingly graceful figure and a beautiful refined face, wore black. Miss Gwin, Miss Merry, the Misses Georgie and Henrietta Sullivan, Miss Kip and Miss K. M. Dillon appeared in dresses of pleasing variety and particularly good style.

* * *

The fact that the Hardy boys and such celebrities as Driscoll and De Long were to play meant that some good tennis was to be indulged in, and after seeing the victors snatch the laurels from their opponents, no one could feel that their anticipations had not been fulfilled. It was undoubtedly due to their training that Driscoll and De Long defeated the phenomenal brothers. After the third set everything seemed in favor of the latter, but a rub down and a drink brought out their opponents looking as fresh as daisies, prepared to do or die, and do, they eventually succeeded in doing. The Hardy youths made a grievous error in the manipulation of the ice cake between the sets. Instead of applying it to their chrysanthemum locked heads as mortals usually do, they reserved it for their lower extremities, which very naturally grew as fiery as the atmosphere in the course of events, and their owners were obliged to suffer the consequences of their own ignorance, or rather of their trainer's inability. However, the enthusiasts are of the unanimous opinion that the tennis played at San Rafael last Monday was the best seen for years.

* * *

SOCIETY IN OAKLAND does not figure in the category of prolific subjects this week, due to the very common cause of lack of incident. The vagaries of Mrs. Leilah Yarde Buller have furnished a topic for conversation, but as that lady has expressed herself so vociferously, she has, apparently, exhausted all shades of the subject. Of course, there are always two sides to any family question, and it might be amusing to hear what the other members of the Kirkham clan have to say. So far, however, they decline the privilege of print; therefore, their sister's statement stands out in bold, if cold, relief. One cannot help thinking they exhibit considerable sense by this exhibition of silence, for the old rule about requiring two to make a quarrel holds as good as ever. It is easy to understand that Mrs. Yarde Buller's requirements are positive, for she married the younger son of a noble but impoverished house, and has considerable state to keep up. If the income of the Kirkham estate is not at least $50,000 per annum, it is due to mismanagement, for that is not a speculative return on the amount invested. An allowance of $330 per month is hardly adequate to live in London on.

* * *

It is a bit hard on the Kirkham contingent that the Wheeler wedding should have been followed by this unfortunate esclandre. However, it is the lot of every Oakland family of any prominence to figure in print at one time or another; no matter how cautious they be, sooner or later notoriety cometh. Considering the long list of Alameda County gentility, few are conspicuous for an immunity from history.

* * *

The Ebell Society had an afternoon last Saturday—the feature of which was a talk by Mrs. Yarde Buller on English village and town life. The announcement of the advent of this celebrated personage was quite sufficient to attract to the rooms of the organization a large gathering of members. During the week Mrs. J. N. L. Shepard gave a pleasant little party, at which the invairable concomitants of music, recitation and refreshments were in evidence. It was quite a pleasant affair.

* * *

THERE IS nothing especially exciting or awe-inspiring about garden parties in general, but brilliant sunlight, an appropriate modicum of shade, girls in duck or muslin gowns, and men in straw hats, when properly combined, produce some very pleasing effects and ofttimes agreeable harmonies. Two such parties are to be recorded, one at the beautiful home of Mrs. Little, where there was music, dancing and their various concomitants, including, of course, the accessory of refreshments, cooling and substantial. There were dozens of well known girls present in the brightest of pinks, pale blues and white muslins and organdies, they presented a series of charming pictures, almost as good as they were natural. Among the prettiest, to my particular point of view on this occasion, were Miss Howard, Miss Shephard, Miss Glasscock and Miss Craven.

* * *

The Pope garden party was a great success. Throughout the afternoon the grounds were crowded with pretty girls and good looking youths, though it must be admitted the latter were in a distinct but undistinguished minority. Lots of fun was had in the gardens, which are very fine of their kind, and in the tea-house, wherein that seductive if innocuous beverage was served in a bewildering variety of forms, mainly ice dashed, of course with such spiritual accessories as individual partakers cared to call for. In the evening the guests were given some good music—not too much, but just enough to make them want more. Mr. Melvin and Miss Morse sang and Miss Bessie Wall played some bits of Greig. After that dancing. It was hot, unmistakably sultry, but that abated not the terpsichorean proclivities of any of the men or maidens, who waltzed and polk'd well into the wee witching hours.

* * *

WHAT ESPECIAL characteristic of Oakland is it that gives so many aspirants to the drama? Is there aught in the atmosphere of Alameda county that superinduces dramatic ardor—an undue allowance of ozone, oxygen or the new gas some celebrated investigator has discovered as existing in the air. The subject is one of more than mild interest, and demands investigation. Perhaps the amateur Thespian proclivities of so many otherwise charming young people may offer an adequate explanation, but that form of amusement exists elsewhere and is not productive of professional consequences. However, there is little reason so far for regret over the tendency, for that will not relieve a single ambition of its sting nor prevent a solitary aspirant having her fill of stageland—a region whose seductions are mirage-like and vanish with proximity.

* * *

Miss Grace Fisher, the very charming young maiden who scored such a success in "Held by the Enemy" at the Macdonough last year, leaves for New York very shortly to enter one of the innumerable dramatic schools there. Yesterday afternoon she gave a farewell recital in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church for a number of friends who wished to have a formal opportunity, prior to departure, of testifying faith in her ability and personal regard. It is to be hoped she will succeed and make a place for herself among the dramatic stars.

* * *

Another Oakland engagement, that of Miss Johanna Richardt, daughter of the Danish painter of that ilk, and Mr. Urquhardt. Miss Ada Dougherty, once known to Alameda County in general as "the Fruitvale heiress," has become engaged to an Oakland man, Mr. Arthur Pope, a member of the Jackson street family of that ilk. Miss Dougherty is really a San Francisco girl now, as she resides out on Broadway, but she is better known on the other side of the bay, and her fiancé belongs to the set there. The marriage has not definitely been decided on, but will occur, doubtless, some time during the winter. The prospective bride enjoys an income of some $600 per month, and comes into several hundreds of thousands later on. So there are double reasons for congratulating Mr. Pope.

* * *

At the San Rafael tournament Oakland had more than adequate representation. Some of the prettiest members of the Alameda County contingent witnessed, and sympathized with each other, over the defeat of plucky Miss Bates. However, it is a consolation to believe that with proper training she may, and will, do better next time, and convert her next meeting with Miss Hooper into a triumph. If it is not within the compass of this young woman's prowess, I am sure, Miss Martha Alexander will not prove unworthy of Filbert street.

* * *

The Shorb-White nuptials which are to be celebrated with due pomp at the old Mission Church at San Gabriel will be a wedding of more than ordinary interest. The bride is a daughter of J de Barth Shorb the prominent vitaculturist, and is an exceedingly handsome young lady of charming manners. She is well known in both San Francisco and Los Angeles society circles, and will be remembered here as the guest of the late Mrs. Captain Floyd, sometime ago. Dr. White is a clever young navy surgeon, and a scion of an old Baltimore family. After the honeymoon the bride and groom go to Annapolis, where Dr. White is stationed. There they will reside during the period.

* * *

SENATOR WHITE has achieved in

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Washington what few new comers can boast. He has been appointed a member of the lead-committee of the Upper House—the Finance Committee. Considering the brevity of his experience, the distinction is unique, and he is talked about quite a good deal by the wise-acres of the Capitol. Let it not be understood that I claim he has made a great reputation like Olney. He might have, had he taken advantage of all his opportuuities, but it is because he refrained that they put him on the Finance Committee. Early in the session White recognized how ineffective a new man was against the cliques, the combinations and the prejudices of Washington, and he consented to take the advice of an adroit and sagacious politician, who out of friendship to California offered guidance and aid. In order to figure in the estimation of the Administration, it is necessary to fight it, and White opposed Hornblower, Peckham, siding with Hill, and paid no attention to Cleveland. The result was that measures to conciliate him were taken, and he has been able to aid the State in a way that no Californian has done in years. Besides he has more to say in regard to appointments than anyone else from the Coast. His influence appointed McCoppin, and may appoint Ross Circuit Judge for the new district.

* * *

It may be said, that the present team, Perkins and White, have labored earnestly for the State and have obtained more for us in the way of appropriations and consideration than all our representatives have during the last two decades. Fruit growers and viticulturists may thank White for the modifications made on their behalf in the Wilson bill. In his new position he cannot fail to achieve much more. Indeed I am told by those whose opinion is valuable in the connection, that if White continues as he has commenced, he cannot fail to make a national reputation.

* * *

Circumstances alter cases, of course, but considering the energy exhibited by Perkins in Washington, and his effectiveness, I am a bit surprised the Republican convention refused to notice his services or compliment his work. It is easy to understand that Col. Burns would have none of him, for rumor announces the Colonel as himself the victim of the Senatorial ambition, but the County Convention endorsements render exceedingly conspicuous the silence of the central body. Some twenty counties have formally endorsed the ex-Governor for the two years' term, and in most instances instructed their legislative candidates to support him.

* * *

IT MAY BE interesting to the curious who follow the careers of our Congressmen to learn of the estimation they separately enjoy at Washington. Most prominent among them is Representative Geary, who is decidedly a personage there enjoying celebrity as a debater and the name of the readiest man on the floor. He it was who first faced the redoubtable Bourke Cocherane, until then an object of terror to the House. There occurred a question in which both were interested on opposing sides, and, very pluckily, Geary entered the lists with the eloquent New York lawyer. After the first engagement Geary had him discouraged, and in a few more bouts the big man was silenced utterly. Now no one is afraid of him, and his prestige has flown. An unusual power of reparteé and a peculiar fertility at argument have conferred great distinction on the Californian, who is recognized as a dangerous man to tackle. He never has the worst of a verbal encounter, and a difficult situation finds him ever at his best. Without question he was, until he voted against Wilson's tariff, one of the strongest men on the Democratic side. Even now his influence cannot be gainsaid.

* * *

Maguire enjoys neither the prestige nor the influence of Geary. His Congressional fame is exploited only in California newspapers friendly to his course against the funding bill. He is not recognized as a Democrat, and the Republicans have no sympathy with his single tax proclivities. His friend and companion is Henry George, whenever that worthy is in Washington, and though the credit of possessing brains and eloquence is generally accorded him, he cannot accomplish purposes, has not that form of ability that wins prestige and appropriations in Congress. Caminetti cuts no figure whatever, and as for Loud, his inaptitude is painfully pronounced, he rates but as nothing. It seems impossible to conceive so useless a representative being returned to a theatre he is so unfitted for.

* * *

THEY ARE not responsible for the misconstructions of peregrinating noblemen, our California maidens, but it is as well they realized the impressions their ingenuous advances make sometimes on the aristocracy of the old world. During his visit to San Francisco Prince Poniatowski was the recipient of considerable attention. His admirable lineage, the interest his betrothal had excited and the fascination of his own personality combined to give him a vogue most unusual. Every one was anxious to meet him, and the privilege was denied no one. It is unnecessary to say he received a variety of invitations to call and, equally superfluous to add, he availed himself of many of them. Conversing on one occasion with some clubmen about the maidens of San Francisco, incidental, I believe, to their raptures over lordlings and others, the Prince proceeded to give in a most dramatic way his experience:

"Such a vary pretty girl ask me to call one afternoon—worth one million, at least (raising his eyebrows.) She live in fine house, and I tink one day I go see her. She say she want me vary much. I go. I am shown into small drawing-room—big vases, sofas, cushions and all—vara preety—rich. This is rale nice place, I tink. I wait a bit. Then I hear a rustle, and she come down—*alone*.

* * *

"'Ah, Prince,' she say, sitting down on the divan beside me. Dey don't do that in Europe, the young girls. No, sir. Den she jump up vary quick, an' shut de door. I hear a snap. I tink the door locked. She vary beautiful dressed. I stand up, to—I draw over a stool and sit down. Gentlemen, I want to show her I do homage to American beauty. She look down into my eyes vary hard, vary queer. I don't like it. Den I say:

"'Where's *Madame Notre Mere*, Mees? I would like to pay her my respects.'

"'Oh, Ma's gone down town shopping—so sorry, but you will have to take me instead.'

"'I don't tink she like me to ask for her *mere*, but I feel vara mooch alarmed. Den she lean over me much more, and say:

"'Prince, haf you ever read Madamoiselle de Maupin?'"

* * *

"Den I tink something dreadful happen. I determine to go. I say, 'I'm so sorry, I must go—haf important engagement.' She say: 'Nonsence, Poniatowski, tell me, haf you read Madamoiselle de Maupin?' Den I say, 'a thousand times, no!' Tink of it, gentlemen, dat nice young girl talking about so wicked a book. I get up quick—I say, 'So sorry—haf an engagement in de park—at de fair—at de club.' I don't know what I say, but I stand up. She say, 'So sorry you must go.' Den I open the door. I find it ees not locked. I tought before it was, den I go out, and I say to myself, 'Poniatowski, you get out of dat vary claiverly.' Dey are dangerous, dese American girls."

"What did you expect she intended doing to you, Prince?" asked one of the group of auditors, all of whom had preserved with intense effort an exceeding gravity of demeanor.

"I tink she would propose to me. Truly, I tink if I had not run away, she might kiss me. Not dat I mind, but what do I know she do. I tink I'm vary lucky to get away."

* * *

THE DEMOCRATIC campaign has opened with a vim, and promises to be sharp, aggressive and enthusiastic. Local politicians are now engrossed with the Municipal Convention, and those who voice the decent and controlling sentiment are determined that Buckley, Rainey and Burns shall have no hand in its affairs. These worthies are endeavoring to capture as many delegates as possible, and will develop what, if any, strength they have in the Assessor's fight, it being reported they have combined in the interests of Sands Forman. This is interesting, in view of the very recent rumor that Burns has not yet determined who shall have the Republican nomination for that office. Ellert, Siebe, Spreckels and Burns were to have met on Wednesday at one o'clock, but the little autocrat failed to appear, sending word that Thursday at four o'clock he would meet them and decide. At present writing I am inclined to think the Thursday meeting will come to naught. On the result of this meeting hangs the fate of an independent municipal ticket. If Daley receives the nomination and Siebe run independent, it is hoped the division of the Republican vote will elect Forman. I do not agree with this theory, unless something beside straight voting be indulged in, but incline to the belief that Siebe will be re-elected. Dr. Clinton and Supervisor Denman are prominent in the fight for Mayor. Henry Scott, the Wallace Grand Jury Elisor, and James H. O'Brien are anxious for the Assessorship.

For Sheriff, McDade and Richard I. Whelan are the most frequently named. John T. Greany will, no doubt, receive the nomination for District Attorney. Judges Coffey, Daingerfield and Levy are candidates for re-election, and ex-Judge Frank W. Lawler, F. J. Muraskey and Justice of the Peace Dunn are aspirants for the Fourth Judicial vacancy.

* * *

FOR COUNTY CLERK M. C. Haley is a candidate for re-election, with Arthur Shattuck as a rival. The Democratic party owes it to itself to nominate Mr. Haley for the position. His present administration has been the most economical the city has had for years. The breath of scandal has never touched his office, and his honesty is conceded even by his political opponents. Honest officers are a crying necessity. While the money of the taxpayer is being squandered on the pets of bosses, in public steals and illegal expenditures, it is refreshing to turn to the administration of Mr. Haley, as County Clerk, and discover the careful, prudential and honest methods there prevailing. Besides all this, I believe Mr. Haley will bring to his support at the polls the entire legal profession who have come in contact with his office during his administration, and he will add dis-

tinct strength to the ticket. The *Evening Bulletin* even goes so far as to editorially endorse him in unqualified terms, and declares that under his administration this department shows for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century an excess of receipts over expenditures.

The Democrats should avoid mistakes in their municipal nominations, and must not shelve the young men who have brought decency and honesty to the administration of their offices, or they will rest under the imputation of boss control, and bring discredit down upon their entire ticket.

* * *

A TALE carrying a rich interview between Burns and Swan, comes to me from a pretty reliable source. It seems, the equalizer had been so exploited by the press, that it was thought politic to get him out of the fight without inflicting any serious wounds. So the little autocrat sent for him, and this is what followed. Said the autocrat:

"Ah, Swan, glad you came, sit down, sit down. Ah—its about your candidacy for re-election?"

"Yes, yes," says the Swan, breathlessly.

"Now, Swan," resumed Burns, "you can have the nomination, and you can be elected, if you just say so, *but*, before you say anything let me say you can do your party a service; you can do a noble, magnanimous act if you withdraw. Refuse it. Let some one else take it."

"Hey!" blurted Swan.

"You see," said the little autocrat, "you were too openly railroad, the papers will howl about you, and it might hurt the ticket; it might defeat some other men; but (with hearty assurance), you can have it, you can have it if you say the word, but for the good of the party I thought—I thought—"

"You want me to withdraw," stammered Swan.

"No, no, I don't *want* you to withdraw—no, indeed—You can have it if you want it, but I thought, under the circumstances, you might prefer to withdraw yourself. You love your party, you know, and I expected you would recognize it at once, and——"

"Yes, yes," interjected Swan, who saw the drift of things, "of course I withdraw. I love my party too well to want to harm it," but he smiled a ghastly, sickly smile of resignation as he said it.

* * *

"There, I knew you would say that, I *knew* it," beamed Burns.

"Why, of course," said Swan in hurt tones, "you didn't expect me to say anything else, did you?"

"Indeed, I did not! I knew it! But you can have it, Swan——"

"No, no, Colonel, my party first."

Then the Colonel smiled a beautiful, child-like smile, and said:

"Swan, you can have anything I've got. Politically or privately I'll do anything I can for you. You know that. But you can have this nomination, you can have it," repeated the Colonel as he gracefully edged Swan out the door, while Swan protested "no, no's," and the Colonel insisted. They shook hands cordially, and as the door closed, the little autocrat dropped into a chair, sighed heavily as though a burden had been taken off his mind, and then smiled, twirled his thumbs, gazed at the ceiling and smiled again, and then grew serious as he thought of Ellert and Siebe.

* * *

A SUPERFLUITY of genius in the Bruguiere household is causing the numerous friends of this proud and popular family an endless amount of interest, as well as amusement. Of the handsome quartette of gifted boys who bear the ancient name, the two oldest are fast developing into full fledged men, as well as prodigies. Pedro, the eldest, is a tall, broad-shouldered young fellow, with an enormous head of chrysanthemum locks, which he manages to keep protected with sombreros, buzz-saws, and other gear of unusual breadth of brim. He studies medicine and photographs "subjects" in all their periods from the brine to the bone. Besides being a very capable student, he is persevering to such a degree that it behooved him to convert a spare room of the ancestral mansion into a dissecting parlor, which he equipped so thoroughly that one would imagine himself in a surgeon's quarters, so perfect are the arrangements. Here quite difficult operations are performed. As the family objected to his bringing real "stiffs" to the mansion this ingenious youth hit upon the scheme of making domestic animals his subjects, and they answered the purpose so admirably that the uncommon sight of a cat or dog in the neighborhood is sufficient to throw the residents into convulsions. Young Bruguiere will doubtless develop into a famous physician yet. After passing the examinations at Cooper's, he is to proceed to Glasgow, where he will complete his studies, then returning he makes San Francisco his field of operation.

* * *

To imagine that Pedro possessed all the genius of the family would be an error, indeed. Emile, the second, besides having all the charms of his sex, has an undeniable talent for music, and while not engaged in the skillful manipulation of either piano, flute or zither, composes symphonies, makes waltzes or marches that neither Beethoven, Mozart nor Sousa would be ashamed to put their names to. His first effort was the production of the "Lucille" waltzes, which have made him famous all over the Western Addition, and he has followed with a pretty little lullaby which fairly reeks with early morning promenades, bottles, cradles and tidies. He was assured of a good sale for both his pieces, and I believe his anticipations were more than fulfilled. Though an exceedingly affable young man, Mr. Emile has some of the eccentricities of genius and, like other notable composers, refuses to leave his room for any purpose while engaged in the composition of anything, and thereby becomes very emaciated while engaged in his work. The parents and admirers of this talented lad predict a very bright future for him, and unless his phenomenal brain takes a turn in another direction their hopes will surely be fulfilled.

* * *

I SUPPOSE there is no doubt about Sheriff McDade's renomination. His administration and that of his contemporary, County Clerk Haley, have been the relieving features of the defunct Sullivan-Dwyer regime. With due respect to his predecessors, it can be said, very truly, Sheriff McDade is the most popular man who ever filled the post. In addition, he has been one of the most capable and energetic. During his term some notable compliments have been paid his ability and his integrity, particularly his selection as receiver for the Navarro mill. But for adverse judicial conditions he would have had control of the Pacific Bank's affairs, and that he has not is a subject for regret. In the mere performance of the routine duties of the place, the Sheriff has been attentive and conscientious and, for the benefit of his own pocket, far more generous than the law requires. But then these have been hard times, and Mr. McDade has a large heart—a combination that often results disastrously to his purse.

* * *

Since the restoration of the old regime in the restaurant at the University Club there has been a big increase in the daily attendence. At lunch time it is interesting to notice the number of men, in bygone days were patrons of the Pacific-Union and Bohemian Clubs, who now go exclusively to the Sutter Street institution. However there is good reasons for their coming. With the return of the head steward, Taite, the cuisine has improved materially, and Sam, the old *chef*, seems to understand thoroughly the tastes of the entire membership. Indeed affairs up there are decidedly sunny; the institution is making money and the directors really enjoy a degree of popularity that is quite unusual in social institutions.

* * *

SOCIETY STILL discusses Walter Hobart's victories, and finds the subject interesting. The final verdict accepted by the deeply interested is that the youthful millionaire owes his success more to dexterity of riding than to the superiority of his mounts. The nags that Peter Martin, Clifton and Dick Sprague rode were quite up to his in point of breeding, and in speed, too, but his skill and experience in the pig-skin were greater than theirs, and he carried off the honors. That there was nothing fortuitous about his successes was exhibited by the manner he won the "run-off" matches on the following Sunday, when the course was in rather better condition and the chances were thoroughly evened up. There can be no question about Hobart being a very clever and plucky horseman, and he has earned honestly and by his own deserts the equestrian laurels that have fallen to him. In connection with the races that particular Sunday, I am astonished the dailies missed the story of White Hat McCarthy's mishap. He was a prominent feature of the assemblage throughout the "shoot," and with his intimates discussed grandiosely the qualities and properties of the various steeds participating in the events.

* * *

Most of the enthusiasts and all the reporters had departed when White Hat confronted Downey Harvey with the announcement that he himself could ride a precious deal better than "awny of thim young judes could," a

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proposition to which Mr. Harney politely dissented.

"D'ye mean to say I'll not take thim jumps and hurdles the same as thim boys?" demanded the horseman indignantly. "That's what I do," returned Harvey viciously, inasmuch as he wanted to get back to the hotel. "Thin let me show you!" announced White Hat, flinging himself astride of one of Hobart's ponies. "I'm off!" he shouted, dashing for the nearest hurdle.

There could be doubt neither of his skill nor the pony's prowess, for the hurdles and the water jump were taken like a swallow, clean as a whistle. "Beautiful!" shouted Downey as he rode off in the final carriage. "'Tis beautiful," answered McCarthy, heading the willing nag for another fence. Proudly conscious of the inferiority of the means at hand for demonstrating the pluck and skill of either rider or pony, he looked around for other obstacles to conquer.

* * *

On either side of the last pair of hurdles were strong fences about ten feet in height, put there to prevent the racers balking, and excited by his achievement, White Hat took his Bucephalus back a couple of hundred yards, and shouted :

"Downey, I can jump this, too." Then digging in the spurs he dashed madly at the wall. The gallant little pony rose six feet in the air, knocked its fore hoofs against the obstruction and fell back. Not so, White Hat. He ascended gracefully into the air, and, as if projected from a catapult, continued his aerial career over the fence, falling, with a species of dull thud, on the other side. Fortunately the course was thick with sand and dust, or, like Talbot Clifton, he might be carrying his arm around in a bandanna. He arose, a bit shaken, decidedly dusty, his hat out of gear, but otherwise uninjured. Away in the distance he beheld, capering wickedly off, the pony. There was neither a 'bus nor a vehicle in sight, so he was compelled to pursue toward the hotel a very toilsome and very dusty journey. With a disingenuousness unworthy of the hero of a hundred horse trades, he related to a set of fellows on the veranda the history of his troubles, and the result was, of course, that inside of an hour everyone in the hotel was laughing over the jump.

* * *

Since the advent of Talbot Clifton, who has quite taken McCarthy to his heart, bought horses from him, consulting his opinion on all equine vexed questions, White Hat has been one of the aristocracy. It is quite the thing to have him along at affairs, and his conversation, which is as picturesque as his personality, is declared by the visitors one of the few remaining natural features of San Francisco. Talking the other evening with a knot of representative citizens at the Palace bar, he was accosted by a young horse person of more aspiration than prominence. White Hat excused himself reluctantly from the distinguished company and went off impatiently with the young horse person, with whom, apparently, he was engaged in a trade. For a moment they talked earnestly; then McCarthy drew off, and, with the accent of one announcing an ultimatum, he said, in clarion tones:

"If me friend Talbot Clifton will not take the mare, me other friend, Lor-r-d Russell, 'll be glad to. So there's where I am."

* * *

WHILE IT MAY be construed by the optimistic a sign of our metropolitan importance, the cultivation of a "silly season" tendency in San Francisco is hardly admirable. I refer, of course, to the female superiority controversy raging in the *Examiner*. In the off period, between sessions of Parliament, when society is in the country, the London dailies precipitate series of such controversies. It was thus Miss Mona Caird's "Is Marriage a Failure" question came to be thrashed out in the *Daily Telegraph*, I think. So far the local symposium has evoked little either brilliant or interesting on the sex question. Mrs. Irving Scott's letter has a quality of rarity and sound sense that stamps her a woman competent to get the proper perspective. Mrs. Alvord, who prefaces her remarks with the statement that the subject is one she has given no thought to, yet plunges vigorously into its discussion, is certainly ingenuous. But these two women have come out for home life. On the other side it seems to me little of actual force has been urged. The truth is, woman is singularly destitute of grievance at the moment. She has been accorded everything that puts her on the plane of perfect equality with man but the right to vote.

* * *

I am half persuaded, having obtained so much by demanding it and confronted with the questionable boon of the suffrage, she is only desirous now of having the male animal admit her superiority. The statements of Judge Coffey and Dr. Voorsanger are backed up by the evidence of these letters themselves so pointedly that there is left nothing to be proved. Typically feminine was the mission of the lady who, after consulting a lawyer, found he actually dared speak to his opponent, and before she was half into the case suspected both him and the Judge. Before it is through half the town will be dragged into print, though it seems curious so few of the champions come forward to do battle in so good a cause. The career of Mrs. Clara Foltz shows what a woman can do at the Bar; the success of a woman like Dr. Charlotte Brown exhibits what she may achieve in medicine. Mrs. Senator Stanford is certainly an excellent example of sound business intellect, for her executive capacity evinced in handling her husband's twenty-million estate places her beside the women who have accomplished notable things in the business world.

* * *

There exists no necessity for vaporings in the convention. The real test of ability is attainment, and the women I have mentioned have not vapored over the question of superiority, but have boldly entered the arena and taken whatever they were entitled to. One cannot but recollect, in this connection, Oscar Wilde's verdict on the female question in America. In one of his lectures, detailing the deference accorded her, and the privileges she enjoyed, he remarked: "The American woman is an oasis of unreason and a desert of common sense."

* * *

Mr. Stump has opened new offices in the Mills building, for the Hearst estate, and will, I am told, remain permanently in New York. Mrs. Stump (nee Evelyn Aull) and the Misses Virginia and Alice have closed their residence here and after saying farewells to their numerous friends will leave California about October tenth and join Mr. Stump.

* * *

PROTRACTED campaigns are bad for candidates, and after due consideration I have arrived at the conclusion that all the capital a great man really requires to gain the suffrages of the people may reasonably be gathered in six weeks. Perhaps the Democracy has been

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a bit dilatory about commencing hostilities, but a huge amount of ammunition is in process of piling up and there will be excitement in plenty when the firing begins. The *Examiner*, whose tactics have astounded both camps, clears its decks for action next week, and if it but exposes the combinations surrounding Estee and Burns, should win the fight for Budd. Indeed, if the fight be properly handled, the chance of the Stockton man is excellent. Ex-Speaker Gould, as Chairman of the State Central Committee, has the requisite energy, tact and sense for that place, and is ready to stay up all night and dictate letters all day for the good of the cause. John Markley, Secretary of the Committee, is notably the best man in the State for the place, possessing the intimate personal knowledge of every town and hamlet that must be available in a successful campaign.

* * *

There was an abundance of enthusiasm at the dinner Assemblyman Harry I. Emeric gave Candidate Budd at his Geary street residence last week. The oratorical lights of the party, besides the intimate personal followers of the Stockton man, were there, and they enjoyed a dinner well worth the eating, not to mention wines, the pick of the Emeric cellar, which, it may be said, is one of the best in town. Arthur McEwen, who was in great form, made a bright and breezy speech, punctured with neat witticisms. Gavin McNab, who can be depended on to deliver a bon mot on important occasions, alluded feelingly to Estee's endorsement of the anti-funding bill sentiment, and remarked: "The old gentleman seems to forget he traveled on that kind of a railroad ticket once before. The people punched it then and it is not good again."

* * *

WHILE IT IS interesting to hear that Colonel Burns has determined to renominate Assessor Siebe, it is quite amusing to be told he has been condemned to slaughter on election day. The idea of an individual possessing so pronounced a degree of individual strength that he should be able to compel consideration and selection is repugnant to the aristocracy of the party, and rumor credits the Colonel and Mr. Stow with considerable unfriendliness in consequence. It cannot be denied a great deal of nonsense is said and written about the intentions of eminent personages, whose habit is reticence, and, I am ready to believe, it is a friend of Siebe's whose apprehensions, rather than his information, is responsible for the rumor. The Colonel has some curious achievements to his credit in the campaign thus far, but I am strongly disinclined to imagine him capable of aught approaching treachery. However, those who desire Siebe's election need entertain but slight fear, for his strength with the German element, and the reputation he enjoys "down town" cannot fail to elect him. That is, at least, if the Democracy does not put some stronger man on their ticket.

* * *

Will Hearst returned from New York on Saturday last, and there occurred a series of convocations in the Mission-street institution that may or may not have interesting consequences. He did not remain long in town, but hied himself and secretary northward to Mendocino county, in which he has become interested. There is a large tract of redwood timber land he talks of purchasing—some twelve or fifteen thousand acres, situated above Willets, I believe. His purpose is to convert the property into a species of park or hunting ground, *a la* George Vanderbilt's place in Virginia. There he will build a rustic lodge, which is to be headquarters for hunting parties throughout the season. Of course, there is money to be made out of redwood property. Will Crocker's investments in this direction netted him some $10,000. But it is hardly conceivable that Mr. Hearst speculates with an expectation of profit.

* * *

THE STORY of the manner in which Jose Castro secured his nomination for State Treasurer has never been told, and as that gentleman is more or less the subject of present criticism it may bear repeating. It appears the Santa Clara delegation were smarting somewhat under the defeat of Murphy and naturally the conservative and diplomatic members of the Convention were anxious to apply a soothing lotion to the blistering wounds they had inflicted. When the nomination for Treasurer was reached Jimmy Mur-phy, brother of the defeated Barney, sent word around that Santa Clara wanted Castro — in fact, that eminent raucher, placed him in nomination, in a speech ringing with enthusiasm. It would never have done to add insult to injury and then there being no alternative but to select the choice of Santa Clara—Castro was placed on the ticket. All the delegates knew about the man was that the Murphys demanded him. That under the circumstances was more than enough. It is said Castro is popular at home, and is a man whom a passing stranger would turn to look at and inquire about. Still I fear his nomination was not well advised.

* * *

BOHEMIA has done one thing worthy of record, and it must be accepted as an indication of strength ; it has increased its initiation fee from one hundred to one hundred and fifty dollars. Of course, the good old custom continues, that the writer, the musician or the artist—the true Bohemian—shall be admitted to its sacred shrine, upon the payment of a nominal fee. The change is only directed to the Bohemian of commerce, and light levy will be made, as usual, on those who contribute to the glory and renown of worshippers at the shrine of St. John Nepomuk. I understand, too, that Bohemia has not altogether abandoned the idea of a new home. There is something more than a floating rumor abroad to that effect, and, with all due respect to the present highly competent management, I am told there is a general desire that William Greer Harrison assume control of affairs at the next election. His success in placing the Olympians in a comfortable home stamps him as eminently the man for such a place, and, besides, his eminence would outrage none of the traditions of Bohemia, for William Greer has had more than passing success as a playwright. However, there is much time to consider the proposition ere the club vacates its present quarters, or assumes the responsibility of a new lease.

* * *

THAT THE Democratic party is determined to rid itself of Bossism is clearly evidenced by the manner in which delegates to the coming Municipal Convention are to be selected. The primary field, in which Buckley has ever been potent and persuasive, has been abandoned with a view to removing all possible taint of illegal control. The Municipal Convention is to consist of six hundred delegates, four hundred and fifty of whom will be selected from the body of the people by the general committee, each member of that body being entitled to select one delegate. The eighteen Assembly districts will, through representatives duly elected for that purpose, select one hundred and fifty additional names from among representative Democrats, thus making up the full quota—six hundred. These selections, under the regulations adopted, must be made from the body of the county, and no member of the general committee may serve as a delegate, either in person or by proxy. This renders impossible certain forms of combination and precludes discredit from that prolific source at least.

* * *

One may dare hope that the entire convention will name every officer nominated, and that the work of making supervisorial, educational or judicial nominations will not be relegated to sub-committees, where opportunity for jobbery is too frequent. The work of the convention should be performed in the broad, open light of day, and in such a manner as to be above reproach or suspicion.

* * *

THE TERM "fad" carries with it a flippant, reproachful meaning that too often belittles the very good thing accomplished or aimed at. There are fads that are worthy a better name, and blessed be the man or woman who will coin a word to better express their true intent and serious endeavor. This is particularly true of a capital idea that is being furthered in this city—the series of lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," "Emergency Cases," etc., delivered to a class of women who are not in the slightest degree "emancipated." They are just real, out and out women, fin de siècle, alive to all new developments, who take life in a sort of serio-comic fashion, and want to learn. Dr. Geo. F. Shields delivers the lectures, or, rather, talks to them simply yet scientifically, and lets them see "the wheels go round" in this wondrous mechanism of ours.

The Witness

Eugene Korn sells the Hat. "Knox" of New York manufactures it. Who is "Knox?" He has the best hat factory in the world. Who is Korn? The Leading Hatter of San Francisco, 726 Market Stree , near Kearny.

The Boys' Clubs of San Francisco

There are some things that cannot be bought; that money in expenditure however lavish will not bring. Refinement, gentleness, good manners, character, are difficult things to sell or buy; they must be given. Gifts of

HAMMOCK-MAKING.

this kind mean much, and there are many who need them. Do you know, though, I confess to surprise at learning there is so much such giving in San Francisco here as I have found. I had thought that those who had been fortunate in opportunity for living the intellectual, or in any sense the higher life, were, as a rule, selfish enough to limit their charitable endeavor to the giving of mere money, and that, only too often, through some business-like manager of a rigid organization. But it is not so. For there are many earnest men and gentlewomen in this city who give of their money, it is true, but of themselves, also—their time, their association, their personal effort—to those who, through them, are learning the priceless ness of these things.

They call their work "Boys' Clubs." "Not charities in any sense," they tell you. Well, perhaps not, in as much as the attempt to make the boys feel that they are not charities is entirely successful; but, in the best sense of the word, they are the noblest charities I ever found. It is not easy to discover much about these Boys' Clubs here, for the people who are carrying them on shrink from public blare and clamor, because they prefer to consider their effort in the light of friendly enjoyment for themselves and for the boys; and the boys are their friends. Then, too, it is not very expensive work, and does not require public appeal in any great degree, and the workers themselves are able to spare from their store sufficient for such purposes. These are the reasons, perhaps, that you have not heard of the Boys' Clubs, though there are three of them at least in San Francisco.

I want to sketch out for you here the plan of their work, and, to keep out generalities, I shall speak of the San Francisco Boys' Club mainly, for that has been in operation three years, and is, without doubt, a type which the others have as yet only approximated. Interested therein are some thirty men and women, who rent a house in an alley off Harrison street, in the South-of-Market district, and spend their afternoons and evenings as often as they can in the company of the boys who come there. When the urchins of the neighborhood get to be about nine years old they are invited to visit this house, to become members of the club and friends of the workers. There are plenty of boys—more, indeed, than can be accommodated.

"We have forty applications that we cannot provide for," the Secretary said to me; "yet they are working with one hundred and thirty youngsters now. When a boy comes in he tells the people there about his family, especially his brothers and sisters—how old they are, how they live, their occupations, or if they go to school and many other things. He is then assigned to a worker. They have each under their charge five boys, these workers and the five remain with them six months. "The idea is, you see, to exercise over everyone a personal influence, and we have found that five is about as many as can secure the benefit of direct personal contact with a single individual."

That is the main object of it all. Of course they teach the boys a variety of things. There are classes in drawing, leather work, type setting, basket weaving, mattress-making, hammock-netting and many other useful occupations. But it is not intended they shall learn these things with any idea of using them practically as trades in after life. It is to train their hands, to teach them to be doing something, but their main purpose is to furnish matter for conversation, questionings, remarks, advice, to bring the worker and the boys in closer contact than would otherwise be possible.

The Boys' Club, as a whole, is really an aggregation of a number of smaller clubs. For instance, the printing and type-setting boys—some fifteen, with their workers—have formed themselves into a little club of their own, with its name, officers, colors and even its yell. There is definitely apparent a University spirit about the club, coming doubtless from the fact that those in charge are largely college men and women. Each of these smaller groups of boys, on the evenings when they gather at the house, have first a business meeting conducted by themselves. This serves to find out the cause of absences and to determine what they shall do. For, as far as possible, the management and direction of the smaller clubs is left to the youngsters themselves. The business meeting over, the workers and their charges take classes, and the serious part of the evening commences. Hands are busy and tongues also; for the small number of boys allotted to each worker eliminates the necessity of discipline, and the affair is in no sense a class or school. The manual work continues an hour, perhaps, or less, and then all come together again in the parlors and play games and talk and are talked to, and sing and are sung to, till it is time to go home.

The songs that are sung there tell one a great deal. When you hear an urchin whose days are spent in a

THE RAW MATERIAL.

match factory, and whose home is in a South-of-Market-street alley, calling for such a song as "On the Banks of Allan Water, or "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes," you stop and think; you feel that something has been accomplished. If a set of boys like to hear such a ballad as "Barbara Allen" there can be no doubt but what that set of boys has been changed, and changed for the better, from the typical gamin of the quarter in which they live. Precisely how such changes as this are brought about in them it is hard to say, but there is an intangible air of taste and refinement in the rooms of the club, I think, that has much to do with it. The furnishings are simple and plain, and there is nothing *criard* or inharmonious about them. The pictures are inexpensive—mere prints in many cases—but good, and æsthetically correct, well framed and well hung.

"You feel we should have more of pretty things about, don't you?" one of the women workers said to me. "Of course, environment is everything," she went on, "but you see there are limitations; boys will smash anything smashable—not willfully, you know, or anything like that, but accidents are frequently inevitable."

Still, you cannot help a lingering feeling that you would like to change the chairs that are about; for one might have good strong chairs, and yet have them show something of variety and beauty—but that is a detail. The people engaged in this endeavor do not bound their work at the walls of the clubhouse on Oak Grove avenue, nor do they confine it entirely to the boys. Much visiting about the neighborhood is done, and brothers and sisters, and even mothers and fathers, are brought within the influence of the organization. One day out of each week the mothers of the boys come to the clubhouse with their sewing, or whatever of work that may be portable, and there the management of children, the improvement of their home life, the treatment of their ailments and the general methods and ideas that tend to make useful men of them, are talked over and discussed. Sometimes the boys, in blocks of five, are taken about the city by an artist member of the workers, and led to notice whatever of beauty there is in buildings and houses up town and down. More rarely, of a Sunday, an excursion is made to the country, and the boys find out that all trees are not planted and grown in parks, that streams and lakes are not all built by men, that there are birds and flowers and skies they have not seen. They learn what it is to get well tired in the plain air, out of the hearing of factory wheels and rumble, and they come back at night strengthened and fortified in mind and body, with the baleful listlessness of the city quite driven out of them for the time. Sometimes these excursions are to one of the Universities, and questionings and wonderings are started and aroused. Then the town itself furnishes many pleasant places to visit. The boys who are learning to draw have all been taken to the Mark Hopkins Institute, and many of them have caught a glimpse of the interior of more than one private studio. A visit to the home of one of the workers is often a revelation to the little fellows and an opening out to them of a life they could not otherwise know. Connected with the club are several little enterprises which the boys conduct—a library of some hundreds of volumes, an embryonic gymnasium in the back yard, a savings bank and a weekly paper. This last is soon to have a rival, for the Aldine Club, formed from the boys who are learning printing, has decided to issue a little journal twice a month. Then there is a stamp collectors' club and little literary congresses, presided over by the various workers.

There are two other clubs of the kind that I have found in San Francisco, both just starting. The City Front Boys' Club, on Sansome street, opposite the Appraiser's Building, has been in existence some six months. It is more ambitious than the San Francisco Boys' Club, and has in its charge some hundred and fifty youngsters. The clubhouse is rather nicer in its appointings, and the gymnasium much better equipped; in short, there seems to have been more money spent upon it. I believe there are about a hundred people who support the institution, but there are only some fifteen workers. However, the hope is that this number will soon increase. The Russian Hill Neighborhood House, over on Vallejo street, is just starting in with work of this kind. It has not very much money, but it has lots of heart, and the workers there are earnest and enthusiastic, and sanguine of success.

There are several points which distinguish work of this kind from that of charities proper. The attempt here is to effect a permanent change, not a mere temporary relief. The people worked with are not those who have sunk down to the lowest depths, till they need mere food and drink to keep the animal alive. The purpose of a boys' club primarily is to create a need—to produce a feeling of the lack of the things it tries to furnish in those it furnishes them to, to satisfy that desire and render possible the satisfaction of it by the boys themselves. And the purpose of this? Well, a man who has learned to like good wine won't care particularly for bad whiskey—a boy who has learned that it is possible for him to have associations and friendships with good people and kind people becomes good and kind himself. Then out of it all comes thoughts on the part of the boy, and reasonings; he grows to like things that are beautiful and things that are good, and at last he breaks through the environing cobwebs of accidentals, up and out into the free air of the eternals, and becomes a man with ideas and ideals. And those who bring boys' clubs into existence have the feeling that it is better for themselves, and for the city, and for the State, that the boys shall grow into such men rather than unreasoning machines or tools to be used as suits the whim of demagogues and political charlatans.

C. MICHENER.

THE RESULT OF WORK.

There is moral enough to move mountains in "Friends." One is edified from curtain rise to climax. When virtue and loyalty are not being exhibited by the beauteous Marguerite, her papa is demonstrating the tragic consequences of depravity and opium smoking; when Jack is not announcing the generosity of his sentiments, then Harold Hunting is putting in evidence a form of obliquity that makes one's hair curl. Villains are beautifully baffled at the end of each act, and, of course, in the long run, the happy lovers are united. The hero walks on approvingly and permits the embraces of a fond but misguided parent; the faithful laundry maiden weeps happily and noisily, and the orchestra plays soft strains appropriate to the occasion.

Being interested to a certain degree in dramatic forms, I am struck with the title of "Friends." Mr. Royle calls it a comedy-drama. Briefly and categorically the ingredients are these: Two poor but honest and highly talented young men; their incorruptible loyalty under disastrous circumstances; a beauteous blonde opera singer in gorgeous gowns, and emerald necklaces; a piano; a challenge to fight; hero shakes fist in villain's face; an exchange of coats; an embezzlement, a mock marriage, a murderous assault, an illegal confinement, a rescue under aggravated circumstances, denunciation of heroine by lover, a pistol shot, reconciliation, heroine converted into Countess Von Salzburg. There are other episodes less startling perhaps, but these are the events. My understanding of the situation may be wrong, but I am inclined to imagine "Friends" is a melodrama. My judgment at least favors that view of the case, though advanced critics believe a true melodrama should contain at least one well authenticated murder, or something in the nature of arson, suicide, abduction, elopement, or at least burglary. However, there is so much variety about "Friends" that one forgives almost without effort the exclusion of the more serious crimes.

About Mr. Royle there is but one objectionable trait—that is his admiration and friendship for Lucius Henderson. How a frank, generous, pleasant fellow, such as he is, can find a gleam of regard for so uncanny a personage as Lucius I cannot conceive. An actor of the sinuous spine order, he is ever writhing from one attitude to another pose, plying neck, shoulders and elbows with a flexuous ease that bespeaks double joints, Delsarte, or something equally unsophisticated. The fact that he refrains from cutting the fellow after their first handshake, in which Henderson bends spasmodically across the back, vibrates violently from the hips up, then jerks out violently his right member, the arm being bent at the wrist, the fingers and the palm turned upwards, is a far better testimony of loyalty and chivalrous devotion than the plauditudes the part is sprinkled with. The adequate underlying explanation of their friendship is not afforded until the second act, in which they change dress coats. That is veritably a thrilling hit. They stand back to back, count one! two! three! and, lo, Royle is in Henderson's swallow-tail, and vice versa. The scene brings down the house. It must have been hard to find a chap whose shoulders, chest and arms harmonized with Royle's as cleverly as the young musician's do, and to that extent he is a capable and painstaking actor. However excellent he may be in that scene, I am inclined to consider his piano playing rather better than his acting—that is, on the whole. A talented critic who accompanied me to the performance asserted the contrary.

But then to deal with the people. Mr. Royle has a winning personality, and is apparently as honest as his part. This may be genius—or merely honesty.

E. D. Lyons as Hans Otto is good of his kind, but that kind is agonizing. Maudlin in one act, selfish and crafty in the second, he writhes through the remainder in a wildly distressing manner. A horrible sight, degraded by liquor and drugs, revolting in the extreme, but a powerful portrayal that stands out in pronounced carmine tones against the neutral background of tender, high-minded respectability.

Ah! but the villain—as the gallery boy would say, "He's a dandy." Dear me! what a fine part in the wicked villain line he has, to be sure. Mephisto? Why, Mephisto would hide a diminished head and never again "bob up serenely" if he once clapped eyes on Harold Hunting. Poor, dear Mephisto had only the rejuvenated Faust and the gentle Marguerite to toy with; but Harold has a veritable bonanza in the villain line. He gathers in Marguerite, the two noble friends, holds the secret of the father's embezzlement, the daughter's aristocratic lineage and golden ducats, handles knives, revolvers, whiskey, opium and kid gloves with the finish of a monopolist in evil. These acquirements, united to iron-gray hair, fishy eyes and a husky voice complete a personality that is truly fearfully and wonderfully made. Seated at a low writing desk, under dim lamplight, polishing off "Letters from Hell," there is no crime that he shrinks from in the whole long category of vice.

Of the heroine, Selena Fetter Royle, one may say, she is an earnest, painstaking actress, who reads her lines tolerably well, but whose chief fault lies in over gesticulation—she possesses much charm of manner, dresses modishly, and seems deeply imbued with the soul and purpose of the character. Harry Allen, as the doting and irascible father, does capital work, and the verbal encounters between father and son are interesting and amusing.

The play is characterized by a swift sweep of action, almost tornado like in its violence. One's interest is never at low ebb. The dialogue is certainly "up to date," hitting off a quaint variety of topics. All the emotions are touched up, in fact the whole gamut of human feelings is struck with the familiar ease of an embryo. There is some quiet humor, real pathos and much American wit, but at times the witticisms are too obviously strained, the platitudes too trite even for the patience of the hardened playwright.

The first two acts are the best, portraying pleasantly studies from life—the opening scene typically Bohemian and "garrety," conveying a vivid idea of the struggle of unrecognized aspirants to fame—the two subsequent acts hurl and lash themselves into wild heroics of plot and counterplot that glare luridly.

Decidedly handsome the young women who figure in "Living Pictures" at the California. Perhaps it might be better to say, subjectively handsome. Beauty, save in isolated cases, is decidedly, a question of degree. There are classic standards which prescribe regularity of features and purity of profile as an initial necessity, but we have lost faith in mere correctness of nose, brow and chin, and find much to rejoice over in faces whose outlines defy all the rules. We have all gone into raptures over a *nez retroussé* or a mouth wider than the ordinary, just because the piquancy of one and the expression of the other have more than compensated for the departure from the Venus model. Among the belles at present deciding the future of those in society, the matter of good looks has become a question of vivacity, brightness, complexion and figure.

No one may complain that the maidens who posed as Fates, Fishermaidens, Duelists, or the like, at the California, this week, lack robustness, for that is a quality they all have in common. They are large, fine young persons, whose splendid arms, shoulders and limbs have an Amazonian mould. Who cares to guess the dimensions the envious years may add to dull the purer grace of inimitably curved hips or bosoms arched like seashells. We live for the moment, and there is no cause at the moment for criticism. To me, the most attractive picture in the series was "At the Brook." Such a charming pretty girl, standing barefooted beside the water chirping over the stones, her eyes flashing roguishly from under the purest brows imaginable, a dainty, piquant maiden, deliciously French in her pose, yet as modest as a wood violet. Quite as effective was "The Fates," a picture with whose fine details innumerable engravings have made us familiar. A young person, Miss May Nolan, called the prize California beauty, exhibited as Clotho grace and delicacy of outline and some lovely lines and charms, but the severity and majesty inseparable from the countenance of the Fate, her somewhat roguish face did not express. Still it was a charming picture. "The Fishermaiden" was veritably an Effie Johnson of a woman—splendidly strong and big, with magnificent arms and shoulders habituated to hauling in the nets and shifting huge cacels of herrings. As for "The Duelists," the tableau conveyed little of the refinement of the original. The young person who typified Moonlight was too heavy and too much bewigged. "Under Louis' Guidance" would have been charming, but for the too pronounced exuberance of the damsel at the stern, whose proportions marred the harmony of the picture. On the whole there is much to admire about the tableaux, though one might wish there had been a little more daring and infinitely less clothing.

The Orpheum offers an excellent array of talent this week, and nightly delights huge audiences. Talent imported from London, Paris and New York is not to be despised, and most of the advertised stars really shine in their special spheres. Rarely, if ever, have so clever a pair of acrobats startled us as Sankey Brothers. They accomplish most breathtaking feats with airiness, agility and grace. One balances the other marvellously, while t'other ties himself into intricate bow knots, and is as rapidly disentangled. Ray Burton, is also amazingly clever; he is an equilibrist on a high swinging wire, and a champion rifle shot rolled into one. The Russian Princess of high degree played with her accustomed dash and feeling, and Huber's orchestra is not the least of the good things to hear and see. Mlle. Lalo is graceful and daring on the "bike." Sarina is lithe, boneless and gruesome and Ouda, Bessie Phillips, etc., complete a show that is highly entertaining of its kind.

It is a time-worn saying that the road to

success in any walk in life is toilsome and serious, and yet the path is frequently brightened by light touches of fun that dispel the gloom. Laughter and tears, merriment and melancholy touch hands—all this apropos of a little incident in the career of Charles Dickson, the debonnair graduate of the Lyceum Company, now steadily twinkling as a star. Dickson—that is his stage name, Anglicized and fashioned from Doblinsky—was one of a large family, all the sons being thrifty merchants in ready-made suits, while Charles idled about in swagger garments and a bland smile. Over this phenomenal condition of affairs Papa Doblinsky puzzled long and often badgering his commercial head, and finally had recourse to Charles to know where he earned the money to pay "for dem fine clothes."

"Well, fat her, I didn't like to tell you, but I'm an actor."

"A actor! a actor! Vat kindt of a pizness is dot? An actor is no pizness!

"Well, father, come to the theatre to-night, then you'll see what I'm doing."

"All right, my poy, I'll come; but I don't like it much—my poy a actor."

The evening is here. By twilight Doblinsky pere is seated in one of the foremost rows. Slowly the theatre fills, the orchestra plays, the curtain lifts. Scene, the barracks, Charles acting as sentinel, to and fro. back and forth, head erect, backbone as rigid as the gun he carries. Papa Doblinsky's face beams; he nudges neighbor: "Dot's my poy Charlie; he's a actor; fine poy."

Act second, drawing-room scene; Charles conspiculously absent; old man fidgets through entire act, but grows hopeful as curtain again rises.

Act third, drop scene; office; no Charles. Old man's head settles into shirt bosom. He avoids neighbor's eye; hopeful look fades. Second scene again, the barracks, again Charles as sentinel, to and fro, back and forth, tip, tap with measured tread. Father breathes nervously, cranes neck, gets to edge of seat, waves hand frantically and shouts:

"For God's sake, Charlie, say someding, do someding; fire off de gun!"

Frohman's company met with a flattering reception at the beautiful MacDonough Theatre in Oakland. A number of San Franciscans, hungering for novelty, reversing the usual order of things, during the pleasant evenings last week made up theatre parties, crossed the bay and enjoyed moonlit waters as well as a clever performance. This departure certainly has the merit of novelty and really presents many ot er delightful and r-commending features. Except for a few belated folk, the boats from Oakland at this hour are never patronized, and one merry theatre party gave themselves up to singing in the moonlight. "Charley's Aunt" opens at the MacDonough on the 24th and continues for four nights and a matinée. The Frohman company drew out all swell Oakland, and Miller and Faversham made fresh conquests among the budding damsels of Alameda county. Some regret was expressed that "Sowing the Wind" should have been selected for the matinée performance. I believe "Liberty Hall" would have given better satisfaction.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE BALDWIN.

"Charley's Aunt" has but one week more to run at the Baldwin Theatre. This clever farce has been crowding the theatre for the past two weeks, and from all appearance it will continue to do so for the remainder of its engagement. The last performance of the comedy will be given on next Saturday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, who are announced to appear at the Baldwin this Fall, have a number of new plays in their season's repertoire, "A Political Woman" and the much-discussed "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" being among the number. "Lady Clancarty" and other of their successes will make up a repertoire replete with interest.

THE CALIFORNIA.

"Friends" and the "Living Pictures" have both created a sensation at the California Theatre during the past week, and the houses have been unusually large at every performance. The same play will be the attraction for this week, and the prospects are that the immense business will be duplicated. An entire new series of "Living Pictures" will be given, commencing with Monday evening next, and will include many subjects never before shown either in San Francisco or America. Preparations are also being made to bring out a cycle of tableaux representing mythological and other legends in continued pictures. These representations will be explained by commentaries accompanied by appropriate music, forming in its entirety a most artistic and comprehensive scenic display. There will also be a matinée series devoted to "Mother Goose" and "Kate Greenway" stories, which will amuse and delight the hearts of the little ones. The productions the past week have been distinguished by the most minute attention of historical correctness in wardrobe, scenery and appointments, and in the most thorough manner possible. Neither time nor money have been spared in the effort to show the San Francisco amusement going public the most elegant example of this popular fad that has yet been offered.

TIVOLI.

The Tivoli people have been for some time rehearsing the grand spectacular burlesque, "Don Juan, Ad Lib." The music, written by Joseph Hirschbach, has many singularly catchy melodies running through it, abounds with fun, clever scenes and amusing features. Gracie Plaisted will make her reappearance after quite an extended vacation. Miss Plaisted has always been a prime favorite with all theatre-goers. Since the days of Emelie Melville, when at the old Bush Street Theatre they were both called and recalled before the curtain, I can remember no more popular little lady—no one who could throw the grace and action into her work, like play to her.

THE ORPHEUM.

Business was exceptionally brisk at the Orpheum this week. Next week the management promise an unusually clever lot of people. The Burke Brothers, from Tony Pastor's New York theatre, and the Sisters Aleene, from Kieth's Union Square theatre. The Burkes have quite an Eastern reputation in the eccentric comedy line. In their opening week they will present a sketch brimful of fun, in which a live trick donkey is introduced. The Aleenes are serio-comic singers and dancers, who have, also, been well received in the East.

Manager Walter returned from his Northern trip Thursday morning, and speaks in glowing terms of the prospects of the Portland Orpheum. The theatre was opened last Saturday to a crowded house, and the attendance continues large.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Quite a departure from the melodrama will be made at Morosco's next week, when "Confusion," a comedy, crowded with good-natured humor, will be presented. Some years ago "Confusion" was played here by a very clever company of Eastern stars, and fairly took the town by storm. I remember the souvenir and "paper" of the play was the best San Francisco had seen up to that time. There are some deliciously amusing situations in the play, and its whole action is replete with fun of a decidedly healthy character, and Mina Gleason and Theodore Roberts promise to extract all the fun possible out of the opportunities presented. "Confusion" will be preceded by the charming little curtain-raiser, "A Happy Pair." "The House With the Green Blinds," which will be presented for the last time to morrow night, has played to excellent business.

The Auditorium, corner of Eddy and Jones streets, is undergoing a thorough overhauling, and, if completed in time, popular concerts will be inaugurated Friday evening, September 21st. It is the intention of the management to give concerts every evening, with an entire change of programme, and at Friday afternoons, at 2:30, a special symphony concert will be given. The orchestra is one of the most artistic combinations on the concert platform, and includes the following well-known artists: John Marquardt, B. Mollenhauer, Landsberger, Grienauer and others of prominence. Refreshments are to be served, excepting at the symphony concerts. Admission to all parts of the house, 25 cents.

I notice the announcement of the Carr-Beel concert series. The opening affair is set for next Saturday afternoon, and a capital programme is promised. Sigmund Beel and Mrs Carr have made these matinée affairs a feature in the musical life of the city, and I am glad to see they are to be revived. The best talent, vocal and instrumental the city affords has been engaged for the series.

Blue print paper and blue prints made to order in our architects' supply department. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers
Monday, September 17th

Third and Last Laughing Week!
Farewell Week! Farewell Week!
Good-bye presentations of
CHARLEY'S AUNT

By Brandon Thomas
Your last chance to laugh this theatrical year!
★ ★
Direction Charles Frohman

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager
Second and Last Week
Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinee Saturday
THE HIT OF THE SEASON ▲ FRIENDS
By Edwin Milton Royle
Management of A. C. Aiston
An Entire New Series of Beautiful LIVING PICTURES
Next—"IN OLD KENTUCKY."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING ..... Proprietor and Manager
LAST NIGHTS ★ Gilbert and Sullivan's Esthetic Opera . .
PATIENCE
Last Week of the Great Success, THE LIVING PICTURES (Third Series).
Monday, September 17th DON JUAN (AD LIB.)
Also Reappearance of GRACIE PLAISTED
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of
"THE HOUSE WITH GREEN BLINDS."
Monday Evening, September 17th, Mina Gleason and Theodore Roberts, in the Curtain Raiser, "A HAPPY PAIR."
To be followed by London's Great Success, the Original Eccentric Comedy in Three Acts
▲ ▲ ▲ ▲ CONFUSION
Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Week Commencing Monday, Sept. 17th
A GREAT BILL WITH NEW FEATURES!
Introducing the Burke Bros., from Tony Pastor's Theatre, in their Eccentric Comedy Act, with their Live Trick Donkey, "Dick."
The Famous Sisters Aleene, Gauze Dancers and Serio-Comics, from Keith's Union Square Theatre.
Also Saukey Bros., Bessie Phillips, Ouda, Ray Burton, Americus Comedy Quartette, Sarina, Lalo, Etc.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

Delbeck "Extra Dry"
CHAMPAGNE
DELBECK & Cie EXTRA DRY REIMS
The Perfect'on of a Dry Wine
James De Fremery & Co.,
SAN FRANCISCO
General Agents for the Pacific Coast

The Romance of a Picture

I was always a little more of the poet than the artist, I think, though I have written but little. Yet, in an idle way, I have always loved pictures—that is to say, I never cared for pictures in bulk. I find no pleasure in traversing a gallery crowded with canvases of all conditions and sorts, feeling in duty bound to pause before and admire or criticize each one. That, I think, is too much like work. But I confess I love to come haphazard across a picture that really charms and holds me. When I find such a picture, I can spend hours before it in perfect enjoyment, studying its various beauties and idly dreaming of the possible sources from which the artist drew his inspiration.

It was such a picture that I ran across in a queer, shabby, little shop kept by a tottering old fellow, half blind and deaf, in the French quarter south of Washington Square. It was the strangest den imaginable. Dusty old black-letter books, quaint curios from every land, hideous little idols, guns, swords, daggers and armor of all nations, and a hundred other outlandish things were among the old fellow's stock, and were jumbled together on counters or shelves with a total disregard of their respective values or the laws of regularity or order.

It was while rummaging through a roomy drawer containing a variegated assortment of knives, snuff-boxes, old coins, medals, and so on, that I came across the portrait. It was a half figure of a young girl, in a shabby frame of ebony edged with gilt; and it was not until I had tenderly flicked the dust from its surface with my handkerchief that I discovered the exquisite beauty of the face. The original of the portrait could not have been more than sixteen, and the delicate features wore the expression of ineffable purity that one only sees in the faces of the angels depicted by great masters. The eyes were as blue as the heavens, gazing upward with a rapt expression. The spirituality of which was heightened by the sweetly-parted lips. Over the broad, white brow a cascade of golden ringlets clustered and fell away from the small Grecian head that was thrown gracefully back. It was the sort of face one seldom sees in the world, and that, once having seen, one seldom forgets.

The name of the artist, scratched in a corner, was quite undecipherable.

No prices were ever marked on articles in old Andre's shop. They were gauged, as a rule, by a combination of the old fellow's necessity for absinthe money and the apparent strength of the customer's desire for the object that took his fancy.

The old man's back was turned to me, and I threw the picture carelessly back into the drawer, taking a battered, old gold snuff-box and a Persian drinking-cup of curious design in my hand instead, as I called to him: "Here, you old rascal, how much have you the conscience to ask for these two bits of rubbish?"

I had none too much money in those days, and was diplomatic.

He shuffled up, and after a long argument, with which I will not bore you by quoting, we agreed on $17 50 for the two articles.

"Well," I said, carelessly handing him a $20 bill, "what have you got you can give me for the change? I'm in a purchasing mood to-day. Let's see, I don't believe you've anything else I'd take as a gift, unless"—I picked up the portrait—"unless it's this old daub here. I'll take it for the $2 50 if you like."

The old man uttered a moan. "Oh, monsieur," he almost wept, "you are ze good customaire, but I could not—ah, non! Ze picture was worth mooch—I could not let you have him for less than ten dollars."

The money was in his hand almost as soon as the words had left his withered old lips. I took home my treasure, and placed it tenderly on an easel in the place of honor in my snug sitting-room.

I cannot describe the process by which that angelic face became a part of my very life. Most men, up to the age of thirty, have in their mind's eye their ideal woman. I had never met mine, though I had lingered with many. Once I imagined I had, and for several months lived in a fancied heaven that was abruptly and effectually annihilated by an exhibition on her part of a monumental falsity and selfishness that almost destroyed my reason and quite shattered my belief in a God. Now, as I gazed, night after night, into this pure, childlike face, with its sublime expression of innocence and trust, I said to myself: "When I find that face and the soul that is mirrored in those gentle eyes, I shall give myself to her, and I shall taste the joy and the peace that in this rather dismal life of mine have hitherto been denied to me."

In my queer mood—call it my mania, if you will—I worshipped the little picture as a lover may the lady of his heart. I drank bumpers of wine to it. I played and sang to it, with all the fervor I could command, the same love-songs that had pleased *her*—the beautiful liar and ingrate that I now only pitied and despised. I whispered love-words—plighted my undying troth to it. Late each night I would move picture and easel into my sleeping apartment and leave the lamp burning softly, so that I should see the face the very last thing before I dropped asleep in my little brass bed. And all through the long days I found myself listlessly scanning the faces of the women and girls that I passed, in the faint hope of discovering the original of the picture. Not that I hungered or thirsted to make the discovery. I was happy enough, in my lazy way, with my treasure, and while my period of worship of it lasted I do not think I so much as spoke to a woman.

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There was a little German restaurant down Bleeker street way, at which I had been in the habit of dining once every three months, or thereabouts. The food was plain but wholesome, and the spotless cleanliness of the oaken tables, the honest, heavy crockery and the white-sanded floor were always attractive. The proprietor, a rotund Teuton, with a mighty bass voice and a face as round as a ripe apple, that fairly beamed with good nature, was always glad to see me, and invariably brought out a bottle of rare old brandy, which we sipped as we chatted after dinner.

So, then, one August afternoon, when it was not so hot as to drive one out of the city for refuge, I went to the place of this jolly old German to dine. Save for the plump proprietor, who was dozing as I entered, but who instantly awakened to give me a hearty hand-shake, the place was deserted.

As I seated myself, with a sigh of comfort, Herr Vandrich (for that was his name) called out loudly, "Siebel! Siebel! A gusdomer awaits you, mine Blume!"

There was a rippling of tiny feet, and I looked up, to be stricken with something like a paralytic shock. The original of my picture stood before me!

I sat there staring at her, stupidly enough, until she recalled me to myself by asking me, with the prettiest German accent in the world, what she could have the pleasure of serving me with.

As she tripped back and forth I noted it all—the trim figure in its neat white bodice, a trifle more fully developed than one would expect in one so young, but marvelously beautiful; the neat skirt, falling half way between the knee and the adorable ankle; the round arms showing white and firm through the transparent sleeves; but, more than all, the golden curls and the blue eyes. Yes, it was the original of the picture, sure enough.

As she waited on me I watched her dreamily through half-closed lids. And then I noted—the difference.

In the picture the face expressed thought, solemnity, mystification; in the real face, with its exquisite tints of white and rose, and the sensitively curved mouth, there was an occasional sadness that made itself felt as one noted it. But she smiled brightly and chatted amiably enough, in tones as sweet as a lute in answer to my none too wise remarks.

When she had cleared the table, and Herr Vandrich and I were smacking our lips over the brandy, I questioned him about her. "Ach!" he exclaimed with a satisfied sigh, "that is my little Siebel—my little vlower. I'fe choost imborted her."

She was the daughter of his half-sister, he added, who had died in Germany, and sent him the child to take care of. It was easy to see the old chap was glad enough of his bargain. She was an admirable waitress, he told me, and drew patronage to the place. This last statement I could readily believe.

* * * * * * *

So I went my way homeward, elated, certainly, but with a certain disappointment at my heart. My goddess, a little German peasant girl, a servant in a restaurant! It was certainly ridiculous enough.

And yet, as I bade good-night to the picture, and looked into those fathomless blue eyes, a peace and contentment that I had not known in years stole over me. "What if she were a servant?" I mused, just before dropping asleep. The old man did right to call her "little flower." So she was, pure and fresh and unsullied. What an act of beneficence it would be to snatch her from that dismal life and its commonplace surroundings! With that face and that figure she would adorn any station under heaven. Well, I would study her, at all events.

So it happened that, after this, I became quite a frequent patron of Herr Vandrich's. Moreover, I changed my careless habits with regard to my dress, and it pleased me to see little Siebel's admiring glances as I strolled into the place in my faultless raiment. Furthermore, my own heart got to beating a little faster as I made a pretense of scanning the bill of fare while awaiting her approach. She, too, would smile upon me in a way half tender, half sad, and once and a while I would find a rose or a bunch of sweet peas in a glass on my table. By and by, as I lingered after the departure of the other guests and sat with Herr Vandrich (who, by the way, had grown a trifle more reserved of late) over our brandy, Siebel would come and join us, and—greatest treat of all—sing soft little songs in the tongue of the Fatherland, the old gentleman gravely puffing at his great pipe and keeping time by gently drumming upon the table with his fat fingers.

Once I caught her hand in mine under the table and pressed it, and the look that I received from the blue eyes made me forget time and place and imagine myself in an enchanted castle on the Rhine with a fairy princess for company.

One night I said, trembling at my boldness: "Herr Vandrich, I have a great favor to ask you. Your 'little flower,' as you call her, looks pale and tired. Let me take her for a breath of sea air to-morrow."

The "little flower" herself was so amazed at my audacity that she fled into the kitchen, blushing like a peony.

The old gentleman puffed at his pipe a minute or so without speaking. Then he looked sternly into my eyes with his keen gray ones, and said slowly: "Mister Ducan, I haf known you several years, and I dink you are a chentlemam. Ya! I will drusd you."

We shook hands, and I answered: "I am, at least, an honest man, Herr Vandrich, and I will deserve your confidence."

That night I kissed the picture before retiring. In the morning I wrapped it up carefully in a little cardboard box and took it with me.

* * * * * * *

I shall never forget her look of childish pleasure as we started away. Her eyes fairly danced as she bade good-bye to the grave old uncle, standing in the doorway puffing at his everlasting pipe. I fancied the gray eyes moistened as he gazed at her.

And she—well, she was dressed in a smart blue gown, with a white scarf crossed upon her full young breast, just as you may see in a picture. My own heart danced as it had not done since I could remember. The grim years seemed to have vanished, and I felt like a boy again, going to my first picnic.

The good Herr Vandrich had put up a great basket of dainty but wholesome provender, not forgetting a flask of the brandy for me. Siebel blithely gave the basket to me to carry, and I bore it proudly, never once thinking how foolish I should feel if some of my swell uptown friends run across us. My heart was as light as a feather. I did not care whom we met or what happened.

We went—well, no matter where. But a delightful sail of an hour and a half brought us to our destination. On the boat we sat chatting very gravely, with the basket of luncheon at our feet. The first whif of really salt air brought a superb carmine to Siebel's cheeks, and before we had landed she was chattering like a magpie. She held my hand when going across the gangplank, and I—I looked into her eyes and wondered if I were awake or dreaming.

We did not wander far. When we had reached a spot where we were quite alone, and screened by some sandy hillocks from the view of the very few other excursionists that had accompanied us, we sat down on the sand within a few feet of the waves and talked. Siebel took my hand and told me my fortune in a long, queer rigmarole that I did not even try to understand. We were happy, as birds and children are happy. We ran races and chased butterflies together. We collected shells, only to throw them away as soon as captured. We took off our shoes and stockings and waded into the water, and I never admired anything in my life as I did the slender white feet, with the charming blue veins running over them like streaks of turquoise on little fields of snow.

Then, as a matter of course, we became conscious of our appetites. Siebel's conduct touched me. While I, manlike, dozed in the sun, she spread out everything on a snowy cloth, and refused to touch a morsel until she had waited upon me. Then we clinked our glasses together and laughed, and her white teeth sparkled in their setting of dewy coral. Ah, what a feast that was, there on the sands!

When we had finished, she packed all the things carefully in the basket and sat down beside me, her hand in mine. Then, what with the heat, or I know not what, we both went fast asleep. When I awoke, the sun was low in the heavens, and she, Siebel—the little flower—was lying with one arm thrown across my breast and her cheek placed close to mine.

I awoke her with kisses, and in an instant she lay in my arms, sobbing, sobbing. But between her sobs her warm lips sought mine, and I remembered my pledge to the old German, and was calm.

Presently I grew alarmed, and tried to comfort her. For response, only sobs. Then I bethought me of an expedient. "Siebel," I said, not without trepidation, for

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

her emotion perplexed me, "Siebel, liebchen, I have a surprise for you. Do you want to see your picture?"

She sat up and looked at me wonderingly, the tears glistening on her long eyelashes like diamonds, and her young breast heaving tumultuously. I opened my package and showed her the picture that I had worshiped for months

She glanced at it eagerly. After that one glance she looked into my face with a dumb, animal-like reproach that I shall never forget, and with one long, exceeding bitter cry, lost consciousness.

When I brought her to, she clung to me, sobbing afresh. I saw her tapering fingers clutch at her breast, and bring from her dress a little gold locket, which she tore from its slender golden chain, and hurled far from her over the sands. I walked away from her, and picked it up.

It was open. From it smiled a photograph of my one-time friend, Emil Stauffner, the handsomest and most consummate blackguard that I ever knew. I threw the glittering toy far away into the sea.

I remembered then the story he had told me just before his miserable death—and I had paid for his funeral, curse my good nature!—of the wonderful portrait he had painted in Germany, and of the little peasant girl, his model, who had charmed his life for a month. And I wished I could have had him before me then, alive, if only for a moment.

I took the "little flower" home. We had a quiet nook on the boat where nobody saw us. She held my hand and cried softly, nearly all the way. Poor child! Somehow or other her instinct was at work. *She knew that I knew.*

What a dismal ending to our happy day!

* * * * *

It was nearly a year afterward that I sought Herr Vandrich's hospitable abode.

I had traveled pretty much all over the world. I had shot tigers in India, and camped with Arabs on the desert. I had studied monkey-language in Darkest Africa, and fought for my life with Chinese pirates. And after it all, there was a feeling upon me that the heart alone is supreme in affairs of this world, that, when all one's soul is another's, society counts for naught, and that the whole world may sink itself, for aught anyone cares, into the bog of insane prejudices and miscalculations that men call Reason, and so rest unmourned and forgotten.

What was I, that I should forsake and condemn the very idol of my heart, whose memory had clung to me like a benediction, on the seas, in the forest and the desert, simply because, in her childishness and her youth, she had been misled by a devil in human guise? Was my own life, then, so stainless and so pure? Bah! I hated myself for an ingrate and Pharisee as I walked into the place, prepared to woo and win—a Wife.

Old Vandrich dozed, not behind the counter, but in a comfortable armchair. He looked fatter and more prosperous than ever. At the desk was a blue-eyed woman, with a round, sunny face, from which all trace of care or unhappiness had fled. As she smiled, and descended from her high stool to greet me, I noticed that her gown was loose, that her figure had expanded and solidified, and that her eyes gave forth the gleam that one only sees in the eyes of commonplace women that account themselves absolutely and supremely blessed in the knowledge of their approaching maternity.

I noticed, also, that all the spirituality had left her face.

I did not await the awakening of the happy husband. I contented myself with paying my respects to his frau.

That night I burned the picture.

—*Town Topics.*

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NOT A SENSATIONAL DIVORCE.

But a sensation of another character is that which is now extending throughout the State regarding the phenomenal success of the methods of instructions in use at the San Francisco Business College, located at 1236 Market street.

The enterprising managers of that institution stated to a WAVE reporter recently that a large number of young people are being enrolled each week. More applications for admission have been received than in any two previous years.

Among the positions secured by the school for its graduates during the past week were two, each at $75 per month.

Two undergraduates, who have had no previous experience, are at present experting sets of books for leading firms, indicating that the work of this school must be highly successful.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

THE JUDGMENT—A BROADMOOR BIOGRAPHY.

Yes, a villainous-looking brute, as you say, sir; and I thank the Lord he's got all he earned, and more. Sometimes the beggars has grit and more pluck than some folk like to see in such vermin, but some of them ain't no more spunk nor a mouse. I love pluck myself, though; if a man's good he's the better for it, and if he's bad he ain't none the worse. Most of them as come here commit crimes through their madness; but it wasn't that way quite with him, and yet here he is at Broadmoor.

Do you know, he's almost the only one here I never felt a bit of pity for—and you'll feel the same, see if you don't, when you've heard all about him.

Now, don't you be interrupting me by asking me how I know this and that and the other. I got it all out of the evidence, only I pieced it together, so as to tell myself how it all happened.

He'd always been a regular bad one, he had—and the Lord only knows what he hadn't done in his time—but he'd never been lagged for anything more than thieving, till he met with a cleverer chap than him, and together they did more than one bad night's work, I know. Well, this other chap, he found out somehow that there was something about a certain village that made it worth while for him to hang around there above a bit.

"It's a first-class job," says he to our man here. "If we pull it off, it's idleness and the fat of the land for the rest of our born days. Are you on? "I'm on," says our man, like the brute he is, never so much as asking what it is he's on in.

The house was called Chudleigh Abbey, and it seems it was an old house, all over ivy and creepers; and an old lady lived there with a young nephew and a pretty niece. Of, course, you guess there must be some sort of love-making when a young man and his pretty cousin live under one roof. So there was, so there was. And their sort of love-making was the marrying sort. The question was popped, and the day was named, and then my young sir must needs get the family diamonds out of the bank to see how his sweetheart looked in them! He thought she looked sweetly in them, you may be sure, and he gave them to her to keep, just telling her not to let anyone know she'd got them them till he'd got a safe to keep them in. So she takes them up to her room, and she hides them. Now he thought, and she thought, no one knew about them diamonds; but I don't need to tell you, sir, that valuable stones don't change their addressess without its being known somehow to more than one and more than two. And among those that knew were our man and his mate.

Well, they meant to have the diamonds, and they laid their plan. And there was two things made their plan easy to work. First, the young lady slept in a room at the far end of a long passage, with no one near her. It was the oldest part of the house, and she liked it, because it was "so romantic." You know what young ladies be, sir! Next, the young gentleman, what always slept at home, was to sleep at the inn the night before the wedding. You know, sir, it's a custom with gentlefolks. So the plan was that on the night before the wedding, when there was only the women in the house, our man was to climb up the ivy and crëep into our young lady's room, and take the diamonds.

"It'll take me some time to find where she's hid them," he says to the other chap, "so I'd better make the girl safe first."

It was decided that our man was to go right away for a week, so that there mighn't be any suspicion, and when he came back his mate would meet him at a certain place and hour, and tell him if any change was wanted in the plan. If his mate didn't meet him, he was to go to the house at once.

So he climbed up one night and filed the window-bars nearly through, and got all ready, and then he went away.

After a week he came back.

It was a very dark night. He waited a quarter of an hour by the old wall, but no one came, so he took his knife in his teeth, and climbed up the ivy, going very slow and quiet. The bars were just as he had left them. He took one out very gently, and laid it down, and got into the room. It was very, very dark, and smelt of scent and camphor like a chemist's shop. He listened for the girl's breathing to guide him to the bed, but he heard nothing. Presently, feeling about, his hand touched the bed-post. Then he wraps his red cotton handkerchief round his hand, to put over her mouth, and he takes his knife in the other hand, and feels for her face —— and pulls the sheet off her neck.—— She never moved, and it was done in a minute! Then he lays down his wet knife on the bed, and strikes a match quite at his ease to look for the diamonds.

* * * * *

He lights a candle that stands by the bed-head, and then sees the bed and what's on it, and he gives a yell that fetches every soul in the house awake, and he goes off then and there stark raving, screaming mad. The sight of what he meant all along to do? Not it! Conscience? Not a bit of it! Sheer fright at the sight of what he'd done and hadn't meant to do.

The candle showed him the bed—all a mass of white flowers—and what was lying on it under the white sheet had laid there dead long afore he come anigh the place. I've heard say as corpses can't bleed. Well, all I know is — Well, I won't say any more about that part of it, sir, if you don't like it. It ain't pleasant even to hear about, and the sight of it sent 'im clear off 'is head. It was a corpse's throat he'd cut, the blundering, murdering villain, and when the servants ran in with lights, they found him lying across the bed-foot, foaming at the mouth, and mad as a hatter. If he'd had any sense left for thinking, he wouldn't ha' known what to think. But this is what really had happened. The other chap—once our man was out of the way—thinks to have a try for the diamonds off his own bat; but meantime the young lady at the Abbey 'd found out the filed window-bars, and when he tried it on the young master an' the under-gardener was ready for him, and took him with the knife in his hand, bending over the empty bed. Thinks he, t'other chap shan't get off then, neither; so off he goes to jail, leaving his mate to be copped when he comes back to try it on according to agreement. And in jail he turned funky, and choked himself with his belt, for there was other things against him, besides their having found out he was the Peckham Mystery.

And no one in the Abbey expecting any more visitors through the window, they didn't have the bars mended; but a silly maid who's frightened out of her wits sticks them up again to look like they did before.

* * * *

And how come the young lady to be dead already? Why, bless your soul, sir; didn't I tell you? It wasn't the young lady at all; it was the old housekeeper, as had been ailing this long time, and had gone off sudden with the turn the first chap give her when he screamed as he was took. And they laid her out in that room, being furthest from the other rooms.

And if he'd had an ounce of pluck our man might ha' got away. But it's my belief he wasn't meant to. The judgment takes folk queer ways sometimes.

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LIBRARY NOTES

It is impossible to estimate accurately the actual mortality in *The Red Sultan*. Throughout the story there is an immense amount of slaughter. On ordinary as well as extraordinary occasions the monarch has behind him two black executioners with huge swords, and at the beck of his finger a subject is decapitated. Even the most hardened novel reader cannot help feeling a bit sorry for Abdallah, Kaid of the Beni Hassan, who, for a paltry error, has his neck broken in most barbarous fashion, and the fate of Ingliz Basha, who suffers death because the Sultan falls in love with his wife, is quite harrassing. After due consideration I am inclined to conclude that the most effective scene in the story is that in which the newly crowned Seedna executes his prominent citizens as a species of dessert for a banquet he has just given. Believing that certain eminent subjects are not as respectful as he might desire, he sends for them, and, as they enter the banquet hall one by one, they are seized by hideous negroes in red, blue and yellow striped petticoats, their heads are struck off into a fountain, and their bodies are flung into a hole in the palace court yard. To accentuate the lurid brilliancy of this scene the Sultan fires a long hunting knife at the hero, Cosmo McLaurin, which a beauteous black slave, named Zara, catches gracefully in her bosom. It seems she had loved the youth Cosmo with a tropical ardor, and most generously sacrifices her life for his. Analysis of the episode may detract from its possibilities, for it is a little hard to see how the maiden could have travelled quicker than the knife, but it is none the less dramatic on that account, and, indeed, perhaps more so. There are bloodthirsty individuals who may consider this episode lacks violence, but let me assure them my reproduction does injustice to J. Maclaren Cobban's style, and that in his narrative the blo d spurts and the victims groan in the most approved way possible. Besides, it is a good and exceedingly lively story, decidedly sensational, and as realistic as an act out of the "Arabian Nights."

Due doubtless to the up-growth of press syndicates and the tremendous circulation obtained by the leading magazines, the amenities which it has become common for publishers and writers to exchange. While the relations of inter-dependence continue as strong as ever, there has been a distinct improvement in the position of the author. The traditions of Grub street have quite gone out, and in real earnest has literature become a profession. With the change has come a new sense of responsibility in the publisher, whose very necessities have converted into patrons and exponents of the literary art. Nowadays he is a poor author who is no hero to his publisher. Indeed, where would men like Richard Harding Davis or Brander Matthews be but for the appreciative, critical commentaries of the series of Harper journals in which they are boomed so generously. The critical department of *Lippincott's Magazine* in the same way finds genius in the novels of that publishing house. Even the staid old *Atlantic Monthly* is rarely impressed save by the excellence of Houghton-Mifflin's publications.

Into the field, recently, has come a new competitor, Stone & Kimball, who have *The Chap Book* as a medium for expressing predelictions in favor of their own authors. They essay to perform in America the function of Elkins Matthews and John Lane of London, who, when the history of the fin de siécle renaissance comes to be written, will undoubtedly be conceded strong factors in the poetry revival of late years. To them the young poets have all come for publication, and their works, issued in limited editions, with a perfection of printing and typographical style quite unique, have been instrumental, not only in encouraging others, but in obtaining re ognition for a new and very melodious school of singers. They introduced Francis Thompson, the new poet, to the world. John Davidson is one of their discoveries. They have brought out Benson, De Tabley, Alfred Hayes, La Gallienne, Symonds among late poets, and the prose of such people as Frederic Wedmore, George Egerton, Nettleship, Beerbohm, Watson and Oscar Wilde. They are re-ponsible, too, for the bold challenge of the *Yellow Book*, for much of the grace and beauty of latter day binding, or rather the application of graceful designs to inexpensive publications.

The new firm, "Stone & Kimball," composed of two Cambridge men possessed of considerable capital, announces the centralization of its business in Chicago. While I wish for them the success so admirable a venture deserves, I cannot but think they have chosen a most unpromising field for their work. In no city in the Union is there less literary atmosphere; even San Francisco, where the writing habit is regarded by good business men as an objectionable and highly suspicious talent, interesting, perhaps, but dangerous, is less alien to art and letters than the City of Destiny. However, the existence of such an nstitution and the dissemination of modern culture may do much in that community, and it is pleasant to note they are gathering round them the people whose style reflects the latest literary manner and feeling. Already to the credit of the house are some charming volumes of poetry, the most notable being *The Quest of Heracles*, by Hugh McCulloch—really a beautiful instance of typographical art, admirably printed and charmingly bound, a criticism equally applicable to *The Ebb Tide*, which the house is responsible for also. In McCulloch, it seems, we have a poet whose verse has genius; it breathes a perfume of the divine afflatus. Here is sentiment, sense of form and facility rare in the writings of a young man. That there are admirable qualities in his work cannot be gainsaid; and his treatment of the classic myth is very pure and graceful, lacking, perhaps, the power of pinion for highly sustained and lofty verse, but felicitious, smooth and charmingly expressed. "Hermaphroditus" is a delicate setting of the old legend. Better as a test of poetic feeling and command of form, perhaps, are the shorter poems and ballades—"Requiem," "Midnight," the ballade of "Roses," "Dawn," of "Riding." They are really charming, some of these, and suggest very brilliant future possibilities for the gifted writer.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Perfect Fool," by Florence Warden. The International News Co., publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

"The Red Sultan," by J. Maclaren Cobban. Rand, McNally & Co., publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

"The Quest of Heracles," by Hugh McCulloch, Jr. Stone & Kimball, publishers, Chicago.

KNOWLEDGE

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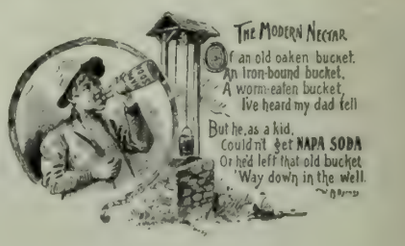

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

For the last two or three months every paper that has not considered it absolutely necessary to dispute "Feminology" has found a wide field in flaunting before the human eye the various and varied manners of becoming beautiful. Of course such articles are decidedly instructive and full of the most valuable advice, which, if fully carried out, might make the human race so utterly and intrinsically perfect that a mere, plain, pockmarked, scarred or pitted countenance would be a relief. However, in all my peregrinations, I have never yet discovered one person who could not give me half a dozen receipts to prevent sunburn, all of which I have tried, alas!—all in vain; a hundred to prevent wrinkles—but there was not a "wrinkle" amongst them. After elaborate experiments I have concluded that all these hints on beauty are unutterable nonsense; we all must grow old, and, as a natural consequence, lose complexion, softness of skin, or whatever our particular charm consists of. Nevertheless, the greatest of all beauty lies in an amiable disposition, which, if one does not cultivate, all the cosmetics, hair dyes, and thousand and one inept things we read about might just as well be at the bottom of the sea. That is, even for those who admit such things as valuable. So, my dear readers, be amiable; take my advice as to how to dress and do not waste time on beauty doctors.

The last event to display summer toilettes was at the tennis tournament in San Rafael, on Monday. Ducks, percales and simulites served as a coloring to the grounds. Most of the gowns denoted the sere and yellow leaf, and I could not avoid perceiving the utter lack of style the average washed percale presented, especially those which had shrunk in washing or had an abundance of lace. So few laces can stand laundering with grace. Mrs. Tay was, as usual, exquisitely sweet as a study in pink. She is, without doubt, one of the greatest successes in a summer gown. Miss Glasscock's white percale, much trimmed in insertion, looked most débutantish. Mrs. Will Bower's gray serge, shading into blue with white revers, vest and cuffs, was most becoming, suggesting the end of the summer season, and at the same time was cool and pretty. Mrs. Bowers is one of the few women who can wear an alpine hat without looking all-points. Mrs. Fletcher in a black gown was very stunning; she had one of those swagger large silver buckles on her collar, a large buckle on her belt and a white sailor hat. Miss Lottie Moulder's autumn costume was universally admired; the gown, shaded from brown to green, was worn with a curious tone of green silk for a waist, but her hat was charming. A very large black felt, bent becomingly here and there on the brim, with an innumerable quantity of black feathers, and at the side a blue bow.

There is such a delicious material this season for hat trimming. We all realize how exceedingly heavy a felt hat is with velvet; and yet velvet is inexorable as far as the winter hat is concerned. This season we have a new material, called satin soleil; it is as light as satin, with a velvet finish, and comes in the most gorgeous colors. I saw a very feathery hat in black, with a crown of this material in jacqueminot color, it was superb. The trimmings will not be "en round" this season, that is, around the skirts. A more effective and graceful manner of treatment is up and down the skirt seams, which one occasionally finds turned slightly away over another color. A gown, which was extremely dainty on this order, was of brown cloth over white. The skirt had a tablier front, turned away on each side for, perhaps, twelve inches at the top and bottom, so as to give the effect of being slashed. Under the slashes appeared the white cloth, while the turned away edges of the seams were stitched and finished with small flat buttons of the brown cloth. The upper part of the corsage had two slashes, one on each side turned away over the white cloth, so as to give the idea of long V shaped points, ending at the bust. The edges of these were also finished with stitching and buttons to match the skirt. A belt and collar of bronze velvet completed this most exquisite toilette, each were fastened by a wide fancy buckle, with large loops on either side.

Possibly you have perceived that this season's gowns have fuller shirts, and as for the sleeves, their dimensions become greater every day. The skirts are gored more closely about the hips, but are excessively full in the back and quite wide at the foot. There is a lining and interlining, but the materials are very light and the trimming very slight. Some cloth gowns have a bias satin band of about an inch in thickness with a heading of jet; others have merely a fold of the wool, camel's hair or basket cloth below the edge, between the outside and the lining, and held there by three or four rows of stitching, which makes a neat finish. Three back gores, pointed at the top and spreading out in four plaits to the foot, are seen on many new skirts.

The bias puffed sleeves are enormously wide at the top, and are caught up or draped by choux or bows; occasionally they taper toward the waist, but more generally are left rather large below the elbow, and wrinkle around the arm, which even adds to the unconscionable size of the sleeve. However, that is what we seek. The greater the size the more fashionable it appears. For my own part, I fancy that large sleeves are at their zenith, for when a fashion becomes excessive, as a rule, its next move is a change.

Silk waists with woolen skirts still reign supreme. They are now made of the very richest materials. A novelty is silk and wool moiré, a similar fabric to bengaline, but extremely soft and watered. The richest brocades for waists are soft, some having a basket-woven ground, others an armure of two colors.

At Trinity Church, on Monday, I noticed several very pretty gowns. One in particular attracted my attention so much that I felt my eyes leaving the bride, and gazing upon its wearer, was of dark blue and évêgne basket woven silk with a shading of red. It was made with a perfectly plain skirt, and the bodice opened at the back and front in a large V, which was filled with évêgne muslin de soie and insertion of Venetian lace. The sleeves also had V points of the muslin. The hat was a toque of navy blue with black plumes, and a bon at the back, falling upon the hair, of évêgne ribbon. Miss McKinstry, to my mind, looked the smartest of the bridesmaids, she has the gift of carrying her clothes to the very greatest advantage, and has a very distingué air.

Miss Dimond made as successful a bride as she has a hostess, and her gown of ivory satin covered with Indian muslin was very becoming. I quite envied her that stateliness and style with which she came down the church.

Pink is the very best of colors for evening wear, and lights up most graciously, softening the skin and brightening the eyes. Miss Mai Dimond was very charming in pink satin trimmed with chiffon. She is one of the few girls who always looks exactly the same, and that same is very graceful.

The fashionable world of San Francisco will have no occasion to complain this winter of a lack of becoming headgear. Madame Andreè, who has just returned from Paris, brought with her a collection of the styles now distinctly in vogue in that swagger city, and will make a gorgeous display at the Maze next Tuesday when the opening commences. It is not always that we wild and wooly Westerners have the opportunity of wearing the same shape and kind of hats and bonnets that the smart people of London, Paris and New York are affecting. Through a slight obstacle in the way of miles, we are often compelled to wait and watch carefully for the ever changing fashions, and do our level best to keep as far ahead as possible. However, through a little forethought on the part of this gifted milliner, we will be able to wear everything of the latest, all through the winter and spring, and it behooves the fashionables of San Francisco, to take advantage of their first opportunity to compete with smart New York and out-do them, too.

The soft collars, with belt to match, are of satin ribbons, or of the new supple moiré, cut bias from the piece, they are becoming higher and higher, much to the enlargement of wrinkles upon the neck. Nothing spoils one's neck so quickly as the constant wearing of a high, tight collar.

So long as the huge sleeves continue in vogue we still must cling to the cape; how we ever managed to do without them is a mystery to me, for they are to be numbered amongst our most comfortable garments. This season we find them extending below the hips, and you will notice this gives them an excessively graceful effect. Some are of tan or bluet cloths trimmed with applications of cloth of the same color, or else stitched on in intricate designs as borders, or in ribbon patterns over the whole cape. Others are of richer fabrics, moiré of the new kind, or in nacré designs, and above all things in velvet, or of bluet velvet plush. But one must not be without a cloth golf cape with some Scotch plaid as a lining.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly: Whenever some men become possessed of the idea that they are being well treated by the world, and fortune is smiling upon them, they forthwith get the notion into their heads that they must take unto themselves some one to share all of their increasing affluence and prosperity. Among this class is a well known attorney of this city. We will not dwell upon the fact of whether or not he is a Native Son, for already sufficient has been written of them elsewhere, but will say that he is an exceedingly modest man. There is not the least doubt in my mind but the idea of being pointed out as "the man who was trying to get married" was thoroughly antagonistic to his verticle spirit, which revolted at such a charge, so forthwith he proceeded to operate on another plan for procuring a bride. No, indeed, he would not be introduced around the country as an "eligible," and have everybody know what he was up to, nor would he trust his future happiness in the hands of the ordinary kind of matron and chaperon, but would have the affair conducted only by those who knew what they were about. He naturally, under these circumstances, communicated with a matrimonial bureau at Chicago. Two quires and a half of foolscap were used by the matrimonially inclined attorney to expatiate and dwell in part upon his goodliness of character, his splendid standing in the community, and his future prospects. The exact extent of paper each one of these attributes consumed will be readily understood by the most superficial reader. In due season the letter from the Chicago people arrived. They had located just such a lady as the attorney desired. In addition to having a face and form divine she came up strong with earthly goods, which she was ready to consign with herself to the care of some "true, noble hearted gentleman, matrimonially inclined." At least, so her little personal in the paper had stated. For $100 the marriage bureau people would bring the affair to a satisfactory termination. The attorney wrote them to go ahead and produce the prize. In the meantime, however, he had been looking around on his own account, and finally a lady fair, fat, but not near forty, living in Southern California, caught his fancy, and without much ado he led her to the altar. Some time after the bureau people put in a demand for their money, as I believe they had started the original "prize" west. Mr. Attorney, without even consulting his own dear wifey, declared most positively he would have none of them. One morning he was waited upon at his office by a dark-eyed man, with a proverbial Mephistopholean cast of features, who stated, without any ado, that he represented the Chicago bureau. He then produced the correspondence of the lawyer with the Eastern concern, and said that if he did not liquidate the letters would be placed in the hands of the newspapers. Up to that time the attorney had been astride of a horse fully twenty-four hands above the ground, so high that the dark-eyed representative had to bend his head back to talk with him, but the threat unhorsed him as though he had been astride a bucking broncho. He dismounted right off and talked "business" so rapidly that for once the face of the agent, which had known no smile in years, wore, as he left the office, what might have resembled the shadow of mirth. The attorney is still practicing, and his prospects are still as good, and as far distant as when he first offered himself on the matrimonial market. And what of the woman? She has not yet put in an appearance, and if she does, I am not sure but that she will also do some "levying," and the nice quiet little home of her Western Blackstone will be seriously disrupted.

Politics have passed and gone, and poor Mr. Messerve was turned down. He is a Native Son, but somehow he did not just connect. Although he made a great talk for the nomination of District Attorney, principally at his boarding-house, however.

Everybody is coming home from the beaches, and "society" will soon settle down into its former state of stagnation. This town is just now suffering from a scarcity of men, and, as a result, the girls have to languish and sigh unseen, unheard and, in fact, uncared for. Its just awful.

Miss Jessie Kimble, of West Adams street, has gone East to attend school. H. T. Lee and family are sojourning at Catalina. Mrs. C. A. Sumner and daughter have returned from a two months' visit to Catalina. George D. Betts is in San Diego where he will pass several weeks at the Hotel Coronado. Miss Fannie Suman has returned to Los Angeles after an absence of five years. The following have returned from a stag at Catalina: Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Bosbyshell, Miss Bosbyshell, Major and Mrs. Jones, Miss Jones, Mrs. H. K. Walters and others. Mrs. L. F. Brotherton of Orange street has returned from Catalina.

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FINANCIAL.

The violent fluctuation in the shares of the Market Street Railway Company disturbed the serene ness of our local security market the past week. Upon reports some time ago, that, of the authorized issue of seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars in bonds, two million, all that were for sale, had been subscribed to by an Eastern and local syndicate, the stock had a sharp advance from forty dollars to forty-four and a half dollars per share. The sudden re-action to forty dollars was due to the fact that the attorney examing the bonds for the syndicate had made a point of objection. He bases his opinion on the ground that at the meeting of stockholders called for the purpose of authorizing the bond issue, part of the stock was voted by proxy, and his objection is to the stock so voted. There are two remedies, namely: To call another meeting, and have the stockholders present, or to have the point decided in the courts. The latter course will probably be pursued; a test case submitted and argued at once before the State Supreme Court.

If the point were well taken it would undoubtedly invalidate some of our best local bonds, seriously inconveniencing their issuance in the future. We should then most likely behold Mr. C. P. Huntington (provided his funding bill goes through at the next session of Congress), inviting the stockholders of the Central Pacific from Europe, or wherever they might be, to a trip to San Francisco, California, so as to enable them to vote in person on the funding of the Central Pacific bond.

A speedy settlement of the question is expected, and the bonds will be disposed of and paid for. As the accumulated earnings of the company have since its consolidation been applied to the payment of the various improvements and alterations recently instigated pending the sale of the bonds, these earnings would probably revert to the stockholders, and form the basis of a strong reserve fund for the continued payment of dividends.

THE RIVALS.

A TALE OF TWO LOVERS.

I.

"Oh! How kind of you!" she said.

It was a watch he had given her—one of those dainty, Lilliputian time-pieces set in a circlet of leather; and, as she held it in her hand, it ticked a gladsome tune, as though to make friends with its new owner.

"It's a bracelet, isn't it?" she went on; "but—why, George, dear, the band's much too large for my——"

"Yes, yes, I know," George put in; "of course it is. I had it made large especially. All the girls have bracelets with watches in them, so I had it made into a —a——"

"A what, dear? A necklace?"

"N—n—n—o. A—a—a——"

"Oh, George!"

And then Alice blushed and laughed, and George blushed and laughed, too.

"I'll put it on after you are gone," she said, "and George, dear, I'll wear it always. Thank you, ever so much!"

II.

"I'm afraid I'm overstaying my time, Miss Alice. What is the hour?" asked young Dasher, who called the next afternoon.

Miss Alice reddened. That was apparent even in the twilight.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said.

"But you can consult your watch," he suggested.

"My watch!" she repeated. "O—well—I——"

"Ah! you don't like to," he went on; "you don't want to hurry me. How kind you are! But, suppose, then, you let me look at it?"

"Sir!" she exclaimed, and her eyes flashed indignant sparks into the deepening gloom.

"Where do you carry it?" he went on, unheeding her tone. "Where is the pocket?"

"I have no watch, sir!" she returned, her face now crimson.

"But I hear it ticking," Dasher urged; "come, come, you can't deceive me. I must see that watch."

"Stop!"—the tone was ferociously imperative—"stop! It is not right!"—*Town Topics.*

The Wife—John, you don't love me. You promised to stop smoking if I'd marry you.

The Husband—Then I must have loved you, my dear, or I wouldn't have lied to get you.—*Town Topics.*

The Misses Dinan, late with Alma Keith, hold their fall opening of High Art Millinery Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 13th, 14th and 15th, at their parlors, 111 Stockton street. The ladies calling will be agreeably surprised with the display of original designs of imported French millinery. Among the many novelties is a jaunty alligator skin turban and muff to match. Don't forget the date.

IN A GALLERY.

Portrait of a Lady (Unknown).

BY CATHERINE DE MATTOS.

Veiled eyes, yet quick to meet one glance
  Not his, not yours, but *mine*,
Lips that are fain to stir and breathe
  Dead joys (not love nor wine);
'Tis not in you the secret lurks
  That makes men pause and pass!

Did unseen magic flow from you
  Long since to madden hearts,
And those who loathed remain to pray
  And work their dolorous parts—
To seek your riddle, dread or sweet,
  And find it in the grave?

Till some one painted you one day,
  Perchance to ease his soul,
And set you here to weave your spells
  While time and silence roll;
And you were hungry for the hour
  When one should understand?

Your jeweled fingers writhe and gleam
  From out your sombre vest;
Am I the first of those who gaze
  Who may their meaning guess,
Yet dare not whisper, lest the words
  Pale even painted cheeks?

—*From the "Yellow Book."*

He was very pale.

"Then you cast me aside for one who is richer than I," he hissed.

"Yes," she answered, coldly.

"And yet you declared I was as good as gold."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"You will recall, doubtless," she observed, "that I instituted no comparison between you and government bonds bought at par.—*Town Topics.*

For engagement, wedding and birthday presents do not fail to visit S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street.

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A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permament residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

Intending passengers going East are referred to the advertisement of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company on back cover.

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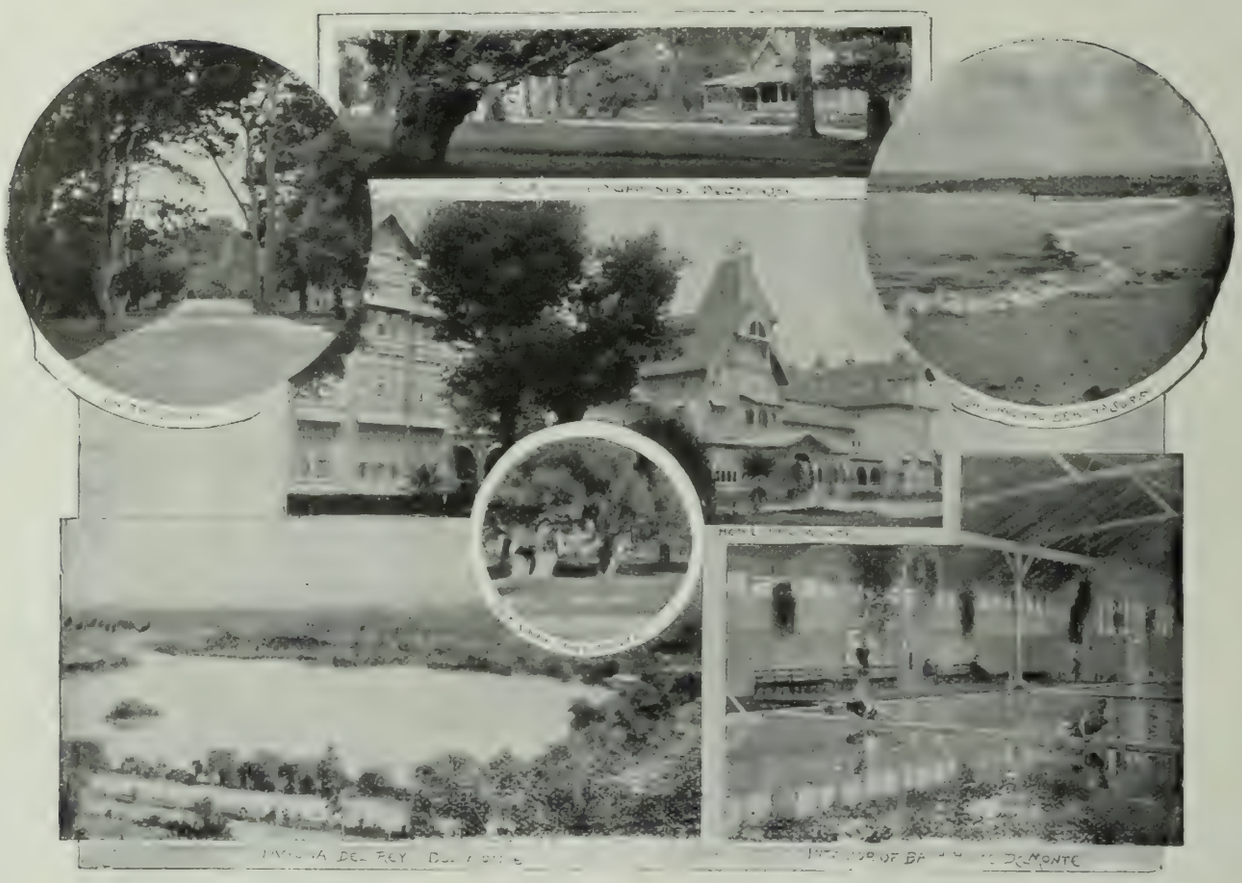

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8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
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‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†7.45 p m
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11.45 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 p m
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*3.30 p m	San Jose and principal Way Stations	9.47 a m
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MODERN PUGILISM.

"Too bad about poor Bruiser; he's had to give up prize-fighting,"

"What's the matter—overtrained?"

"Yes; he's suffering from writer's cramp."—*Puck.*

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Perfect Fit, Best of Workmanship at Moderate Prices, go to

JOE POHEIM

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Rules for Measurement. Cloth Samples sent Free.

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CLARKLETS—But this pass is for two, and——

M. PLOYER—Why didn't you say so. Where is my hat.—*Town Topics.*

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Highest Testimonials

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At a recent tennis tournament, one young lady not being up to time, the secretary sent a verbal message to her house to inform her if she did not come at once he would "scratch" her. The maid, horrified at the want of courtesy in the use of the term she did not understand, endeavored to soften the message by delivering it thus: "Please, Miss, Mr. Racket says if you do not come at once he will squeeze you."—*Mercury.*

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Up stairs, opp. Palace Hotel

Many Novelties in Imported Wave Shirts to Order a Specialty

"I am going to have my dog's tongue split!"

"Why, deah boy?"

"Doncherknow I think it would put creases in his pants."—*Life.*

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Paid Up Capital, $1,000,000

Cor. Montgomery and California Sts., San Francisco

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THIS COMPANY is authorized by law to act as Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Receiver or Trustee. It is a legal depositary for Court and Trust Funds. Will take entire charge of Real and Personal Estates, collecting the income and profits, and attending to all such details as an individual in like capacity could do.

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Receives deposits subject to check, and allows interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposit bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its savings department, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

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Inside its burglar proof vaults at prices from $5 per annum upwards, according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of without charge.

AN EXCEPTION.

Mrs. Popleigh (*from her paper*)—I tell you the more a man gets the more he wants.

Mr. Popleigh (*minding the twins*)—Not always!—*Puck.*

Royal Exchange Assurance of London

Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

Capital Paid Up, $3,446,100 Assets, $21,584,413
Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,980,251

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager
NATHAN & KINGSTON, San Francisco Agents, 401 Montgomery Street

Willis.—Deacon Sniffles says he votes as he prays.

Wallace.—Very likely; they say he prays three times a day, and I've heard it intimated that he votes fully as often.—*Life.*

Aachen and Munich Fire Insurance Company

Of Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Established 1805

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United States Department:
204 SANSOME STREET, SAN FRANCISCO
VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A country minister in a certain town took permanent leave of his congregation in the following pathetic manner:

"Brothers and sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think God loves this church, because none of you ever die. I don't think you love each other, because I never marry any of you. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are mouldy fruit and wormy apples, and 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Brothers, I am going away to a better place. I have been called to be chaplain of a penitentiary. Where I go you can not come, but I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye."—*New Berlin Gazette.*

CRESTA BLANCA SOUVENIR VINTAGES

Gold Medal Paris Exposition, 1889
Highest Award World's Fair, Chicago, 1893
Gold Medal Midwinter Fair, San Francisco, 1894

These Wines are served to the Guests of all the Leading Hotels and Restaurants on the Pacific Coast.

See that the words "CRESTA BLANCA" are on every bottle. None others genuine.

Send for a New Price List.

CHAS. A. WETMORE

Telephone 5889 *325 Pine St., San Francisco*

She was a maiden rare, and there
Was none to whom you could compare her
But the man with whom she walked the beach—
And he, at that resort, was rarer. —*Puck.*

The Persistent Suitor.—I neither drink, smoke, nor play cards!

The Dear Girl.—Do you think I'm going to marry a freak?—*Life.*

Sold by all Liquor Dealers and Grocers

HIS PREFERENCE.

We stood in the garden, Nellie and I,
And O, as she faced me there,
Her eyes were as blue as the summer sky
And bright as the sun her hair.

"Pluck for yourself," cried my Nellie sweet,
"The reddest rose that you see,
Then humbly kneel at my exquisite feet
And I'll kiss it and give it thee."

"Maid, the reddest flow'r that my optic sees,"
I said to the dainty elf,
"Is your red, moist mouth—I will take that, please"——
So I took the kiss itself.

Town Topics.

LURLINE BATHS

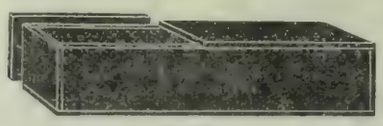
The Tank is emptied every night between the hours of 10 and 12, and filled direct from the ocean every morning. . . . . .

Sinkers (painting a purple landscape for the girl he once loved)—Oh, why did she invite me to her wedding!

Jumpers.—That's what she will say, old boy, when she receives your picture.—*Life.*

Slate Burial Vaults

Are commended by every person who sees them. They are proof against dampness, rodents and reptiles; are portable to ship to any part of the country. Are cheaper than brick and can be put in place by ordinary workmen.



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R. F. ROBERTSON,
Pacific Coast Agent, Los Gatos, Cal.

N. CLARK & SONS, 17 and 19 Spear Street, San Francisco Telephone 771.

OH, SACRE!

TRIOLETS.

She was a lovely infidel, Miss Fatma Hassarac;
We flirted on the Bosphorus, and drank her Pa's arrack.
The dear would have eloped with me if I had had the sack.

But Hassarac discovered us too closely linked, alack!
And ever since that day I've much depression in my back,
For though, alas! I did not get the girl, I got the sack.

And now the wife I married, Miss Dejones, of Haggertack,
Found out about the infidel, and keeps me on the rack.
I'd drown her in the Hudson if I only had the sack.

Town Topics.

F. GERCKE JOHN QUADT

JOHN QUADT & CO.

Importers, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Wall Paper, Window Shades And Room Mouldings : : :

Plain and Decorative Paper Hanging
Painting, Whitening, Frescoing

1616-1618 Market St., bet. Ninth and Tenth, And 17-21 Hayes St.

Telephone 3180 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

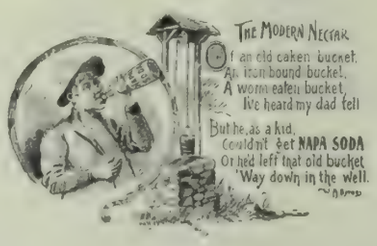
In W. R. le Fanu's *Seventy Years of Irish Life*, is a reference to the visit of George IV, to Ireland in 1821, which was enlivened as much as a state visit may be, by the following incident:

The King entered Dublin in an open carriage, drawn by eight splendid horses and attended by a number of grooms and footmen in magnificent liveries. He was in military uniform and constantly took off his hat, smiling and bowing to the people, who enthusiastically cheered him. At one point, a man close to the carriage stretched out his hand to the King and said.

"Shake hands, your majesty!"

The King shook hands heartily. The man waved his hand and called out:

"Begorra, I'll never wash that hand again!"—*Youth's Companion.*



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THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

Is the most comfortable and home-like hostelry in the city. The rooms are sunny and cheerful. The furniture is rich, new and luxurious. Guests receive polite attention and uniform courtesy from all employees. The rates are moderate. Special terms to permanent guests. The Hotel is conducted on both the American and European plan. The new American Dining-Room is on the eighth floor. Entrance to the California Theatre from the Hotel office. The California Hotel is absolutely fire-proof.

R. H. WARFIELD
PROPRIETOR

Sylvia—I understand that all the men about town are drinking Vina Brandy cocktails.

Cholly—Why, ah—ah—but I don't drink 'em yer know.

Sylvia—I said all the *men.*

"El Monte" Hotel

SAUSALITO, CAL.

The Nearest Popular Seaside Resort Outside of San Francisco,

J. E. SLINKEY . . . Proprietor

Farmer Grayneck—Mariar, there ain't no use in wastin' another penny on our boy's education. He's an utter fool; and that's all we can ever make of him.

Mrs. Grayneck—Why, land's sake, Jason! What makes you say that?

Farmer Grayneck.—Why, the little idiot asked me a few minutes ago if the word "Hon." before the name of a member of Congress meant "honest."—*Puck.*

For Those Who Appreciate Comfort and Attention : : :

Occidental Hotel

SAN FRANCISCO

A Quiet Home Centrally Located

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

What, think you, was the still intent
Of this dumb offer? It was meant—
One must needs think—to bring to mind
That, deaf and dumb, they were not blind,
These doners, to the mark and hue
Of what those vagrants never knew:
The country's flag.

—*J. Percival Pollard, in Kate Field's Washington.*

OPEN ALL THE YEAR

MATEO HOTEL AND COTTAGES

SAN MATEO, CAL.

A. R. KEEN (late Palace Hotel) Manager.

Forty minutes ride from San Francisco. Eighteen trains daily. As a Winter Resort San Mateo has no equal. Now making very favorable contracts for winter residents.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF HATTIE K. LAWTON, DECEASED. NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Hattie K. Lawton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, at his office, No. 319 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator with the Will of the Estate of Hattie K. Lawton, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 20, 1891.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 12. San Francisco, September 22d, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE GRASSHOPPER CANDIDATE.

The obscure young man whom we immortalize this week is Spenser G. Millard. One never likes to tell the truth about one's guests or visitors. Mr. Millard is sojourning with us for a while, and, incidentally, is the nominee for Lieutenant-Governor on the Republican ticket. THE WAVE, sharing the feeling of good-humored hospitality which has so distinguished the remainder of the press of California, has refused to speak harshly of our visitor, in the hope he might return to Kansas before election. But he does not go. So he ought to be elected. If our native sons refuse to vote for young Mr. Millard—for he is very young—it will be shameful. Had he been with us long it would be different, but he is a stranger, and we must not let him go back home to Kansas harboring an idea that our hospitality is warped and narrowed down with prejudice. Let our native sons elect him, and, after he has served out his term of office and sees nothing else in sight, let him return to his Kansas home and breathe into the ears of Ingalls and Mrs. Lease nothing but rich words of praise for our people and our Commonwealth, our credulity and our crudity. Perhaps after Mr. Millard has experimented with us for a while, gets his hand in, and has a little practice, he may make a good professional office-holder, and when he does return to his home on the plains he may fill, with honor to himself, some minor place among his own people.

BRECKENRIDGE'S REBUKE.

DOES the defeat of Breckenridge carry with it a lesson? Honest men and women will believe it does. Just why this persistent old man, who has flaunted his liaison before the public eye, and outraged every section of the moral code, should insist on the santification of his shortcomings at the polls, surpasses human comprehension. Upon what theory, what wild supposition, could he dare presume the moral mind of Kentucky so calloused to iniquity as to endorse his shame. The world is full of Breckenridges, and there are Pollards lurking in every bye-way for them. When Miss Pollard drew aside the thin veil of respectability which hid her infamy from the world, she branded herself as a creature as bad, if not worse than Breckenridge. Breckenridge's defeat recorded no approval of the Pollard woman. It was the protest of virtue and decency against an individual who violated, in an open and shameful manner, the most solemn contract sanctioned by the law. There should be an asylum for shameless old men who, in their venality, drag an honored and respected name into the gutters of immorality, and there should be a walled domain for the smirking, tearful, hypocritical Pollards where they might spend their nights and days in honest occupation, with no man to smirk at but the legendary personage in the moon, who must be above their petty tricks of trapping. All honor to Kentucky, and the brave men and women who accomplished this victory for virtue and decency. May it carry home to every Breckenridge in America the lesson, that one may not be a public purist and a private profligate without some certainty of reaping the whirlwind of rebuke his conduct so justly merits,

A REPLY TO McEWEN.

MR. MCEWEN'S paper is putting too great a strain on that ready writer. His terrapin logic and tom-tom style are beginning to exhaust his gray emulsion. As the rest of his mental formation erodes it leaves his admirable mendacity projecting, just as the wash of the mountain side in Echo Cañon has left those two hard, parallel walls of porphyry called "the Devil's Slide." Mr. McEwen has, in fact, got down to his devil's slide, and it stuck out in Sunday's *Examiner* in this statement:

"A majority of the weeklies in this city—all that set up to be literary and to speak for the better classes—are kept alive by the Southern Pacific, in order that they may be used by it when wanted to bespatter men who decline to wear the railroad collar."

THE WAVE is a weekly, is a literary paper, and turns its face to the better classes; therefore it is within Mr. McEwen's mendacious indictment. Speaking for itself, his statement is untrue. THE WAVE stands for law and social order, against that anarchy and disorder propagated by Mr. McEwen. He incited to all the crimes committed during the railroad strike, encouraged that lawless outbreak, and urged it to every extreme into which it madly plunged. He lied daily about the ruling of the Attorney-General and the action of the President. THE WAVE, in company with the respectable press of the United States, opposed the strike, advised its mistaken promoters to respect the law and to desist. Ambrose Bierce did the same in the columns of McEwen's paper. Having the press of America, the law, the President and the thinking world on our side, we smile at McEwen and the anarchists who supported his view. On the petition for Government ownership of railroads we disagree with Mr. McEwen. After two months' incessant drumming that remarkable prayer is still short two hundred thousand signatures, though in a large group of States it has been circulated and signed by the total strength of the Populist party. Mr. McEwen's rattle-billy-pop hurrah has attracted the lovers of flapdoodle, the Debs and Coxey armies and the support of Mr. Estee, but it is an anti-Democratic proposition, means the concentration of power in the Federal Government and the destruction of our republican system. The Pacific roads are the debtors of the Government. As their debt matures they must secure it or pay it. It is a business matter, with no right relation to politics, and should not be used as a hobby to be ridden by a fad. Mr. McEwen's enmity to stability of government appears again in his advocacy of those three favorite plans of foreign agitators, the initiative, referendum and imperative mandate, by which it is proposed to destroy a representative democracy and substitute for it an irresponsible polyarchy, which will have all the features and the failings of the party primary. In his Sunday issue Mr. McEwen says:

"Mr. Budd, too, is coming in for his share of the Southern Pacific's journalistic attentions. In is candidacy for the Governorship he has the patriotism and the courage to cry out against Southern Pacific spoliation and Southern Pacific corruption. So some of the railroad organs are set to attack him and others to appear to support him, in order that the infamy of these latter may make their seeming approval far more injurious than their declared opposition would be."

THE WAVE supports Mr. Budd because he was nominated in a free convention, and is independent of boss control, will make his own appointments and run his own administration. His idea of Government ownership of railroads is not in agreement with ours, nor are the similar ideas of Mr. Estee and Mr. Webster, but neither as Governor can add to nor take away from that issue. Its conclusion is outside of the jurisdiction of the Governor of California. Every reader of the WAVE knows this, because all our readers are intelligent. Every reader of the *Examiner* does not know it, for they are not all intelligent. Every lawyer in San Francisco with any reputation will tell you that the other feature in the *Examiner's* part of the platform requiring a twenty-five per cent reduction in railway rates is impotent rot. Delmas, Barber and Reddy on the Platform Committee opposed it, and they are all anti railroad. We agree with them. Now Mr. McEwen supports the Democratic party, as far as he supports it at all, on account of these two planks—one of which the Governor will have no power to enforce, while the courts will invalidate any action under the other. So we have Mr. McEwen standing in the air, emitting shrieks, and disorganizing the party which he pretends to support, with Sutro as his patron saint and Andy Clunie as his father confessor.

Our support of Mr. Budd is not for the atmospheric reasons which burden him with the weight of McEwen's favor, which affects a candidate like a late lunch of wilted cucumbers. We support Mr. Budd, not as does McEwen for what he can't do, but for what he can do, as Governor. He can't effect Government ownership of railroads. He can't substitute due process of law in reducing rates, but he will reform the appointive officers of this State, put his weight into economizing public expenses, and force a pure primary law, which will remove the initial processes of politics from the defilement of steam beer and

spew. When primary politics undergo the jag cure of a state statute the reign of the boss is over. No interference by the railroad in politics, charged by McEwen, would have been possible without the mediator of the boss in politics. Therefore, a blow struck at the boss is aimed at all these abuses.

McEwen has been silent on Boss Burns. Every week Mr. McEwen takes his crumbs from the financial tablecloth shaken by Mr. Stump, late Chairman of the Republican Committee, associate of Colonel Burns and manager of the interest in the copper trust from which the *Examiner* gets its revenues. McEwen licks up his crumbs, cracks the few chicken bones that fall to his share, and Colonel Burns, looking on, softly crows:

> "How prettily he wags his tail,
> Whenever he is fed."

THE TOURIST FROM KANSAS.

THERE are some bad, some stupid and some almost criminal nominations on the Republican ticket. The selection of Millard for Lieutenant-Governor is the essence of all these three rolled into one. That local interior manipulators, with whom Burns was compelled to trade for power, forced upon him certain individuals he was loth to accept is no doubt true. If any one credit to Mr. Burns' sagacity the nomination of Millard must be accepted as one politically distasteful to him. Mr. Millard is a tourist from Kansas, a mere boy who, during the cut-rate war, a few years ago, with nothing on earth but a carpet bag, a few collars and a change of linen, landed in Los Angeles a few years ago on a Santa Fe train. We are a hospitable people—our reputation is world wide—but we cannot afford to place the reins of government in the hands of our transient guests, or to provide tourists who decide to stay with us for four years, with responsible government positions to the disadvantage of our older citizens and our Native Sons. The nomination of Millard is inexcusable from any point of view. The man had never traveled north of Tehachipi. Prior to his nomination, he was compelled to study the map of California to ascertain the location of the capital of our State. He knows nothing of the necessities of the commonwealth, nothing of its history, nothing of its interests, nothing of its traditions and nothing of the character or wants of our people. If Mr. Estee were elected and misfortune or death should overtake him, would not the accession of this tourist to power be a sad blow to the Republican party, a misfortune to the State and a calamity to its people? The pioneers who wrested civilization from barbarism, who crossed the burning plains, nobly facing death in countless, horrid shapes, who braved in rotting hulls the dangers of the ocean, who toiled, and fought, and strove to build up this community, would then witness the sad spectacle of a Governor in power whose brave adventures across the plains were confined to a Pullman car, with all the luxuries of a traveling prince.

A tourist Governor, a traveling mountebank, a transient guest who rules the household of his host.

Would such a spectacle be possible in any other State in all this Union? Are we so poor of wit that tourists must be pressed to service to secure judicious government? Where were the native sons of California that they should have permitted this most grievous crime? Is there not among their number one who might aspire to this high office? Where are the native sons on the Republican ticket? Let us ask where is Barnes, Uren, Meserve, Flint, Angelotti, Gregory—all men of intellectual strength, who love their State as fondly as ever babe has loved the mother at whose breast it gathered sustenance? It is depressing to contemplate the spectacle we must present to the outside world. The Native Sons feel the disgrace of their exclusion most keenly. It is unmerited and unkind, and, though the organization has a fraternal and not a political aim, there is a determined sentiment among its members to rebuke the party which has so ruled against them. If they did anything less than this, if they temporize with it, they forfeit every claim to future favor, every right to our respect, and brand themselves as parties to the crime, as culpable as its perpetrators, and punishable as accessories after the fact. Let native sons, therefore, rebuke the tourist party and vote for Budd and Jeter, and so insure a recognition of their rights in days to come.

THE proceedings of the State Woman's Suffrage Association go on very much like a primary conducted by male artists in the profession of politics. One of the ladies calls another a "blue jay," and the vocabulary of politics is enriched in the contest by such phrases as "kindergarteners." Just why Mrs. Gordon sees in Mrs. Foltz a resemblance to a blue jay is not clear to us. It forecasts, however, a politer period in politics. Rude and regardless man speaks of his opponents in politics as "long hairs" and "short hairs," "blood tubs" and "boodlers," but the ladies, God bless 'em, will call each other "mudhens," "gulls," "quails," "snipe," "blue cranes" and "pelicans."

SUBURBAN TRANSPORTATION.

SUBURBAN railroad accomodation of to-day is a crude affair, and offers a broad and profitable field for the investigation of inventive genius and the investment of capital. Fortune awaits the man who, preserving comfort and safety, can devise a rapid means of transit to the remotest boundaries of the municipality. The heavy lumbering railway coach of to-day, the engine which loses too large a percentage of the generated power are unfit for the grey-hound service which suburban travel demands. But a few years ago we read that Edison had set up an experimental electric line of railroad within his grounds at Menlo Park. Gradually, under his masterhand, the crude primary failures have developed into a practical motive power, which is sweeping out of existence the old horse-car system of past eras. In Alameda County an electric line has been built out from Oakland to Haywards, paralleling the steam lines of railway the entire distance, and practically monopolizing the passenger traffic between those points. It is equipped with local and through coaches, with air brakes and whistles, all operated by electricity. The road is one of the best dividend properties in the State; yet, its appointment, save as to frequency of service, is far from the ideal suburban service.

Lying south of San Francisco on the peninsula is a stretch of country extending from San Bruno southward, whose surface lines are hardly known even to the dwellers around there. It is free of fog, is picturesque, healthy and presents most of the advantages one demands in out-of-town residence property. In fact, it is the natural suburban home for San Franciscans. Burlingame, San Mateo, San Carlos, Menlo Park have long been habited by the rich, but there has never been that general migration which the conditions there existing warrant. Quick transportation will some day revolutionize this. With the present service from forty-five to sixty minutes is consumed between here and San Mateo—an unconscionable time. Experiments are in progress in the East intended to revolutionize this condition of affairs. The system proposed is what is known as the bicycle system. The cars, with pointed ends, are so constructed that they offer the least resistance to the wind, are propelled, lighted and heated by electricity. They are run on one rail with an overhead guide, and have attained a speed of sixty miles an hour on an experimental track one and one-half miles in length. High speed under the present systems, brings increased costs. It is claimed for the invention in question that it will effect a saving of fifty per cent in many of the present fixed expenses, and the total elimination of others. Whether or not the bicycle railway offers the remedy for annihilating distance with speed, time alone will prove, but that a light, safe, rapid, frequent and comfortable suburban train service will come within the next few years is inevitable, and a rich reward awaits its originators.

PRESERVATION OF FRUIT IN SHIPMENT

AT the last meeting of the State Board of Trade consideration was given to a subject of the greatest importance to the fruit industry. The recent experimental shipment of our fruit to London has proved that the most distant markets can be conquested profitably if the fruit can reach them in marketable condition. Refrigeration is costly and affects the flavor of the fruit unfavorably, but up to date it is the best device to practice. At the meeting of the Board a novel invention was presented, consisting of the transit of fruit in an anti-septic atmosphere. It is known that the natural process of decay in fruit is by the development of inherent germs, of the nature of fungi. It is known, too, that their development depends upon media furnished by the air in its natural condition, and that if these media are destroyed in the air by sterilizing it, the germs on the fruit remain dormant, and the fruit remains fresh. The new device is a process for sterilizing the air, and forcing it into compartment cars made air tight. The air is sterilized by heat, which is produced by compression, carried so far as to raise a temperature of two hundred and fifty degrees of heat, which burns all germs and renders the air upon liberation and re-expansion, entirely sterile. Next day the daily press devoted a few lines to the matter. One paper said it was a plan for shipping fruit in hot air. Another said it was a proposition of cold-air storage, based upon "the well-known principle that compression lowers the temperature." None got any nearer than this, and it was impossible from any of them to learn anything about a discovery, which, if demonstrated in actual use, is of more importance to California than the discovery of gold.

The sterilizing of liquids, for preserving fruits for exhibition is well understood. The museum of the State Board of Trade exhibits fruits in glass-jars preserved for years in sterilized water. If sterilized air can be used practically we will reach the same result in the perfect preservation of fruit. With the single difference that its edible qualities will remain, and when released from the anti-septic atmosphere it will be perfectly dry and will last longer in the market than if refrigerated. Again, it may be taken from the cars and stored in specially constructed warehouses, subjected to the same process and kept on storage indefinitely, in a perfectly marketable condition. The process can be cheaply applied to transportation on shipboard. So the prospect opened out to our fruit-growers is transit and storage in all the market centers of the United States and England of their fruit under conditions of perfect preservation, and its reten-

tion in good condition ready to meet the demands of the market; instead of the present costly refrigeration and compulsory dumping upon the market, regardless of demand and prices. This valuable crop of perishable property is increasing every year, but if it can reach a market under conditions as favorable to holding it and distributing it as are the case in imperishable property, the demand will outrun any possible supply, though every tree and vine-bearing acre in the State is put into production.

Messrs Estee, Budd and Webster are all men of more than average ability, but they all persist in insulting the intelligence of the voters of California in their campaign speeches.

If it is a fiction of politics that gubernatorial candidates should promise things they cannot accomplish, it is high time the practice ceased. There are clear cut issues in this campaign. Mr. Budd has by far the best side of the argument, and if he would adhere to a discussion of the abuses he could and would, if elected, rectify, abandon the field of fiction, and mercilessly lay bare the delusions his opponents are encouraging, he must bring out into bold relief the true issues of this campaign, and demonstrate that he stood for something higher and better than mere vote catching, platform twaddle.

WHOSE IS THE ERROR?

In another column there appears a letter written to the Wave by Mr. C. P. Huntington, which is commended to our readers. Mr. Huntington is the only survivor of the four original promoters of the Central Pacific. For thirty years or more he has had thrust upon him the role of "wicked partner" and the faults and crimes of local mismanagement have been lightly shifted in large installments upon his shoulders until many have come to believe him the author of every mischief the State has suffered at the hands of the railroad.

The transportation corporations which Mr. Huntington represents have rights that should be respected, but in their name wrongs have been inflicted which should have been prevented and must not be repeated. One cannot believe Mr. Huntington has knowledge of a fraction of the sins committed in his name. The great mass of the people are blindly led to believe the railroad criminally wrong in every particular, and we do not believe its officers have a fair conception of the spirit which is abroad in California. In some portions of the State to be characterized a defender of the railroad, even where its position be most defensible, is more serious than, by epithet, to cast suspicion on one's maternal ancestor.

It is not a wise policy to have no policy.

The public do not yet appreciate the enormous offense the late strike afflicted on the railroad, because it has never been half told. Can any one account for the extreme hatred existing among the employés toward a company that pays them the highest wages given on earth to men in similar employment? Friend and foe alike are forced to admit that this corporation is a generous paymaster. Then why this bitterness and hate from its own men because it refuses to forfeit its legal rights and submit to a loss of ten dollars to punish Mr. Pullman to the extent of one? These things are incomprehensible. There is something lacking. There is an absence of esprit du corps. There is a void somewhere in the administration that engenders such sentiments. This hatred is pretty general all over the State; it crops out on the bench, at the bar, from the jury-box, in the Legislature, in public offices and in the press. The gamut of abuse is rung into the public ear; blackmailers publicly abuse and privately extort money from the company; any one with manhood to defend its rights is besmirched with calumny; a "conservative" man is now a hireling; the "respectable element" a subject of jest and ridicule; the merchant refusing to join the hue and cry is "under submission," "afraid of retaliation." There is no honesty except with demagogy; there is no virtue, no decency, except among the pack that follows the lead of the jackals and hyenas of the press bent on destruction. Who can calculate the cost of these attacks. In judgments alone—judgments which would never have been recorded against another citizen—the figures must run into the hundreds of thousands. There is a remedy for this somewhere. Mr. Huntington may find it.

An eastern exchange says Miss Helen Gould is said to spend one hundred dollars a week on private charities which no one knows about. This is a clear infringement on the Sutro copyright.

COMMUNICATION.

23 Broad St., N. Y., Sept. 7, 1894.

To the Editor of the Wave. *Dear Sir:*—In your paper of August 25th I notice several items referring to the Southern Pacific Railroad Company and its affiliated lines, all of which treat the railroads fairly, and while I have no fault to find with a very large majority of the newspapers of California, yet there are some in your city which do not fairly treat the Southern Pacific Company; but I have no doubt that those that do not, think that their best interest will be best served by so doing, though I cannot believe they think the best interest of California will be advanced by that course. I believe, however, that the large majority of the people of the State who have legitimate business of their own to attend to are satisfied with the railroads; that is, with the manner in which they are conducted. There are a few men who have been struck from the pay-rolls of the railroad company, and a few others who would like to get on to the pay-rolls, and these cry loudly, and so loudly that they remind me of the story that was told by a party who crossed the plains in 1849. He said his party was kept awake all night by a most fearful crying of coyotes, but when morning came there was only one of the little pests in sight, and "one of our party told me that that one little fellow had made all the noise." "I said to him," continued this man, "that no other animal in the world contained so much noise as he had produced." But he evidently was not acquainted with that small band of people in San Francisco composed of those who have been struck from our pay-rolls and who want to get on them.

It is not important to the people of California, but it is to the writer, who is the last survivor of the builders of the Central Pacific and other roads, that he should be understood by the good people of the State of California. Certainly he knows all about the building of the Central Pacific and all the other roads constructed by those who created that property, and in all that work we did the public no wrong—least of all the people of California. In the building of the Central Pacific I used all the powers of my brain and brawn, even working twenty hours a day and practicing the most rigid economies in all things; otherwise the road could not have been built when it was built, as the company sold its securities for currency and bought gold, some of which cost three dollars in currency for each dollar of gold that was bought, and this was used for labor, lumber, and all other material produced in California that went into the construction; and the goods bought in the East were sold at higher rates then than at any other time in this century.

These materials had to be bought twelve months before they were used, as they had to be, as a rule, made after they were purchased; then they were shipped around Cape Horn, except the few that were sent via Panama. The rates of freight were very high, and as much as fifteen per cent was paid for insurance on some portions of the goods so sent. Some of the rails cost, laid in the track, as high as $140 a ton. Some of the locomotives we paid $32,500 for, and six per cent Government tax on top of that very high price. The same locomotives can now be purchased for $7,000. Fish-plates and many other articles used in the construction of the road cost three times what they can be bought for now.

The road was finally built, and when it was completed those who built it did not have any of the first mortgage or United States bonds. All were sold and the proceeds used in the construction of the work. Beyond that those who built the road owed a debt that amounted to several millions of dollars more than could have been realized by the sale of all the securities that they were to have for the work and all the assets of the Railroad Company added to that. But the builders of the road had to wait—and did wait—for several years until the securities appreciated, and then they sold, and the money received for them was used to pay the floating debt created in the building of the road. I thought then—and think now—that those who created the property were entitled to much credit for what they had done.

The Union Pacific was built at the same time, but had no such physical obstructions to overcome, as all know who know anything about it; and when built it had comparatively cheap fuel, which is the great item of expense in building as well as in operating. The construction of the Union Pacific "broke" some of its builders, and it is now in the hands of the Receiver. The Northern Pacific was built at a time when it should not have cost one-half what it cost the Central Pacific, and I do believe the land grant that that Company received was of more value than was the land and bonds received by the Union and Central Pacific. I am quite sure the charges for transportation are less on the Central Pacific than on the Northern; but the latter is in the hands of the Receiver, I think, for the second time. The Atlantic & Pacific (Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe) was built at a time when it should not have cost more than one-half what the Central Pacific did, and this Company is in the hands of the Receiver, I think, for the second time. The Texas & Pacific received a large land grant, and it has been in the hands of the Receiver twice, I believe.

The rates have been less, I do believe, on the Central Pacific than on any of the companies named, while the fuel has cost two or three times as much. No fault, I think, could be found with the builders of the other roads, as they did, I have no doubt, their best; but did not those who built the Central Pacific do better? I know we did the best we could for California, and I do believe a large majority of the people of the State believe with me, and will do us no harm. Very likely we have made mistakes. Those who do not make mistakes do not make anything. It, no doubt, was a mistake to put as much money as we did into dwelling houses when it was done, as we were owing at that time much more money than they all cost; and we have not owed less at any time in the last twenty-five years; although my house in New York that I lived in for twenty years cost me $57,000 and could have been sold at any time for more than I paid for it.

After the Central Pacific was completed, I was solicited by the members of the Board of Public Works of Virginia to assist in completing the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, that had been commenced some thirty-five years before under the name of Virginia Central & Covington & Ohio, on which work had been continued from time to time under various names until the commencement of the War of the Rebellion, when the work was stopped. It was taken up by myself and associates in 1869. I had but a one-tenth interest in the work, which was continued until the panic of 1873, at which time all those interested in the property, except myself, refused to go on saying that they would do no more; but I stayed by it, bought largely of the stock at from one to three dollars per share; also of the first mortgage bonds, buying the bonds in the open market, at from twenty per cent to thirty-five per cent of their face value; then I completed the road and sold several millions of the bonds at from ninety-five to one hundred and three. I went on and bought old bankrupt roads until I had this side of the Mississippi thirteen different roads, which I completed, put in good order, and then sold, making much money by the operation; and all of it was made by buying in the open market the securities on bankrupt roads; then putting such roads in good condition and re-selling the securities that were now on good property, and all of which were paying their interest. By these operations, as I say, I made large sums of money, all of which I have spent in California. After selling the roads I bought on this side of the Mississippi River, I concluded that I would spend much of my time in California, and so I bought the property at 1020 California street, hoping to spend many of my remaining days in your State.

May be, California will take no interest in what I have written in this letter, but I wanted to say much, for I do wish to have California think well of me and the works that I have helped to create. I have done what I thought was best for the State as well as for myself; so, I have nothing to take back, nothing to change, nothing to apologize for. I expect to be found fault with by those who have been stricken from the Southern Pacific pay-rolls, and those who want to be put on them and get the company's money without giving anything in return; and I shall also be denounced by the man who will not speak well of us, because we would not build a first-class cable road—say, seven miles from the edge of the bay over the hills to the shores of the ocean, and carry passengers the whole distance for a five-cent fare. It was something that he wanted done quickly, as he expected to get, at least, fifty cents per head from each of said five cent passengers, and that, too, at a less cost to himself than the Market street road could transport his fifty-cent customer for. Now, while I expect that the few above-mentioned individuals will be bitter and unfriendly to me and to the interests I in part represent, I do hope, and believe, that a large majority of the people of California will be our friends, and I ask them to help us when we are right, as no man is independent of his fellows.

Yours, very truly,

C. P. Huntington.

SPLASHES

THE BICYCLE MEET at Newport wound up the season for the "Del Monte" of the Atlantic Coast. All the 100 of the place were there, and the "craze" was inaugurated with grandeur and display. In England and France the bicycle has for the last four years been as fashionable an amusement as horseback-riding. Mrs. Willie Vanderbilt—she of marital troubles—has long been an admirer of the "safety," and has considered it sine qua non for health, bloom and beauty, even though her sister, Mrs. Tiffany, remonstrated seriously—for other reasons. Here in San Francisco the bicycle wave has arrived, and Burlingame may be the scene of a "meet" in the near future. Half a dozen of our embryo belles have been practicing on the smooth stretch of pavement near the California Tennis Club's Steiner street court all the week, regardless of falls and striped stockings.

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I hear, too, that several well-known maidens have commenced taking lessons at the Park, and hesitate not to declare their intention of plying their wheels along the most fashionable thoroughfares just as soon as the requisite degree of proficiency is attained. Indeed, there is every evidence that the debutantes will take to the new craze with enthusiasm, and will throw all the energy that has won them so much attention and notability into growing expert. I trust they may have the courage to carry their threat into execution.

* * *

THE NOTABLE engagement of the week is that of Richard Sprague and Mrs. Belle Donahue. Both are well known in society—he prominent as a club man and as Manager of the California Sugar Refinery; she as the daughter of Judge W. T. Wallace and widow of Mervyn Donahue. Rumor had Mr. Sprague and Mrs. Donahue engaged ere the latter's departure on her last European tour, but for some reason or other their affair remained in abeyance until now. Owing to the recent bereavement in the Wallace family, the wedding will be a very quiet one. The date set for it is October eleventh. A mild form of interest has been developed in the engagement of Miss Julia M. Kilpatrick to Lieutenant William C. Rafferty, of the Fifth Artillery, who, when he was at the Presidio, was well known to quite a number of girls in society here. Miss Kilpatrick is the daughter of General Judge Kilpatrick, ex-Minister to Chili.

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THE TOBIN-DIMOND wedding on the twenty-ninth instant is the chief cynosure of fashionable eyes; all the women say: "How lucky she is!" and all the men are amiably jealous of Joe. A more popular couple has not faced at the holy altar of matrimony in a dozen years. A limited number of invitations have been issued for the ceremony. It takes place at the Dimond residence, which is not overlarge, and will hardly hold the six hundred guests who have been bidden to the after reception that begins at nine o'clock. Archbishop Riordan is to officiate, and the temporary altar will be placed in a corner of the drawing-room, as in the Fair-Oelrich nuptials. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin will spend their honeymoon in the East, paying an incidental visit to Georgetown, the scene of Joe Tobin's college and football triumphs.

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The bridesmaids are all to be dressed alike, in white moiré antique, the skirts flaring about the hem, and made snug at the hips; corsage plain, the stiff effect being relieved with chiffon. In fact, they are to resemble those worn by Miss Dimond at her sister's wedding a fortnight ago. Miss Hope Ellis is ill, and it is doubtful if she will be well enough to join the bridal cortege with the others. Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Ames, Miss Hobart, Miss Helen Smith and Miss Beatrix Tobin are eagerly awaiting the charming duty devolving upon them in the event. Miss Tobin is, by the way, to be one of the debutantes this

Winter. Miss Irwin, daughter of Colonel Irwin, will act as maid of honor. Mr. and Mrs. Tobin will reside on their return in a pretty residence on Broadway near Gough. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe will make the Dimond home, on Washington street, their abiding place.

* * *

DICK TOBIN had his innings at Burlingame last Wednesday, and Walter Hobart met defeat—all this to the amazement of society. Hobart's great work at the Del Monte meeting, where he carried off every race with ease and grace, had marked him as infallible in the eyes of betting men and women. So, last Wednesday, when Dick Tobin ventured to ride against the young millionaire in two match races on Talbot Clifton's pony mare, Jessie Sturgill, all the ladies bet twelve-button gloves on Hobart. Every one of them lost, and several of them wanted to cry.

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It seemed that while Hobart certainly had the best of the game at Monterey, it was chiefly due to the fact that his ponies were nonpareils. Talbot Clifton's desire for revenge was long and passionate, and his "pal," White Hat McCarthy, vowed to gratify it. The crafty Dan looked up a star thoroughbred that came under the pony measurements, and that is why Clifton won all the money and all the gloves. By the way, the young men on the daily papers are mentioning Lord Talbot-Clifton quite frequently. He is not a peer, nor has he any right to the title. In fact, he has asked his friend McCarty to contradict the rumor, and not to spread it any more.

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Polo still has the boards at Burlingame, and matches are being arranged on the grounds at frequent intervals. Some of the girls have developed into decidedly censorious critics, and now-a-days, they are not disposed to applaud, save a really good play. A deal of interest has been developed in the match to be played off this afternoon between Joe Tobin's team, which was victorious a fortnight ago, and that of Harry Simpkin's. A cup subscribed for by the competitors goes to the winners. There is certain to be a fashionable gathering down there to-morrow, though Walter Hobart and his drag, and his friends will be missed. On Sunday last Fred Sharon gave a lunch at the clubhouse in honor of D. O. Mills, Fred Crocker, Lloyd Tevis and Hall McAllister and his wife and several more were among his guests.

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HAD RABBI NIETO estimated properly the public interest attaching to his nuptials, I am sure he would have selected for the performance of the ceremony a more spacious edifice than the Taylor Street Synagogue. Seldom have I seen such a gathering as assembled there—in point of numbers I mean—and it can hardly be said that the trustees who acted as ushers, were equal to the occasion. The effect they presented in their tall silk hats, rushing hither and thither in their ef-

fort at seating the crowd, was peculiar, especially the haste developed in passing from one given point to another. However, it must be confessed that the congregation was both ardent and pushing, and by no means to be restrained by ordinary amenities from securing the best available points of vantage from which to see the ceremony.

* * *

No vacant chairs were visible when the groom and his best man appeared—their manner of progression up the aisle being marked by an undue sense of the necessity for haste. In fact they ran. Later on Miss Frankel and

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the other members of the bridal party made their way to the altar. Then the excitement became intense. The bride, a sumptuous looking girl, tall, dark, striking, with fine contours and features, has been quite extensively written of, and there was a general anxiety to see her. She wore the inevitable white satin and was really picturesque as she moved in a stately way up the aisle. Thereupon the congregation began a straining of necks to see her. The dissatisfied mounted pews, the short-sighted produced opera glasses. So pronounced was the murmur that one of the trustee ushers had to call for "order"—more than once. Even then the excitement and rustling were but slightly subdued. The ceremony was performed according to the ancient rites—bride and groom standing under the chuppah—a species of canopy of red velvet magnificently embroidered. There was the exchange of rings, the drinking from the same glass, and the other interesting observances whose motive is to demonstrate the completeness and permanence of the union between the man and the woman. Rabbi Nieto, Sr., father of the groom, came all the way from New York to perform the ceremony.

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The manner of exit of bride and groom was marked by another unique demonstration of rapid progression. They almost rushed out, but the congregation was in quite as much of a hurry. It intended to have a glimpse of the picturesque couple as they entered their carriage. Whether they were gratified or not is something I can hardly say, but the effort was unimpeachable. I have never seen such a deeply interested, nor so insistent an audience at a wedding. A species of reception was held in the parlors of the synagogue after the service, and quite a number of the friends of the happy pair were given the gratification of congratulating them. Later came a dinner at the Maison Riche—a sumptuous banquet it was—handsome decorations, lovely flowers and an admirable menu. There were speeches, of course, music and all the other accessories, and the health of the happy pair was drunk in bumpers.

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David Neal, the artist, leaves for Germany next month, after a sojourn of two years in this city, for some time as the guest of Col. Fred Crocker. The latter's departure for a round-the-world trip has fixed the artist's determination. During his stay Mr. Neal has painted portraits of the Crocker children, of D. O. Mills, of Lloyd Tevis, the late Judge Hager, and several other prominent citizens.

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The portrait which William Keith has just completed of Irving M. Scott, is full of strength and dignity. Mr. Scott is greatly pleased with it, so much so that for some time he would not let the artist put the finishing touches to the portrait for fear that some of the rugged originality and boldness of tone and feeling might be lost.

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Theodore and Warren Payne have just returned from a delightful trip to Mendocino County. The former owns four thousand acres of forest land just above Westport, which he bought purely out of love for the glorious redwoods. He permits nobody to cut a tree on his domain, and intends to send the virgin forest intact to his posterity. A huge log cabin was the home of the two brothers during their outing, and they caught hundreds of trout and sea-fish. The deer there are so tame that they feed with the cattle. They are not allowed to be shot, and Mr. Payne's employés take good care that this law is rigidly enforced.

* * *

That the younger members of St. Luke's Episcopal Church are matrimonially inclined is very evident by the number of marriages that are being celebrated in the pretty little edifice, and the number of engagements announced amongst the members of the congregation. A quiet, though fashionable, wedding was solemnized there last Wednesday afternoon, the contracting parties being Phillip Shaw Taylor, a young business man of this city, and Miss Leila Augusta Brandon, granddaughter of the late General Brandon, of the Confederate Army. The bride, who is a tall, striking brunette, wore a very pretty frock of white mull, without either the usual train or veil. Her hat was of a light hue, and matched her dress to perfection. The maid of honor's dress was rather plain, though effective, and consisted of a gown of dotted heliotrope, a bertha of white lace covering the back and front of the corsage, with a hat of red flowers. Rev. Dr. Moreland, rector of the church, was the officiating clergyman. After the ceremony a reception was held at Dr. Taylor's residence, on California street.

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A wedding of local as well as Southern interest was the solemnization of the nuptials of Miss Marie Ynez Shorb and Dr. Stephen S. White of Maryland, at the San Gabriel Mission Church on Monday last. The interior of the old edifice was gorgeously decorated, all the many varieties of flowers of the valley being used in its embellishment. The bride, who is the eldest daughter of J. de Barth Shorb, one of the early settlers of the county, looked extremely handsome in a white gown with the regulation court train. Her sister, Miss Edith, was maid of honor and in her light costume was very charming. The bridesmaids, four in number, wore pink and carried quaint little shepherd's crooks covered with white satin and clusters of carnations attached. They were the Misses Glassell, Miss Paton, Ruth Childs and Ramona Shorb. Owing to the illness of Bishop Mora, Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles officiated. A reception at the San Marino Ranch, the lovely home of Mr. Shorb, followed the ceremony and over five hundred guests were entertained.

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THIS WEEK Oakland has had a boom in weddings. There is always a good deal of marrying and giving in marriage over there. Two affairs of prominence were brought to the altar. On Tuesday night Denzil Stoney and Miss Sherrard were married at the First Congregational Church. The usual ribbon and the same flowers, of course. The ushers were nice looking, long-haired college lads. The wedding derived importance from the fact that the bride is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, of Jackson street, where the reception was held afterward. It was a small reception, where Miss Minnie Bailey, the maid of honor, in a gorgeous pink gown, was the belle. Mr. and Mrs. Stoney will live in Oakland.

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The other affair was Marian Albright's pretty wedding on Wednesday night. The scene was the quaint Church of the Advent in East Oakland. It was full of pink tiger lilies, white doves and greens, and was artistic in the extreme. About six hundred guests were present, and a hundred of these went afterward to the reception at the Albright home on Seventh Avenue. The bride was radiant in an elegant gown of white brocade. The bridesmaid, Miss Pope, wore Nile green satin and pearls, and the maid-of-honor, Miss O'Neil of San Francisco, was in pink satin and carried Mernist roses. The ushers were well known men—Ed and Gus Bray, Allan Kelley, Will Robertson, R. H. Bennett and Will Cullen. They wore boutonieres of white sweet peas, and the bridesmaids' rings, presented by the bride, were heart-shaped turquoises. It was a dainty, pretty wedding and the reception afterward was jolly—with lots of dancing and supper provided by Miss Hallahan.

* * *

The moon shone kindly and most brilliantly on Mrs. Wetherbee's garden party on Friday evening. There was a wee bit of an eclipse that night but it looked like a bite out of the orb and did not decrease the flow of silvery light. The grounds were charmingly illuminated. I never saw lanterns used in such profusion. There must have been thousands of them, and they were helped out by fairy lamps and candles. The result was a scene exceedingly beautiful. The long supper table, which seated eighty, was spread under the trees. Everybody was gay, daintily dressed in white ducks, flannels and muslins, and Mrs. Wetherbee had added another to her long list of social triumphs.

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In Alameda the season has begun admirably. Last week Mrs. Higgins gave a luncheon, Mrs. Young a spider-web party, and Mrs. Alvin Perry an "at home" in honor of Miss Perry of Boston.

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THE ENTERTAINING proclivities of the Berkeleyites have commenced to develop themselves in a truly interesting fashion. Affairs over there are of quite common occurrence, and the dons fear a season of such unusual gaiety that they are beginning to seek social prestige, in order to cope with their students. The Signa Nus, one of the swellest "frats," gave a reception last week that demands praise for the "blades" of that organization. The clubhouse is admirably adapted for entertaining purposes, and a good-sized dance can easily be had without crowding. A contingent of maidens from Miss West's came over garbed in their daintiest and bibs and tuckers, and prepared to make merry while Emil Bouquiere and a stringed orchestra furnished music of a quality that only this talented young musician, backed by a dozen instruments, are capable of doing. Of the many young ladies present I noticed Miss Mamie Wilhoit, Miss Cunningham and Miss Pelton looking charming, while Miss Fishbeck, Miss Ethel Cook and Miss Hobart appeared to advantage in very fetching gowns. The last-boat obligation was, perhaps, rather a dampener on the frivolity that usually follows supper, but one can't expect everything.

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THE PAST WEEK has brought me announcement of a dozen engagements at least. They are always interesting, these pre-matrimonial rumors, even when based on no more substantial foundation than imagination or hope. San Francisco as a matter of fact is no better than another city in that the development of any degree of intimacy between a man and a girl is certain to evoke the suspicion of love. Of Platonic devotion Society will have none—it must be one thing or nothing. The stories current at the moment concern an heiress and the son of a lawyer of prominence, a pretty young woman of good lineage who

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has been out three seasons, and a gentleman of some distinction in Consular ranks. A youthful millionaire whose age is hardly ripe enough for aught as desperate as matrimony is declared to be hesitating between two very fascinating girls of the smart set. His attentions to both have furnished the gossips with material during the season. Nor has there been any development of reluctance on the part of either at accepting this divided adoration.

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Another heiress of some charm of manner is said to have plighted her troth to one of the most prominent of clubmen; a belle of a series of summers but whose good looks are of the type that gain potency with the passing years, is alleged to have yielded to the solicitations of a substantial young capitalist. The question of religion, it is said, enters into the match rather inconveniently, he being an Episcopalian and she a Catholic. The clergy of the latter denomination are inclined to be exacting in such contingencies and his family is not inclined to concession. I could indicate without difficulty the individuality of each of the persons concerned, but rumor alone links their names and that is not an authority good enough to induce me to disturb the progress of any promising affairs by premature announcement. If they are to come one may depend on them following soon enough.

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MUCH interest and no small amount of surprise result from the announcement of the engagement of Miss Rose Hart to Mr. Heyman of Paris. A most exceptional phase was the lack of even the shadow of rumor forecasting the event. The romance was quietly developing itself through a sentimental correspondence, the young people having met a year ago during Miss Hart's foreign tour. The bridegroom, a wealthy Parisian, is due here the end of the month. The wedding, which will take place in October, promises to be a swell function. The future home of the happy pair will be La Belle Paris. Miss Hart is the only daughter of Samuel Hart, capitalist. She is young and charming, pretty and well made, with brilliant coloring and most winning manner.

* * *

THANKS TO the Library Committee and the exertions of Harry Brady the catalogue of the Bohemian Club library has been rescued from a condition of admirable disorder and rearranged so that brain fag need not be superinduced by exploration after some specified volume. Brady, by the way, is to prepare the letter-press for the clever Bohemian Jinks illustrations which Charlie Graham is to send to *Harper's*.

* * *

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS will be permanently organized this week. William Keith, John Parrott, John Vance Cheney, William D. Armes, Arthur F. Mathews, Sigmund Beel, Albert Pissis, Edgar S. Kelley, Bruce Porter, Douglass Tilden, Rupert Schmid, Willis Polk and many others are already actively interested. The membership will be limited to fifty, and not to forty, as has been erroneously reported by my contemporaries.

* * *

A LITERARY club—the Philomath—that seeks to emulate the "Century Club," and was just beginning to show its head last winter, has, after the usual summer recuperation, revived its ardor, and last Monday afternoon held its initial meeting of this season at one of the rooms of the Mercantile Library building. Dr. Jerome A. Anderson talked on Theosophy; there was some good vocal music, a recitation, and interesting arrangements for the winter's work.

* * *

Bohemia is regretting the departure of Mr Hamburger, the Worlds Fair Russian Commissioner, who left for his home in Chicago, last week. Possessed of a broad geniality, he made hosts of friends here, and was dined and wined to an extent that strangers are not usually acorded. At the recent Bohemian Club jinks, Mr. Hamberger was given a position of honor, and so thoroughly did the affair impress him, that he secured a number of sketches of the festival which he intends to exhibit at clubs in the City of Destiny. But on his departure, he expressed his determination to attempt forming an organization in Chicago, similar to the Bohemian Club, and declares that such a step would remove a long felt want, as there is nothing in the club way there that approaches the Post Street institution. The Lambs Club in New York, is the nearest the East has reached to Bohemianism. Mr. Hamburger claims that its rarest treats are but imitations in an insignificant way of our jinks.

* * *

There is talk in Bohemia of an annual picture show, the canvases or casts contributed entirely by the artist members of the institution. The affair would be for the exclusive delectation of Bohemians, of course, though, by intercession, of the directorate, aspiring or artistic outsiders might be admitted to a sight of the glories. Who dares to presume aught else could be produced under the kindling auspices of the owl. After all have gazed their fill, the entire display is to be auctioned off, and the proceeds devoted to sending some talented youth to Paris, there to study under some renowned master. The idea has merit, and is a generous one. What hope there be of its execution resides in the directorate, and I am sure Colonel Platt has a feeling for art that in the joyous future may express itself in a picture gallery hung with Keiths, Matthewses, Latimers, and other great men of California. I believe the responsibility for mooting the idea of this exhibition is shouldered on Charles Graham, whose interesting and genial personality has won vogue and popularity in Bohemia.

* * *

WHILE I cannot imagine the supremacy of the Saturday Morning Orchestra being threatened, it has, for the first time in its history, a rival. No ordinary competitor, either, but a bevy of very charming damsels belonging to Miss West's school, who have just organized themselves into a string orchestra. No flutes, oboes, violins or violas for them, but the instruments sacred to Spanish melody—banjos, mandolins, zithers, guitars. What they may not achieve is not worth mentioning, for I am told they intend practicing late and early, and have set for themselves a lofty standard of achievement. Professor St. Eucken doubtless appreciates the choice of his pupils, for he predicts all manner of success for them, all of which I pray they may achieve. There are some eighteen girls in the new orchestra, most of them decidedly pretty.

* * *

The Hobart reception last Friday night was rather a quiet affair. Given in honor of Master Walter, preparatory to his return to Harvard, scarcely a hundred invitations were sent out, and these were almost limited to the younger set, close friends of the young hostesses and their brother. There was good music, dancing, and a supper for a wind-up. But little decorating was done—cut flowers, palms, etc.; indeed, in the handsome rooms of the mansion floral embellishments are superflous. The Misses Hobart expect to remain here for the winter, and, possessing the spirit of entertainers, will, in all probability, throw open their house for a series of affairs certain to be enjoyable. Among the guests were several of the winter's débutantes, among them Miss Genevieve Goad, Miss Mamie Thomas and Miss Mary Belle Gwin.

* * *

HENRY HEYMAN in his recent European travels, met his old friend De Pachman, the famous pianist, who visited us two years ago with financial success. Of course a dinner with a cold bottle and a hot bird followed.

"Let me see, De Pachman," exclaimed Henry, as the evening waxed enthusiastic, "you are of Jewish blood, also—is it not so, oh friend of my heart?

"Non! non! Jamais de la vie!" hastily replied the nervous musician, "my father, he was cantor in the synagogue at Odessa! My mother she was a Turkey! Me—I am a pianist!

* * *

OF THE SCORES of girls who figure at social functions I am surprised that so few make a specialty of any accomplishment. It is to be assumed every young woman of passing intelligence prefers some particular pursuit to all others, and enjoys exhibiting her talent therein. In San Francisco, however, there is the slenderest development of artistic or musical skill, nor, apparently, any great desire in either direction. The upcoming generation of maidens has forced into the background the belles of previous seasons, and to the ranks of the gay and energetic debutantes of last winter a large addition of presentable and most vivacious young people is soon to be made. Of course there are many unmarried men still to be chosen from, but the section of society that now makes incident and episode is the younger set, decidedly. In a passing way, then, the question is presented —what must the older generation of belles do? It is a choice of descent to the level of the very young, or virtual retirement. The latter is a somewhat painful alternative unless one has a gift or an interest of some kind to devote oneself to.

* * *

That there are at least half a dozen young women intelligent, competent, possessed of the requisite ability to win a way for themselves in literature, music or the arts, will hardly be gainsaid by any one whose social acquaintance is at all extensive. Yet they make no effort at carving out careers for themselves. They yearn eloquently for the prizes, but forget they are only for those who devote hours a day to the service of the muses. Of the obtuseness and ignorance of the circulating male element they complain sadly, assert they know no men fit to talk to, but no whit of effort at releasing themselves from the clutches of conventionality is ever manifested. They would like to write stories, play brilliantly, paint cleverly, but they continue teagoing and calling. They flit through the Western Addition on the proper days, and never miss a festivity or a first night. Matrimony may end mercifully the ineffectual struggles of these discontented ones, but if

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Hymen declines intervention I fear we are raising an extensive harvest of old maids.

* * *

ROUNSEVILLE WILDMAN, editor of the *Overland* has struggled in vain with an example of plaigarism that is almost without parallel in literary annals. In the August issue of the magazine there appeared a story called "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," rather a pretty bit of Hawaiian folk lore, told with some felicity. The writer was E. Ellsworth Carey, and the MSS. had been in the office since the November previous. On the following Sunday the *Call* had a Hawaiian tale entitled "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," reproducing the *Overland* story without either credit or signature, as though it were the orginal publication. Very promptly Wildman called the attention of Managing Editor Boyce to the apparent theft, whereupon that functionary demanded an explanation from Julian D. Hayne, an Hawaiian gentleman who had sold him the MSS. Indeed a second installment was to appear the subsequent Sunday.

* * *

In the office of Editor Wildman came Hayne with the latter half of his MSS. ready for the printer, denying that he had ever seen the *Overland* and proving that his "copy" had, for several weeks previous, been in the *Call's* possession. The tale was written the preceding January he said and, like E. Ellsworth Carey, he was unable to conceive how his ideas and phrases could possibly occur to anyone else. To complicate the situation still further Rollin M. Daggett wrote from Vacaville referring Wildman to King Kalakua's volume, "The Legends and Myths of Hawaii," for the original version of "Kaala the Flower of Lanai," indicating the several contributors had borrowed both matter and manner from that volume. As neither Mr. Hanye nor Mr. Carey were aware of the prior existence of one another and as Mr. Carey's MSS. was locked up in a drawer of Mr. Wildman's desk for months before Mr. Hayne commenced writing, the question presents itself how could both have hit off so exactly the same phrases, turned in similar words the same thoughts and ideas. The coincidence is unique and almost inexplicable.

* * *

Perhaps Mr. Hayne and Mr. Ellsworth are unfortunate enough to have brains whose convolutions and gray matter matches exactly, and unconsciously they express themselves in the same way. But even the Siamese twins arrived at different conclusions on a variety of subjects. Or is it possible there exists some other version of "Kaala, the Flower of Lanai," which is the original of both Mr. Carey's and Mr. Haynes' manuscript, from which both have adapted the gentle tale for the benefit of the *Call* and the *Overland*. In the mean time Editors Wildman and Boyce are longing for a solution.

* * *

APROPOS of the Ezeta case, it is interesting to note the compliment Lieutenant Stoney has received for his cleverness in intercepting the Bennington with the fugitive Salvadorians on board. By no means the easiest feat conceivable, the waylaying of a vessel in the thick sea fogs which settle like a pall over the waters that bathe the coast line. Orders from Washington to intercept the warship and keep her outside the heads until instructions came were flashed to the naval headquarters here, and off went Stoney in a tug to do the authorities bidding. As well find a needle in a hay stack, he thought, as they steamed down the harbor and past the fort; however he thought to good advantage as the consequence showed. To understand the situation, it is necessary to remember that though Golden Gate is wide, the San Francisco harbor has the repute of being an exceedingly difficult one. There are three modes of ingress or passages over the bar—the main channel, which most vessels come in by, the north channel, via Point Bonita, which takes crafts past Tennessee Cove, and the Montera channel, narrow and tortuous, which none but the most experienced of coast mariners ever adventure.

* * *

The custom of most pilots is to make a detour to strike the main channel rather than chance the dangers of either the north or Montera passages. The question with Stoney was, by which route will the Bennington come—would Captain Thomas take the short cut or enter by the front door, so to speak. He pondered the subject deeply, and finally asked:

"Isn't Thomas an old Coast Survey man?"

"Yes," replied the tug commander.

"Knows everything in and out of the bay, and all around here?" pursued Stoney.

"That's about it," returned the Captain.

The fog was very thick; the tug was in the main channel. The Captain murmured, "She'll have to come within a dozen yards of us or we won't get a glimpse of her." Just then Stoney turned round and peremptorily ordered, "Steer into the Montera passage."

I am afraid the Captain thought him a bit mad, but they cut across, and were soon winding along as swiftly as the obscurity and the intricacies of the way allowed. How good Stoney's judgment had been was proved only a little later by the announcement of "Bennington, ahoy!" Just as his colleague inferred, Thomas had struck into the Montera passage at Point San Pedro, and knowing every bend and winding, found his way along without hindrance or difficulty.

* * *

What might have happened had Ezeta reached town first, who may say. Some San Salvadorians, it is alleged, had made arrangements to send them back. Their friends, aware of the Government's predicament, had decided to have the great man get out of the way until after the excitement had blown over. Stoney's success in intercepting him gives Secretary Gresham a nasty complication, and the country, perhaps, a good deal of trade.

* * *

THE CONDITION of affairs in the *Call* office is that of armed neutrality. Between Deacon Fitch and Manager Carothers a species of truce has been established on condition, I believe, that the Deacon resigns control of the morning daily after the campaign closes. Just now there reigns there general dissatisfaction, for the Deacon's ideal of journalism as exemplified by the *Bulletin* is totally opposed to the requirements of a metropolitan morning paper, and the consequence is that editors and reporters are hampered in their efforts by the double control. It can hardly be claimed that Manager Carothers has the journalistic instinct well marked, but, at least, he is aware of that characteristic in others, and is willing to give it play. Mr. Fitch, on the contrary, insists on subservience to his own methods; there are continual differences, and, altogether an unhappy condition of affairs.

* * *

A favorite theory among aspiring journalists has been that, properly handled, the *Call* might be made the leading metropolitan daily. If that happy condition is ever to be realized the aspiring journalist had better hurry up, for the paper is fast dropping behind in the race, not because its editors are incompetent, for there are several highly capable men on the staff, but because the control is not adjusted on a common-sense basis.

* * *

THE SEVERAL interesting young gentlemen whom Countess Vesta Hastings honored with her acquaintance, may soon have the privilege of renewing that agreeable intercourse the dailies so interfered with. In other words Vesta threatens to return here, not to stay or to visit, but merely a species of looking in upon us on her way around the globe. In discussing this very fascinating person it should be born in mind she has one claim at least to the consideration of all good San Franciscans, that is the possession of considerable coin in her own right. The somewhat rampaginous time she had in San Francisco to some extent depleted her coffers, and she was compelled to raise money on her jewelry—which was unfortunate. However the diamonds and rubies she so rejoiced in are now back in her jewel case, and the sun once more shines with its accustomed brightness.

* * *

What curious things the Countess might detail about the hidden characteristics of her various admirers if the inclination but seized her. Better than most of her type, she has a certain honesty and generosity, founded rather on good fellowship than on principle, and she has to her credit half a dozen actions on which another woman might claim the deference due saintliness. Not, perhaps, the charity that merely relieves suffering or want, but that kindliness which aids in an emergency, the details of which may not be alluded to. My own opinion is Countess Vesta has a somewhat poor idea of the gallants of this city, but doubtless her various troubles have perverted her point of view.

* * *

THERE WAS something pleasant and very manly about Henry Crocker's talk to the Olympic Club boys at the annual meeting the other evening—a complete absence of the formal tone supposed to be requisite on formal occasions. He certainly had a pleasant subject—reporting the progress of the institution during his administration. Placed in proper perspective, in his statement the club's growth appears sturdy enough to satisfy even the kickers. It has shot up with a vigor that does credit both to him and to the labor of Mr. Harrison. Think of it—a net gain of some seven hundred members during the year, exclusive of the two hundred and twenty-eight men whose names were stricken from the rolls because of the assessment, $22,000 paid off the floating indebtedness, reduced now to $38,000, an increase in revenue of over $2,000 above the income of last year—altogether a most flourishing condition of affairs. Perhaps this prosperity has not been attained without cost, for there is no question but that the standard of the institution in the matter of membership has been lowered. However, this fault is one that time may change for the better; in the meantime the Membership Committee may do something.

* * *

An interesting development of the financial statement is that which deals with the assets of the club. Its total bonded indebtedness is two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. Estimating at one hundred thousand dollars the lot on Post street, and taking at its insured valuation the improvements, furniture, fittings, etc., there is a balance of something like seventy-five thousand dollars in favor of

the institution. That is not so bad considering how dark things once looked. However, President Flint commences his administration under agreeable auspices; the financial problem has been solved, the interest is paid up to date, the credit of the institution is unimpaired—what more is there to ask.

* * *

IT IS SAID that there is no such thing as luck, but a certain genial son of Erin—Frank Lonergan swears it is exclusively Irish property, and he is more than ever convinced of the fact since last Tuesday. He took a drive to the Cliff House with the two Wielands, Frank Sherman and Adolph Spreckles. After a trip through the Sutro baths, the party walked over to the main bar, and proceeded to shake for drinks. Lonergan was "stuck," and five two-bit punches were ordered. Forthwith, Lonergan put his hand in his pocket for the money, and found there only three wretched nickels. He had forgotten that a friend had borrowed ten dollars from him only an hour before at the Ingleside, on the way there, and that was all the money he had at the moment.

* * *

A brilliant thought struck him. The nickel in the slot machine contained in one of its pans a gorgeous display of plunder. He resolved to tempt fortune. One nickle was sacrificed, then a second—but lo, and behold, at the third the machine emptied two dollars and ninety cents into his amazed fists. Of course, he said nothing about Providence just then.

* * *

Democratic headquarters, at the California Hotel, have presented a scene of activity during all the week. Budd and Jeter have thrown themselves into the preparation and conduct of the canvass with a personal vigor, which will carry its own reward. I notice, by the way, quite a sprinkling of army men at the California. Can it be possible that Colonel Warfield will divide this exclusive patronage, and bring a portion of it to his well-appointed hostelry? The house must be quite full of permanent guests, too, for I notice the list grows larger rapidly. Inordinate prices no longer prevail at the California. One may partake of a very elaborate lunch at a very moderate price, and ladies from Oakland and suburban towns shopping in the city have already discovered the advantages offered for lunching in the new dining-room upstairs.

* * *

ODD OCCURENCES cluster about the ambition, the candidacy and the nomination of Congressman Loud. Four years ago his only merit lay in a resounding name, virtues buried in obscurity, faults unknown and unexplored. I am told no one believed he would succeed against young Ryland; but he did, and that he did was solely due to a coterie of friends who plunged into his canvass with most worthy zeal and defeated a very clever fellow. He was weak enough, then, heavens knows, but, burdened with a "record," he is now weaker still. I am credibly informed that he has developed a large display of ingratitude toward his former friends, and has taken unto himself that pride which ever goeth before a fall. I never could quite understand why Burns was so insistent for his nomination. Burns is credited with that rare excellence, gratitude, and, under all pandects governing human impulses, should despise ingratitude in others. I assume Loud is "one of the things" Burns did unwillingly for others. If Kelly could be induced or, persuasion failing, forced to retire, and a decent opponent nominated, Loud would be scarcely audible, but would float softly back to that obscurity which fits so admirably his peculiar talents.

* * *

It is current that the Fifth district vigorously protested against the Loud. A committee waited on the Little Autocrat and, with little stinting of energetic denunciation, explained his unpopularity. The Colonel smiled graciously; declared he had no choice; their wish was his; the choice of the people of the Fifth was his choice; sent the committee off on its way to gather public opinion, which proved decidedly against Loud. But Loud was rich in potent friends. Senator Felton, perhaps—it might have been anybody—Loud himself for that matter—opened up communication with Reed of Maine and stated the situation, which Reed promptly grasped and wired the Republican Central Committee: "By all means renominate Loud. We need him here." That settled it. Loud's district extended to Maine, and Reed was a constituent. But Reed has not telegraphed to all of the voters of the Fifth. He should do so, or his man will be beaten, I fear.

* * *

GEORGE WELLS, the lawyer, has a magnificent lot of Comstock anecdotes gathered in his long career as a mining man, and some of the best are about Jim Fair. This is a new one:

"My son," said "Uncle" Jimmy to him the other day, "why do ye carry your money loose in your pockets. It's a temptin' of Providence."

"Why, it's easier to get at, and then, besides in these hard times it looks too ostentatious to carry a purse round with you. Men are borrowing money from me every day—old fellows that I won't refuse, because of old time's sake. Now, if I have a purse, they think that I'm wealthy, and then they want to strike me for more than I can afford to lend. See."

"No! No!" said Uncle Jimmy, shaking his head with a crafty wink. "Do as I do, man; carry *two* purses—one with half a dollar in ten cent pieces, and the other with your private gold and silver."

* * *

SOME BOHEMIAN conspirators made an incursion on Byron Springs last week, and woke the hills with music, fun and laughter. Uncle George Bromley, Jimmy Hamilton, Charley Graham, Con von Gerichten, Laurie Bunten and F. E. Beck made up the party. L. R. Mead was host and chaperone. The private cottages were turned over to the visitors, and wine flowed like water from the hot salt spring. Von Gerichten presided over the piano, the only Graham "obliged" with some inimitable imitations, while Uncle George talked of death and other funny things. Sunday, these good people spent in quiet devotions in the delightful shade of the cottage varanda. Laurie Bunten strained a point and attended early mass. Graham and Von Gerichten sketched, they sang religious tunes, told precept upon precept, did full justice to dinner that made appetite stand on tip-toe with expectancy. Before taking their departure they went into caucus, held a primary and nominated Mead the prince of hosts and chaperones; Mason, the king of managers and Byron Springs a place worth knowing.

* * *

MOST OF US know so little about the Republican Candidate for Lieutenant Governor that a recent incident from his career may shed a ray or so of light on his character. It is a dangerous experiment to place untried men in positions of prominence, and while his selection for so notable a post may reflect credit on our hospitality I fear it indicates but a minor degree of discretion. However, my readers are welcome to their own conclusions. When the maneuverings of the Convention rendered probable the selection of Mr. Millard he asked an especial friend of his, Mr. Thomas J. Carran, an attorney-at-law of Los Angeles, to make the nominating speech. He was an honest man, this Carran, and his friendship reflected credit on the aspiring Kansan.

* * *

Unfortunately, on the evening preceding the delivery of the speech Carran died. It was a sad and unexpected blow, and there were numerous expressions of grief. The Masons charged themselves with preparing the remains of their brother craftsmen for its melancholy homeward journey, and among the mourners Mr. Millard was conspicuous. He had reason for his sorrow. The lips which were to exploit in praiseworthy phrases his honor and ability, were cold, mute and hushed forever. The sighless eyes, kissed down by death to an eternal sleep, no longer beamed with friendship, and the powerless hand, ever ready to defend his friend, was palsied and impotent. What grief, indeed, was his. No sooner was the body decently interred than there arose disputes.

* * *

A mutual friend of the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor and the departed Carran came forward with a claim. He asked for $100 he said he had loaned the deceased but a few days before his sudden and unexpected death. Without waiting for the decent and orderly procedure in such cases—contemptuous alike of probate or proofs, Millard, as the representative of the living friend, proposed to, or did, pay over to him the coin taken from the dead friend's pockets. But thereupon the husband and protector of Carran's daughter openly charged Millard with ingratitude approaching infamy and publicly slapped his face. It is related with some gusto by those who witnessed the occurrence that our brave Kansan tourist resented not the indignity, but fled in hot haste from further wrath. Perhaps there is some explanation for the candidate's turpitude in this connection, and I shall be happy to publish aught that Millard may have to say on the subject. If it be true that he was false to the trusts reposed in him by the dead, he is not the man we want. He is too base, too despicable, for Lieutenant Governor, nor need

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* * *

CORONER HUGHES, Daniel O'Connell and Tom Flynn have been the guests for the past fortnight of James V. Coleman on an elaborate hunting and fishing expedition at the north fork of the American River, about forty miles from Cisco. They had their camp in a romantic and sylvan dell, and combined luxury with the delights of sport.

"We had a glorious time!" exclaimed the heir to the Irish throne, as he described the expedition to a richly apparelled group of ladies. "Quite close to our tent was a large spring of ice-cold water, deep and wide. We kept our provisions in it, and they were always as cool and delightful as if they were in a city refrigerator.

* * *

"What, Mr. O'Connell!—your provisions!" cried his auditors with genuine amazement. "How could you keep your provisions in water?—why, they'd get all wet!"

"Oh!" replied O'Connell, in hasty confusion. "I was referring only to bottled goods, ladies, I assure you."

* * *

THE QUALITY of oratory aired at the Democratic Convention has not been of the type that appeals to the stars. Reel Terry scored the first palpable hit by his speech nominating Judge Daingerfield. It was an excellent talk, full of vigor, and touched with the true fire of eloquence. The Judge is a good deal of a recluse—timid, retiring and a student. Indeed, he is one of those men whom it is easier to elect than to nominate, because of the lack of acquaintance on the one side and his standing before the public and at the Bar on the other. But Terry's speech supplied the link, and the convention endorsed him. Judge Levy received the largest number of votes and, of course, was triumphantly nominated. The popularity of this jurist with the Bar is rather a mystery to those who don't know him. The fact is, he is a clever lawyer who knows how to preserve order and decorum in his courtroom, and to exact not only from attorneys but from witnesses the respect due his authority. In every way he is opposed to demagogic display, and he does not pander to journalism nor play to the public. A trial before him is properly and swiftly conducted, and all that with a strict observance of the courtesies and amenities. That is why he is popular with the legal profession.

* * *

I SEE THAT the perennial Fox has turned up again in a mining suit for millions. There are two "Foxes" in Pine street known to litigation and to Comstock millionaires. They are dubbed colloquially the "Red" Fox and the "Black" Fox to distinguish them. The former is a timid little man, with Titian hair and lurid moustache—whence his sobriquet. I say "timid" because that describes his outward semblance. But within he is bold as a roaring lion, and the mighty deeds he has wrought are a marvel to all who deal in mining stocks. His present suit is against the Floods and Mackays, and it is for the modest sum of $625,000, but in the past four years Mr. Fox has brought eight separate suits to the aggregate sum of nearly fourteen million dollars. Now he has never won any of them, and perhaps he never expected to win, but nevertheless, he never gets tired, but goes right ahead in his grand work.

* * *

In each case he has taken the preliminary precaution to purchase five shares of stock in the particular mining company which he attacks. Mining men speak of him as a crank, but the Federal and State Courts have been getting weary lately of the impediment to more serious business. Incidentally, it is said, that his suit for $1,790,000 against Bob Morrow was compromised for the enormous sum of one thousand dollars.

* * *

There is every indication of increasing civilization in Mexico. Landowners and real estate speculators have become so bold, so daring and so plausible that the American consuls have considered it necessary to issue a warning to our countrymen advising them not to venture thither without due inquiry presented in a reliable quarter. This speaks volumes for our sister republic. Coffee fills with the Mexican boomer the place so nobly held by oranges and ozone with our California projector. Already several Americans have succeeded in sinking their all in Mexican coffee plantations, with more to follow, presumably.

* * *

A visitor of some prominence whom the dailies paid but scant attention to was Counde Kergorlay, a French nobleman of considert able prominence. His brother is married to one of the Carrolls of Baltimore, and both have friends in Washington and New York. Count de Kergorlay came to the Coast in Mrs. Hearst's private car and was entertained in a mild way by some prominent men to whom he had letters. He has recently become owner of a gravel property in Trinity County, for which he paid something like $100,000, and while in California he took a run up that way to visit the place. He indicates the intention of working it on a large scale next year.

* * *

The fact that so many San Francisco girls are going east to be educated reflects not a little on our educational institutions. Though, perhaps, not up to the degree of excellence that characterize the eastern colleges, we are sufficiently equipped with institutions fashionable and otherwise to guarantee a thorough schooling in all particulars to those who desire it. In many instances the parents are obliged to send their children to the eastern academies for a change of climate, and again that they may come in contact with the daughters of prominent eastern families whose habits and manners are alleged to be finer than those of most California children, so that numberless advantages are to be gained by the companionship. Among the latest departures are the Misses McElery, and Edna Hopkins and Miss Carol Crockett will go to Dodd's Ferry, and Miss Theresa Morgan each return to Farmington, Connecticut.

* * *

LAWN TENNIS will transfer its next tournament to Monterey, so its followers say, and Manager Schonewald has consented to make the changes which such course involves. The Court at Del Monte is small and ill-placed. It is shaded by trees and foliage to such a degree that good play is impossible, save for two hours a day. However, new tennis courts will be prepared in the open, before next season, and it is thought that July 4th and its

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preceding week will be selected as the occasion. The tournament will involve Gentlemen's Singles and Doubles, and Ladies' Singles and Doubles—all for the championship—with the final events for July 4th itself. The matches to be held at the California Club's Courts next month are already awakening considerable interest, and candidates for place are practising vigorously every day.

* * *

H. J. STEWART has just completed the incidental music for "Sherwood Forest," William Greer Harrison's new play which is to be produced next month in New York by James Warde, the play itself is full of clever situations and sparkling dialogue. It is a marvelous improvement on the "Prince of Ulster." Oliver Goldsmith made a failure with the "Good Natured Man," and a brilliant success with "She Stoops to Conquer." Let Mr. Harrison leave tragedy alone, and stick to romantic comedy—it is his forte. Stewart has submitted his music to the judgment of some of our well known musicians, and they are enthusiastic over his effects. There is "a" chorus for the "outlaws," that will take its place in the annals of conviviality. A couple of rustic dances, built on ancient models, are gems in their way.

* * *

HERR SCHEEL has inaugurated his series of concerts at the old National Theatre, and it will be an interesting experiment in our musical annals. We shall be able to know for a certainty if San Francisco can really support a good orchestra giving daily popular concerts, and classical music twice a week. A good deal of difficulty has been experienced in securing subscribers for the season. The management has only obtained about a hundred names so far, whereas Adolph Bauer never started his season with less than the amount sufficient to pay for his first four concerts in the bank. Great hopes were placed in the securing of Philip Lilienthal and one or two others as patrons, but that gentleman refused obdurately to back a "beer hall." He was quite willing to stake symphonic concerts, but only on condition that there was no drinking in connection with them.

* * *

IF MAX POPPER had but been wise enough to call the ghost of Buckley a nightmare and preserve silence in regard to that apparition he might still be in control of the Democracy. If he had refrained from acting as Witch of Endor for the *Examiner*, delighting that sensation monger by raising a colossal bogy, the party might still deny with truth and reason the absence of control. However, between the ravings of Mr. Hearst's journal and the maunderings of Max, the sad result has been accomplished—Buckley and Rainey at the moment are sadly in evidence, and if the former had but the nerve to defy Grand Juries and judiciary he might wield his ancient sway as unrestricted as before, and deal out nominations as he did in the days before George Faylor told his story. The third agency in the resurrection of Buckley unquestionably is the feeling in the rank and file that political power must be centralized. If that dangerous twain were but out of the way the party would be absolutely without control—a condition of affairs it cannot realize.

* * *

I don't believe even now that the statement of the dailies alleging the control of the Municipal Convention to be in the hands of the Buckley combination are facts. It is unfortunate that circumstances conspired to defeat the proposition referring Supervisorial nominations to a sub-committee, but that is hardly evidence to justify the accusation of complete domination. In fact it would be impossible for any single individual to control so many delegates and my own information is that Mr. Rainey owns the absolute allegiance of only one hundred of them. What is transpiring under the surface is a matter for conjecture and surmise alone, but with that number a clever General can achieve almost anything he desires, and my own impression is that the Convention is already discredited and its nominees besmirched, not only by the Republican organs but by the pseudo journalistic mouthpiece of the party. Indeed, the indications are for a Non-Partisan ticket backed by the *Examiner*, the *Bulletin* and the *Call*. The trend of Mr. Hearst's journal lies in that direction since the campaign was inaugurated.

* * *

THOSE WHO FIND the investigation of other men's interests entertaining have wondered, perhaps, why Charles Page should be selected out of the long list of local lawyers to conduct the defense of Ezeta. The firm of which he is head has considerable social vogue, and is sufficiently familiar to those who go down to California street for their daily wheat, beans or coffee, as the case may be. It seldom gets into type save on a brief and rarely figures in the municipal courts. One hears little about its capacity at advocacy or the eloquence of its members, but still they are kept busy late and early, and have, I am told, one of the most lucrative practices in town. Like other successful combinations, they are specialists, their clients being the firms engaged in foreign commerce, and the law of their most intimate acquaintance being that which pertains to international relations.

* * *

To them go the dealers who import from and to China, Japan and South American ports. They handle the business of the big tea and coffee and spice houses. Their library is filled with books that bear on intricate questions of commercial relations. Mr. Page is fluent in Spanish, is familiar with the various and ever-varying details of governmental control throughout the Central and Southern Republics. Withal a man of fine mind and cultivated intelligence, he seldom has the opportunity to display his capacity, that the Ezeta case afforded him. The several arguments therein were full of evidence of research, but I fear were rather better from the technical than the rhetorical point of view.

* * *

IT IS DIFFICULT to keep track of two things at once. Events prominent in the political and social arena are often confused, and the conclusions drawn from distorted or misplaced facts by those not on the inside are as amusing as they are ridiculous. This was prettily illustrated by one of the pupils at the Potrero Grammar School the other day. The teacher is in the habit of questioning the pupils on the current news. Last Monday she began by asking if any one in the classroom knew there was a war going on at present. A little girl of eight years put up her hand and told that China and Japan were at outs.

"Can any pupil give me information regarding the cause of the trouble in the Orient?" she then asked.

All was quiet for a few moments, and then a large girl, May Dooley by name, the offspring of parents whom the late Mr. Pixley would revel in calling "the Pope's Irish," arose and said:

"Please, ma'am, I know."

"All right, May, what is the cause of the war?"

"The A. P. A.," answered the rising philosopher, with a self-satisfied air.

* * *

The bitterness of the A. P. A.'s is manifesting itself on all sides just now. During a recent case in the Circuit Court involving the ownership of a Chinese maiden, J. V. Coffey, who represented the Celestials, arose to speak. He was no sooner on his feet than a long-jawed, pale-faced, cadaverous-looking wearer of the frock remarked in hollow tones to a brother of the law:

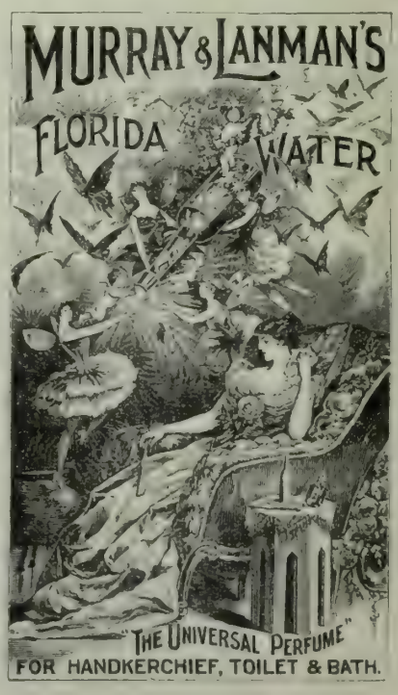
"Listen, Rome is talking."

* * *

BEFORE MR. STUMP took his departure for the East, where by the way I feel certain he will make his personality felt, he called on Governor Markham, so the rumor goes, to pay his respects and have a parting fling. Stump talks straight from the shoulder, and when aroused to action is a formidable foe about any way you choose to take him. He is reported to have said, "I have called on you, sir, to say good-bye and to express a hope that I may never see you again. You have deceived me and you have deceived your friends. You denied the authorship of 'Old Pard Letters,' when you knew they were genuine. You have broken every promise you have made to those who befriended you and you stand to-day without a friend to your name. You will go out of office without a friend and sink into obscurity without a companion. Good-bye!" With this Stump withdrew, and here the tale ends, for Markham is silent.

The Witness

The success the *Knox Fall Hats* in Silk and Derbys have had this season is wonderful. A new lot just received by *Eugene Korn, the Leading Hatter*, sole agent, 726 Market street, near Kearny.



AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

To Silas Buck Ram, Medicine Lodge, Kas.:

My Dear Old Pard: I have changed my mind about coming home, and will probably remain here at least four years longer. Why? Because I have been nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, and am going to get it. Think of it! Who the devil would ever have dreamed such a thing would come out of my trip West. Am running with an old chap named Estee—a nice, plausible old gentleman. But, say, Pard, suppose something should happen to him? Say! Suppose I should be Governor, hey? Say!—well, I should smile! Bleeding Kansas! I'd want you out here right away, with some of the other boys. Had a funny thing happen to me the other day. A chap came up and chinned me about my candidacy. Says he:

"You are a very young man; are you a Native Son?"

"Son of what?" says I.

"California," says he.

"Not much," says I. "I'm from Kansas"—blurted it out just like that.

"Came here as a boy?" says he.

"Not much," says I.

"In the sixties?" asked he.

"No."

"Seventies?"

"No."

"Eighties?"

"Yes."

"*Early* eighties?" said he, with a hopeful, anxious accent on "early," because he wanted to vote the Republican ticket.

"No," said I; "the last half of the eighties."

"Great God," said he, "what's the matter with our Native Sons?"

They have a kind of a club out here called Native Sons of the Golden West. But, lordy, they don't begin to come up with the boys that used to hang about Jeff Duncan's. We did them up. They wanted everything in sight, and got nothing.

I went up to Sanfrancisco and Sanjosey and also Sack Ramento. Sanfrancisco is a pretty good sized town. But oh Pshaw. These fellows out here are regular puddings. Say, Bill, stop and think a minute if I should be governor, thirty odd years old and only been here six or seven years. Seems like a dream. Talk about your alladin lamps. Why, say, there's a fellow out here named Burns—if you rub him you get any office you want. Why he named the whole republican ticket and now Estee and a lot of us are out chewing the rag to the country people about the American Eagle, Tariff and Silver and things like that you know. I always was a handy fellow at a fourth of July meeting, well that's what I'm giving them. Some of the boys from Kansas would smile to see me.

When I was in Sanfrancisco I met a number of old parties who took me out, had me pledge myself to a programme, and tell 'em I'd appoint the corporation and judiciary committees of the senate to suit 'em. We discussed the appointment of a united states senator, I said I'd stand pat. Say, Bill, think of me appointing a United States Senator, say! think of it, Bill. Go'round and see some of the newspaper boys and get them to give me a send off in the papers, so I can give it out to the press here. Have them read something like this.

"*We are glad to note that the very high abilities of our distinguished fellow townsman S. G. Millard have been recognized by the republican party of California and so forth,*" you know what to put in, and wind it up by saying that Mr. Millard bade good bye to Kansas to settle *permanently* in California—be sure you get it *permanently*. You might also say something about letters I have written to Kansas full of *high words of praise of climate, country and people of California*, make some of the articles read "high words of praise for Los Angeles," others "high words of praise for California" and others "high words of praise for Northern California." Then I can use them in different localities.

One old fellow posted me on what to say during the canvass. He was telling me what names and what arguments to use in different localities. Perhaps I was a little stupid about it. He was telling me of the great men of California history, and I got mixed some and a little mad, and says I:

"Perhaps I'm stupid, but you don't know as much about Kansas as I've forgotten."

"But I'm not running for Lieutenant-Governor in Kansas," said he in a quiet, mean sort of way.

If I'm elected I'll fix him. And if I get to be Governor, say—What? Well, I should snicker. The native son of Kansas will be in it then. They wanted me to say this in every speech: "The only incident in my life that I regret is one in which I never was consulted and over which I had no control. Fellow citizens, if I could do it over and have my own way about it, I would only ask that I might be born within the domain of this noble commonwealth, and that the first pure air that I inhaled, the first blue sky my baby eyes espied, the first warm sunshine that should send the blood tingling through my baby veins, should be the air, the sky, the sun of California, so that I might stand side by side with the sturdy, noble, manly Native Sons of the Golden West, with the proud knowledge that I was one of a body of intelligent native sons of the grandest political subdivision on earth, the great State of California." But I couldn't stand it. Of course I run with the boys and try to fall in with them, and it's a snap, I tell you. They pay for everything, treat to everything and never get tired spending money on their guests. I can stand that as long as they can. Don't you think so, Bill?

Your old friend,

Spense.

The very latest in art novelties and pictures are constantly being received at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary st.

LOVE IS NOT BLIND.

Love is not blind. Ah, no! Ah, no!
He only hides his eyes to show
A sweet unguarded mouth left free
To tempt his victims, while with glee
He works them thus confusion—woe.

For, sure as fate, rash youth will go
Too near that lovely Cupid's bow,
And none dare warn him, "Love can see!"
Love is not blind!

Then peeping stealthily below
His bandage, with sure aim and slow,
Love points his darts, and one! two! three!
Straight to the heart of youth they flee
And never miss their mark. Ah no!
Love is not blind.

—*Rosalie M. Jones—Godey's Magazine.*

Mills—Is Dacker's cottage in Newport built on the cliffs?

Dills—Partially. But the greater part is built on wind.—*Town Topics.*

Britisher—Who are your swagger set here in New York? The old families?

Gothamite—No; the Police Department. At least it seems to have monopolized all the swag.—*Town Topics.*

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

AMBROSE BIERCE.

It is curious that so few people are aware of the fact we have a great literary man in California; perhaps the greatest living *literateur* in America, and one who is certainly unrivaled as a commentator of passing events. Mr. Bierce is not as well-known by his books as he deserves. They are beyond the capacity of the average reader, and this is the day of the average man, and art had to come down to his level to attain success.

Mr. Bierce is better known by his work in the Sunday *Examiner*, to which he contributes two or three columns of tingling, pungent comment nearly every week. He has chosen to give this astonishingly clever work the trivial title of "Prattle," but such thunder demands a more fitting appellation. It is not mere ephemeral "stuff" that Mr. Bierce is producing—he is writing a vivid chronicle of our times, which will be invaluable to the future historian. It is hardly necessary to say that he is a man of first rate literary attainments, keen-eyed, utterly fearless and too lofty in his views to be any man's partizan. In his intense hatred of pretence and mediocrity, whether in man or woman, he lays about him with mighty blows; he is a literary Achilles—*Impiger, inacundus, inexorablis, acer.*

Most of Mr. Bierce's work is necessarily aggressive and in expressing his detestation, of dullness of pretense he used a singularly vigorous vocabularly, coining phrases and words that are strangely apt, and reminding us in their strength and fitness of some of Carlyle's sledge-hammer expressions.

It is said that Mr. Bierce is merely and always *bitter*; this alliterative disparagement is current amongst the groundlings, but it is scarcely true. No one has a keener eye for merit than he, or can bestow praise with greater discrimination, as witness his generous approval of Arthur McEwen and Gertrude Atherton. He gives more buffets than caresses for the simple reason that dullness is common and merit rare. There can be no manner of truce between Mr. Bierce and pretentious mediocrity. He is full of a fiery zeal for excellence in men and literature, but his circumstances have placed him in a community that is ruled by rascals and has never heard of Homer; a community that fosters and admires the feeble inanities of Ina Coolbrith, and a host of gushing male and female poetasters; a community that is of opinion that the description of the chariot race in Ben Hur is the finest thing in English prose, and cannot perceive that it is merely inflated bombast—

"A Tale Told by an Idiot Full of Sound and Fury Signifying Nothing!"

He lives amongst people who read Lezinsky and David Starr Jordan, but allow the pages of Haslitt to remain uncut in their public libraries!

In these days of universal education when everybody writes, and when on a moderate computation there are at least one million would-be poets in the United States, and when the soundness of Schopenhauser's advice is only too apparent, when he urges "the paramount importance of acquiring the art *not to read* in view of the vast quantity of printed matter"—can we really congratulate ourselves on having attained to any degree of literary excellence on this coast? Are our newspapers edited to the capacity of educated gentlemen, or sculllions? Is the account of the home of prize-fighter Corbett, so fulsomely set forth in the columns of our leading daily newspaper, an index of our tastes or not?

Do we or do we not care for the opinion of John L. Sullivan, boxer and bully, on dramatic art? If we do not why do we read newspapers that print his lucubrations under headlines that challenge attention?

And yet shallow-pated people say that Bierce is bitter! Good heavens! Surely bitterness is the only virtue under such circumstances! No, no; Mr. Bierce is only contending for truth, and purity and merit! There ought to be a high license for literature, rather than small beer. Whiskey never wrought such mischief to morality as a licentious press, and the English are greatly to be congratulated on their Lord Chamberlain, who can, at least, suppress papers that publish the advertisements of pimps and harlots, and on their taste, that cares nothing for the doings and sayings of James Corbett and John L. Sullivan.

It is to be feared, however, that in spite of Mr. Bierce's efforts it will never dawn on us that to only a very few is it given to write well, and that in the interest of posterity it behooves the rest of us to carry hods, and delve, and darn stockings—especially to darn stockings, for women, more than men, are imbued with the notion that mere technique is genius.

The following idea is Utopian and impracticable, but if it could only be brought about that Mr. Bierce should be appointed a censor of morals and literature—they are inseparable—with large powers of fine and imprisonment, there would hardly be enough spades and shovels and knitting-needles in California for the army of convicted quill-drivers sentenced to hard labor!

As it is, the terror inspired by such censorship as Mr. Bierce already exercises certainly prevents much rascality and crude and dull authorship.

Couldn't Mr. Bierce be persuaded to attempt the task of purifying the columns of the paper for which he works? To be sure, he would have a more difficult undertaking, and worse filth to handle, than Hercules had in cleansing the Augean stables, but he would as certainly attain immortality. George Prussia.

September 5, 1894.

In this, the last gasp of the nineteenth century, the expression—Dramatic Art—is falling into a beggarly state of innocuous desuetude. Worse than this, it has become warped and cheapened, until it is aptly characterized by the colorless generic term "theatricals." Everything, from the high pitch society drama, pointing a moral by means of its powerful immoralities; down the ranks, until we reach the vaudeville and the music hall, everything, I repeat, is embraced in the transparent term, theatricals.

Abroad, the standard is perceptibly higher. Histrionic genius, and the loftiest pinnacle of dramatic art—true art—are reached, expressed and glorified by Irving and Coquelin, by Bernhardt, Terry and Duse. In our own country, the exposition of that which is highest and grandest in the drama rests upon the shoulders of a meagre few—Modjeska, who is not a native of our soil, leaving but Ada Rehan and Julia Marlowe to sustain the dignity and majesty of the stage. In Richard Mansfield, E. S. Willard and Frederick Warde, we possess a trinity of talent that aims high and succeeds in temporarily maintaining the exalted traditions of art that are fast fading into the hazy realms of cherished ideals. The drama, the play of the day, is the keynote ringing the tone of the popular taste, voicing the universal feeling, expressing the universal tendency, exemplifying the universal trend of progress and development. More narrowly considered and regarded as national, not universal, its province, is consequently, more sharply and characteristically defined. It is a mirror reflecting the composite national physiognomy.

Here in America the national features are the commercial talent and the amusement appetite—one an outcome of the other. The American representing the successful y moneyed man, who has, at the age of fifty, say, amassed a fortune, gone to the Senate, built his city palace, his seaside villa, attained gout and a foreign son-in-law, goes to the theatre to laugh. Just so the American on the next rung of the social ladder, who all day barters and bamboozles, schemes and is schemed against—he, too, seeks the theatre for amusement, relaxation, diversion. And need we question the desire of the wearied professional, the light-headed clerk, the toiling artisan, the plodding mechanic and the feminine complements of these varied sorts and conditions of men—need we question what they want? Diversion, pure and simple. No heavy legitimate for them; no intricate handling of vexed moral questions; no epigrammatic entanglements; no impossible incidents; no imaginary flights; no dizzy mental heights—but something that charms the eye with its outline and glitter, something that catches the ear with its melody and lightsomeness, something that rouses the senses with its effervescence and sensuality. Ring down the drop, then, on the heavy classical; shed the strong calcium on farce-comedy and comic opera; immortalize, canonize, W. S. Gilbert, Arthur Sullivan, Charles Hoyt, Imre Kiralfy and David Henderson; entwine laurel wreaths on the shining brows of Lillian Russell, Fay Templeton, May Yohe, Fannie Rice, Henry Dixie, Francis Wilson, Eugene Sandow, Eddie Foy and Frank Daniels—for in this day they are great; great in their talent that panders to the taste of the masses—for a show that is conventionally shaped to catch the wants of the populace is the play that has the long run, and emblazons its phenomenal success in two-hundredth-performance souvenirs. And the man or woman who leads these meretricious attractions is victoriously great, measuring greatness by success.

The taste of the individual is ever subservient to the taste of the community—is swallowed up in it—and the slim audience of culture and discrimination that greets a revival of the legitimate is the strongest, the most eloquent protest that can be offered. They represent the armful of people who read essays, attend scientific lectures, study art galleries, and exemplify the doctrine of cheap living and high thinking.

That is why we read whole columns of eulogistic nothingness on Della Fox in "The Little Trooper," on DeWolf Hopper in "Dr. Syntax," on Eddie Foy in "Off the Earth," and on David Henderson's four months' unabated triumph in "Aladdin Jr." Aye, verily, the Era of the Decadence of the Legitimate Drama, and the Rise and Indisputable Reign of Light and Frothy Productions is here.—Caprice? Ephemeral? Let us hope so, devoutly.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

A new series of "Living Pictures" greets the audience that has waded through the pleasures and pains, the rewards and retributions, the magnanimity and morbidness of "Friends." After the ear and inner consciousness have been harassed by platitudinous heroics, the eye is easily pleased, and the repetition of two of the most charming pictures of the previous week—"The Fishermaiden" and "At the Brook"—affords keen delight. They are highly artistic, these survivals, but the phrase, alas! cannot be applied to any of the new portraitures, save, perhaps, "Sweethearts." In this picture, the true meaning, the sentiment is admirably depicted; it is strong. The same robust young maiden, who typifies "The Fishermaiden," and who evidences the talent of an artist's model, is posed, cheek and shoulder archly leaning towards a stalwart, inspired lover, who has caught the motif and ésprit from her. The harmony is idyllic, exquisite. It brings with it a breath of sweet pink clover, youth and June roses young love, buoyant, bursting, simple. To "Sappho," "Hebe," "Star of the Night" but scant praise can be given. The lights, which make or mar the effect, are wretchedly handled, adjusted so imperfectly as to cast huge shadows on the very lines and salient points that require powerful white brilliance to express and emphasize their meaning. The effect of the pictures, massing them as a whole, is flat—not so the women who pose for them—for they are exuberant specimens of splendid physique and bursting vitality, who seem overburdened with costume and would prove unmeasurably beauteous if divested of cashmere and clouded, sparsely and economically, in gauze.

The wise men of the East, wise, perhaps, in their degeneration, present their audience with a wealth of undulating curve and a contrasting poverty of drapery—the flecks of tulle are caught up with stars, big stars and little tulle; wings are made as transparent as the law will permit; roses, wigs and smiles are allowable to the limit of mere suggestion only; and the divine female form, entrancing in its loveliness, a poem in the flesh, however daring in its nudity, is displayed in all the grace and purity of consummate contour. But they have their Puritan background of respectability, and we—has not Rev. Sam Jones declared our city the wickedest in the world?

Truly, there is much in a name. "Confusion" at Morosco's is aptly entitled, and the name in itself is so safe a refuge and protection against minute, vivisecting analysis that the wildest, most extravagant eccentricities are committed. Given a man and a maid servant, secretly married and secretly the fond parents of a babe with infantile ailments, a love-sick, simpering maiden aunt, a young couple ennuied of love and of each other, an objectionable pug dog, two young fools and one old fool, all under one roof, and you have sufficient material to sew up into the variest crazy-patch of chaos and merriment. The tout ensemble is somewhat above mere mediocrity, but when segregated the people fall apart like detached, insignificant pieces of a child's puzzle, one having much need of the others. The stage setting is garish and peculiar; at breakfast every gorgeous electrolier and chandelier is ablaze, while later in the day, as events develop, these brilliancies are quenched, and the necessary light is shed from wings and flies. It's funny! The room, too, in which all the action occurs, is mongrel in its furnishings. I cannot quite make out whether it is boudoir, dining-room or drawing-room. It must be a beautiful, novel combination; the piano and chromos denote a parlor. This would be quite satisfactory if two sideboards and the family at breakfast did not step in and proclaim dining-room. Boudoir or morning-room sounds well, so there's every satisfaction in this conclusion. The plaster and terra cotta busts of Schiller, Byron, Beethoven and Garfield on the sideboards cheek by jowl with champagne and whiskey bottles, family silver and family photos substantiate the notion of morning-room. It's deliciously vague and elastic in applicacion.

What a happy, appreciative clientèle Morosco can boast of! They are quick at seeing a point, catching a joke, and generous in giving their hearty, unanimous laughs, sound clappings and gallery whistles. When the bewildered husband makes for the cabinet, which contains a live baby—not the live pug—the expectancy and suppressed gurgles of the audience thrill through the very blue velvet chairs. Their mighty enthusiasm is superb.

The players do spirited work, never slighting their parts. Theodore Roberts is breezy and acceptable as the distracted husband, but Lucille La Verne, as his wife, is quite too painful. Her facial contortions by means of which she attempts to express emotion, combined with the tossing of a rich, rare, red wig, and the nervous tapping of a high-heeled boot, remind me of the distressed expression on a small boy's face after the consumption of innumerable green apples.

Mina Gleason and Carl Smith, as the maid and man servant, handle their work with dexterity and discretion, and are the best in the cast. Charles Swain is an odd, tiny steam engine of a man, with windmill gestures and the obnoxious voice of an auctioneer. He should take to the Great American Prairie—leave the stage. The real, live pug and the real, live, blinking baby are instantaneous successes—the good humor that pervades the comedy, cropping out brightly in fun and frolic, creates wholesome, infectious gayety.

At the Tivoli "Don Juan, Ad. Lib." abounds in catchy melodies, topical songs by the yard, much verve, more slang, and a "merry, merry

chorus." As an introduction to the argument, the librettist states that "in burlesque the author has a special license to do with his characters as his fancy dictates, plot being a side issue, the main object being to amuse the public and gratify both eye and ear." So I dare not assail the plot in the face of so plain and defensive a statement, but say only that Mr. Wilson makes free use of this peculiar privilege. Still, the musical burlesque has snap and vim; it is light and tripping. Ferris Hartmann is at his best, showing the talent of a natural comedian—light of foot, glib of tongue, grotesque, original, and shining in inimitable make-ups. His topical song with the ever-green Miss Gracie Plaisted on the bicycle fad is cleverly written and most fetching. Local and national "gags" are plentifully sprinkled through the three acts, and hit every event, from Cleveland and Budd to Breckinridge-Pollard and the Martin will contest.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE CALIFORNIA.

Much interest is evinced in the approaching engagement of the new play "In Old Kentucky," which comes to the California Theatre for two weeks commencing with Monday evening, September 24th. It is described as a cleverly written story of Kentucky life, strong in plot and development of character, brisk in action, thrilling in situations and novel in treatment. It is a heavy scenic production, comprising many scenes of rare beauty and originality. Chief among them is a complete representation of the Lexington race-track, with its grand stand, judges' stand, touts, bookmakers, jockeys, and others who congregate at such places. This scene is so big and complicated that it is necessary to remove every piece of stuff from the stage before it can be put on. Many other scenes of striking beauty are carried by the company. The play was pronounced a great success by the New York newspapers and played for months at the Academy of Music, the biggest theatre in New York, last season. It has been warmly, even enthusiastically, commended wherever it has been seen.

THE ORPHEUM.

The next array of fresh talent for the Orpheum, includes Severus Schaffer, and Armand and Granville. Schaffer is known in every part of the world as one of the greatest jugglers and equilibrists of the present time. He combines marvelous skill and graceful manner in a most pleasing performance. His art is such, that alone, he would be able to make any programme attractive. The bill, however, on which he appears is meritorius in many other particulars. Armand and Granville are operatic character change duettists, with an international reputation. Their specialties will form a pleasing contrast to the other numbers on the programme.

TIVOLI.

The reappearance of Gracie Plaisted at the Tivoli was marked by a warmth of appreciation that must have been more than gratifying to that clever little lady. The performance was suspended for nearly five minutes by prolonged applause which greeted her appearance on the stage. Don Juan (ad lib) is crowded with rollicking songs. Ferris Hartmann has a make up that would make a mummy smile. His duets with Miss Plaisted were the hits of the evening. "Three Old Sports" by Hartmann, Branson and Leary will go down in history beside "Razzle Dazzle." The whole piece is brimful of song and laughter, and will remain popular for a long time to come. Hartmann and Plaisted could go East with Don Juan and make a fortune for themselves and the Tivoli management.

MACDONOUGH.

The advance sale of tickets for "Charley's Aunt" at the Macdonough Theatre, in Oakland, indicate that this clever piece will crowd the house during its four days' run, which commences on the twenty-fourth inst. and includes a matinée performance.

At the Maple Room in the Palace Hotel, Miss Hattie Nathan will give her first San Francisco dramatic and dialect recital next Thursday evening, September 27th. The young lady is possessed of extraordinary talent, and her future promises to be a most successful one. To give a programme in its entirety by one's self is quite an undertaking, but Miss Nathan's abilities are such that there should not be a monotonous moment in the evening. Her readings will embrace selections by James Whitcomb Riley, H. C. Bunner, W. W. Story and—to show her versatility—some of Shakespeare's most difficult speeches will be rendered. Tickets may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

The Carr-Beel concert season commences this afternoon with a very excellent programme. The opening morceau is a trio by F. Smetana. Miss Caroline Schindler sings a gavotte from "Manon." The piece de resistence is Beethoven's quartette, op. 16. Mr. Beel's solo is the Brahms-Joachim arrangement of Hungarian dances.

BOAT SONG (LONGMAN'S).

Adrift, with starlight skies above,
With starlit seas below,
We move with all the suns that move,
With all the seas that flow;
For, bond or free, earth, sky, and sea,
Wheel with one central will,
And thy heart drifteth on to me,
And only time stands still.

Between two shores of death we drift,
Behind are things forgot,
Before, the tide is racing swift
To shores man knoweth not.
Above, the sky is far and cold,
Below, the moaning sea
Sweeps o'er the loves that were of old,
But thou, love, love thou me.

Ah, lonely are the ocean ways,
And dangerous the deep,
And frail the fairy bark that strays
Above the seas asleep.
Ah, toil no more with helm or oar,
We drift, or bond or free,
On yon far shore the breakers roar
But thou, love, love thou me!

Andrew Lang, Ban and Arriere Ban.

LOVE'S OPPORTUNITY.

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to let them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, may be you do—but I doubt it.

When a tapering waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly softness about it,
Will you guard it and keep it, and act the good part?
Well, may be you will—but I doubt it.

—Cap and Gown.

For the benefit of country subscribers who desire to purchase goods of any description in the city, THE WAVE has organized a "purchasing agency," and will take orders and forward goods as desired. All anxious to profit by this offer will kindly communicate with "THE WAVE Purchasing Agency." We can guarantee absolute satisfaction, and all orders will receive immediate attention.

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PROGRAMME

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, Op. 15 (1st time) F. Smatana
I. Moderato Assai. II. Allegro, ma non troppo.
III. Finale. Presto.
MRS. CARR, MESSRS. BEEL AND HEINE.
2. Gavotte from "Manon" ..... Masseuet
MISS CAROLINE SHINDLER.
3. Hungarian Dances ..... Brahms-Joachim
MR. SIGMUND BEEL.
4. a—"Printemps nouveau" ..... Paul Vidal
b—"Pastoral" ..... Bizet
MISS CAROLINE SHINDLER.
5. Quartette for Piano and Strings, Op. 16 ..... Beethoven
I. Grave. II. Allegro, ma non troppo.
III. Andante Cantabile. IV. Rondo, Allegro, ma non troppo.
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On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, September 25, 26 and 27, and at the door.

Higbee.—Miss Loveleigh always fires one with sweet thoughts.

Bradford (sadly)—Her father doesn't.—*Life.*

Marriage for Ease

FROM THE FRENCH OF "GYP" BY AGNES GIFFORD.

SCENE—Buffet at a fancy dress ball.
M. DE GLASSON—Dressed in a Louis XV. costume of a sweeper.
MLLE. PAQUERETTE DE LYANE—Dressed as Salome.
They walk, she on M. de Glasson's arm, without speaking.

M. de G. (aside)—"Well, my partner has not much to say for herself! And to think that I asked her to dance the cotillion! My mother is insane on the subject of this marriage. And she is wrong. My wife will bore me. It is written! However, though I do not feel any mad impatience to marry this young person, I suppose I shall have to carry out the programme. She has had, says my mother, a very austere kind of education. Goes very little into society. Is rather sentimental. Wants to be loved for herself. What the deuce am I to say to such an ingenuous young creature as that? The fact is, I don't know how to talk to ingenuous young creatures. Want of practice chiefly, I suppose, though I shall be able to remember a few old stock phrases, if I try. They always come in well. These young girls must like that sort of thing. It's a pity, that young girls should all be so sentimental and—and silly. Otherwise they would be very fetching. This one especially. She is really very pretty and well-dressed, too. Good arms, a pretty neck and her costume is very correct, excepting the feet, which should not be covered. Well, she is not likely to begin first. I shall evidently have to say something myself." (He looks at Paquerette under cover of his eyelids.)

Paquerette (to herself)—"Not very communicative this M. de Glasson. Great heaven! If I marry that man I shall die of boredom inside of a week! He asked me for the cotillion, and I didn't dare refuse on account of mamma, who was making all manner of signs to me. Poor mamma! It's a fixed idea of hers, this marriage of mine with M. de Glasson. He isn't really ugly, either. But he does look so awfully severe, so frightfully correct. I hate these dreadfully correct people! Mamma gave me all sorts of recommendations. 'Paquerette, he only admires reasonable, intelligent, serious girls. He detests frivolity and useless chat and coquetry thoroughly. But you, fortunately, are modest and quiet and reserved. You are not like the other young girls of the day!' Poor mamma! Well, so long as she is satisfied. I'm dreadfully hungry. I hope he will give me something to eat. He looks undecided. Are we going up to the buffet or not? Decidedly that man has no initiative. Here we stand, and every one else is pushing on ahead of us. He may have the most superior qualities imaginable, this gentleman, but one thing is certain, he will be perfectly useless as a husband in a crowd. If he would only say something! At least, I shouldn't bore myself so much. But who knows, though? Perhaps I should bore myself still more."

M. de G. (making an effort to begin)—"I beg your pardon for not conducting you to the buffet sooner, mademoiselle, but the crowd is so compact—"

Paque—"Oh, there is no hurry, monsieur." (Aside.) "Well, I hope that answer was stupid enough."

M. de G.—"What a charming ball! Is it not?"

Paque—"Charming!"

M. de G. (aside)—"I am cudgelling my brains and I can't think of a thing to say." (Aloud.) "Unfortunately, the heat is increasing every moment. It is stifling!"

Paque (gravely)—"The candles are melting very fast." (Aside.) "I am trying to keep up to his level, but if this continues it is not going to be easy."

M. de G.—"I had the pleasure of seeing you yesterday in the Bois."

Paque—"Yes. I took a ride yesterday morning."

M. de G.—"And, mademoiselle, when one has been so fortunate as to see you, one does—one does not—"

Paque (aside)—"He will never get out of that phrase unless I help him out. And I shall not help him."

M. de G.—"One finds it impossible to forget you."

Paque (modestly)—"Oh, monsieur!" (Aside.)—"He did crawl out, after all."

M. de G.—"Are you fond of riding?"

Paque—"Very."

M. de G.—"What a magnificent animal a horse is! Don't you think so? An animal which may—which may—" (getting mixed).

Paque (who can't stand it any longer)—"Which may be called man's noblest conquest."

M. de G. (taken aback)—"That's what I was going to say."

Paque (aside)—"I thought so."

M. de G. (who has finally succeeded in making room for Paquerette at the buffet)—"What will you have?"

Paque—"Whatever you like."

M. de G.—"But what do you like yourself?"

Paque (forgetting herself)—"Everything! I'm dreadfully hungry!"

M. de G. (aside, in surprise)—"Positively! She really said that, did she?" (Aloud.) "Will you have a cup of consommé?"

Paque—"Yes." (Drinks consommé with evident relish.)

M. de G.—"I am doubly glad to have been able to cut a passage for you now that I see you have such a good appetite."

Paque (absently)—"Cut a passage! Good, that!"

M. de G.—"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle?"

Paque—"Nothing, monsieur. I did not speak." (Aside.) "Gracious! If mamma had heard me! But really, he has the funniest phrases, this man. All antiques. 'Compact crowd,' 'cut a passage,' etc. However, if he's as much bored as I am I pity him."

M. de G.—"Do you like the country, mademoiselle?"

Paque—"Do you like it?"

M. de G. (aside)—"A question for another question. It seems that all women are alike, ingenuous or not." (Aloud.) "I—I liked the country when I was interested in the cultivation and development of my lands, but now that agriculture—"

Paque (mechanically)—"Lacks the proper labor—"

M. de G.—"Exactly! And also the proper intelligence—"

Paque—"Like other things."

M. de G. (surprised)—"What did you say, mademoiselle?"

Paque (absently, eating an aspic of shrimps)—"Why, yes, speaking of intelligence—" (Aside.) "There! I really don't know what I am saying. But it's not my fault—he uses such singular, stilted expressions."

M. de G. (aside)—"Her mental processes seem to lack continuity, but she is very pretty, eating her shrimps! She has a fascinating little nose and mouth." (Aloud.) "You, mademoiselle, prefer Paris to the country. One likes to amuse one's self when one is in the springtide of youth—"

Paque (under her breath)—"On the threshold of life—"

M. de G.—"I beg your pardon, mademoiselle?"

Paque—"I was saying that I like the country, also."

M. de G.—"Ah, doubtless. You are probably always occupied. You have resources within yourself. I have been told that you are an excellent musician."

Paque—"I sing a little."

M. de G.—"I am certain that you also play the piano. I am extremely fond of the piano."

Paque (aside)—"Delightful, that piece of information. I loathe it."

M. de G.—"I hope to have the honor of being admitted to the pleasure of hearing you."

Paque—"Oh! as much as you like." (Aside.) "He talks as though he were making a discourse before the Academy. 'Gentlemen, the honor of being admitted to a seat in this enclosure—.' It must be awfully fatiguing to talk like that."

M. de G.—"Tuesdays, I think, Mme. de Lyane receives. Am I right?"

Paque—"Yes, Tuesdays." (Aside.) "Tuesdays my mother exercises the sacred rites of hospitality; that was what I wanted to say to him. Bah! I don't believe he would ever have noticed it."

M. de G.—"That costume of yours, as Salome, becomes you enchantingly, mademoiselle! And, although tradition tells us that Salome was dark—"

Paque (aside)—"Here comes the tradition!" (Aloud.) "Yes; I ought to have worn a dark perruke."

M. de G.—"Oh, mademoiselle, hide your pretty hair! On the contrary, the results you have achieved have produced a perfect symphony in yellow."

Paque (aside)—"There! The symphony now! I was waiting for it."

M. de G.—"A symphony in yellow which does not detract from the color of your hair. Usually yellow takes all life from a blonde."

Paque—"You think so?"

M. de G. (aside)—"Really! She is enchanting! What a pity it is to force all these adorable little creatures through the same discipline! To turn them all out of the same mould. I am making my conversation as trivial as I possibly can, and yet I wonder if she follows me? I suppose I should risk something like a declaration." (Aloud.) "Mademoiselle?"

Paque (who seems preoccupied)—"Monsieur?"

M. de G.—"What are you thinking about? You seem to be distrait."

Paque—"I was thinking that you would be very kind to capture one of those little rolls over there; do you see? One of those little brown ones."

M. de G.—"Certainly, mademoiselle!" (Aloud.) "There are poets who ask themselves of what young girls dream. And certain vain individuals who imagine it is of them."

Paque (looking at him)—"And you? What are you thinking of?"

M. de G.—"I was thinking that it must be hard to win your liking."

Paque—"Why, of course. Why do you say that?"

M. de G. (aside)—"Here goes." (Aloud.) "Because I have found you so—so charming—that I should be very happy if I could hope that, some day, you—you would consent—"

Paque (laughing in spite of herself)—"To crown your devotion?"

M. de G.—"You are laughing at me!"

Paque—"Oh, scarcely at all! Oh, but you know this style of conversation is too funny! Really, now, do tell me that you don't always speak in such a way! That it was simply on my account that you did it! I should not feel flattered, you know—but I should feel reassured—for you!"

M. de G. (taken aback)—"Pardon my gaucherie, mademoiselle!"

Pague—"Your gaucherie! The idea! You simply mistook me for one of M. Scribe's ingenues, that's all. And as everyone knows that that is the only sort of girl you care to marry—"

M. de. G.—"Permit me."

Paque—"They told you that I belonged to that interesting category. Well, they deceived you. You can chat with me quite simply, without mounting on stilts, which amuse me but do not edify me in the very least!"

M. de G.—"Do you know that you are very disconcerting?"

Paque—"Why, not at all! Why should I be disconcerting? Especially now that I no longer count for you and that you no longer count for me?"

M. de G. (protesting)—"But—"

Paque—"In short, we can be ourselves again, and try to bore ourselves as little as possible, since we must pass the evening together. Unless, that is, you want your liberty back again. In which case I take back my cotillion."

M. de G. (looking at her)—"Not for the world!"

Paque—"Well, then, get me one of those partridge wings, I am so hungry."

M. de G. (laughing)—"You are a little gourmande."

Paque (sincerely)—"Yes, I am! Did any one tell you?"

M. de G.—"Oh, I see it for myself!"

Paque (blushing)—"You don't think it nice?"

Mr. de G.—"On the contrary. I think it adorable!"

Paque—"Are you not going to eat something?"

M. de G.—"Bye and bye, when I have ceased looking at you. You are certainly the most enchanting little gourmande that I know! Won't you have something else?"

Paque—"Oh, laugh at me as much as you like! Shan't we sit down while I eat this?" (They sit down under a palmetto.)

M. de G.—"So you thought me ridiculous?"

Paque (smiling)—"Rather."

M. de G.—"Yes, it is true. But I assure you that it was because I wanted to make a favorable impression on you that I was as stupid as that. They had told me that you were a very serious young girl, rather sentimental."

Paque—"Oh, yes, I know that I have a bad reputation. But I don't deserve it. I am full of fun. Everything amuses me. I am fond of the sun, the open air, of having a good time, of life—in short, I'm just what I am—with my good qualities and my bad—especially the latter. Now, what sort of a character have you?"

M. de G.—"I am egotistical; jealous, when I'm fond of any one; and odious when I'm ill."

Paque—"Very well. Now that we understand that we should not suit each other in any way, let us talk about something. They say you paint. Is it true?"

M. de G.—"Yes, I paint. I should like to paint your portrait in that dress."

Paque—"The symphony in yellow, major?"

M. de G.—"Don't be sarcastic!"

Paque—"That was really too hackneyed. What a stupid prejudice that yellow is only becoming to dark women. And the piano? Do tell me that you dislike it; that you only said you liked it because you thought I played it?"

M. de G.—"I do like it if you play it!"

Paque—"Never! I play the organ, the zither and the harp."

M. de G.—"I wish I could hear you!"

Paque—"Oh, you may have that honor, if you like."

M. de G.—"And what do you do in the country? Do you hunt?"

Paque—"No, indeed. I would not even kill a spider. That's stupid, isn't it?"

M. de G.—"No danger of me finding it so, for I am just of your way of thinking. Shooting is different. It doesn't make the poor beasts suffer."

Paque—"No, but it makes me suffer! I am black and blue wherever the gun kicks. So mamma put a stop to my sporting."

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

M. de G. (aside, looking at her admiringly)—"The truth is that her skin is wonderfully delicate and fine! But what do you do in the country, then; are you never bored?"

Paque—"I can always amuse myself. I am never bored—that is, I never bore myself. Other people often bore me."

M. de G.—"As I did a little while ago?"

Paque—"Why—yes. Oh, dear me! I'm afraid they are going to take me away before the cotillion!"

M. de G.—"Your mother promised that you should dance it with me!"

Paque—"Well, yes! But it's papa. Don't you see him over there in the doorway. He's making signs. I am very, very sorry! I should so have enjoyed the cotillion."

M. de G.—"And I? Do you think I do not regret it?"

Paque—"It's true! We are getting on famously together, now that I have shown myself just as I am to you. I know perfectly well that you would never want to marry any girl of my free and easy stlye, and so I am quite at my ease with you!"

M. de G.—"Ah, you think that I would never wish to marry you now that I have discovered you as you really are! Well, you are much, much mistaken!"

Paque (confused)—"Why—why—"

M. de G.—"Your style, as you call it, so far from shocking me, pleases me infinitely! And if your father is determined to drag you away now, at early dawn tomorrow he shall see me appear to beg of him to give me your little hand for life. I wish I could ask him this very night, but I suppose that in my present costume—"

Paque (looks at him slowly)—"Well—I suppose—though it is Louis XV.—it would not—be quite—the thing!"—*New York Mercury.*

THE DREAM OF AN AGREEMENT.

BY PERCIVAL POLLARD.

He had been lying in a hammock, under a sky that hung over the garden like a blue dome. His eyes had looked into the farthest recesses of that sky until into the azure there had come myriads of diamond points that flashed and fled like will o' the wisps. As a matter of fact it was the blue that was hurting his eyes; to his dream-laced fancy it seemed that the flashing diamonds were curious letters—types that spelled out curious runes.

Presently he arose with a smile on his face and went indoors. It was a small, delightfully simple cottage that they had chosen for the summer, and there were so few rooms in it that only the three of them, His Wife, Contentment and Himself, were harbored there. So, when he passed on to the vine-clad veranda, his wife heard him and came and sat beside him. Looking up, through the firs that glistened silvern on their under shadows and glowed with the green that is the green of an angry sea, she saw the sky of blue.

"How deep, how silent that sky is!" she said softly, laying her hand gently on her husband's arm.

"No," he said slowly, and so sweetly that the contradiction took on a greater charm than an approval, "no, it is not silent—always. Just now—I was adream in the hammock—it told me a story that was—very astonishing." He repeated the words gravely. "Very astonishing! That a sky so old as that one should be so very modern in its ideas, is—very astonishing. For this was a most modern recital that I heard. And yet—why do I call that sky old?—is it not born anew every day? How delightful to have that happen to one! How completely one could enjoy to-day, if there was the perfect consciousness that there would be no to-morrow! And how the obliteration of yesterday would sweeten to-day! If I were a scientist I would invent an elixir that—what?—the story that the sky told me? Oh, very well."

He came down stairs humming an air from "The Mountebanks."

His wife was waiting for him. He gave her a kiss; they passed into the breakfast-room together.

"This morning," he said to the maid as he sat down, "you need not wait. We shall—help ourselves." He watched her pass out, shrugging her shoulders a little; he saw that she closed the doors quite tightly; he smiled a little and turned to his wife. "A whim," he explained, "a mere whim. This coffee—these eggs—they are delicious!"

She smiled. "I am glad you are—comfortable. I have tried so for that."

Presently he spoke again.

"Yes; comfortable. But not happy. The fact is—" he reached out his right hand and took her left up tenderly and pressed the dawn-hued fingers to his lips—"I fear that I am—tiring."

He watched her, not very apprehensively. He knew her very well; he was as sure of her as any man ever can be of a creature of the other sex.

Her eyes smiled a trifle, and her lips seemed to resist, with an effort, the desire to curl laughwise. "Ah," she said; "tiring? Of me, I suppose?"

"Exactly. I am quite sorry. We have been marvelously comfortable. We have rarely quarreled. Our ideas and ways have gone together beautifully. We have been almost ideally suited. Unfortunately, I have a very volatile temperament; I must have change. In you I have sounded all the changes there are; I don't think there are any left, at least. That is the pity: there is nothing left! I have found out all about you; my curiosity is dead. And curiosity is such a large part of love! It was a very pleasant task, the stilling of my curiosity about you; but the silence is, h'm, slightly depressing. My ideals—you have realized them all! That is another pity. If you will take a piece of advice: always leave a man with some unrealized ideals! He is happier so, with that yearning in him. To feel that one still has something to yearn for is one of the pleasantest of pangs. Dear me, now delightful it has been! You see, I put it in the past. For I am very much in need of a change. But I am inordinately sorry. Quite—singularly—sorry. I do not remember ever having been so sorry before."

She reached for another lump of sugar and poised it for a moment above her teacup.

"It is a pity," she said. Then she let the lump of sugar fall, and waited for her husband to speak.

"You are right," he went on, "it is a great pity. The greatest pity of it is that I realize perfectly what an idiot I am not to know that it is hopeless to think I shall find anyone more satisfactory than you. You are beautiful; merely as an inanimate object you would be grateful to the eye, and as flesh and blood you are a delight. You are clever; quite clever. Unfortunately, I have discovered just how clever you are. Also, that your beauty is an exact quotation. There is nothing elusive about you; you are so beautiful, your wit is up to this standard and your disposition is of just that sunniness. If there were something in which you did not satisfy me so perfectly, I might—have kept silent. But as it is—" He stopped and looked at the painting that hung over the sideboard. It was a water-color by Hassam, and it had the curious virtue of disclosing a new nature every day; that was why it hung in this man's house.

"It is altogether my fault," he began again, apologetically, "altogether. It is my unfortunate, change-loving temperament. You understand, do you not?"

She sipped her tea, meditatively.

"It is really very strange," she began, "that you should have spoken of this to-day. I was going to refer to the subject myself. You don't know how it pains me to tell you this, but—I myself have been guilty of getting tired. Of you! Think of it! If anyone had told me two years ago that I should ever tire of you! But, heigho, Time is a rude destroyer of idols. For you were my idol, you know. 'You were'—what a pity that I cannot say 'You are'!"

He had lit a cigar. She had always allowed him that; it was one of the things upon which they had agreed so delightfully. He tipped off the ashes before he said, expectantly:

"It is a curious coincidence. Coincidence—h'm, coincidence must be sexless; it is too curious for a man, and it has too much humor to be a woman."

"Yes; if ever there was a coincidence that deserved the name, this is it. As I was saying, and incredible as it may seem, I have decided that you are, h'm, too good for me. I think that must be it. At any rate, I can only be unhappy with you—hereafter. You have given me all that I asked for; nay, you have given me all I have wished for. Unfortunately, there are some things—I do not know what they are—that I long for, that you have not given me. I think it is your own fault; you have spoilt me. You have taught me the game, and now I want a partner who can interest me more than my teacher. I, also—it is really uncanny, this coincidence—am chameleonic in my desire for change. You have been so persistently delightful! Why did you not beat me? Women love men who mistreat them."

He watched the fragrant cigar smoke curl into a ring and float toward the frescoes. "I had never thought of that," he murmured.

"Fatal omission! If you had beaten me until I writhed—what a novel sensation! I should have hated you terribly; and then loved you more than ever. But you have been so placidly perfect. Yes, I admit that it is my misfortune; I appreciate your many delightful qualities, but they are grown stale. I want—something different. I am vacillating as a weathercock! Until lately I fancied that you were versatile enough to satisfy me; I realize my mistake, unwillingly. You have shown me every side of yourself; every nook of your nature has been disclosed to me; I am still unsatiated."

She stopped, sighing sadly. This time it was she who looked at the fading rose tints of the Hassam.

"Ah," she sighed, almost as if she were speaking to the picture, "If we had, each of us, not been quite so frank! If we had kept always something of ourselves in reserve!"

"Yes," he said, "if only we had done that! But it will be a lesson to us." He smiled at her. "Because, I suppose, under the circumstances, we might as well agree to—"

"Disagree?" She completed the sentence for him. He smiled acquiescence, and she continued: "Yes, we might as well. It is very fortunate that this has always been so easy of accomplishment here."

"Very! Oh, there will be no difficulty. It is also fortunate that we are so agreed in the matter. It would have been awkward if we had been forced, either of us, to accuse the other of—anything unpleasant."

She gave a mock shudder, and let her pretty brows cloud to a momentary frown. "It would have been dreadful!"

"Then, I suppose," he said, pushing his chair back from the table slightly, "that we may consider the matter settled. The actual arrangements are easily effected." He cleared his throat a little, and looked at her in some little embarrassment. "I shall not conceal from you—now that we know each other's minds so perfectly—that I—that there is someone about whom I am—curious; someone who has not yet realized my ideals!"

"I am glad," she said, as sweetly as if she had been a mother advising an only son, "very glad. I hope she will not make the mistakes I have made." She put out her hand for the bell. "I myself may—it is just possible—presently probe the versatility of another man."

He laughed as he stood up, pushing the chair away altogether. "Do you think he will beat you?"

"Ah," she smiled, "how should I know? Is he not still a mystery?" And then she touched the bell, and said to the maid, "You can clear away, now."

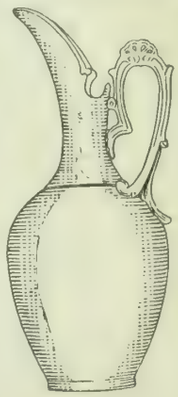
She walked out of the room, her husband holding the door open for her.

And so, presently, they were unmarried, and lived happily ever after.

"Oh, but I don't like that story at all," said his wife, when he had finished; "it is all so like a sneer. It is cruel—as cruel as the Nineteenth Century. Why have your stories all been so sad of late? What has happened? If you do not tell me a happy story soon, or at least one that is not bitter—I shall not listen."

He sighed, and was silent.

—*From "The Chap Book."*



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LIBRARY NOTES

Eloquent these latter-day novelists, but what confusion in their counsels! With some of them it is to love; with others, not to love. Thomas Hardy's Tess is wronged, loves deeply, is deserted, kills the man who has started her downwards and is hanged; Esther Waters loves and is ruined, passes through the torment of unmerited disgrace and the torture of hunger and longing. A haven opens for her—a haven from the sorrow and odium of the world—but she takes it not. She marries to give her boy to the father who has begotten him. Some years of tranquil life, then a shattering of rainbow structures and an ending in grey mist, in bitter hopelessness. Aminta, dark-eyed, virile, superb, neglected and misunderstood by the man whom in her youthful hero-worship she has yielded hand and being —she at length learns the accents of true passion; the light of love dawns gloriously for her and most nobly does she give herself to the man who is alone the man for her. They are women, these latter-day heroines, full of blood and passionate impulse, glowing with life and feeling, physically beautiful and physically strong. But what unhappiness is their lot—for their sin against conventionality, against the law of society! How they suffer — are wrecked! They are the martyrs of love—terrible examples of the consequence of disregarding social law.

To join this immortal trio, a fourth woman comes—Kate Creegan in *The Manxman*—whose hair is black as a gipsy's, her face brown as a berry, her eyes dark, flashing, mirthful. A country girl, the daught r of a miller, she grows up in the clear, pure air of the Isle of Man, her arms rounded by work on her father's farm—glowing with vitality, blood, youth, health. She loves, too, and in the transport of her adoration and devotion, throws herself on the breast of the man her heart has gone out to. Then the consequences. But she is a beautiful creation, this Kate, as she dresses herself to meet Phillip on the morning of the "Melliah" —she gazes at herself in the glass—she was beautiful and she knew it, and he knew it, too. "She folded her arms in their roundness over her bosom in its fullness, and walked up and down the little room over the sheepskin rugs under the turfy scraas, glowing in the joy of blooming health and conscious loveliness." An inimitable chapter that in which is told the manner of her dressing for the conquest of Phillip; how she discards all the finery of her wardrobe, and comes to the harvest field in the simplicity of a pink print gown, her dark hair tumbling over her shoulders, a white silk hankerchief around her throat, "so round and full and soft, and like a tower;" a sunbonnet on her head, but such a sunbonnet, so full of play, that lent itself to every one of her many moods, "she poked it to a point as girls do when the sun is hot, by closing the mouth over the tip of her nose, leaving only a slumberous, dark cave visible, through which her black eyes gleamed and her eyelashes shown. She tied the strings under her chin, and tipped the bonnet back onto her neck, as girls will when the breeze is cool, leaving her hair uncovered; her mouth twitching merrily, and her head like a nymph head in an auriole. She took it off and tossed it on her arm, the strings still knotted, swinging it like a basket, then wafting it like a fan, and walking as she did so to and fro in the room, the floor creaking, her print frock crinkling and she herself laughing with the thrill of passion vibrating and of imagined things to come." That is but one of an infinity of charming passages—full of feeling and grace, aglow with color.

The love of this twain, lovers so truly, is framed in a delicious setting, a setting more obvious, perhaps, than that which serves as a rich background for the loves of Tess and her Angel Clare, but which blends no less naturally with the figures, no less harmoniously. There are beautiful pictures in this book—that of Kate and Phillip driving home in the twilight, she in the buggy beside her father who is asleep, he riding by her side, the sun going down over the waters behind them, the moon rising—in their ears the tramp of the horses hoofs, the roll of the gig wheels, the wash and boom of the sea on their left and the cry of the sea fowl somewhere beneath. He leans over and puts his arm about the girl's neck and kisses her upturned mouth. Then Sulby Glen—"winding, soft, rich, sweet, and exquisitely beautiful. A thin thread of blue water laughing, babbling, brawling, whooping, leaping, gliding and stealing down from the mountain, light dim through the overshadowing leafage—the golden fuschia here, the green trammon there; and over all the sun peering down with a hundred eyes into the dark and slumberous gloom, and the breeze singing somewhere up in the treetops to the voice of the river below."

That is the scene of the tragedy—her sin and his—they have the stage between them, these two—he so young and brilliant and handsome—she so gracefully, so radiantly beautiful, so rapturously in love—he hesitating, yearning—resisting yet trembling into her arms—won at last by her transport, by the abandonment of her wooing, for she it is who gives herself. It is admirably told—the characters of the two sustained through that eventful passage—he retreating, she advancing to the final surrender. But the glow and glory of the day after—when she awakens in the morning, turns and kisses the hand that has held that of her Phillip. Such joys, alas, are too delicious to continue. At the moment of triumph she is on the verge of the volcano—it opens; they struggle hopelessly; the complication deepens. There are chapters of pain and turmoil and sorrow—not of repentance, for to both it is the inevitable alone that has occurred.

Hardly an instance of sinful love in the ordinary sense, this of Phillip Christian and Kate Creegan. To right the wrong between them he had but to marry the woman he so ardently loved. It was a sacrifice; it might involve the failure of his ambition—the Deemstership he had within his grasp; but he counted the costs; he would have paid the penalty but for the home-coming of Pete, who loved Kate, who believed himself betrothed to her, who had worked in the Kemberley mines, that he might gain money to marry her. But the story is one that must be read.

A mere outline of the plot conveys but little sense of the fine tragedy of the story. Not only is *The Manxman* easily the best of Hall Caine's stories ; it is one of the strongest novels of recent years, romantically realistic, full of dramatic situations and fine passages and notable characters. The mechanism of the book is excellent, the contrast between Phillip and Pete—one intellectual, high born, ambitious; the other so manly, so strong, so tender and true. If there is a spring-time glory in the opening chapters, there is the dark light of tragedy in the scenes that follow Pete's marriage with Kate. With no analysis, no sentimental maunderings, yet, with what piercing force and simplicity the story of her remorse is developed, heightened by the deep love of her husband, his heartfelt devotion for "Kirry and the lil one." Splendidly sustained and wonderfully natural, the pathos of the narrative, which tells of her flight, of Pete's tender subterfuge to hide her shame and his, the letters he writes himself, and travels miles to post, the deep love for the child. An episode of singular power is that in which he has Phillip, secretly the author of all his woes, write to the woman they both love—such a letter that—heartrending in its pathetic simplicity. It is not easy to find a parallel to these fine chapters, for the truth of genius, of inspiration is in them, and they glow with the glory of real feeling. The dramatic conclusion—none the less powerful if it be, perhaps, a trifle theatrical—is still a fitting climax for so powerful and beautiful a story. After reading, one surrenders to Mr. Hall Caine a high place among the immortals.

Miss Florence Warden's *Perfect Fool* is not the pretty young person whose magnetic charms captivate the unfortunate lunatic and loosen out the strings of his tongue, so from the extreme of dumbness, he becomes loquacious, nor yet the surly villain whose amorous though honorable attentions she finds so odious. It is rather the individual who persists in following to its inept conclusion a plot that has neither elements of originality nor clearness in it. The absence of the qualities that converts novel reading from a weakness into an intellectual pursuit are apparent on the initial page. The successive chapters but deepen that impression. Imagine the beauteous maiden who feels in her bones a suspicion that the lunatic in the west wing is really not so mad as his keeper indicates, who by pure force of natural loneliness, beams love, conversation and complete unity into him from a distance. He has caught but a fleeting glance at her from his prison window. Being as handsome as she, this most magnetic young person falls madly in love with him, writes him letters, and actually bids defiance to Mr. John Bradfield, of Wyngham, her mother, a most proper lady, and various others of the dramatis personæ, whose ambitions are not as admirable as hers. Of course, the last act reveals the lunatic as a most deserving young gentleman, with $150,000 per annum in his own right, Mr. Bradfield as a designing scoundrel, who has appropriated the income as his own, on the plea that his ward was incapable. What a desperate villain he is may be realized from the fact that not only does he drug his ward's wine, but he actually burns down the west wing just to put him out of the way. However, Providence and the lunatic's keeper, John Stelfox, intervene, and Mr. Richard escapes, has his hearing restored, becomes a clever artist all at once, confers a pension on the villain and marries the magnetic beauty, who so miraculously ministers to his diseased mind.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Manxman," by Hall Caine. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"Timan's Two Worlds," by Maurus Jokai. Appleton & Co., publishers.

A highly educated young lady desires a position as teacher or governess; city or country; speaks German; prepares for college. Address X, WAVE office.

Dickey's Creme de Lis advertisement appears in this issue. It needs no recommendation to those familiar with its beautifying qualities, and the majority of California belles owe a debt of gratitude to the discoverers of this wonderful cosmetic.

THE CLASS OF FASHION

According to all accounts everyone has returned from wherever life has been so succulent, and now that the inimitable but inevitable period of house cleaning has passed, society, distinctly enthusiastic, is endeavoring to establish some manner of passing the time not engaged by festivities, profitably.

All sorts and conditions of women's clubs have been organized, much to the enlargement of the pavement of Hades, I heard some one say a few weeks ago, for at a club meeting, where one goes to work for the poor, good intentions seem apparently to run riot, and we all thoroughly realize from constant hearsay, that the Mephistophelian kingdom is paved with good intentions.

Nevertheless, these clubs have been instituted for a most worthy object, and the quantities of children's clothes which are made is really astonishing. These meetings, too, give one an opportunity to air the latest scandal, and we females all love that, but would you believe it, I met a woman the other day at a summer resort—fancy, at a summer resort—who has never been known to criticize a fellow-being. When I asked her how it was, she said that as a child her nurse would never allow her to say anything about anyone unless it were agreeable. I absolutely reverenced that woman, so do all of her friends. Nevertheless, I love gossip. There are other clubs besides those for needlework, which seem eminently necessary. These are arranged into classes for improving each shining hour by study—either history, literature or art—of the latter, somehow or other, very little is known, but so far yet nothing has been established with an endeavor to eradicate the numerous carelessnesses and eccentricities of the English language. How many people realize the peculiarities of the English language? There are so many and so odd, that they could easily furnish a topic not alone for a weekly club, but for every household.

Quite young people, not over and above brilliant, can make curious discoveries, and to even the mildest of men they are occasionally demonstrated; but the peculiarity, most significant of all, is commonly unnoticed.

Why cannot some rhetoric club find patrons? For my part, I fancy it is much more necessary than art, literature or history, for in what lies the benefit of all this study, if one is unable to express in terms equal to the importance of the subject that which it is necessary to say.

We all have our individual insane moments, but it looks rather as though insanity is becoming contagious, and at the same time necessary, for the latest freak of fashion is to shake hands violently, with the elbow at the level of the shoulders, and the hand at the level of the eye. How decidedly popular this fad has become is really astonishing, for we all endeavor to ascribe a trifle of sense to our neighbors. With our present warm weather one cannot with any true respect to one's feelings, put on heavy autumn gowns.

Sometimes, I think it sad that we have no distinct change in our seasons, for with the exception of a sundry wet day here and there, winter is in every particular our most fascinating periods.

Let me suggest that you try the Maze before purchasing your winter headgear. I ran up there the other day to see what Madame Andrèe had brought from Paris. I cannot describe myself as surprised, inasmuch as I expected a good deal and was not disappointed. I saw some very artistic shapes both in hats and in bonnets, the feathers evidencing exceedingly good taste. The style of trimming is decidedly new and I was especially struck with the blending of the new colors—polignac and blue —which in their different effects make some charming combinations. Indeed the new millinery is decidedly *fin de siecle*. In one way I cannot but regret the establishment did not enter the lists with its swell millinery display before. There are any number of specialists in this line and the prices they charge are quite in proportion to the pretensions of the dealers. The Maze starts to appeal to fashionables and the point it endeavors to attain is to supply really swell hats and bonnets at reasonable rates.

On one of our warm days last week, I noticed a most charming gown of a very pale prune color. It was an intensely sheer crépon made over silk, the skirt was very wide and full, with eight rows of insertion running all around, and the insertion of white lace was placed in a similar manner upon the waist, the last and widest stripe being just below the bust. I think the sleeves were the most gigantic I have ever seen, and were made of the crépon, accordion plaited, and with entredeux of the insertion. This gown was especially stunning, and hung exquisitely.

I must tell you, however, the entire beauty of crépon lies in its silk foundation. Nowadays the most extraordinary, simple evening gowns are made over silk, and are so very much more effective, that the slight extra expense is a thousand times repaid by the grace and beauty of the costume. Not alone that, but a good silk foundation can be used several times.

Plaids and stripes are so much seen, that before the season will be half over, I am quite sure we shall be very tired of them, so I advise every one to get one plain gown, and with the rosettes of chiffon and tulle, which are becoming so much more popular than the stiff bons worn on the collars, any ordinary gown can easily he made very chic.

The bright colors dictated by fashion in summer, with many others added, will only continue in vogue for winter dresses to be worn in the house, and we shall see costumes for outdoor occasions made of soft, quiet hues.

Green is the only color really descending into the seer and yellow, which, by the way, is a very unbecoming shade, for it has an olivy tint, which very few complexions can stand.

Velveteens are woven now with such a glossy pile and in such perfection of color that it is difficult to distinguish them from velvet of the richest kind.

One velveteen which I particularly admire was striped with pink moiré, the gown being of a very heavy shade of purple.

I must tell you of a wrapper I saw the other day. It is of white alpaca and Irish lace, it being apparently quite loose, but fitted close to the figure, and had neither bones nor steels. Jabots of lace fell down the front, and a band of martin was diagonally around the skirt. It was odd, but, oh! its grace was exquisite.

The coats this season are very long, and very much handsomer than we have seen for several years. The trimming is fur and passamenterie of a very extravagant order. The sleeves are regular balloons; even the tailor-made coats rhapsodize over the dimensions of their sleeves.

THE REFLECTOR.

Nervous headaches promptly cured by Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle, 10 cents.

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KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"What shall we do with the young lady?" asked the cannibal.

"I intended," replied the chief, "to reserve her for a light refection, but I am more than half inclined to believe she is only a peroxide blonde after all.—*Town Topics.*

Sinai

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TO THE LADIES

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LATE : BOOKS

That are Worth Reading

. . AT . .

ROBERTSON'S

COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

In San José, this week, we are having a glorious time. Between the political quarrel and the row in the club, the unhappiness of both the would-be bosses and the dudes seems to be complete. Of the political difficulty you are, doubtless, well informed, but the choice morsel of gossip, bordering almost upon a scandal, as yet has hardly gotten outside the sacred precincts of St. Clairdom. It is this way: When the club was first organized one of its cast-iron rules was that lovely woman, except on stated occasions, should keep out. That law, once broken by a young, crimson-haired attorney, was vindicated by his expulsion from the club. But, since getting into new quarters, things have changed, and the sacred rule is now more honored in the breach than in the observance. Only the other day Mrs. Jim invited me to visit the club. Of course I went, and, with a number of lady friends, we saw all of the inner circle under the third floor. We didn't dare to go higher, because Brother Sam and Neville and the Mayor were yet sleeping off the effects of the game of casino, played only the night before. I tell you, we observed many strange things, and if I dared to detail all even your old heart, heavy and hardened as it is, would swell with indignant remonstrance. Just imagine the names we saw on the blacklist. But I won't mention the delinquents.

President Pierce, however, says the ladies may come to the club every morning, if they like, and we're coming. As yet he hasn't designated the hours, but morning means any time after twelve o'clock at night. Knowing this, several of us have arranged to go about 2 A. M. next Saturday. It's only right to give the boys a chance to prepare for us, you know, and that's why I tell now. Of course, the game in the back room will probably stop a few hours sooner, but Mrs. B. says her husband loses too much anyway, and I know mine does, so we have concluded to make our initial visit as soon as possible. Won't there be fun when we come in? They can't keep us out, either, because our Sam gave his sister-in-law a key, and be sure that both bolts and bars will not bar our progress.

"Living Pictures," presented under the auspices of the "Gossip Society," was one of the attractions this week. Lizzie Carroll, one of the bright girls of San Francisco, appeared to advantage in several of them; especially in the "Meeting of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Queen Elizabeth." Miss Carroll personated the ill-fated Queen, while Lizzie Murphy appeared as the "Virgin Queen." Miss Vera Burrell and Miss Lolita McGeoghegan were also much admired in "The Gossips." Eline, the daughter of James V. Kelley, was one of the most graceful figures in "The Graces." I will tell you about our bicycle riders, the ladies, in the next.

GUSSIE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE:—We all had such a jolly time at the Harrell's Tuesday evening. The papers called it an "impromptu affair," but I did not see why it was so spoken of. The girls made quite elaborate preparations, in fact, that is, as elaborate as they could. Miss Etna Coombs of Visalia was the guest of the evening. Of course the dashing young reporter was there, too. The crowd was rather mixed. Quite a good many of the younger set were present, but they did not seem out of place. Then there were the older ones.

Our "little" blonde from Tennessee was there, too. Somehow somebody seemed to be missing. She did not seem satisfied with any of the boys. It does look as if the bright fellows whom she has favored with her regard have a queer way of leaving town, doesn't it? I wonder if the Judge is to blame. Mary and big sister Betty were also there. Frank was not to be seen. It cannot be that he is among the fickle many.

We have had quite a number of church socials of late. A few of the set have ventured to attend some. They go just to see who is there though, for they never seem to enjoy themselves. This is hardly surprising. Church people are so fond of ancient effects.

I see Ed. White is singing in public again. If he still continues to make those wierd faces when he vocalizes, I think he should be advised to borrow a new countenance.

I hear Lou Anderson is going to leave for Oregon soon. Well, I don't blame the poor girl. The papers have treated her awfully mean. In the little fuss at the Court House she was given all the blame, and I know that it was just her kind heart that got her into trouble. Why! They never even mentioned any other names besides her own. Lou is a dear, sweet girl, even if she does seem to be very popular with the boys. It seems to me to be a shame that she should be crowded out in this way.

I hear we have another "case" on hand. It seems that Bob Rader has at last found the idol of his heart! She is a schoolm'arm. Of course, I always did like Bob. He is a big-hearted, jovial fellow. His trips to town have been quite increased of late. But that is to be expected.

By the way, I forgot to mention that the Harrell's have another girl—a Miss Belle—stopping with them. She is from Visalia, and is a very charming girl. With the house full of girls they certainly ought to have lots of fun, and do some entertaining, too. Of course, Will Harvey is in his invariable enamored condition, as he ever is with every new girl that comes to town.

I see by the papers that Charley Reige went to the city again. He only stayed one day. We girls are beginning to get suspicious of frequent northern trips now.

We were to have a so-called opera for five nights this week. For some reason it did not carry out. But then, I don't think we missed much, as it was a cheap affair.

I have already accepted an invitation for "Friends" for Monday night. My brother said I should consider myself lucky. I wonder what he meant?

TRIX.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY: As was expected the trial of the Pratt-Harris case presented some rather sensational features, and developed the fact that many of the 400 were regarded as prey for the alleged blackmailing schemes of the pair. The plan on which they work has been, it is alleged, to send anonymous letters to the persons whom they regard as worthy of their attention. The letters have contained all sorts of allegations and have especially cast deep, dark and terrible reflections on the morals and habits of some husbands. The business must have been very profitable, for whoever sent the letters is said to have made on an average of $10,000 a year, to "induce" them to let up. If this is really true, it will probably throw some light on the inactivity of society here for the past year and a half. Really, if these horrid blackmailers got all of the money which our hospitable society folks would have ordinarily used in entertaining, I think it is simply detestable, and the unscrupulous fellows should be punished, if it takes a life time in which to do it.

The residence of some of our best known society people was destroyed by fire Monday. It was the property of Mr. and Mrs. Hancock Banning, and was situated in the hill section of town. The family were away at Catalina Island, and there were only two domestics in charge of the house. Owing to the inadequacy of the water supply the department was unable to cope with the fire until there was no more fire, and the elegant home was destroyed. Mr. and Mrs Banning had fitted up their house in thoroughly pretty artistic style and, of course, the most of the valuables were lost. This accident will prove quite a loss to the young people of the city this winter, as Mr. and Mrs. Banning are in the habit of giving many delightful little "affairs" during the season, which, I fear, will be denied to us for some time to come.

The Democrats held their county convention last week and showed how unterrified they really were by nominating Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin for Superintendent of Schools. The friends of this estimable though forward lady have been most industrious in their attempt to have her nominated or endorsed by the various political parties. The Populists were tried first, then the Republicans, and finally the Old War Hoss has thrown itself into the breach and nominated the indefatigable woman. And now the advocates of woman suffrage will, I suppose, argue that this together with the defeat of Little Willie Breckinridge—who don't know just what to do—is an indication of woman's growing strength in politics and but the faint, far-away notes of her emancipation which is marching on "three hundred thousand strong" or more. I suppose, though, if Mrs. Galpin is elected she will succeed in keeping the school department as orderly as I have been told she keeps her home. Henry Fleishman has gone to New York to visit his mother. He has been greatly in need of just such a trip and we earnestly hope that he will be benefited. Miss Ynez Shorb and Dr. Stephen S. White, U. S. N., were married at the Mission Church, San Gabriel, Wednesday last. Dr. Dorothea Lummis has gone to New York to enter the College settlement of Delancy street, where she will remain a year. Miss Leona Lebus left last week for Baltimore where she will enter the Medical Department of the John Hopkins University. Mrs. Adrien Loeb has returned from San Francisco where she spent the summer. J. W. Winston has gone to Mexico. The engagement of Miss Mina Jevne to Mr. Arthur Braly is announced.

Yours devoted,

BECKY SHARP.

For the most artistic and latest designs in the new Empire style of frames, go to S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary st.

APPROPRIATE CLOTHES.

To a man who cares for his personal appearance—and it is one of the attributes of a gentleman to have a fine sense of such things—there is nothing so discouraging as to feel, either in respect to cloth or style, that his own coat or trousers are out of time. Many men, who are almost lavish in the expenditure of money on their clothes, are simply traveling advertisements, proclaiming the carelessness or incompetency of some high-priced but second-rate tailor. Appropriateness in a garment is the cloth, in the cut, all enter into the calculation of an artist. These indispensables are no more costly than the careless indifference or manifold suggestions of an incompetent. To know how is a prerequisite to success in every trade and profession. J. A. Ulrich "knows how," therefore, his parlors on the third floor of the Crocker Building are well-known to the better dressed men of San Francisco.

DREAMS.

BY RONALD CAMPBELL MACLIE.

"In the first dream that comes with the first sleep
I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart."

Unworthy! yea,
So high thou art above me
I hardly dare to love thee,
But kneel and lay
All homage and all worship at thy feet,
O lady sweet!

Yet dreams are strong:
Their wordless wish suffices
To win them paradises
Of sun and song.
Delight our waking life can never know
The dreams bestow.

And in a dream,
Dupe of its bold beguiling,
I watch thy blue eyes smiling;
I see them gleam
With love the waking moments have forbidden,
And veiled and hidden.

O brave deceit!
In dreams thy glad eyes glisten,
In dreams I lie and listen
Thy bosom beat,
Hiving hot lips among thy temple-hair,
O lady fair!

And tho' I live,
Dreaming in such fair fashion,
I think, in thy compassion,
Thou wilt forgive,
Since I but *dream*, and since my heart will ache
When I awake.

—*From the "Yellow Book."*

The most unique souvenir given out by any of the Native Son Parlors at San José, Monday, September 10th, and the one most sought after, was the miniature bottle of Senator Leland Stanford's Vina Brandy, which all visitors were provided with at the headquarters of the more than famous El Dorado's. They made the hit of the day.

HUSBAND—I was a fool when I married you.

WIFE—Well, don't blame me. I didn't know it at the time.—*Town Topics.*

Our Society Blue Book.

The Blue Book of San Francisco and surburban towns for 1894–95 will be the finest work of the kind ever produced in Europe or America. It will be divided into departments—seventeen in number—each preceded by an elaborate title-page of unique and elegant design. These title pages will be embellished in gold, with superb etchings, representing typical scenes of localities and figures illustrative of each subject. Among the departments will be found sections devoted to the "Army and Navy," "Picturesque and Artistic Homes of California," "Leading and Private Institutions of Learning," "Calling and Street List," "Classified Business Houses of San Francisco," the "Leading Hotels," "Alphabetical List," "Personnel of the Press," "Theatre Diagrams," "Clubs and Societies," "Private Memo. Pages," "Street and Avenue Guide," etc. The streets of the cities of San Francisco and Oakland will be numerically arranged so that any desired private address can be readily found. The book will be elegantly bound in the familiar blue-white covers. The Blue Book is sold by subscription. Advance orders only will be recognized, as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is especially intended. Now in compilation. Address all changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher. Office, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

Intending passengers going East are referred to the advertisement of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company on back cover.

DR. CHARLES W. DECKER, Dentist,
Phelan Building, Entrance, 806 Market Street.

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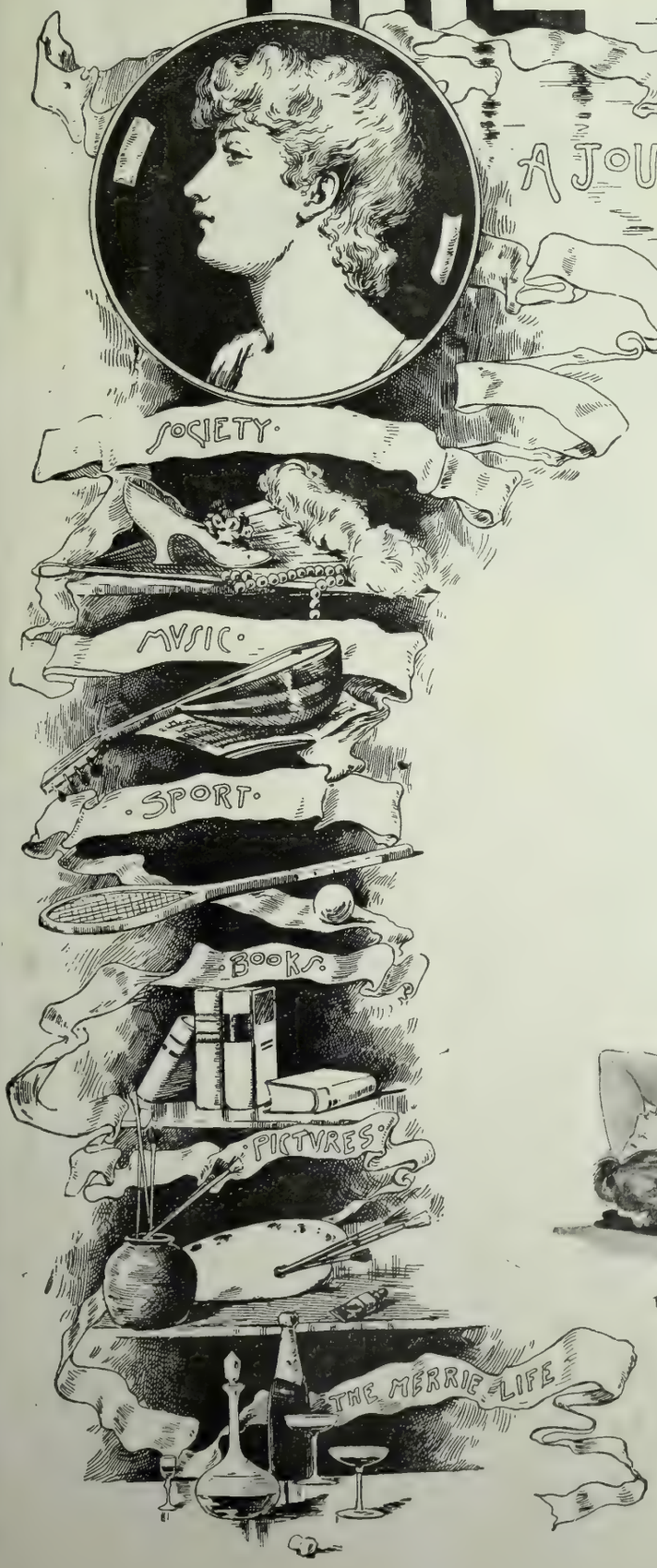

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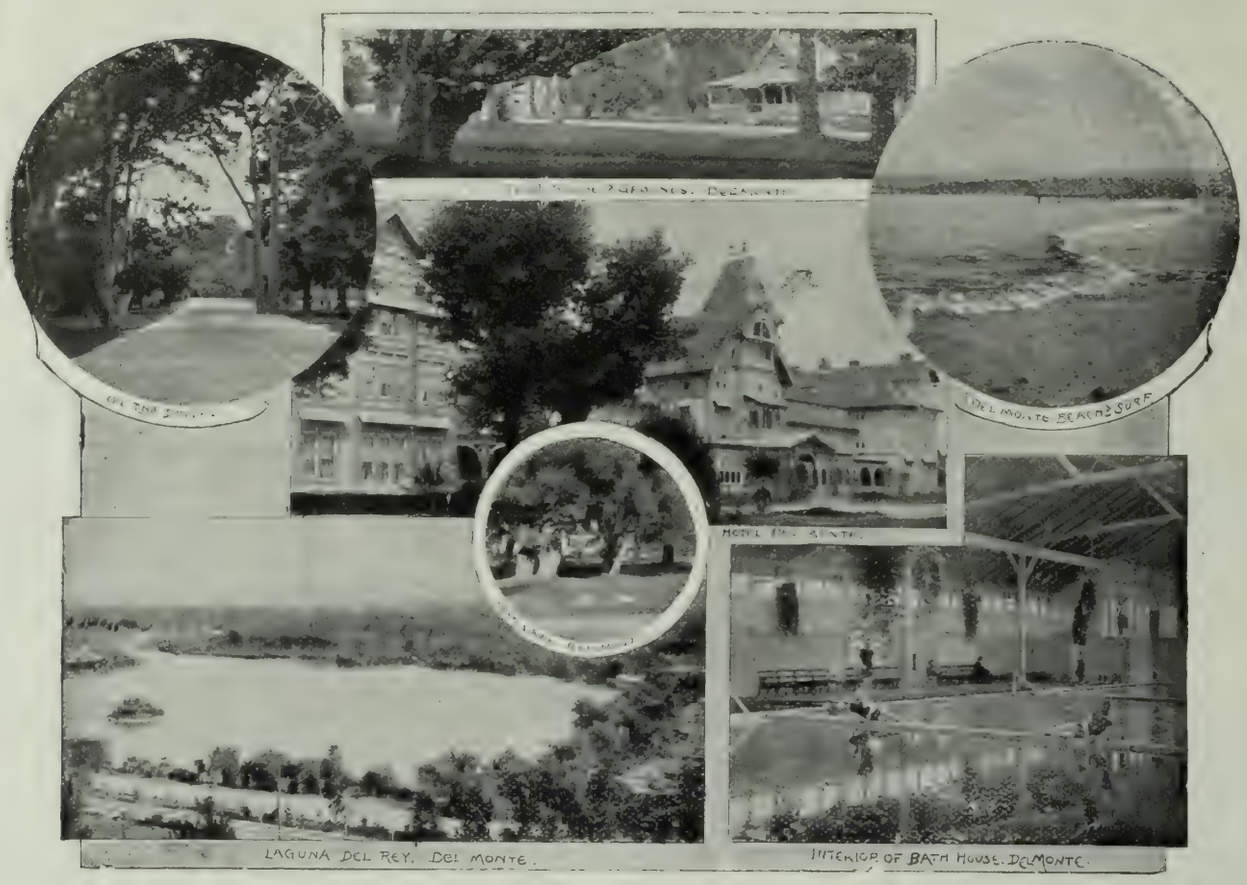

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

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7.00 a m	Atlantic Express for Ogden and East	6.45 a m
7.00 a m	Benecia, Vacaville, Rumsey, Sacramento and Redding, via Davis	7.15 p m
7.30 a m	Martinez, San Ramon, Napa, Calistoga and *Santa Rosa	6.15 p m
8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
6.00 p m	Haywards, Niles and San Jose	7.45 a m
‡7.00 p m	Vallejo	†7.45 p m
7.00 p m	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	10.45 a m

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION (Narrow Gauge)

‡7.45 a m	Sunday Excursion for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, and Santa Cruz	‡8.05 p m
8.15 a m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and Way Stations	6.20 p m
*2.45 p m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*11.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m

COAST DIVISION (Third and Townsend Sts.)

*6.45 a m	San Jose, New Almaden and Way Stations	*1.45 p m
‡7.30 a m	San jose, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	‡8.33 p m
8.15 a m	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Pacific Grove, Paso Robles, San Luis Obispo and principal Way Stations	6.26 p m
‡9.47 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	‡1.45 p m
10.40 a m	San Jose and Way Stations	5.06 p m
11.45 a m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	3.30 p m
*2.20 p m	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey and Pacific Grove	*10.40 a m
*3.30 p m	San Jose and principal Way Stations	9.47 a m
*4.25 p m	Palo Alto and Way Stations	*8.06 a m
5.10 p m	San Jose and Way Stations	*8.48 a m
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FROM SAN FRANCISCO—Foot of Market Street (Slip 8) *7.00, *8.00, 9.00, *10.00, and 11.00 a. m., *12.30, ‡1 00 *2.00, 3.00, *4.00, 5.00 and *6.00 p. m.

FROM OAKLAND—Foot of Broadway—*6.00, *7.00, 8.00, *9.00, 10.00 and *11.00 a.m., ‡12.00, *12.30, 2.00, *3.00, 4.00 and *5.00 p. m.

* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

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Calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America

Sailing (at noon)—S. S. "San Blas," September 28; S. S. "San Juan," October 8; S. S. "Colon," October 18; S. S. "San Jose," October 29.

NOTE—When sailing day falls on Sunday, steamer will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for India, etc.

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For Newport, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every fourth and fifth day, 8 a. m.

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For Honolulu, S. S. "Australia," September 29, 1894.

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J. D. SPRECKELS & BROS. CO., General Agents.

Mrs. Shoppen—And you are sure the colors will not run?

Clerk—Certain of it! These goods were made in Philadelphia.—*Puck.*

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Kitty—Mr. de Slim makes up in good looks what he lacks in brains.

Jane—He must be a phenomenal beauty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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All Druggists Grocers and Dealers sell it

Wife—Dear me, you can never find a thing without asking me where it is. How did you ever get along before you were married?

Husband—Things stayed where they were put then.

"Why don't you paddle your own canoe?" growled Brown, as Jones struck him for a ten. "I can't," said Jones, "but I am trying to float a loan."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

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Many Novelties in Imported Ware
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Little Isaac—Say, Batsy, vill yer mudder lick yer very hard ven yer geds home?

Little Patsy—You jest bet she will.

Little Isaac—So vill mine, Batsy. Led's stay in der vater dree hours more und so ged full value for our lickin's.—*Judge.*

CALIFORNIA

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Reporter—Here is an item about a boy who went wading in Florida, and was swallowed by an alligator. What head shall I use?

Editor—Try "Wade and Found Wanting."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

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"What is the difference between a cablegram and an epigram?"

"Not much; cablegrams are apt to be epigrammatic when the rate is fifty cents a word."—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Judge—How old are you, miss?
Elderly Female—I am—I am—I am—
Judge—Better hurry up; every moment makes it worse.

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Miss Hinter (old and ugly)—They say stolen kisses are sweetest (very softly), but don't you think it naughty to steal?

Mr. Cold—Decidedly, especially when you don't want to.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Dix—Your wife must have confidence in you, to leave you alone in town while she goes to the mountains.

Hicks—Oh! she takes the precaution to keep me broke all the time.

Mr. Beach—All you want is nerve when you go into the water, Miss Bright.

Miss Bright—Well, you said you would go in with me, didn't you?—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

CRESTA BLANCA SOUVENIR VINTAGES

Gold Medal Paris Exposition, 1889
Highest Award World's Fair, Chicago, 1893
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See that the words "CRESTA BLANCA" are on every bottle. None others genuine.

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"Who's your friend?" asked Wilburn, as his companion paused and lifted his hat to a lady who drove by.

"That isn't a friend," said Mosser, absent-mindedly. "That's my wife."

Sold by all Liquor Dealers and Grocers

CONFESSIONS.

Oh, crimson rose, I've searched the garden through,
Allured by sweetest scents and colors rare;
No other blossom shall my rapture share,
My heart shall breathe its secret but to you.
Oh, crimson rose, I know you will be true,
As true as she whose plighted love I bear,
With whispering plighted, while her glorious hair
Bent to my kisses and my worship grew.

Oh, crimson rose, your glowing heart is deep,
But hers is deeper and it hath confessed
Such secrets that the blessed angels weep
With holy envy. See, your lot is blessed;
I send you from the garden stilled in sleep,
To die with rapture on my lady's breast.

HUGH MCCULLOCH.

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The Tank is emptied every night between the hours of 10 and 12, and filled direct from the ocean every morning. . . . . .

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Wagleigh—Clothes; that's all.

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SCENT O' PINES.

Love, shall I liken thee unto a rose
That is so sweet?
Nay, since for a single day she grows,
Then scattered lies upon the garden rows
Beneath our feet.

But to the perfume shed when forests nod
When noonday shines,
That lulls us as we tread the woodland sod,
Eternal as the eternal peace of God—
The scent o' pines.

—H. MCCULLOCH.

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Spencer—I'd like to go all round the world in a sailing yacht.
Ferguson—Then why don't you?
Spencer—Because I can't raise the wind.

Mrs. Weeds—Until a woman marries again she never can forget her first husband.
Mr. Phlighman—No. And when she does marry again she won't let her second forget him.

Young Sportsman (at Moosehead)—Sh! There's two caribou, and I'm all in a tremble with game fever.
Guide—Take your time; here comes the farmer. Better wait till he gets through milking them.

Visitor—And why did the police call this neighborhood the Tenderloin Precinct?
Charley Knowall—Because the inhabitants used to put up stakes for them.

THE CALIFORNIA HOTEL

Is the most comfortable and home-like hostelry in the city. The rooms are sunny and cheerful. The furniture is rich, new and luxurious. Guests receive polite attention and uniform courtesy from all employees. The rates are moderate. Special terms to permanent guests. The Hotel is conducted on both the American and European plan. The new American Dining-Room is on the eighth floor. Entrance to the California Theatre from the Hotel office. The California Hotel is absolutely fire-proof.

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Charlie—I don't think those bullet-proof suits are so very wonderful that people should make the fuss they do over them, doncher know.
Ned—My dear boy, it's a great invention.
Charlie—Nonsense! Every duck I ever shot at had one on.

He chewed tobacco—
She chewed gum;
They were well mated—
"Yum, yum, yum."

—*Toledo Blade.*

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The Nearest Popular Seaside Resort Outside of San Francisco,

J. E. SLINKEY . . . Proprietor

Extra Fares.

"Conductor," piped a small voice in the open electric car, "these people standing in front of me are occupying all of my air."—*Judge.*

For Those Who Appreciate Comfort and Attention : : :

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SAN FRANCISCO

A Quiet Home Centrally Located

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

Hank Bitters—Why did you walk off last night when that tourist called you a liar?
Alkali Ike—Didn't have my shootin' jacket on!—*Judge.*

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MATEO HOTEL AND COTTAGES

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A. R. KEEN (late Palace Hotel) Manager.

Forty minutes ride from San Francisco. Eighteen trains daily. As a Winter Resort San Mateo has no equal. Now making very favorable contracts for winter residents.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF HATTIE K. LAWTON, DECEASED. NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Hattie K. Lawton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, at his office, No. 319 Pine street, San Francisco, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FRIESS,
Administrator with the Will of the Estate of Hattie K. Lawton, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 20, 1894.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

RESIDENTS OF SAN FRANCISCO WHO DESIRE TO ENTERTAIN ON A SCALE NOT CONVENIENT IN THEIR HOME WILL FIND THE BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS OF THE PALACE ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO THEIR NEEDS . . . . . .

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Is the Reputation Enjoyed by the GRILL ROOM OF THE PALACE HOTEL

THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 13. San Francisco, September 29th, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

Is published every Saturday, at the Crocker Building, corner Market and Post Streets, San Francisco.

Subscription, $4 per year, $2 six months, $1 three months. Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $5 per year. Sample copies free on application. The trade is supplied by the San Francisco News Co., 210 Post Street; East of the Rocky Mountains by the American News Co., New York.

THE WAVE *is kept on file and is for sale at Brentano's, 17 Avenue de'l Opera, Paris, France; 31 Union Square, New York City; 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; and 206 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.*

For advertising rates and all other matters pertaining to the business of the paper, address Rooms 220-221 Crocker Building. Eastern application for advertising rates, etc., will be furnished by addressing Mr. E. Katz, 186-187 World Building, New York, who is the Sole Eastern Agent.

G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1894

RAINEY RAMPANT.

Our cartoon this week tells a sad tale of shame and illustrates how the best laid plans of men may "gang aglee." It is typical of the Democratic situation in the early part of the week, but let us believe decency is again to the fore. Mr. Buckley's method of contributing to Mr. Burns' victory is now most manifest and clear. It was generally supposed when he announced his determination to defeat the Democracy that his course would be limited to instructions to his heelers, strikers and followers to bolt the ticket and espouse Republicanism, but his plans were deeper laid than this. They involved the discrediting of the entire municipal ticket. Respectable Democracy determined that these tricksters should have no hand in the convention; but notwithstanding the care and foresight exercised in that behalf, Rainey, acting for himself and Buckley, was able to unearth from the six hundred delegates one hundred and odd traitors to the trust which decency had reposed in them. His machinations, however, have not been altogether successful. The nominations of Haley for County Clerk and Freese for Public Administrator mark disasters to the programme of the boss.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

CALIFORNIA is now passing through one of the most remarkable political campaigns ever witnessed in its history. It bristles with perplexities and is heavy laden with vexatious problems which are appalling to one who attempts the task of instructing or even guiding the voter to cast his ballot so that the greatest good will innure to the greatest number. The voter must make his choice of an entire State ticket, must select municipal officers from Mayor down, and cast his ballot for or against nine important constitutional amendments. Some of the proposed amendments are vicious, some hastily and poorly drawn, and though well-intending, should be defeated for uncertainty; others are a necessity and should be adopted. The task of mastering these details is too great for the busy man unless he yields some time and careful attention to a study of the situation. It will not do to accept in whole the ticket of any single party. Such a conviction must have been forced upon every citizen who has noted the run of passing events and heeded the lessons to be drawn therefrom. Americans from past experience have come to appreciate the wisdom of thinking for themselves and of refusing to delegate to their party or to a party-boss the right to dwarf or abridge the privilege of independent and untrammeled expression of personal preferences at the polls, regardless of political belief. As well might the American citizen delegate his right of suffrage to the machine, if he is to adhere to party prejudices and support without a murmur nominees whose only claim to virtue and support lies in the accident of party affiliation. The political machine counts with certainty on this shallow sentimentality of party pride, and through its instrumentality is enabled to perpetuate its power and inflict evils upon the community which would incite of strengthening the power of one man that rebellion in a less passive and forbearing populace.

In times of war, in the hour when great issues confront the people, when the safety of the Government is at stake, when the public mind is roused to some high pitch, and the two great parties disagree on questions critical to the well-being of the Union, then, and not until then, should Party overshadow Man. This is no time for bickerings and sentimentality. Honest government is the end to which all good citizens should labor, and that end requires a deal of scratching and the obliteration of party lines.

Imbedded in our Constitution, diffused through our scheme of government, is the grand theory that all political power is lodged in the ballots of the citizen. It is a cruel and deceitful fiction. Theoretically true practically it has vanished, and is an unreal delusion, with which we amuse ourselves in print and public speeches. The power has been wrested and tricked from the people, and is lodged in the hands of the political boss. Political power in practical politics to-day begins with the machine and ends with the machine. The people are mere puppets and mannikins, who are permitted to come upon the scene when bidden, and act out with great clash and fervor their trifling part as supers do their mimic warfare on the stage. When the public is called into the councils of the party the tickets are already made. The voter has no choice. He must indorse the selection of the manipulators of his party, bolt the ticket, or go home. Such is the condition of the Republican voter in California this year. Denied all voice in the selection of the nominees of his party, he is now expected to ratify and approve with his ballot all that is reprehensible and corrupt in politics, and charge his party with the responsibility of candidates forced upon it by the power of the machine.

We are called upon to select between Mr. Estee (Republican) and Mr. Budd (Democrat) for Governor, and Mr. Millard and Mr. Jeter for Lieutenant-Governor. The WAVE has vigorously opposed Mr. Estee, and the grounds of its opposition have been clearly and frankly stated from time to time. It likewise opposes Mr. Millard, and the basis of its opposition to that young man is founded upon reasons which appear to us unanswerable. We oppose Mr. Estee because he is not the selection of an untrammeled convention, we oppose him because his nomination was forced upon his party by one man who had, by means of the most reprehensible practices, secured control of the entire San Francisco delegation, which, combined with the power of the interior bosses, gave to him complete control of the Republican Convention. We oppose Mr. Estee because he owes his nomination and, if elected, his gratitude and his all to Daniel M. Burns. He will not be a free agent.

His appointments to office will hinge upon one question. "Will the appointee be inimical to Burns?" If he should do less than this, if he appoint to office the enemy of his friend, he would be an ingrate and violate every section of the code of political honor and would deserve no man's trust, confidence or respect. If the Republican party wishes a dictator, a leader and a master, and prefers Mr. Burns as ruler, let them vote for Mr. Estee, for his election will insure that gentleman's control of their party for years to come. Many people believe Burns a better leader than any of his predecessors of infamous memory. We are inclined to lend our approval to this belief. But we deny the necessity for any leader. in the sense that Mr. Burns is leader. If Mr. Budd represented Mr. Buckley in the slightest degree the WAVE would quit his banner and fly to the support of Mr. Estee. If Mr. Budd represented any power on earth but the voice and votes of the untrammeled convention of his party we would not support him. It is because he is free, because his appointments will not be dictated by one all-pervading idea of strenghtening the power of one man that we support him. We support him because his election will deal a blow to Buckleyism that will rid us of that vile combination of corruption and crime that fastened itself upon the Democracy of the State for years, and fattened upon the crimes of corrupt office-holders. We support him because he is honest, fearless and sincere; because he will have the moral courage to administer the affairs of his office in the interest of the whole people, without fear of rebuke at the hands of bosses or corporations responsible for his elevation to office or to whom he looks for further preferment.

VIRTUOUS SUPERVISORS.

TREMBLING with a rare and unique indignation, the Board of Supervisors protest its virtue, and denounces Mr. Sutro and others for insinuating that some of its number have engaged in corrupt practices. Its members call loudly upon the Grand Jury—demand an investigation — which should be accorded—and shriek out for an expurgation of these most unholy, base and unfounded aspersions upon their official honor. Now, this is good; it is more than good. But one marks with regret, if not suspicion, that the inquiry demanded by these good men is limited in its scope. This is wrong. Wrong, because it implies the existence of a presumption that in all things else they are pure. A belief to the contrary is pretty general among

the people. Many believe, or pretend to believe, that some of the members of the present board have been guilty of corrupt practices in other and very important respects. If there is to be an investigation by the Grand Jury let it take a wider field, be of broader scope. Let it begin at the beginning and include every official act in the career of the board up to to day. All honest men will approve this course, and it may result in wiping out of the public mind the flimsy impressions which have there taken lodgment, and which if uncontradicted, may be handed down to posterity as facts and truths, and so do honest public servants a grievous wrong. Honesty in public service is a rare exotic. One almost wishes that a group of our present board might be placed upon our postage stamps, and so herald forth their virtue, and perpetuate their nobility of character. In a cause where the public welfare was at stake on the one side and something else on the other, uncertainty never marked the course of the board. Its members never flinched or faltered. The public knew what each would do, and each did it in the way the public knew.

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

May the remembrance of certain members of the present board remain fresh in the memory of posterity, long after the sod has time to grow green upon their graves. When advancement and the city's progress overtake the graveyard wherein their melancholy dust lies deep interred, and the ruthless workman of the centuries commence to lay gas and water pipes across the sacred precincts of their graves, may he do so with the delicate observance of such respect as the magnitude of past services most justly warrant, and not lay the pipes too far down.

CORRUPTION IN POLITICS.

The existence of crime in public office now appears to be a matter of news requiring ventilation in the daily press by means of interviews. There is hardly a reporter in San Francisco, however, who could not have anticipat d all that Mr. Scott or Mr. Sutro has said or might have to say, upon this subject. Unless a novice, he could have added to their utterances supplementary facts with infinite elaboration of detail and circumstance. Public corruption is too familiar to the minds of our citizens to shock the public conscience. It is sapping the foundations of our government, undermining the confidence of our people, and is engendering a sentiment now expressed in murmurs only, which threaten to increase and expand in volume until it bursts in a tempest of wrath upon the guilty. The corruptionist is a foe more dangerous to the welfare of the state than the armed invader who attempts to wrest our liberties away or inflict strange servitudes upon us. He labors while suspicion slumbers, draws harmony from all the strings of human nature and plays upon them as skilled musicians awaken slumbering melody from the taut gbers of gut. He is sensitive to every public mention of his name, is a sleek, crafty, polished villain; he sings with those who want to sing, prays with those who want to pray and trades with those who want to trade. He is, indeed, well calculated to deceive, well shaped to meet the varying conditions of life and environment. He denounces in others the practices by which he has himself succeeded, is a public purist and a private scoundrel; he is the boodler and corrupter of public servants, the enemy of all mankind.

There is another phase of public corruption which Mr. Henry T. Scott touches upon in his interview in the daily press, with which the public is not so familiar—the blackmailing office-holder—the highwayman in office who orders his victims to stand and deliver, and punishes them in the name of righteousness. It would not be an exaggeration to state that these creatures probably loot millions of dollars annually from the treasuries of private corporations who fear at their hands destruction by municipal legislation or enactment. To resist means protracted litigation or complete suspension of their enterprise.. This creature is a type of public officer now growing quite common. He haunts conventions and primaries, renders menial service to the Boss, is alert, keen eyed, watchful, hungry, superserviceable; he befriends corporation managers in a small way, makes combinations with factions and delivers them over to the leader, until finally he develops strength and has yielded service entitling him to recognition. He may select the Senate as his field of action. His politics has been moulded to fit the district of his domicile or he may move into an environment where a nomination on his ticket insures election.

His legislative efforts are all directed against corporations. The files of the Senate and Assembly are ransacked for the ancient cinch bills of his predecessors which experience had proven would bring the corporation to their knees. Railroads and insurance companies receive his unremitting attention. He loves beyond expression the man honestly (?) opposed to all forms of corporation, for such men are part of his stock in trade. Skill is not required in manipulating him. It is a cold matter of dollars and cents. He possesses neither shame, honor nor conscience. He is the natural outgrowth of the years of corrupting manipulation which greedy corporations have done, and now he fattens upon the terror he may inspire in the institutions responsible for his existence.

TARIFF REGULATION.

Now that the tariff bill is passed and Congress has adjourned, it may be just as well for advocates of protection and the friends of free trade and reform to confess that the tariff has no business in national politics, and that the regulation of an entire tariff-sheet should be removed forever beyond the power of any political party. The mischief of the present system lies in the uncertainty of action. The manufacturer refrains from purchasing raw material lest Congress may affect its value in the markets of the world. The importer, apprehensive of the same calamity in his line of purchases, suspends operations, and the manufacturing and mercantile community of the country is plunged into a state of suspense and uncertainty, destructive to the stability of trade, the prosperity of our organizations and the peace of mind of the entire community. As a remedy for this uncertainty and its attending disquieting effects the readiest solution which suggests itself is a Board of Tariff Commissioners to be elected or appointed from each State, whose duty it should be to revise the tariff in specific particulars by petition from citizens—in certain numbers and with certain qualifications. The commission should from these subjects set aside specific dutiable articles upon which a reduction is asked, or non-dutiable articles upon which a duty is demanded and declare that upon those articles, and none other, would action be taken for a given period. Parties interested in the subject matter of the investigation in hand might then be summoned and examined, and by the weight and character of their testimony, and the interest of the communities involved, legislative action would be determined. The prevailing sentiment of both parties is hostile to frequent changes of tariff. Different conditions demand different treatment, and different localities have hostile interests. It does not seem practicable that a country the resources of which are so diverse, varying with every clime and condition, can be guided by any set theory that ignores these multiple conditions. The plan outlined would lift tariff regulations from the realm of uncertainty and place it upon a basis that would obviate the depressing uncertainty that precedes all threatened reductions or increase of duty.

THE MODERN DRAMA.

"Sowing the Wind," a newly-written drama, presented by a clever company of players has come and gone. The dramatic critic has had his fling at it, has touched glowingly upon the charm, the grace and the ability of Miss Viola Allen. He has adverted to the dramatic force of Miller and Faversham, and incidentally directed the attention of the matinée girl to their manly graces. The strolling players are off and away for fresh fields and fresh laurels. Taking the play as the representation of a type it should be condemned. From the standpoint of a man-about-town, or the Bohemian female, it is a clever piece of work, admirably written, well-constructed, and possessing a certain charm, novelty of plot and treatment. But from the point of view of a mother—or father, for that matter—of budding daughters, it is to be condemned. Milton's old lines, "Vice is a monster," etc., force themselves upon the recollection of the listener, and one cannot but pity the woman who has unconsciously brought her girl into an atmosphere which in real life she would shudder to have her even contemplate the existence of. One man agonizes through three acts over the duplicity of a mistress who was "false" to him some twenty years previous. Meanwhile he has married, and in due course has become a widower and acquired the gout, and still he mourns the perfidious creature who nearly a quarter of a century before has apparently deserted him for another. The culminating situation finds him in deeper agony, if possible, because he discovers the harlot of his youth had after all been true, and he as well as she had been deceived. The holy ties of open infamy were not broken by the intervention of a rival. Her sin and shame were confined to him; she was virtuous there; she was nobleness itself. Honest wifehood or motherhood could not have inspired more lofty sentiments than did this misapprehended mistress. If we are to be given a series of plays of this character it will become necessary for parents to employ some weather-beaten censor to attend all first nights and report on the moral of the plot.

MR. ESTEE AND THE POPULISTS.

Wherever Mr. Estee has spoken during the present campaign he has omitted no opportunity to heap abuse upon the head of the offending Mr. Webster, the Populist nominee for governor. Mr. Webster, so far as we know, is an honest man, and from the standpoint of his party would give us an honest and courageous administration. If the scalpel knife of investigation should lay bare the lives of each, probably Mr. Estee would develop more hidden and inexplicable contortions along the alimentary canal of his career than would Mr. Webster. Abuse from the representative of Mr. Burns is wicked and unbecoming. The Populist has more credit-

able reasons for his existence than Mr. Estee can give for his nomination. The strength of the new party is made up of honest dissenters from both of the old parties. Men who have grown sick and tired of the institution which Mr. Estee typifies and despairing of all hope of correcting the abuses of the organizations with which they are affiliated, grasp at Populism as drowning men clutch at straws. There are some cranks and dishonest men in its membership, but then there are cranks and dishonest men in all parties.

Like all new movements, Populism is not generally diffused throughout the State. A fair and impartial canvass develops the fact that its victories will be local. Sound, dispassionate judgment will not permit the hope, even among the most sanguine, of Mr. Webster's election. No one understands this better than Populists themselves. The defeat of Webster, therefore, carries with it no death blow, nor will it shatter the hope of victories for the party in the political battles of the future. Confessing the impossibility of Governor Webster, his adhesents should not hesitate in their duty to themselves and to their State. When our Populist friend enters the election booth next November let him not fritter away the sacred privileges bestowed upon him by a beneficent government, let him not file an idle protest against democracy or republicanism for deeds done in the past, but rather let him employ for a nobler cause the weapon of defense placed in his hands for the protection of his hearthstone and his liberties. Let him administer to the boss ridden party of republicanism the rebuke of an indignant citizen and, as an honest member of the commonwealth, let him file his approval of the free, untrammeled nomination of Budd anp Jeter—and political reform.

PROFESSIONAL PROPRIETIES.

THE proceedings in a recent jury trial in this city which has attracted much attention from the public and comment from the newspaper reporters raises the question as to whether there are, properly speaking, any proprieties to be observed on the part of attorneys conducting jury trials. The question of what it is policy for attorneys to do in the conduct of jury trials is a question which attorneys in such cases will settle for themselves, but the question as to what is, and ought to be, the proper conduct of a jury trial on the part of attorneys, is a subject in which the public at large has an interest. A jury has been popularly supposed to decide cases according to the evidence and in conformity with the law as laid down to them by the courts. This is a theory which gives strength to our judicial system so far as this form of trial is concerned. Lawyers may differ as to the effect of begging a jury for a verdict, as to whether such conduct helps or hurts a case, and each is liable to come to a conclusion according to his own lights and to act accordingly. But the public has an interest in the decent conduct of all judicial proceedings, and it is worthy of consideration whether or not an attorney should be permitted in a case to get down upon his knees in open court and beg a jury for a verdict. To many people it would doubtless seem not only undignified and unbecoming but indecent and disgraceful. It is also worthy of some consideration how far the courts should permit the villification of those who are only witnesses in the case and who can have no possible interest in its result and against whose good name and good character there is no testimony or circumstance. Abuse and villification of witnesses as a part of the ordinary conduct of a judicial proceeding can result in nothing but a perversion of justice. The citizen who appears and gives testimony in obedience to the writs and subpœnas of the courts—writs which they are not permitted to defy or neglect—is entitled to a proper protection from the unwarranted assaults of counsel. If abuse is to become the fashion of the hour, and villification receive the sanction of a noble profession, self-respecting citizens will avoid the witness-box and the fountain-head of justice will be dried. It may be properly said with respect to the courts of San Francisco and the members of its bar, that their conduct and proceedings, especially in the courts of record, have generally been dignified and respectful, having due consideration for the characters and reputations of all parties concerned. Late innovations upon these methods are not to be charged to the San Francisco bar or its membership, we are glad to note. Their first appearance here should be met with merited rebuke, and it might be well for the courts and the profession to administer to this alien and bucolic importation the stringent treatment the malady requires. A further repetition of the disgraceful scenes and unwarranted abuse which recently took place in the court presided over by one of the most respected judges of our Superior Courts should be made impossible.

We would be glad to receive expressions of opinions upon this subject from prominent members of the bar of San Francisco and from the judges of the court.

WITH Democratic, Republican, Populist, Prohibition and two Non-Partisan municipal tickets in the field San Francisco must be hard to please if her voters do not find what they want in the line of a city government. The pestilent and perennial O'Donnell may be added to the list, for his withers itch to be saddled as Mayor, and he whinnies for a rider.

Perhaps by and by it may dawn upon our citizens that the municipal diseases which require so much medicine are not inherent in politics but germinate in the system of city government. The Roman Senate was nothing but the city council of the city of Rome. We do not remember which ward Cato represented —perhaps Senator Lynch can tell—but we do believe that Rome went the way of all flesh because the Senate was the legislative and executive combined in one. Our Board of Supervisors is the analogue of the Roman Senate. It levies taxes and spends them. The two functions should be widely separated. The making of contracts and spending of taxes should be entrusted to a separate administrative body, over which the tax-levying or legislative branch has no control except by limiting its supplies. Under such a system we would find the Supervisors cutting down the administrative estimates and economizing, because it would have no hand in spending what it appropriated and no interest in extravagance. Even those who walk as near to God as Lynch and Henley cannot make men over. Human nature is prone to evil as the sparks to fly upward, but it does fairly well when it is treated right, and if we had a municipal system in which a Supervisor can only exploit himself in economies as the sole means of securing approval and further promotion, there are none amongst us so mean that they cannot be trusted in that office.

COMMUNICATION.

We publish herewith a communication which embodies the views of a Democratic reader of THE WAVE. It voices the sentiment of a man well-known within Democratic party lines and accentuates our criticism of last week upon the general weakness of the campaign speeches credited to the several Gubernatorial aspirants. Mr. Budd, has, by far, the best arguments on his side of the contest, and we repeat he should employ them exclusively, and lay aside the folly of claiming for a Governor the perogatives of a czar or autocrat or wildly promising to cure all evils and regulate all ills. Readers of THE WAVE have learned that our columns are always open for the fair expression of their views on public questions, and we welcome such communications if temperately expressed, even though such views may not accord with our own.

TO THE EDITOR.—I desire to express my sympathy with your criticism of the speeches made by the three candidates for the Governorship in this State. I am a Democrat and will vote for Mr. Budd, but I deprecate the low plain upon which he puts his stump campaign. He will be elected, I have no doubt, but when elected he will be embarrassed by the expressions used in the speeches he is making now. The people of California have long memories, and they remember that none can excel the anti-railroad invective used by Creed Haymond and Cohen, and yet both of them rounded up in the railroad camp. No one suspects Mr. Budd of any such intention, but he unnecessarily puts himself in historically offensive company by protesting too much. The pit does not control the State and politicians who play to the pit exclusively make a disgusting mistake. In a Governor there is expected a certain dignity in speech and conduct, which Mr. Budd seems to think inconsistent with that adolescent exuberance which he so admirably affects. In this he is mistaken. His youth is no bar to propriety of manners, any more than the age of Estee and Webster is an excuse for its absence. Their transparent demagogy is a reason why he should present a contrast, and his friends and party will be grateful if he will proceed to do so. Many Democrats are displeased because he snubs the President, and dodges the National record of the party. If the administration is unworthy of approval and defense, and the National Democracy unfit for fellowship then the contest in this State is merely personal, and men are free of party obligation. I do not believe this. In every other State the National Democracy is in evidence, and its principles are pleaded amongst the issues. The great battle of the year is in New York, where Senator Hill, pocketing all disappointment and resentment, raises a National battle cry in the State Convention, which convulses it with party ardor and warms its heart with party pride. Here, as these members of the party invest their interest and spend their energy in behalf of what concerns the many, in advancement of the common fortunes of the organization, and Mr. Budd makes a mistake in seeming to suppose that there is nothing at stake but that personal victory which he is going to win. Demagogy is a necessity with Webster and Estee. They have no other weapons of warfare, but competition with them in that respect is not required of Mr. Budd and it weakens him. Democracy stands for social order and justice, not for riot, rant, rot and ruction. Mr. Budd needs simply to be Democratic to win by a majority that will not only certify his personal strength and vigor and character, but will be plainly an impression of public verdict for those principles in the name of which he stands before the people. Let it be hoped that hereafter he will give intelligent, intellectual expression to the purpose of his party, and leave the burnt cork business to his competitors. DEMOCRAT.

SPLASHES

TO JUDGE by preliminary descriptions of the array of oncoming debutantés this will indeed be a winter of discontent for the buds of last season and the maturer belles of erstwhile cotillions. It is rather a poor consolation for them to remember that the worst seldom occurs and that anticipated beauty is always more potent than actual eyes, noses and chins, as revealed at the initial "Friday night." Optimistic mammas and hopeful relatives, however, have begun the work of erecting reputations for their budding olive branches, whose fascinations would require the charm of Trojan Helens to satisfy half the expectations already aroused. From these exuberant photographs I am led to believe that the prevailing type will be a trifle robust in its lines. They are not sylphs, these debutting damsels, but in development deliciously healthy, round-limbed and radiantly rosy. I fear the aggregate of their wealth hardly meets the total of last season's buds. But who knows what the future may unfold for their pa's and ma's—for they are decidedly young, these demoiselles, alluringly young.

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But who cares, unless it be herself, about the amplitude of Miss Genevieve Goad's fortune. Is she not charming enough, with such eyes, such features, such a dazzling complexion, to warrant the complete absence of ducats. Ere the initial entry is made Miss Genevieve is belle of the debutantés this season. Before those lovely eyes of hers and that seductive, gracious smile, even her sister, Miss Aileen, must hide a diminished, if very pretty head. There is also Miss Genevieve Carolan, who is declared by the experts to be the beauty of a family noted for its good looks. She has been "finished" at an Eastern college, is declared a clever equestrienne and proficient in outdoor games—indeed, the roses and cream tints of her complexion might argue that without further evidence. The outcoming of Miss Bertha converts the duo of Smith sisters into a trio. They are refined, demure maidens, admirably brought up, and the debutanté is no less charmingly correct and pretty than her predecessors in society. Their father is Sidney M. Smith, and they live in a fine large mansion out on Broadway.

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Here are some of the others, however: Miss Daisy Van Ness is the daughter of the clever attorney and the sister of Mrs. Jack de Ruyeter, one of the most fascinating of the young married set. Miss Stubbs, J. C. Stubb's daughter, is a very nice, bright girl who has no little of her parent's quickness of wit; Miss Della Mills is the daughter of W. H. Mills of the Southern Pacific and is reputed a worthy descendant. She is a graduate of Ogontz College, has blue eyes and dark hair and adds to the merely intellectual accomplishments a proficiency at fencing quite out of the ordinary. Miss Mills, I believe, is even now engaged in organizing a minuet class for the winter. A second Miss Mills is the daughter of the late Edgar of that ilk. She is a decidedly pretty maiden with the most delicate complexion imaginable, soft blonde hair and dreamy blue eyes. She is to have a third of the million her father left, but that is a detail. Miss Ida Robinson is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson, is a graduate of Miss West's school and a pleasant, bright maiden who will, like her sister, have many friends. There is also Miss Beatrice Tobin, whose debut is to be made this evening as the bridesmaid at her brother's wedding. She has had the sisters of Notre Cœur as her instructors and her upbringing does them credit. Miss Beatrice has splendid hair of the Titian red tone, is piquant and quite attractive.

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Well may one ask after surveying the list, which, I am creditably informed, is weak in important particulars—the sins being of omission rather than of commission, of course,—what is to be the fate of the rest, the maidens of other Winters, the belles of bygone seasons? How can they hope to compete with the freshness, the color, the complexions of these young people?

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"WIDOWS BEWITCHED" at the Century Club, Wednesday last, brought out the full strength of that highly cultured organization. A most imposing gathering it was—the fashionable feminine intellectuality of San Francisco, dashed with femininity merely fashionable and intellectually inconspicuous. The performance was bright and clever, but the most notable feature of the occasion was a hat, quite the largest hat I have ever seen. I made inquiries, but was unable to discover whether the charming blonde who sported this colossal specimen of millinery was a Centurien, or merely a friend. Such a hat it was, breadth of beam and brim, fluttering with plumes, ribbons and lace—a veritable compendium of trimmings. I may be forgiven for permitting it to distract my attention from the charming Miss Daisy.

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In spite of the hat and of the Century Club, which is so very intellectual in spots, I became aware of two lonely men on the stage, Mr. Purnell and Mr. Elliott, and when I asked what they did among so feminine a concourse I was assured they were there as tenor and baritone, not as mere males. "Music," announced my cicerone magnificently, "is not a matter of sex." I under the circumstances to differ would not have been discreet, and I omitted the fine distinctions that might be drawn between voices. But for the timely interruption of Miss Cressy's contralto, she might have continued, but that fascinating maiden saved me and beguiled my ears at the same time. She has cachet, style, flexibility and eyes. Miss Cressy has rather more style than voice, and such a charming smile. Miss Hert is a bit statuesque, but is eminently graceful in the matter of asides, but both were more assured then Messrs. Tenor and Baritone. But, oh, gentle male reader, would'st thou, too, not tremble in the presence of three hundred centurions, their hundred friends, the largest hat anyone ever saw and a dozen members of Herr Scheel's orchestra fiddling and fluting away for dear life? Of course, thou would'st.

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However, the operetta, directed as it was by Miss Withrow, and stage-managed by Miss Tucholsky, went off swimmingly and really the orchestra played capitally and looked charming. One does not usually speak of belles in such a connection, but at the risk of originality I must allude to the picturesqueness of Miss Alice Ames, in whose golden hair a beam of afternoon sunlight kept playing; to Miss Anna Lyle, fluatist, a blonde maiden with a charming mouth, in lavender satin, covered with dotted muslin, who looked as if she had stepped out of one of Sir Peter Lely's canvases. How seriously the audience took the Widows, though, and the performance generally. One might imagine one's self in an undertaking parlor but for the music—an impression signally removed, by the way, when, after the performance was ended, the entire congregation moved en masse on the refreshments. Four hundred into coffee, sandwiches and cake goes—how often? That is a question Mrs. Horace Davis alone can answer.

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Quite an interesting event was the reception given by Mrs. Caswell at her Sacramento street house last Friday night, in honor of young Mr. Henry Foote's departure for Oregon City. There was good singing, followed by dancing, and a supper that every one did justice to wound up the evening. The absence of Mr. Foote from happenings in this as well as the other side of the bay, will certainly be conspicuous, for, besides being a bright, popular young fellow, he assisted vigorously in numerous affairs, and did so effectively. Events among the younger element this winter promise to be both numerous and interesting. Imbued with a certain desire for entertaining this particular contingent, the ages of whose members are between sixteen and twenty, have generally managed to break the monotony of the late months of the year in affairs of different kinds. So enjoyable are these entertainments that the older members of the fashionable set consider themselves fortunate, indeed, in having secured an entry to the small fry's world, and rarely permit an opportunity to share its pleasures go by unheeded. At present several dancing classes are in course of formation. One formed by Laura and Gertie Bates, which meets every other Saturday night, will be foremost among the swellest, while parties, receptions, and actually teas, promise to be rare features of the approaching season.

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AMONG the charming rumors that society finds material for its afternoon tea gossip is one alleging a matrimonial arrangement between a gentleman of considerable social and political prominence and a well-known maiden of high degree, whose reputation for wit is quite out of the ordinary. Strange as it may seem, his daughters are amenable to the alliance—indeed are anxious for it, for the damsel in question is one of their dearest friends and thinks as they do on the salient necessity for current amusement. Of course the affair may not be arranged as charmingly as all this, but all concerned have hopes.

* * *

Quite a number of theatre parties at the California this week. "Old Kentucky" seems to have caught society as well as the oi polloi, and nightly the boxes, as well as the upper circles are filled. The Dimonds had a party there Monday night. On Wednesday the

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Goads had a crowd. Otherwise, the week has been painfully uneventful.

* * *

The solitary topic of conversation this week was the marriage of Miss Dimond and Joseph Tobin, to-night. Not altogether, because it is the sole event of social prominence at this end of September, does it attract attention, but quite as much because of the popularity of the prospective bride and groom. The details of the ceremony have been handled at full length by the entire pack of social journalists, and there is nothing but the tieing of the knot now left to record. Some six hundred invitations were issued, and as it is quite out of the question to suppose that any one would have the hardihood to remain away, one may expect the house will be pretty well crowded. It is not usual at a reception of this kind for all the guests to stay throughout the evening. After saluting the happy pair, the appropriate thing is to make one's exit as gracefully as one's style allows. Under these circumstances it may be possible for the intimate friends to celebrate the occasion with the proper degree of enthusiasm and space.

* * *

The announcement of Miss Hope Ellis' marriage to Mr. Burt Sherwood will prove an interesting bit of gossip for society. Both are well-known in their set—she as the belle of Marysville—a tall, graceful, beautiful young woman, and he as a member of the firm of Sherwood & Sherwood. Though rumor had it some time ago they were engaged, the friends of both denied it with great energy and the subject was put aside. Miss Ellis was to have been one of Miss Mae Dimond's bridesmaids, but it was reported last week that she was too ill to come to town for the affair. On Tuesday last she invited some friends to her home at Marysville for a musicale and surprised them with a wedding. Of course the affair was quite unexpected, but it is the unexpected that happens.

* * *

A musical at the Presidio, by Mrs. Blount, brought together a desirable combination of ability, beauty and youth. Miss Alice Ames' contributions evoked enthusiasm; her tone is broader and more resonant than the fair sex usually compel the violin to give up, and with temperment she is liberally endowed. By the way, to the newspaper instinct, or imagination, entirely is due the rumor of Miss Ames adopting an artistic career; the development of her talent is solely for her own and her friend's gratification. Mrs. Blount's charming and well-trained voice, and Miss Eccleson's pure contralto blended with sisterly sympathy in tasteful duets, and Mr. Niccol sang effectively.

* * *

THE FORCIBLE closing of a maiden's fan and some hasty words, and a hubbub of applause and disapproval, brought Ugo Talbo's soireé musicale to an abrupt finish. Tears, apologies, a hum in the air—and some mysterious cohesion of hand-clapping and hissing were in order. An impromptu *scene* not on the list finished a programme of some eccentricity. Sixteen numbers, with uncanny possibilities in the way of encores faced the sensitive souled, and, as far as the programme was carried through, the foreboding was realized. Mr. Talbo's vocal talents were not in surprizing evidence, a mist of some kind obscured them sufficiently effectively to disappoint even his warm admirers. Mr. Herman Brandt who has not been heard much of late retains the full use of his powers as a conscientious and clever musician. Tenor voices like Mr. Frank Mitchell's continue to be rare, and his singing has gained in certainty and finesse. Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, Miss Touaillon and Dr. Arthur Regensburger helped to make the programme attractive.

* * *

Accused and abused of numberless imaginative ills, the Lurline baths are not generally supposed to be over exposed to the sun. But seeing the unctuous care with which the son of a California-street millionaire protected his cranium with a closely woven skull cap, the observant bathers supposed it must be Old Sol's attentions he feared. One day recently the real reason came to light. The youth, who rejoices in luxuriant hair and a high tenor voice of uncertain quality, with an ambition at snatching the laurels from Rubinic memory in the matter of trills, tra-la-la's and roulades, took a gentle header into some five feet of water. Onlookers, after a moment or two, expected his appearance, but were treated to a variety of mysterious antics all under water. The instructors were on the point of making an heroic rescue when the youth's arms hove in sight, in one hand a skull cap, in the other a stylish wig. Following after came a sputtering head entirely innocent of all hair on the crown.

* * *

It is very evident from the manner Mr. Wildman is conducting the *Overland Monthly* that it will in no time rank with the foremost magazines of the country. The October number possesses some rare features, among them a ballad by Joaquin Miller in which the long-locked poet sings of the Balboa Sea, a good article on the Naval Needs of the Pacific, by Irving M. Scott, and numerous sketches, poems and essays by several of the literary celebrities of the day. Since the present

MR. WILDMAN.

young editor took charge of the *Overland* the magazine has been improving with every issue and it only requires time to attain the same artistic level and standing it had in the days of Bret Harte, when it had more circulation on the Atlantic Coast than out in California. By the way, those who are interested in the coming horse show will find the subject entertainingly treated in this number.

* * *

Madame Ziska gave one of her charming receptions last Thursday evening and the affair passed off as delightfully as do all the entertainments for which this talented and versatile hostess is so famous.

* * *

A feature of the occasion was the reading of an original play, "Margaret the Witch," by Mrs. Alice Kingsbury Cooley. It was a drama in six acts, and lasted nearly three hours and a half in the rendition. The authoress in portrayal of the various characters in the play lent to it all the dramatic effects of pose and elocution. At times, she out-kneeled even Lawyer Johnson, while her imitation of the witches' shrieks and groans made the precincts of Van Ness avenue a veritable Walpurgis Night for many blocks around. Mrs. Cooley intends hiring a hall next time.

* * *

William Greer Harrison has invited a number of critics, newspapermen and musicians to hear the reading of his new play "Runnymede" next Wednesday evening. The drama is already being rehearsed by Mr. Warde in New York, and will be produced there next month.

* * *

Mr. H. J. Stewart's accompanying music will be heard for the first time on Wednesday; and for the purpose of rendering it with more fidelity, there will be a small chorus of singers and a number of musicians. The music has already aroused the admiration of the local critics who had the pleasure of hearing it.

* * *

The thirty-eighth Carr-Beel Saturday popular concert will take place October 6th, at 3:15 P. M. There will be two novelties in the way of a new trio by Godard and a string quartette by Tschaikowsky, both of which will be heard here for the first time. Miss Irma Fitch will sing some new songs.

* * *

Mrs. F. M. Smith has gone East for the autumn. Mrs. J. J. Valentine is entertaining her sister and Mrs. Williams of San Diego, and there is a good deal of festivity in a small way in their home.

* * *

BEHIND MOST marriages there's a romance — not a tragedy, necessarily, but an entertaining combination of incidents leading up to the matrimonial climax. The engagement of Miss Mabel Treadwell and young Mr. Joseph Nolan was precipitated by the late great strike. Neither, of course, have any imaginable interest in railways, but the fact of the tie-up precipitated a complication that Mr. Nolan had the opportunity of solving. He did so with a dexterity that won him the affections of the decidedly handsome young heiress who to-day becomes his wife. This initial incident of the courtship occurred at Redwood City. Miss Treadwell, the Nolans and some other young people were driving, in a four-horse rig, over the mountains toward Pescadero on a sunny afternoon. One of the horses grew restive and the team started to bolt down the hill. The young man who held the ribbons lost his head and Heaven alone knows what might have happened but for the sang-froid of Nolan, who, leaning forward, caught the reins and checked the headlong progress.

* * *

It was all done so quietly that the others did not realize the danger they had been in nor the skill by which it had been averted.

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Miss Treadwell, who had been sitting with the driver, was the exception, however, and was decidedly impressed. That occurred some time before the strike, which really culminated the courtship. It seems Miss Treadwell had come up from San José on business and had to return there to be present at certain court proceedings incidental to the estate. Railroad travel was suspended. She was in a quandary and telephoned to Miss Kitty Nolan, asking what she should do. "My brother will drive you down there if you wish," suggested Miss Nolan. They made up a party. It was moonlight; they had a delightful trip; rapid time; four horses. At San Jose they stopped at the Treadwell house a few days, and there it was Mr. Nolan proposed and was accepted.

* * *

The happy pair will be wedded this morning at the Nolan mansion on Golden Gate avenue and for the honeymoon go to Honolulu, accompanied by Miss Kitty. Returning, they are to spend the winter in San Francisco and then go to the south of France for quite an extended visit. Miss Treadwell, in addition to possessing a half-million dollars or more, is a tall, handsome, athletic young woman, with a soft, pleasant voice and a charming manner.

* * *

The engagement of Miss Ida Sweet to Mr. Ullman of this city, is announced. Miss Sweet is the third daughter of Solomon Sweet, capitalist, and is liked amongst a host of friends. Mr. Ullman is engaged in the mercantile business.

* * *

Now that September is on the wane, and October looming up, when milliners hold grand displays of imported finery, when modistes manipulate satins and gauzes, when summer idyls fade and when winter realities confront, then is the moment of the débutante. But this winter, the tried veterans and the younger blossoms are smilingly chanting hymns of thanksgiving because the "bud," the dear little pink bud, is scarce—in point of fact she is not. No new little heiress, no new little social sensation is heralded, and the field belongs to the "tried and still wanting."

* * *

Herr Scheel's orchestra at the Auditorium is still an experiment, although the attendance during the past week has been sufficient to pay "living" expenses. The opening night called out a fashionable, although not an enthusiastic audience. The day had been inordinately hot, and the glare and stuffiness of the hall was decidedly a drawback to an artistic success. Scheel's subscribers are urging him to give afternoon symphonies. The women, one and all, prefer them, and Bauer's successes in that line last year are not to be "sneezed at." Friday night's receipts were eight hundred dollars, but the popular concert of the succeeding evening only brought in two hundred gross.

* * *

SOCIETY BASEBALL is a form of enjoyment that attracts the Oakland Four Hundred. They gather at such festivities, if one may dare call them so, in multitudes, displaying the resources of summer fabrics and the glories of light sunshades. Indeed, it was hot enough for awnings, ice-coolers or any other agency for the reduction of temperature. How they did glow, the unfortunate players; how moist they looked in the blazing sunlight, even though the bright eyes of sweethearts, cousins and aunts rained influence and encouragement on their efforts in the cause of charity. The opponents were a "Fruitvale" nine, consisting mainly of Magees, and a nine of the Columbia Boat Club, whose rowing, I hope, contrasts to advantage with their baseball, inasmuch as victory perched on the Fruitvale banner, with the score 23 to 3.

* * *

One of the prettiest features of the afternoon was the Magee coach, the gowns of its occupants being combined to form a highly artistic color scheme. One pretty gown was yellow, another pink and a third blue and white, the general effect being very charming. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe made their initial public appearance since returning from their honeymoon. There were any number of others.

* * *

Miss Florence Dunham should feel gratified at the many expressions of regret the announcement of her early departure for the East has evoked. She is to spend the winter there and will have the opportunity of gratifying the musical and intellectual tastes she has developed. Miss Dunham ranks as one of the most attractive young women society has had in several seasons

* * *

An engagement of some interest is that of Miss Maud Wilkenson of Berkeley and Mr. Henshaw, an instructor in the philosophical department of the University. Miss Wilkenson is the daughter of the Superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb institution, is both pretty and intelligent, and at one time held the lawn tennis championship. Mr. Henshaw is considered one of the bright minds of Berkeley. No date for the marriage yet.

* * *

Music hath always charms in Oakland—amateur music, at least—for it ever gathers society and its associates and incumbrances. Perhaps there is less sympathy for foreign professional talent, but that is to be anticipated in a region where family and domesiic influences count for so much in the gathering audiences.

* * *

Costia Doomcheff, the young Russian violinist, attracted only the cognos cruti—the beaumonde rather gave him the go-by. It was not so at the Heine's concert the other night. Miss Heine, who is the vocal member of the family, was the leading spirit, and she had the assistance of her sister, the pianist, and of the brother who is so clever on the 'cello. The programme was excellent and the talent of the gifted family recognized by the degree of applause commensurate with the reputation of each. There is nothing like being exact about such things.

* * *

The affairs of the Kirkhams supply Oakland with a fertile topic of gossip. It may sound like an exaggeration to state there has been developed a veritable excitement over the affair throughout the entire region of Jackson and Alice streets, but that is the fact. The older friends falter not in their allegiance to Mrs. Dr. Wheeler, whom they say has been the kindest and most loving of daughters. I am sure they will rally to her assistance in this painfal extremity and show that so far as she is concerned the charges of Mrs. Yarde-Buller are quite unfounded.

* * *

The season at Alameda promises to be gay and buoyant. It opened formally with a very jolly party at Mrs. Young's and a sweet-pea luncheon at Mrs. Higgins' on Versailles street. Of course, the viands were not floral. The description applies exclusively to the decorations.

* * *

ONE of the best stories of the week is told at the expense of an exceedingly shrewd and energetic lady whose enthusiasm in the cause of philanthropy has won her a place on the Associated Charity Board. She was sent to Minna street to investigate a specially deserving and particularly sad case, that of a woman with the usual number of olive branches, who had applied for money to bury her dead husband. By no means lachrymose and accustomed to tragic scenes and suffering, the investigator was affected to tears when she entered the humble dwelling. About the corpse, covered with a coarse white sheet, the children were grouped, the red-eyed widow kneeling beside the bier.

* * *

Hastily the representative of the Charities emptied her purse into the lap of the kneeling woman to supply present needs of the afflicted family and, drying her tears, set off to report on so deserving a case. At the first corner she remembered her umbrella and turned back to find it. Not waiting for her hurried knock to be answered and pushing into the room she had vacated but a few moments previously she saw—alas! Upright on the improvised bier sat the supposed corpse counting the dollars; the children romped around joyously. The investigator's report was quite the reverse of favorable.

* * *

SUPERVISOR JEFFERSON G. JAMES, the Democratic nominee for Mayor, is, beyond a doubt, the most original grammarian and orthoepist within the confines of this great State of California. His latest oratorical flights are masterpieces in the art of "English as she should not be spoke." The few remarks delivered by the honorable gentleman at the bull's head breakfast of the Iroquois Club should be incorporated in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." "I am glad you have enjoyed the enjoyment of this most enjoyable enjoyment," was one of his choice sentences. He concluded his remarks by saying: "I am glad I have came and shall have been sorry when I have went." That especial outburst of Burkeonion eloquence has seldom been surpassed for originality of conception, save by Mr. James himself. In a recent political speech he allowed his thoughts to carry him into the sea of confidence. "Am I not a present incumbrance of the Board of Supervisors?" he asked, after a dissertation on the policy of honesty.

* * *

However, Mr. James is by no means the only wayfarer on the "paths that lead but to the grave." His friend Dundon, while discussing the intellectual caliber of the millionaire butcher with a party of prominent politicians, remarked that "the Democrats are establishing a bad *preeceedence* in naming an illiterate man for the office of Mayor."

* * *

WHILE IT MAY be a bit early to criticise, I fear the new architect of the Whittell house is on the verge of serious error. Those who are interested in affairs of that kind may remember there arose between the manager of the Luning estate and Architect Coxhead so serious a difference of opinion that the law had to be invoked. Thereupon the connection

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of the latter with the pretentious white mansion on the hill ceased, and after mature consideration Mr. Whittell decided that his personal accomplishments included a knowledge of architecture, or, at least, the capacity to finish the structure himself. He is hard at work now exhibiting his talent. There is to be a cement portico, if you please, whose details are quite out of style with the house, and the interior is to be done in absolutely plain, bare boards and door casings. Not a single magnificent fireplace will add its charm to the hospitality that is to be dispensed here, nor any other feature of modern art decoration.

* * *

Instead of the finish that is appropriate in a building in the style of the Renaissance, Mr. Whittell intends having glazed tiles, shellaced and Queen Anne varnished mantels and marvelous effects in spindle work like one finds in professionally decorated flats. The ceilings of the principal room on the main floor are actually done in plaster, and what is even worse, are "ornamented" with incandescent lights carefully placed in figures and circles after the manner that prevails so weirdly in the Baldwin rotunda, saloons, cafés and other public places. One cannot help regretting he should so misuse the opportunity of adding a graceful and harmonious residence to the mansions of the city, and I am persuaded he will repent when he sees the houses that Mr. Whittier, Mr. Donohue, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Spreckels and Mrs. Donahue are building in various parts of the Western Addition. Each has chosen a different architect, and the competition is one that cannot fail to be of interest to all who care for fine effects in the art that Mme. de Stael so gracefully alluded to as "frozen music."

* * *

MRS. CHARLES LUX, who passed away last week, was a woman who gave her life to good works. It mattered not what the charity, she was always eager to encourage it. It is impossible to say how much she gave to the many who needed, because she never kept account of it. Her life was simplicity itself, and she stinted herself in clothes and food to supply the demands of her heart and conscience. Yet her charity was practical, and, for the most part, wise. She belonged to that coterie which has included Mrs. George Barstow, Mrs. Nathaniel Gray, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. Alvord and Miss Beaver—women who investigate poverty and really discover the deserving poor.

* * *

In religious matters Mrs. Lux was extremely liberal, notwithstanding she was devout. When the Rev. Hugh Carpenter, successor to Dr. Scudder, found it impossible to continue in the pulpit of the Howard Presbyterian Church, some twenty years ago, Mrs. Lux was among the first to come to the rescue of the small band of seceders. She admired his freedom from bigotry, and enabled his followers to hire the Bush-street Theatre—then the Alhambra—as a temporary refuge for the flock. At that time it was a novelty to find a church in a theatre, and the enterprise caught the public fancy as much as did Carpenter's fervor and diction.

* * *

GREAT EXCITEMENT in Spanish American circles over the flight of Ezeta. Actually he deceived everyone and quite shocked a number of interesting conspirators who had made every arrangement to turn him over either as a corpse or captive to the Salvadoreans. It may not astonish those who have read the interesting accounts of the Ex-Dictator's sanguinary exploits to learn he is highly endowed with enemies. Indeed, he numbers them by legion, and they are as implacable as they are numerous. The plot to put Ezeta out of further trouble had its inspiration with the government of San Salvador, and it was pretty thoroughly organized before Ezeta was landed from the Bennington. International etiquette forbade any attempt on the life of a United States prisoner, and as long as the great man was in the custody of this country he was safe.

* * *

However, Ezeta knew of the attempt, and straightway put detectives at work to keep pace with the conspiracy. He proceeded also to ingratiate himself with prominent San Franciscans, had gorgeous times in his apartments at the California Hotel, banquets every night, champagne suppers at intervals. His martial airs and dark beauty won him the admiration of several graceful damsels, who among themselves alluded to the General as Colonel Mazuma—the highest compliment that can possibly be paid any man's liberality. However, throughout all this time he was keeping track of the movements of his enemies and certainly he threw them off their guard beautifully. They had anticipated Morrow's decision, but made sure at least one of the refugees would be detained. No one suspected that Ezeta would desert Cienfuegas, who still languishes in jail, and besides, he had made arrangements to stop this coming week at the residence of W. W. Foote, across in Oakland. The announcement of his departure, therefore, created absolute consternation, and I fear some time must elapse ere the conspirators recover.

* * *

Two of the ring leaders have already started in pursuit ready to proceed to the direst extremities. One thing is certain, if Ezeta had not taken his departure when he did, I fear his end would have come ere this, as the preparations were most adequate. Personally he is a man of great power, vigor and daring, choleric, strong as a bull, the ideal tyrant, quick to take offense, rapid of speech, a fighter. One had a fair idea of his character by the manner the veins in his neck stood out when he grew indignant. They swelled furiously. But he did have a gorgeous time while he was here, and he lives to do more mischief.

* * *

IN ADDITION to possessing the largest theatre on the coast the Moroscos have certainly one of the handsomest suites of apartments in town. For themselves the several brothers have reserved the entire series of rooms fronting on Mission street, entered from the large café on the second floor. These are palatial apartments, with lofty ceilings and large windows hung with handsome draperies. The several bedrooms are provided with all the conveniences and yet are so arranged with their dainty curtains and decorations to resemble a suite of parlors. Especially handsome is the room of the elder Morosco, whose taste for artistic furniture has found for him an exceedingly handsome four-poster of the Elizabethan period, with curtains in harmony. A richly-furnished drawing-room, a billiard-room and a dining-room are also in the set.

* * *

In the latter apartment, connected with an elevated kitchen by means of a dumb waiter, there is a charming bit of furniture in the shape of a dark mahogany sideboard cabinet, richly carved. Like many another good thing of its kind, Mr. Morosco picked it up for a song at an old furniture sale. Some exceedingly handsome glassware and articles de vertu ornament the walls—indeed, the suite is very swell and decidedly impressive.

* * *

THE SUBJECT OF old furniture reminds me of the charming collection of cabinets and sideboards Dr. Williams has in his pretty home at North Beach. Possessed of an accurate knowledge of the various woods, their qualities, properties, etc., Dr. Williams devotes his leisure to securing rare bits, and with that object frequents second-hand furniture sales and auction houses. Good specimens of mahogany or oak, are not nearly as plentiful as in days of yore, but at intervals he finds a treasure, and it takes its place with his collection. The gem of the set is a Louis Quatorze sideboard, charming in design and most artistically inlaid. An admirable Chippendale cabinet faces it. In the same room is a magnificent escritoire made of the choicest mahogany beautifully grained and polished. This fine bit of furniture, the French cabinet and an excellent table, the Doctor picked up for twenty-five or thirty dollars some years ago.

* * *

Two admirable brass bedsteads, built in the old English style, are features of the sleeping department of the residence. They are set off with some inimitable old dressing tables—veritable antiquities in valuable woods. A quantity of carved wood picked up for a few dollars at the Turkish section is now being converted in the Doctor's workshop into screens and chests, at the sight of which the eye of a connoisseur waters out of admiration and envy. Unlike most collections of this kind, there is no rubbish nor second-rate stuff; all there is in the collection is first rate.

* * *

WILD STORIES regarding the expedition which Jimmy Coleman and Dan O'Connell made to the North Fork of the American river are gradually leaking out. Coroner Hughes and Tom Flynn were in the party and they both have that keen sense of humor which is so characteristic of their noble race. There was hunting, shooting and fishing galore, also everything that a man cares to drink in hot Sierra weather, and yet the guests of Mr. Coleman all came back with sore throats, and this is why:

* * *

It seems that in an eager chase after a spiked buck the party found itself far from camp. O'Connell's celebrated flask had all run dry. Coleman had lost his gold-mounted bottle on the sidehill. Tom Flynn's cologne had entirely evaporated and gone to his head early in the game. Their trusty guide—one McDermott by name—rode up at the climax of thirst and objuration and remarked:

"Say, gents, I'm hellish dry!"

"Please don't make profane allusions, sir, in Mr. Coleman's presence," exclaimed O'Connell, stiffly. "They're vulgar, sir!"

"Well," continued McDermott undaunted, "There's a sheep-herder just down below here, quarter of a mile, and he mixes the best cocktail you ever see."

"Where! where!" cried the exhausted hunters.

"Come on and I'll show you."

* * *

There was a hurried galloping, stumble-down-the-grade in the deepening gloom of evening, and in a few minutes the haven of drink was found nestling in a little mountain glen.

"Say, Bill Marshall!" exclaimed McDer-

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

mott, "here's the next Governor of California and his friends. They're all done up and they want a bracer. Bring out your liquor!"

Everybody dismounted and entered the low hut eagerly.

"So yees have a ti'rst," remarked their host with a "far-down" accent.

"We have that," replied the O'Connell in rich brogue, with a view to diplomacy.

"An' yees are after wantin' a drop of the craythur."

"We are that same."

"Dear me! dear me! An' how dhrink is a controllin' inflooence!"

"An' it is!" whined O'Connell fervidly.

* * *

The old sheep-herder took down from the shelf over the adobe fireplace a dusty black bottle, and shook it knowingly. The thirsty hunters twirled their tongues in expectation as they perceived that it was more than half full.

"What would George Hayes say if he was here!" sighed Dr. Hughes in ecstasy.

The old man poured five generous measures into as many dirty China cups. As the white liquid trickled forth Coleman exclaimed:

"Ah, it's Scotch!"

"No," answered Flynn, "it's gin!"

"It's a cocktail—a Bally-Kilmilligan cocktail of me own make," was the sheep-herder's reply.

Then they all drank and let the liquor trickle down their parched gullets.

The next moment there was a wild stampede for the door. Hughes fell over Coleman, and Flynn lay down outside and said he was poisoned. O'Connell plunged his head into the water trough and his example was followed by the others. When they recovered, ten minutes after, they filed back to the cabin door in a condition of collapse.

"What was that carbolic acid mixed with?" demanded O'Connell, fiercely.

"It's a cocktail, I tell yees," replied Marshall defiantly.

"But it's ingredients! Sirrah!"

"Well, now, if yees want to know the secret, I'll give it. It's made of three parts alcohol and one part turpentoine—just to add flavor to it. And there's no better cocktail made on the face of God's green earth."

* * *

The eccentric and gifted Charles Graham, artist and disporter, is still in the city, alternating between Burlingame and the Latin quarter. Just now he is finishing a lot of pictures anent famous Bohemian Club Jinks. Harry Brady is writing the "copy," and the "Cheerful Workers" are eagerly awaiting the result.

* * *

THE MARTIN TRIAL is over, the case decided and the jury, the newspapers and Judge Coffey are at rest. Such a long drawn out contest it was, but how splendidly fought. However one may criticise the style and manner of Grove Johnson it is impossible not to concede the courage and vigor of his fight. He had all the influences against him; his cause was a losing one, but certainly he struggled with the courage of desperation and made the best of a bad cause. I am not an admirer of his eloquence, nor can I find provocation for the enthusiastic eulogies of the dailies over his oratory. He is naturally exuberant, theatrical, rhetorical and, I fear, his energy is far in excess of his taste. Still, perhaps, it is unfair to judge him by the cause, for it was a bad one. Competent critics in the profession assure me Mr. Delmas' argument was a model of its kind. Logical and lucid, it handled the testimony in a masterly way, grouped and connected the facts of the evidence in convincing sequence and with strong effect.

* * *

No rush, excitement, no sentimental outbursts of inflated rhetoric, no affectation, but a purpose for every sentence and a point to every period. The peroration was as fine an exhibition of the art of oratory as has been heard in our courts for many years—impassioned without exaggeration, noble in sentiment, admirable in manner. The voice of the orator, so clear, impressive, resonant, thrilled his hearers with fine emotion, and there was an outburst of applause as he ended. As for the verdict, it was the only one possible under the circumstances. In this connection one may be permitted a certain degree of surprise at the laxity Judge Coffey exhibited in maintaining decorum and dignity during this proceeding. He failed to display the firmness, the strength the situation demanded, and that is the reason of the disgraceful scenes that occurred throughout the trial

* * *

Col. Hawes has returned from the East, to the great delight of his friends and admirers in the Bohemian Club. The "Old Guard" gave him a banquet Thursday night and celebrated his home-coming in speech and song and wine.

* * *

Causa Finis. It is finished!
Listen to the rabble's cry!
Since the judgment of the jury
Stamps this will a forgery!
What availed Johnsonian thunders;
What availed the bended knee;
Stories of repentant Per.—
"Miserere Domine?"

Came the cold Delmasian logic,
With the tale of shameless sin:
Naked truths arrayed in order,
Ugly phalanxes, and grim!

Love of God—base God of Mammon!
God of Lust, and God of Gold!
God of Envy, Hatred, Malice;
God of Misery untold!
All for this a woman—mother—
Sold her pride, her love, her life,
Bartered honor, freedom, friendship;
Dragged through mire the name of wife!
And for this most faithful service
What reward has she in store?
Loss of fortune, name—dishonor
Henceforth and forevermore!

—GEORGE A. ADAM.

* * *

AS A FEATURE of the local landscape, I have entertained a special admiration for White Hat McCarthy. In addition to being the shrewdest of horse traders, he presents a fine unconventionality that appeals to the innate love of originality, which every honest heart should cherish. Not only does he dare be different from nearly every one else, but he talks to his pose, and, in consequence, is interesting from the point of view of a character study. I believe it is John D. Spreckles who speaks of White Hat as the eccentric comedian of the racing world. Since the advent of Talbot Clifton, who has the proper English regard for human novelties, McCarthy has revolved in a different male sphere, and though he be Irish and as Democratic as our institutions, it must be admitted, aristocratic influences have got a bit the better of him. Living in a blue blood atmosphere it is hardly surprising he has developed aspirations in that direction.

* * *

Though no one may accuse him of possessing the fatal gift of beauty, McCarthy is proud of the snowy transparency of his skin to the degree of affecting low collars and ridiculously short coat sleeves. While engaged in cooling himself at the Grand Hotel bar one day last week, his attention was attracted to the actions of "Billy" Cartwright, who, knowing Dan's little weakness, was exhibiting a finely muscled arm to a group of admiring friends. With a suddenness that was astonishing, Mr. McCarthy broke away from the bar, and planting himself firmly, not two feet from Cartwright, declared in trumpet tones that no man in California had an epidermis of such dazzling whiteness as his own. Tearing off his coat, he rolled his shirt sleeves up to the biceps, and with extended arm—a la Sandow—offered to bet a fabulous sum that his skin was the paler and more transparent of the two. After controlling himself to such an extent as to reduce his wager to liquidations for the crowd—he agreed on the selection of the proprietor for judge and offered himself for observation.

* * *

A few minutes critical examination of the men sufficed, and the proprietor awarded the contest to Cartwright, declaring that his arm looked "the cleaner of the two."

With a withering look at his opponent and the referee, Dan calmly put on his coat, and drawing himself up to the full limit of his feet and inches said, in a voice full of calm dignity:

"Mr. Cartwright, if ye possis the honor of a gintleman, ye will cast aside the decision of that crature," — here he pointod to the judge—"and come up wid me to the home of Mrs. ——"—here he mentioned the name of a well known society matron on California street—"and put the matter in her hands."

Needless to say the invitation was declined.

* * *

PAPA SEIDL, who had the Viennese beer hall at the Midwinter Fair is back in his Austrian home. The misadventures of this interesting person are comparatively familiar to San Franciscans—the most of us, I am persuaded, could tell the number of times he had trouble with Sheriff McDade. His misunderstandings with the unfortunates who furnished material for his restaurant, were almost innumerable. Forgetting all his own sins of commission, however, Papa Seidl has broken into print in a large Viennese journal, and, heavens! how he does abuse our

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

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unfortunate city. How he does villify our good people. We are a small set, says Papa Seidl; lacking honesty, integrity—even decent business methods. So small are we in the conduct of our personal welfare that none of us ever eat in public places, but in order to save money it is our habit to walk about with buckets, reticules or bags, then settle outside the restaurant of some enterprising caterer, and munch the sandwiches and beer we bring with us.

* * *

In the meantime there is nothing for said restaurant keeper to do but dispose of his own victuals or go into bankruptcy, as Papa Seidl did. The letter is so full of vituperation that the San Francisco *Demokrat* would not dare to republish its contents; specially accuses the directors and managers of the Midwinter Fair of swindling the concessionaires. He charmingly mixes up the shooting affray in the business office of the *Chronicle*, where the cashier very properly was saved by his money from the death-dealing missile of the enraged lieutenant of Buckley, with a ruined concessionaire who used the pistol to redress his wrongs. Altogether the picture that Papa Seidl draws of San Francisco and its inhabitants is one to deter any restaurant keeper from invading these precincts, and at least he has secured our restaurants from any competition of Viennese origin.

* * *

UP NEAR THE TIVOLI is a little Hebrew tailor named Judas Edlin, who is a great source of amusement to Ferris Hartman and his fellow Thespians. They get him down in the Louvre every night after the performance and make him talk, so as to reproduce his dialect next night on the stage. Wednesday last he came in quite radiant, and calling for a "stein," said with exuberant pride:

"Vell, boys, I haf join the Young Men's Ghristian Ossociations!"

"You join that? Why, you ain't a Christian—you're a Jew."

"Vell, dot don'd make no droubles mit me. I get all dot chymasium und dot schvimming tank for dot ten dollars a year. Kowalsky, he ain'd no Ghristian, und he join mit me alretty."

"Yes, but they'll get on to you—you're first name's Judas; you'll get fired."

"Oh, dot's all right—Kowalsky, he fix dot. He sign my name Joseph."

* * *

AT THIS STAGE in the political campaign the caricaturist is supreme. In the journalistic competition, which ever waxes strongest at election times, the striking event has been the securing of Davenport by the *Examiner*. His work was so prominent a feature of the *Chronicle* that Mr. Hearst determined to have him, and in consonance with his policy, issued orders to hire him at any price. So he was asked to appear at the Mission street establishment, and was offered a substantial addition to the stipend he was receiving. The *Chronicle* met the rise, whereupon Hearst went De Young five dollars better, and now, I am told, the fortunate caricaturist receives a salary considerably in advance of any of his rivals. It must be admitted that his pictures of Rainey and Burns have been exceedingly clever; though, I am told, Swinnerton's portrait of Judge Levy's back is the most talked-of cartoon of the series. Modesty forbids my doing full justice to the theme, but I believe the WAVE's cartoons of M. M. Estee and Burns are quite the most effective series of political portraits the campaign has given rise to.

* * *

While it is regretable, it is none the less true that now-a-days the cartoon rather than the editorial points the moral and adorns the tale of passing events. The pictured representation of an event impresses itself on the popular mind in a way plain type cannot compete with. It is the pictorial representation of the pith and gist of a situation which is quickly and readily understood, and more than atones for the repetition and rehashing of ancient subjects. Considering this then, one may forgive the resuscitation of Don Quixote and the Windmills, the Boxing Contest, a new version of that venerable appliance—the Judgment of Solomon, the brewing kettle of Macbeth and the Witches, the dream of Richard the Third, Fallstaff mustering his soldiers, Samson and Delilah, Samson and the Jackass' Jaw, Hercules and the Nemean Lion, the Augean Stables, Perseus and Andromeda, etc.,—all illustrative and with particular application to the events of the moment.

* * *

ANOTHER HEBREW yarn is anent one Myers, a Sutter street tailor of mild sartorial renown. One of his Irish customers met him the other day abruptly, and said rather sharply:

"Say, Myers, you've got a nice head on you! Your friend next door says you've gone and joined the A. P. A. If that's so, divil a bit of my thrade you'll get in future!"

"Mein vrendt! Mein vrendt!" cried Myers protestingly: "It's all von tamn lie! Of any vun say dot you tell him so. Vy, mein vrendt, I embloy in mein house von Irish Gatolick cook, und efery Vriday I buy fish for dot cook. Of I vas an A. P. A. vould I buy fish for dot cook? Mein vrendt, last Schpring in dot time of Lendt, I make mein vamily eat fish so much as two dimes a veek on accound of dot Irish Gatolick cook. Und you dink I am an A. P. A.! Mein Gott in Himmel! Moses! Moses!

* * *

THE RESIGNATION of Arthur McEwen from the editorial management of the *Examiner* was the topic of interest in political circles Sunday night. Since his return from the Redwoods some months ago, that brilliant writer has had charge of the editorial and political department of Mr. Hearst's paper and in a most unmistakable way has made himself felt. While I am strongly opposed to certain of his theories and, very positively, to the attitude he took during the strike, McEwen's honesty and ability may not be gainsaid. He is no man's tool. His personal integrity is beyond cavil, and his departure, at this time, is a serious loss not only to the *Examiner* to which he had given an editorial individuality it had ever lacked previously, but to the municipality, for he might have been depended upon to oppose corruption. Perhaps it will be the best testimony to his personal worth that the schemers, bosses and manipulators are thoroughly rejoiced at his resignation.

* * *

Innumerable are the tales in circulation about McEwen's departure. It was alleged that Judge Levy was responsible, in one quarter; W. F. Herrin was saddled with the obligation in another. The truth is, however, that Mr. Hearst, who was then sojourning in the Redwoods, sent on Sunday last a dispatch in which he criticized the political policy of the paper in a way that McEwen considered offensive. Though in receipt of the largest salary paid any newspaper man on the Coast, Arthur telegraphed his resignation, and half an hour later was out of the office—he vows never to return. Under

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ordinary circumstances Mr. Hearst's action would hardly be regarded as a reason for severing his connection with the paper, but since the campaign opened Mr. McEwen has been fifteen hours a day in the *Examiner* office, writing editorials, directing the staff of political reporters, designing the cartoons, and displaying a boundless energy in the cause of the paper. Under the circumstances he regarded criticism as unjust, especially as Mr. Hearst was not on the spot, and because while he had been there no fault had been found with the policy adopted.

* * *

Mr. Hearst is back from the Redwoods again and intends, I believe, to conduct the rest of the campaign himself. It seems a pity he cannot be made understand that certain of the influences surrounding him are of the rattlesnake order—both corrupt and dangerous—and sooner or later, will involve both himself and his paper in serious trouble. His policy is to have the hands of the various editors directed against one another, and certainly he is eminently successful. Mr. McEwen goes to the country for a week and commences on his return the publication of his *Letter*. He will inaugurate a fierce campaign against the corruptionists and doubtless will be read as extensively as when he began that unique publication.

* * *

The latest addition to the *Examiner's* menagerie is a Siberian bear cub. It arrived a morning or two ago from Alaska consigned to "W. R. Hearst, from his many admirers at the North Pole." Some twelve dollars were paid for expressage and, in default of another refuge, the little beast was located on the roof of the business office which he occupied for several days, monarch of all he surveyed. Indeed, as soon as released from his cage the cub manifested an undue sportiveness, and actually had the audacity to knock down Business Manager Williams and several other members of the staff who attempted to caress him. To what use Mr. Hearst will put this late acquisition no one seems to know yet awhile. That famous bear pit for which Willis Polk made so swell a design has never been executed and it is highly questionable if the little brute would not prove more of a detriment than an acquisition to the Park.

* * *

WHEN RAINEY AND BUCKLEY interfered in municipal politics the assumption was current that two motives inspired them—revenge and the execution of a contract with Burns. The latest conclusion among those skilled in political diagnosis is that they expect to elect their ticket. The Non-Partisan movement must divide the Republican vote, and it is highly probable that Burns' convention will put up a fair ticket. It is certain, then, that the solid south-of-Market-street Irish and Catholic contingent will take its Democracy straight, as it did last time, and in consequence the city government will again be in the hands of the that party. There is also a very strong feeling among the Catholics that Colonel Burns and President Stow have considered the A. P. A.'s in their selection of delegates, and I doubt if it will be possible to counteract that impression.

* * *

Undoubtedly Buckley and Rainey did enter into a contract with Burns, but I am told Chris had never any intention of executing it. Rainey, who seems to be the more reliable of the two, was ready to carry out his end of the agreement until he saw how easily the control of the party might be regained. Then he too proceeded to act on his own behalf. On excellent authority I have it that Buckley assured one of his closest adherents that on the day after the original meeting with the Republican autocrat that their bargain would never be consummated. I believe he confided to this individual that he intended to give it to Burns "in the neck." So far, his share of the nominations have been Jefferson, James and Doc Bryant. The former was nominated in compliance with a Spring Valley contract, he having voted for them in the Supervisors; the latter because of old relationship and because he may be expected to do right in the matter of patronage.

* * *

The selection of Haley was of course a mishap, from the Rainey point of view, as he expected to control the patronage of the county clerkship, which is quite extensive. There is every probability of this gentleman's re-election, as he has been a most competent official and doubtless will have the Non-Partisan endorsement. Chairman Duprey deserves congratulation for exhibiting the sole instance of strategical ability since the convention began, so far, at least, as the "Junta" is concerned.

* * *

If indications count for aught a cloud considerably bigger than two hands mars the harmony of Sam Rainey's intercourse with Christopher Buckley. Neither of these exceedingly astute individualities are given to the questionable practice of talking with their mouths so it is from signs and tokens their disagreement is to be diagnosed. One fact is clear, Sam is the visual boss, for Buckley remains up at Ravenswood far from the busy haunts of politicians and it is his wife's fears, I believe, as much as certain tremors of his own that keep him out of the hurly burly. There may be other reasons. In the meantime, W. H. Harrison, nephew of the exile, is in evidence and finds relief in denying rumors that come from the Rainey camp. He has been at some trouble to explain that it is his uncle who had the brains and the friends and not Sam, as the adherents of the latter are busy claiming.

"Just let Buck come over to town," he says, "and you'd soon see who is the man."

* * *

Rainey has a curiously composite personality, is cunning and sturdy and surrounds himself with strong-armed competent chaps like Denny Sullivan, Eddie Greaney and Ned Lanigan, to whom he gives "frankness" as the manipulators say. With those whom he has casual meetings he is very affable, anecdotal and non-committal. In conversation Mr. Rainey rarely disagrees with anyone. Arguing is lost time and productive of enmities, and he knows it. It seems strange he heard nothing before of Buckley's stipend from the Electric Light Company, for the revelation of that is adduced by his friends as the basis of their difference. It may be assumed that on other matters they were partners. Yet the idea of manipulators so adroit and so useful to one another falling out, is contrary to sound reasoning and one is apt to distrust the appearance of disagreement as the cloak of some deeper design.

* * *

BEYOND ALL CAVIL the control of the Democratic convention rests with Rainey & Co. The manner in which authority has been obtained against conditions so obviously hostile is an illustration of political art. It displays, too, the failure of the "Junta." Sam is not in politics at convention times alone, but the year around. He and his colleagues are busy between times arranging combinations, making allies and smoothing out differences. When a campaign begins their organization, though dormant, is in perfect order, and the kid-gloved politician coming in at the last moment is astonished at his own impotence against the game his vulgar and coarsely-tailored opponent puts up. As in football, the team that has practiced the year round lines-up thoroughly prepared and scatters the others like chaff. As I said last week, Sam Rainey entered the convention with one hundred delegates, but by skillful manipulation he made them a factor in every fight, and so utilized the ambitions of opposing candidates that he actually acquired preëminence.

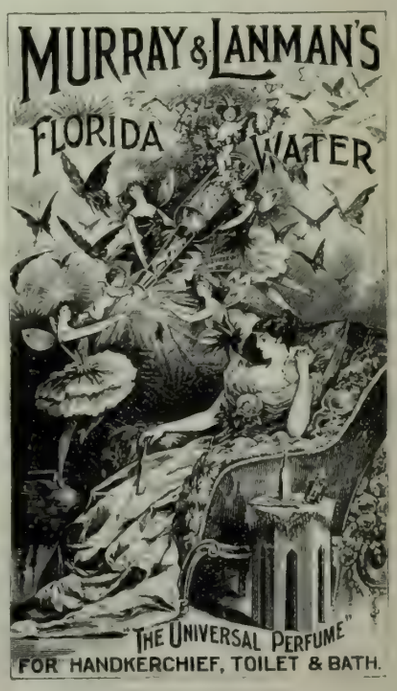
* * *

Had the "Junta," numbering perhaps, as many originally, been artistically handled, the result would have placed Lynch, Henley and other friends in control and perhaps nominated Scott and McDade. As to the turning down of that gentleman, it is related that Rainey and he had a meeting, and the potential Sam asked what would be done about patronage in the event of his election. The Sheriff said he would consider the men who had aided him, and recognized them as Jack Welsh, Ned Lanigan, McNab and others, beside his own personal following.

"Where, then, would I come in?" asked Sam.

"I don't see you," answered McDade, very frankly. And that is how Whalen was nominated. I have it on good authority that Rainey's sole understanding with the latter is that in distributing patronage he will look out for those who contributed to his election. In this selection and that of several others the scheme seems to be the preëminence of Rainey. His future influence can hardly fail to be paramount.

The Witness



A SUN OF AUSTERLITZ

OR

THE MAN OF DESTINY UP TO DATE

SCENE. *The mirror-room in the Baldwin Hotel. Colonel Daniel Bonaparte Burns is seated with a hand-glass endeavoring to catch the proper reflection of his profile in the surrounding looking-glasses. A broken watermelon lies on the small table beside him.*

BURNS (*sol.*)—"At my age Napoleon was fat — and yet Morris said last night that he had never seen a stronger likeness, if I would only shave my mustache. If anybody else but Morris had said it I'd believe him. But Morris's such a—er—er—well, flatterer! I shaved my mustache once. But that is past—dead past. I guess I'll wait till after election. I might want to go to Mexico again. It's a good disguise to shave."

[*Rings bell next watermelon.*]

ENTER JERRY MAHONEY.

BURNS—"Jerry, did you ever see a picture of Napoleon Bonaparte?"

JERRY—"Bet your life!"

BURNS—"Whereabouts?"

JERRY—"In the *Chronicle*."

BURNS (*impatiently*)—"Tut! Tut! man, what are you thinking about. General De Young would never permit that. The resemblance is too positive."

JERRY—"Say, that's all right. I know my business—See? The *Chronicle's* running Napoleon's photograph every morning. They're giving it away during the campaign."

BURNS (*complacently*)—"Dear me! Dear me! Jerry, how thoughtful the General is when he wants to honor me. Go down and get a paper right off, Jerry, I must see whether it is the picture I had taken by Thors last week, or that one Marceau did last year."

EXIT MAHONEY.

Enter Chris Buckley, unannounced, led by Maurice Schmidt.

BUCKLEY—"How did you like the fruit, Dan?"

BURNS (*startled in his reverie*)—"Hello! Is that you, Chris? How did you come up? I didn't get your card."

CHRIS—"No; I just took the elevator."

BURNS (*annoyed*)—"After this I wish you'd send a card up by the boy. It ain't etiquette to come right up, this way (*glancing at Schmidt haughtily*). I see you have a friend with you."

CHRIS—"Sure—I need him in my business. But, say, Dan, how did you and that fruit get along? That's the best watermelon I raised this year. I gave its twin to Sam last night, and he's just called in Doc. Stanton."

BURNS (*haughtily*)—"I just told the boy to take it away, sir. I am not indulging in fruit just now. These are not the times for jest and mirth. The hour awaits the man, sir, and I cannot trifle with my destiny. I am a man of few words and many deeds. Yet, I will unfold myself—to be brief, I am displeased."

CHRIS—"What's the racket?"

BURNS—"Your Convention, sir!"

CHRIS—"What's the matter with my Convention?"

BURNS—"It was a bear-pit, sir!—Perfectly scandalous!"

CHRIS—"Well, say, I done what you told me—I kept off in the country—I didn't try to choke off Jerry Lynch—and I told the gang to keep off when he was talking—say, what's eating you, anyhow?—you're always kicking!"

BURNS (*to Maurice Schmidt, who has just abstracted a third of the watermelon from its plate, and is trying to choke it down unobserved*)—"Mr. Schmidt! I have seen you do that three times, if you want to eat that piece of cholera morbus, please go out of this room, you disturb my nerves with your crunching and slobbering. I don't like it, sir, and right here let me remark that I don't want you to fool around the St. George's stables any more. It looks bad. You and Rainey would ruin the Archangel Gabriel with your stupidity. You hang round up there at the engine house with Chief Sullivan all day, when I just had orders given out in the newspapers that I was going to keep the Fire Department away from the primaries—I don't like your style, you two. You like to get your pictures taken too often."

SCHMIDT (*weeping*)—"Oh, Kernel! Kernel! Don'd pe hardt on me. I don'd been roundt dot blace von veek ago, except to der teayter. I been outside Moozy Goozy's blace all the times. So holp me Moses!"

BURNS (*waving his hand in disgust and turning round to Buckley once more*)—"Yes, sir, your convention was a bear-pit, and it was utterly mismanaged. I am displeased, sir! Very intensely displeased! Just wait till you see my convention—why, it will be smooth as oil on glass!"

CHRIS (*furtively*)—"But then they all know it's yours, Colonel."

BURNS—"Please keep your disagreeable remarks to yourself, sir! They are like your watermelons—I don't relish them! And, speaking on that subject, I wish to say that it would be much more useful if you'd send a few unripe specimens to Ellert. A sudden death in his family would be a very valuable idea just now!"

CHRIS—"All the same, Colonel, you'll have to nominate him—see!"

BURNS—"Confound you! Why do you want to remind me of it? Ain't I got trouble enough already?"

CHRIS—"Yes; and you know you can't leave out my friend Willey for Public Administrator."

BURNS—"That's nice, too. Willey! (*sarcastically*) and how do you suppose we're going to elect him?"

SCHMIDT (*swallowing an entire melon rind in his eagerness*)—"I know, Kernel! I shoost can tell you right away off. Sam Rainey, he tell me all aboud it last veek."

BURNS (*petulantly*)—"You here, still! Well, and what did he tell you?" (*sneeringly*).

SCHMIDT (*excitedly*)—"Vy, you put up a chump vot's more unbopular as Willey?"

BURNS—"Who, for instance?"

SCHMIDT (*confidingly*)—"Vy, Sam Rainey, he says, vat he'll run himself."

BURNS—"Well, I guess not. He'd get elected."

CHRIS (*interrupting*)—"Run Dundon, then"

BURNS (*musingly*)—"There's something in that! If Willey can't beat Dundon, his name is Dennis!"

CHRIS—"Sure! Why Andy Clunie's announced that he's going to be Dundon's attorney. That would knock Abraham Lincoln himself!"

[*At this moment Jerry Mahoney returns with Part One of the Chronicle's Napoleon Bonaparte Series.*]

BURNS (*grasping it eagerly*)—"And this is the book! (*turning over its leaves suddenly, lets it drop in disgust*)—Why, say, Jerry, this book's all about De Young. It's got his picture on every page! Leave me! All of you! I would be alone!"

(*Exit omnes.*)

[*As they descend in the elevator Maurice Schmidt hugs Chris' arm and sobs.*]

SCHMIDT (*plaintively*)—"Say, Buck! Dimes ain'd like they vas being used to been! Ain'd it!"

REQUIEM.

Now she is dead,
What shall be said of her
By any man whose hand hath stroked her head,
Who was her worshipper?
Her tale is said;
The glory of her palpitant life hath sped.
Come, lay her in the tomb
Where naught shall stir
Within the mantling of the reverent gloom.

She had no soul—
Nay, you that knew her well,
That made her timorous heart your utmost goal.
You, even you must tell
How the bells' toll
Hath signified the closing of the scroll
Whose rubric was her face.
The funeral knell
Hath rung the curtain on her radiant grace.

But where she lies
Plant every flower that grows.
Let violets see us dreaming of her eyes.
And for her heart
A rose with crimson dyes
Shall paint for us a murmuring paradise.
Let lilies flaunt and float within the close
In memory of the marvel of her throat.

And for her hair
Let tender fronds of fern
Grow tremulous in the enamored air
Around her carven urn.
She was so fair,
We must not think what now is lying there
Beneath the sod
Lest we should spurn
What once we worshipped as the proof of God.

—HUGH MCCULLOUGH.

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In viewing the drama, as it is comprehensively revealed to the eye of the dispassionate observer in America, he sees stretched before him a broad field almost infinite in its area, arid over many acres, but well cultivated and of luxuriant growth where the large tracts of English, French and German tillage are flourishing in their prosperously acclimated transplantations. Here and there, but only of lean and scraggy growth, appear the products of our American soil, the native yield of the indigenous seed, the work the result of the veritable, original American dramatist. Deplorably slender is the list of our own playwrights, for when Bronson Howard, William Gillette, Augustus Thomas, Steele Mackaye, Clay Greene and Belasco are enumerated, not a full dozen manufacturers of the accepted American play make the list—slack !—astoundingly slim, indeed. Assuredly, we are a great and glorious nation, in the very bloom of a vigorous adolescence, absorbing tone, culture, ideals, growth, development from the Old World, adapting these to our own characteristically unique and intelligent nationality—there is no rawness in our thought, no thistle down element in our theories, no faltering uncertainty in our results—and yet, neither the great American novel nor the great American play has been produced. Why is this? Splendidly strong, widely various, admirably constructed and skillfully at times, brilliantly compiled, are the books of many of our native contributors. Why is it, then, that these minds, working out their natural bent, delineating character, creating plot and evolving incident ; in a word, constructing readable, logical, typical books—cannot, or do not, bring their talents to bear upon the living, moving, dominating spirit that the stage, the drama expounds, elucidates and sways ?

What a grander, wider, more potent instrument, more forcible factor is the drama than the book, however fine it may be, however wide its fame or its translation. The dramatist pulls the strings of the novelists' marionettes, breathes life-breath into the nostrils, colors the physiognomy, animates the character and sets into active, spirited motion the phrased, set, structureless being of the book. On the stage the individual moves and has his being—we KNOW him—he possesses a throbbing, governing personality. *He is.* What a marvelous power, then, has the dramatist. Magical, almost omnipotent. In the face of all this, the dearth of dramatizations from books is an enigma to be wondered at, a question, puzzling and unanswerable, especially when one remembers that the remuneration accruing from a successful play runs into thousands, while the income of the successful novelist is but a pittance in comparison.

Looking at the array of notable literary talent developed within the last two decades, we question still more, and still the wonder grows. It cannot be a lack of useful, available material; our books emphatically contradict this. From Maine to Florida, from Washington to Mexico, thence across from California to Maryland, novelists have conjured up for our delectation, some of the clearest, truest delineations of American character and American life—clean cut, polished, cameo-like portrayals of the many sided phases, and the various piquant peculiarities that abound in our vast cosmopolitan, seething civilization. Think of the array of pictures there are in the books of the moment, recall the series of phototraphs of vividly drawn historical, psychological, political, social and rural personages that illumine pages, aglow with color, alive with action. Yet, true and consistent as they are, they need the broad sweep of the dramatist's mighty hand to quicken them into living, breathing realities.

Take our humorists, for in America, we may proudly boast of names that have amplified and crystallized our keen national sense of the fun, the joke of life—Mark Twain, Saxe Holme, Frank Stockton, Bill Nye, etc. What an aggregate of names. What an aggregate of character. What limitless possibilities. Crowded as our history is with deeds of daring and heroism, with brilliant examples of masterful individualities, with war and stirring historical incident, with bold, original schemes, with grand achievements and expanding progress, there is so abundant a supply of sterling, incomparable substance that the great American novel and the great American drama are sure, sooner or later, te blossom into glorious bloom.

———

There is no dead level of monotony about "Old Kentucky"—no, indeed. From start to finish the melodrama flashes with fire, bubbles up with clean humor, excites with racing and recklessness, amuses with pickanniny, dan ing and melody. Is there any enthusiasm as untamed, or equalled by the abnormal animation universally exercised by a great, spirited race and a loud brass band ? None. The combined intoxicants vivify the blood to fever heat, and we become wildly exultant. Now, if you recover sufficiently from the breathless maneuvers, the hundred-foot chasm, the intelligent drawbridge, the guns and vendetta, the décolleté moonshiner, the stealthy knave, the dynamite bomb and the explosion in the first act,—I say, if you recover and the heart beats normally once again, you really will hail with genuine childish delight the twelve little nigger boys of act second. The stable-yard scene is exuberantly natural ; the frolicsome pickaninnies tumble about on the stage as if they had just been transferred from the heart of a big plantation ; they literally enjoy themselves right down to the ground ; scramble, frolic, fight, shuffle, dance and blow their brass instruments with a gusto and spontaniety that is as reviving as one of the Colonel's mint-juleps. What matter if the brass music is not strictly harmonious—if the trombones are halting and spasmodic? It's good, because it sounds so genuine, and "Down in Dixie Land," played by these youngsters electrifies one almost as intensely as our national "Star Spangled Banner." The buck dancing is cleverly characteristic ; the boys dance as if they really wanted to and delighted in it ; the juggling of the major-domo is dexterous ; the two hens needed only the watermelon patch to complete our photographic notion of the gladsome darkey.

LULU TABOR
"Madge" in "In Old Kentucky."

Many of us dislike the shrewd Yankee, only a few are attracted by the rugged Northerner, or cherish an unexpressed admiration for the original Westerner, but all, in spite of politics, love the Southerner—especially the Southern gentleman as our ideals sketch him—Colonel Carter of Cartersville ; and, in fainter outline, Colonel Sandusky Doolittle, with his ample figure set off by the inevitable gray suit, the great, soft hat and great soft heart ! No end of spirit, too, for when he says "Kentucky gentleman, sah, and Kentucky blood, sah," we meekly, admiringly stand aside and are gently mowed down.

Madge, the heroine, the simple child of Nature, "livin' all alone up thar in the mountains with them wild things as loves me," is bonny and sweet as a morning pink. Miss Tabor has a splendid time of it straight through the play —in vulgar stock phrase her part would be dubbed "fat"—her entrances to clash of cymbals or sob of soothing Southern strains ; her exits, accompanied by approval from dress circle and whistles from gallery, are such that any star-aspirant might envy ; of such is the mighty kingdom of the heroine. Her lines are bright with pert, yet womanly retort. She is an all-round athlete, a fin de siècle physical culture young woman; rushes into mad flames, swings across a chasm on a hay rope, rides a thoroughbred horse to win, but with due consistency quivers and screams after her first ride in an hotel elevator—truly rural, mountain simplicity. They tell me that love is blind, and yet Madge standing picturesquely on the highest mountain peak, discovers her lover lying miles below in the valley; the line of vision must be astoundingly clear, and undisturbed by jut of rock or branch of tree; perhaps love's eyes are telescopic?

The moonshiner is a rough figure dear to the heart of the Bowery boy—the vendetta, the brawny arm and bare chest, whose heart is so full of feud that love is crushed out, fortunately so to even the plot. Horace Holton, the real-dyed-in-the-wool bad man, with the steely eyes, glinting beneath the anarchistic mane, and piercing above the anarchistic beard, is a monster of iniquity. When the heroine says: "Lem Linsay aire the man that done it," his quail is positively thrillical. I hereby tender my sincerest thanks to the playwright for his generous action which permits the villain to die on *the other side* of the terra cotta portiers—out in the cold wings—that is the master stroke of the melodrama, his last wriggle, handicapped by wig and whiskers, would really have been quite too harrowing.

A very good bit in the play is the comedy scene that revolves around the fence-knot-hole, and the coign-of-vantage-tree outside the race course.

What play dealing with Southern life and character ever progressed half an act without, the faithful, doting, family servant? This one is good, and attains the laurel-wreath-china of his rôle when he tremblingly offers his young, impecunious "massa" his hard earned savings wherewith to bet on Queen Bess. This always fetches the people, just as

the pathetic melody of "My Old Kentucky Home" sung plaintively soothes and melts them.

Beerbohm Tree, the famous English actor, is said to have received the following letter:—

"VENEERED SIR.—I wish to go on the stage and I would like to join your theatre. I have been a bricklayer five years, but having failed, I have decided to take to acting, it being easier work. I am not young but am six feet without my boots. I have studied "Bell's Elocution," and am fond of late hours————!"

And yet we wonder at the increase in the ranks of the "Profession"—and at the decadence of the drama.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE ORPHEUM.

The great attraction at the Orpheum during the week was Severus Schaffer, juggler and equilibrist. Mr. Schaffer is more than this, he is an acrobatic comedian as well, and, indeed, there seems to be no limit to his powers as an entertainer. Any one who has seen his act acknowledges perforce that it is one of the best exhibitions of juggling skill ever seen here. So must he also decide about the rotary, one-hand body balance, which is fully equal to Sadi Alfarabi's billiard cue balance, if not superior. Armand & Granville, operatic duettists, appeared to please the audiences, and the Burke Brothers were greater favorites than ever. The same bill, with a few additions and elisions, will be presented next week.

THE BALDWIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal re-open the Baldwin in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The Baldwin's list of attractions for the coming season embraces Alexander Salvini, the American Extravaganza Company in "Aladdin, Jr.," the Marie Tavary Grand English Opera Company, "The Gaiety Girl," which is to be brought over from London by Daly, and other strong plays and stars.

The fifth edition of "Aladdin, Jr.," goes on at the Chicago Opera House during the coming week, with an additional attraction of a series of living pictures.

THE CALIFORNIA.

The popular Irish-American comedian, Mr. Daniel Sully, will be the next attraction to follow "In Old Kentucky," at the California Theatre. In the repertoire of plays to be presented here, is the "Millionaire," which is replete with realism, and is regarded as one of the most powerful melodramas, and in it Mr. Sully impersonates the character of James O'Brien, a railroad contractor, with the rare skill that always marks that genial and popular actor's work. In addition to the play, a series of new and beautiful "Living Pictures" will be shown. The sale of seats commences on Thursday morning next.

TIVOLI.

"Don Juan" at the Tivoli still crowds that popular play house. Ferris Hartmann is as witty as a court fool and his songs are simply splendid. Gracie Plaisted's matrimonial ventures didn't seem to have the effect of dampening her humor and every movement she makes is liberally applauded. The other members of the company perform their part in their usual manner and it behooves us to add as long as such operas as "Don Juan" hold the boards the Tivoli is bound to be crowded.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. James O'Rielly in the "Broom-maker" is crowding Morosco's nightly. His songs, which he renders in a musical baritone, are especially good, and his little son, Master Robbie, also possesses a good clear voice which he uses to good advantage during the performance. The play possesses some excellent features and the scenic productions are very good. It will run for the remainder of the week, "The Planter's Wife" being billed for next week.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

Down where the little sea's swelling bosom lies
  In vain unrest against the sleepy shore,
  I linger with the maiden I adore,
And strive to read love's answer in her eyes;
But ah! what boots a maiden's tender sighs
  When she has sighed to others oft before,
  And will continue sighing ever more
To loving swains beseeching her replies?

O, summer girl, perennial and fresh!
  The nation makes thee a profound salute!
All hearts are tangled in thy silken mesh,
  Thou art so fruity, we so fond of fruit!
Thou'rt just a peach pink goddess in the flesh,
  'Rah for my breach of promise bathing suit!

—*Town Topics.*

MY IDEAL.

[Helene Riviere.]

The splendor of the Orient night
  Is flashing in her eyes,
Whose veiling lashes but enhance
The fervor of the glorious glance
  That gilds her low replies,
And lures me onward to entrance
  My senses with their light.

From off the full, broad, Grecian brow,
  Flows back the clustering hair,
As rolling waves on ocean's breast
With shadows dark but gilded crest,
  Like gleams of firelight fair,
And sparkling with a changeful zest,
  Its tint to disavow.

Upon the softly rounded cheek,
  The paleness of the pearl,
Suggests no bloom of ripened peach,
Nor tinted shell upon the beach,
  That waves have sought to hurl
Far from the frenzy of their reach,
  An outer life to seek.

And when shall I this face behold?
  This dream within my skies.
When shall I clasp the form so fair,
And when caress the waving hair,
  And meet the lustrous eyes,
This breathing vision, passionate, rare,
  This sylph of earthly mould?

Toronto Saturday Night.

"LESLIE" AT MOROSCO'S

LOCAL ENTERPRISE.

The fact that an unusually severe winter has been predicted by the weather authorities seems to have little effect towards dampening the ardor of our fashionable world toward being strictly "in it" regards either their dress or headgear. Through the enterprise of some of our leading milliners who, merely for the sake of retaining the reputation of San Francisco swell pretensions, have gone East and abroad, and, of course, have returned laden with everything swell, smart and swagger, and, with the determination to succeed in placing their native city on a level with London, Paris and New York. One of the latest fashionable milliners to return is Mrs. James Coughlan, who will display millinery exactly similar to that which the swell New Yorkers and Parisians are wearing, at her establisnment, No. 919 Market street. Mrs. Coughlan traveled East just for the purpose of satisfying her many customers, who naturally prefer being equal with our English, French and Eastern cousins than to be on a stand point of what the wild and woolly west is generally supposed to be, and her enterprise and spirit of accommodation deserves encouragement.

AMUSEMENTS

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ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

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AN ARRAY OF EXTRAORDINARY ATTRACTIONS!
NOTED ARTISTS FROM BOTH HEMISPHERES!

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An Interesting Inscription

THE STORY OF AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL BLUNDER.

The melancholy Jaques, so we are told, "found sermons *in* stones." Had he, however been condemned to listen to sermons *on* stones, his melancholy might have been still further intensified. For such dissertations are occasionally wearisome even to the antiquarian; and when Edward Walrond, Fellow of St. Simon's College, Oxford, had listened to a long and prolix lecture on Roman villas, he bethought him that an hour's trout-fishing would sweep the cobwebs from his brain. The Association of British Antiquaries happened to be holding its annual conference on this occasion in the north of England. The venue was Burnstone Hall, a large country seat in Yorkshire. At the beginning of the present century some navvies had discovered, during the construction of a road, certain interesting Roman antiquities, and since then Burnstone Hall had been a Mecca to the archæological enthusiast. Former proprietors had encouraged research, but Joshua Platt, the present owner, a retired Lancashire mill owner, hated the whole thing and regarded the archæologist with ill-disguised contempt.

Nevertheless, being a cheery old fellow of hospitable intent, when the Association arrived in the neighborhood he did not refuse them access to his park, albeit he had suffered considerable annoyance from archæologists during the thirty years he had lived at Burnstone Park. He even went so far as to order cold lunch for the first day, but he took care to be absent himself, and left his son Joe to do the honors.

Now, below Burnstone Hall there runs through a deep ravine of gray granite the river Burn, one of the very best trout streams in England. And as Walrond was a very keen fisherman, he at once asked young Platt to grant him a day on his water. His host, being only too glad to find a fellow sportsman, gladly assented. Accordingly, on this particular afternoon, whilst the rest of the Association were pouring over tesselated pavements, Walrond fixed his cast and commenced to fish up stream. His creel was still empty, when suddenly the sky grew overcast; the leaves commenced to rustle ominously, and a heavy drop or two of rain warned Walrond that a thunderstorm was imminent. Looking around for shelter, he saw in the scarp of the granite cliff that overhung the stream a cave, the entrance of which was about seven feet high by five feet broad. The end was indiscernible in the gloom. He entered, laid his rod down and filled a pipe. He lit a match—when, lo! his eye fell upon something that brought his heart into his mouth. About twelve paces from the mouth of the cave, equidistant between the two sides, stood a block of marble about four and one-half feet square by about three feet high. The right-hand upper corner was broken off, and there was an ugly chip at the base of the front. It was discolored by damp, and was covered with moss and lichen. But none the less by the flickering light Walrond could see certain letters were deeply cut upon the side that freed the entrance of the cave.

Hastily lighting another match, he knelt down beside it, and with dexterous touch followed the formation of the three first letters. First came a D, succeeded by a stop; then pulling away the lichen he saw that an O followed. His pulse quickened, and his slender fingers trembled as he traced the next letter. He gave an exclamation of delight. It was an M. The three first letters then were unmistakably D O M. Now these three letters, signifying "Deo Optimo Maximo," were very frequently used by the Romans at the commencement of a dedicatory inscription. Anywhere the inscription would have been interesting and potent with possibilities; but to find at Burnstone Hall, where antiquarians had hammered and picked for half a century, a veritable votive tablet was pure and undiluted ecstasy. Walrond resolved to keep his secret to himself until he made assurance sure. With this in view, the next morning at daybreak he commenced by the light of a lantern to remove the clinging lichen. The letters that next appeared on the surface of the damp and stained marble, namely, A U L S I, did not help him much. The letters were, however, necessarily indistinct, and he was not discouraged. Still less so when in the third row of the inscription just below the broken corner, he succeeded in tracing the letter X, followed by A N N O S. This proved, beyond all doubt, that the inscription was Latin, and that something to do with "ten years" was inscribed on the block of marble.

Thoroughly satisfied with his two hours' work, Walrond emerged into the fresh morning air, lit a pipe and reviewed the position. That he had come upon a treasure he had little doubt; and he naturally desired to complete the investigations himself. On the other hand, his obvious duty was to inform the President of the Association of his discovery, and solicit his aid in the matter until a satisfactory solution could be submitted to the Society.

Under ordinary circumstances this he would have gladly done. He was, however, deterred from reasons of a purely personal character. The President for the year was the Rev. Richard Bainbridge, Senior Fellow of his own college, between whom and himself there had already occurred an unpleasant incident. A few months after Walrond had obtained his fellowship he had shown Bainbridge, whom he then believed to be his friend, a manuscript monograph on certain antiquities near Oxford, the result of long and laborious research. Within a week an article appeared over Bainbridge's signature, in the journal of the Association, which article was practically the substance of Walrond's monograph. Its appearance, of course, precluded the subsequent publication of Walrond's paper. Walrond expostulated vigorously. Bainbridge shrugged his shoulders—replied that no antiquarian, even the youngest, had a vested interest in any subject; and that he, too, had accumulated evidence on the same subject, the notes whereof he would be happy to submit to any unprejudiced arbiter. Of course the quarrel was not allowed to assume importance. The Head of the college at once sent for Walrond, explained that, as a very young man, it ill became him to bring rash charges against one of the most learned and honored members of the Common-room, and advised him to withdraw his accusations and allow the matter to die out. This course Walrond was, perforce, compelled to do; and, although his relations with the senior tutor were apparently friendly, and although they frequently met at archæological meetings, both in the college and out, Walrond had not forgotten Bainbridge's perfidy, and was reluctant to test his loyalty again, for he felt convinced that his own credit in the matter would soon be whittled away by the artful Bainbridge. Nevertheless, by the time he had smoked a couple of pipes, he perceived that complete secrecy was impossible. The Association was about to disperse on the next day, and his continuance in the neighborhood would excite suspicion. Bainbridge would probably follow his movements, discover the cave, and, finding that Walrond had stolen a march upon him, would, as President of the Association, spoil all by premature disclosure. Under these circumstances he resolved to take what appeared to him the most politic course—he would acquaint Bainbridge with his discovery, and take care that his own share was allowed. Moreover, the assistance of a skilled antiquarian like Bainbridge would be valuable; and the task would need assistance.

The following evening, when the Association had all broken up, he told the President the whole story. Richard Bainbridge was wonderstruck and delighted, and thanked Walrond for his frankness.

The next day they visited the cave, and, after many hours' scraping and cleaning, they got the face of the marble slab comparatively clear, and succeeded in getting a legible "rubbing" of the inscription on a piece of cartridge paper. It ran as follows:

D. O. M.
AUL. SIC. CUST. ANTIQUA.
RE ANTRI X. ANNOS.
ENSE. INITIAVIT. SELL M.

There was a letter lost at the end of the second line, and the chip already alluded to had also obliterated the last letter but one of the last word. Otherwise the inscription was singularly perfect. After the side was finished they made a cursory investigation of the top of the slab; and four small square indentations on the surface, as though something had rested thereon.

As they were sitting outside the village inn, after their labors, Bainbridge remarked as he looked at the scroll:

"Well, my dear boy, that's a good morning's work, and now all we have to do is to supply the trifling deficiencies in the inscription, translate it if we can, and then I will write a paper on it."

"*You* write a paper," replied Walrond, with considerable warmth. "Come, come, as I found the slab, surely I have the first right to publish a thesis."

"Not at all," said Bainbridge. "It is true you found the block of marble, what of that?—anybody might have done the same. Very properly you tell me as president; as president I shall draw the attention of the other members to the fact. I daresay I shall mention your name."

"Deuced obliging of you, I'm sure. Look here, Bainbridge, I discovered that tablet, and I mean to get the credit of it. You once played me a dirty trick before, and I haven't forgotten it; if you do so again, by Heaven I'll——"

"Hullo! Mr. Walrond, what's up? You antiquarians are always wrangling," cried a cheery voice. Walrond looked up and saw young Platt, rod in hand; he had come up without attracting the notice of the angry combatants.

"Come along with me, my dear fellow, and get a half-pounder out of yon pool. It will do your temper good."

Walrond laughed, and realizing that his dignity as a gentleman and a scholar was in serious jeopardy, entered the inn and got his rod.

That evening Walrond went frankly up to Bainbridge and said:—"I am afraid I lost my temper this afternoon, I am sorry—so accept my sincere apologies It's a pity a really interesting discovery should be marred by a little petty jealousy. Let us write the paper together. We can each take a copy of the rubbing, and let each do his best to supply the missing letters, and when we return to college we will write a paper together, and publish it over our joint signatures, and yours shall go first."

To this Bainbridge assented, and the matter ended for the present.

The long vacation passed away, and ten days before the beginning of term Walrond returned to his cosy rooms in St. Simon's.

"Well, my dear fellow," said Bainbridge when he met him in the common-room, "done anything about the tablet?"

"Oh, yes," replied Walrond casually. "I think I've hammered out a pretty lucid explanation which is lying in the top drawer of my bureau."

"In the top——" repeated Bainbridge. "By the way. Walrond, would you mind taking the scholarship candidates in their books to-morrow morning? I have a lot of things to do, and I am going up town in the afternoon to see a publisher. You will? Thanks."

Next morning when Walrond returned to his rooms, after spending three hours in Hall examining candidates for scholarships, he went to his bureau, opened the top drawer, glanced quickly at the position of a certain piece of red tape and string which environed a bulky manuscript and gave a grim chuckle.

At the beginning of term, Mr. Bainbridge returned from town with his brow metaphorically crowned with laurels. During his absence a most remarkable article above his signature had appeared in the official journal of the society whereof he was president, on the subject of a tablet he had himself discovered in a cave near Burnstone Hall. The article carefully explained that this tablet, which was manifestly of a votive character, bore a most interesting inscription, of which the following was a faithful transcript:—

D. O. M.
AUL. SIC. CUST. ANTIQUA(*E*)
RE. ANTRI. X. ANNOS
ENSE INITIAVIT. SELL(*A*)M.

The letters in *italics* were missing in the original, and had been supplied by himself. The full unabbreviated inscription doubtless ran thus:—

D(eo) O(ptimo) M(aximo) Aul(us) Sic(inius) Cust(os) Antivua(e) re antri X (*i. e.*, decem) annos ense initiavit sell(a)m.

The translation he ventured to suggest ran thus:

To the God, Best, Greatest, Aulus Sicinius the guardian of the ancient treasure (*re* old genitive of *res*) of the cave for ten years consecrated the chair with the sword.

The letters S E L L M and the four indentations on the surface of the slab, pointed unmistakably to the fact that A was the missing letter, and that on the slab stood a stone chair, the slab being the customary *Bathrum*.

After having lightly touched upon the ceremony of consecration in general and consecration by the sword in particular, the writer continued to propound an elaborate thesis, the purport of which was briefly as follows:

Numa Pompilius, the King of Rome, was the founder of their national religion. This religion he learned from the nymph Egeria, who, as everyone knows, dwelt in a cave near Rome. This cave (which may be seen to-day) was afterwards turned into a shrine. Now, as civilization increased and the pure religion became affected by the customary growths of subsidiary myths, the cult of Egeria became fashionable, especially at the period of Rome's supremacy. What was more likely, then, than the Egerian cult was brought over to England at the time of the Roman occupation? Her shrine would unquestionably be in a cave, thereby following the analogy of the Mother City, and doubtless the mystic treasure of the nymph therein placed would necessitate a guardian to protect it from the predatory aborigine. The priest of the cave would naturally have a consecrated chair when he presided over the mysteries. Nor was the D. O. M. antagonistic to his theory; it merely showed that all mere cults clustered round the worship of Jove, and were subsidiary thereto. Thus, even in the shrine of Egeria, the chair was immediately dedicated to the omnipotent Deity. Each Proconsul would carry with him the particular worship he affected. And nothing was more likely than that some representative of the Cæsar was attached to the fashionable cult of Egeria. Here was a simple and lucid explanation of the whole thing.

The article was admirably written, and extorted general admiration. Among those who congratulated Bainbridge none was more hearty than Walrond himself. One might have supposed that Bainbridge would have

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

gladly accepted this tribute from his colleague. Curiously enough he was fain to avoid the younger man.

But Walrond was not to be denied.

"Your version, my dear fellow, is truly admirable; so original, too." Here Bainbridge winced, for some subtle reason. "I confess I never before realized my own deficiencies so completely, nor my presumption in asking you to collaborate with me. In fact," continued Walrond, drawing near to his superior, "you have completely demolished my theory, which was entirely different."

"Eh, what!" ejaculated Bainbridge apprehensively. "Different—I should have thought there could be no other solution."

"Oh, yes, there can, as you would have seen had you waited until you had seen my MS. Dear me, how uncomfortable you seem to be on that chair—let me give you mine. No! Well, to resume. My theory was unhappily not based like yours upon the sound foundation of scholarship, but rather upon some private information imparted to me by Joe Platt, that afternoon we went fishing together. Suffice to say, according to my interpretation, there is no letter missing in the first line of the inscription, and the letter chipped out is not A, but E."

"S E L L E M," said Bainbridge, with an air of surprise that was curiously mingled with agitation, "but there is no such Latin word."

"Possibly not," said Wolrond. "However, to enhance your just reputation as an antiquarian, I have sent my little effort, also, to our journal. It appears to-morrow morning. Good night. Pleasant dreams."

Mr. Bainbridge's dreams were neither pleasant nor unpleasant, for the simple fact that he did not sleep a single wink the whole night, so possessed was he by gloomy forebodings.

Bad as his forebodings were, they were more that realized when, on opening with trembling hands his *Antiquarian Journal* the next morning, he read, over his rival's signature, the following statement:

Since Mr. Pickwick discovered the famous stone in the neighborhood of Cobham, possibly no antiquarian has ever been more ingenious, and, we may add, more utterly erroneous, than Mr. Bainbridge.

The "Bathrum" he discovered in the cave was placed there by the present owner of the property, Mr. Joshua Platt. Having a great contempt for archæology, he conceived the idea of putting an old marble slab (which had once held a flower-stand) in an unlikely place with the express purpose that some day or another some deluded antiquarian would think he had discovered a veritable antiquity.

To facilitate the imposture he, together with a witty Cambridge Don, constructed an inscription on the "Bilstumpian" principle, which, though really English, by spelling some of the words phonetically and others in north-country dialect, and by judiciously intermingling the letters of the different words, certainly looked extremely like Latin. We need hardly add the right interpretation is as follows:

"Dom (damn) aul (all) sic (such) cust (cussed) antiquarian trix (tricks) an no sense in it. I 'ave it; sell 'em."

—*London Truth.*

A SUMMER STORM.

When skies are bluest in our hot midsummer,
Clouds gather black and sullen in the west;
Then, with the wrath of an unbidden comer,
A storm breaks wildly from its long unrest.
It breaks and thunders through forsaken valleys,
Over wide plains that bloom with tangled flowers,
Shrieking along green woodland ways and alleys,
Down placid waters and rose-sweetened bowers.
It has the fury of the gale-blown surges;
It has the soul of madness fired and freed;
And some directing will of chaos urges
Its spirit that hungers with insatiate greed.
Men fall before it like the supple grasses.
Earth trembles in its close and mighty hold;
And through vast rocky steeps of mountain passes
I see a yellowed, foaming torrent rolled.

No voice is heard; no life is seen; but darkness
Lies like deep night upon the gasping earth;
Wide-branching oaks bend low in utter starkness,
And battling winds cry out their cruel mirth;
Yet here one hour ago I heard the singing
Of a glad bluebird in sweet sun and breeze,
While some young maiden sped with laughter flinging
Her joyous soul to the song-haunted trees.

—*George Edgar Montgomery in Harper's Weekly.*

Hurd's, Whiting's, Crane's, Marcus Ward's and all the fine writing papers and all other Stationery supplies at popular prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street.

THE CONVERSATION BUREAU.

A SKIT OF THE FIN DE SIECLE.

JOHN S. PARTRIDGE.

If one should be asked "how the Branscome girls took their father's death," one would be constrained to reply:

"Sugar coated!"

It was cruel, of course, to talk of them that way. And, of a truth, the old gentleman had been rather a burden, and is not this the end of the century? Can you expect a maiden to grieve much over the decease of a parent who left no estate?

Wait a moment?

Can you say a man has left no estate when he leaves behind him two trunks and half a dozen drawers full of note books, crammed with bright thoughts? The old Lawyer—there is always an old lawyer who is a friend of the family—opened the first one of these note books. The words that met his gaze were:

"I indulged me last night
In Frankfurters and beer!
I didn't do right,
I very much fear.
This morn I'm a sight,
And such a pain here!
I indulged me last night
In Frankfurters and beer!"

"Shades of Austin Dobson," groaned the Old Lawyer—he had forgotten that A. D. was alive, and so couldn't reasonably be supposed to have any shades. "Triolets, rondeaus, and roundelays. Unconvertible assets all. My dear young ladies there isn't a thing you can turn into the coin of the realm."

"Papa wasn't very practical," murmured Perdita, the youngest, who was in tears. She was looked upon as romantic by her sisters, because of the permanent state of disrepair of her lachrymal glands.

"Perhaps," suggested Philomena, the middle sister, "the *Oversea Monthly* would buy some of them."

As if in answer, the next thing the Old Lawyer picked up was a bulky envelope. It was full; crammed with printed replies from every magazine in the United States. Their tenor was as follows: "Owing to the press of matter the editors are obliged to return the enclosed manuscript with their thanks."

Pandora, the eldest, meanwhile had been delving farther down into the trunks. "Girls," she said, "just listen here:

"'Other resource failing me, I believe I'll establish a real estate foundry and cast lots.' And this, 'I used to call my friend's boy my little lad, but he's grown so tall I have to call him my little ladder.' And that's the sort of thing papa indulged in instead of striving to leave us something."

The Old Lawyer shook his head mournfully, and took his leave.

As soon as he was gone Pandora rose from her knees and said: "Girls, I've got an idea."

Pandora had a way of impressing upon you the fact that her ideas were worth listening to, even if ungrammatically expressed.

"We'll establish a conversational agency!"

"A what," cried both the other girls at once.

"A conversation bureau. Here are loads of ideas on every subject in the world. We are rich in just what the world needs. Why can't we exchange papa's ideas for cash? Then, besides," and here Pandora assumed the look of a saint by one of the old masters, "we should be doing a great service to society."

"I wish you'd explain yourself," said Perdita, who, to judge from the snuffling was about ready to pipe again.

"You are certainly very stupid. Of course, I mean that we'll supply people who want to shine with every sort of a conversation on every sort of a subject, at so much per sentence, according to the character of the subject."

"It will have to be done very quiety," said Philomena, doubtfully.

"Of course," the elder assented. "And first of all, we'll need an agent"

"You might make use of Frederick Talbot," interposed the younger sister. Frederick Talbot, be it known, was otherwise known as "F. Talbot Douglass, Attorney-at-law." His business, as yet, was strictly an office practice. He was known among his associates as the author of the poem beginning:

"Oh, what is so rare as a day in Court."

"The very person," cried Pandora, "he knows all the young sports."

"The what?"

"I mean the young society men. And I'm sure Fred would do anything I asked him to. And he's very discreet—you know they have to be in the law. I'll speak to him this evening."

The subject was accordingly broached to F. Talbot, who demanded to see some of the note books. He never had had much of an opinion of old Branscome, because of that gentleman's ignorance of the four kinds of *quoad recupere*, and other legal matters. But when Pandora read him some of the contents, he was enthusiastic.

"Your parent, Pandora," he admitted, "was a very clever gentleman, for one so ignorant of the law. I'm going to a reception to-morrow night, where I expect to meet Miss Euterpe Smythe, the celebrated specialist on the Psychology of the Immature Period of the Feminine Intellect. Suppose we fix up a conversation. I'll try it, and if it works, I promise you the trade of all the boys."

The coming of F. Talbot the evening after the reception was awaited with the greatest anxiety. As soon as he entered, Pandora asked:

"How was the conversation?"

"Magnificent," cried Frederick. "Miss Smythe was as much surprised at my special learning as she was delighted at the cleverness of my remarks. I've got you a customer already. Billy Handlung, who has an income of a thousand a month, has to preside at a banquet of the Historische Verein next week, and he hasn't an idea in the world."

Next morning the sisters set to work, and by the time Billy came, they had a series of selections that made the verein wonder why in the world they had never appreciated their President before. He was full of wit and wisdom before he had touched a glass, and when it came to toasting time he fairly sparkled.

Acting upon Philomena's suggestion, the girls set to work to systemize their material, so as to be ready for a rush of business. With the help of Frederick they arranged series of remarks suitable for cotillions, banquets, church socials, club meetings, teas; scarcely a subject could be found upon which that wonderful father had not said something good.

Their bank account meanwhile grew apace. Fred was indefatigable. One day he brought in a pimply ecclesiastic, who was extremely cautious in his negotiations. Finally, Pandora elecited from him the information that he was laying siege to the heart of a wealthy damsel of some thirty summers, who "adored intellect."

"And you know my ideas don't flow all at once," he admitted.

Pandora supplied him with a score of wise remarks, that could be used on any subject. Then she asked him if he had ever read Emerson. He betrayed a lack of knowledge as to the exact identity of that person, whereupon Pandora enlightened him. Then she sold him a charming comparison of the works of Carlyle and the American Sage.

Shortly after his engagement was announced.

But it was F. Talbot, who was the cause of their downfall, just as he had been instrumental in establishing their business. He had told young Benson, the rising architect, of the Bureau, but as yet that strategist had made no use of the information. Not that he had no desire to shine as a conversationalist, but he preferred not to make F. Talbot his confident. So one day he called on Perdita, who had been left in charge of the agency, and so wrought upon that susceptible young person that she sold him the richest selection of bon mots in the whole series, and besides, promised to say nothing of it to F. Talbot or her sisters.

Now the truth is that young Benson was involved. In fact, he scarcely had money enough to pay Perdita. But he was relying on one, Miss Sephronia Saunders, to retrieve his fortunes. This young lady, beautiful and richly left, was worshipping an ideal—a man who should be original, and different from all the world. So Benson, armed with old Branscome's wit, thought he was sure to win her.

But, alas! the same night came F. Talbot, and begged Pandora, as a return for his services, to fit him out with a conversation that should attract attention to himself. He was weary with the brilliancy of all the other fellows, while he, himself, had remained in unsparkling mediocrity. So Pandora, in an evil moment, gave him the same set that the architect had bought.

It was on Saturday night that F. Talbot attended the ball given for the benefit of the Society for the Amelioration of the Downtrodden Hindoo. Miss Saunders was there, of course; her costume was described fully the next morning, so it is unnecessary for me to say anything about it.

F. Talbot wandered out into the corridor with her. He sparkled; he gleamed. Old Branscome's best things were on his lips. He was more than brilliant.

"Mr. Douglass," said the lady. "You are certainly the most original man I ever listened to."

The next dance was Benson's. He started in to talk about the poets.

"A poet, Miss Saunders," he said, "is a philosopher gone mad."

She stared at him. She had just heard Freddy make the same remark.

Then they talked of a singer whose voice neither liked.

"If I had that voice," Benson said, "I'd learn to be a ventriloquist, and throw it into the sea."

More stares. He was desperate. He thought she liked original men.

But he tried again. He brought the subject around to politics.

"What do you think of the various platforms," he asked.

"I really don't know much about any of the planks in either," she replied.

"The planks in a platform," he said, "are the floats by the aid of which the candidates keep in the swim."

She stopped a moment and looked at him with withering scorn.

"So Mr. Douglass just remarked to me. The other two remarks were also his in exactly the same order. May I trouble you to take me to my chaperon, Mr. Benson?"

LIBRARY NOTES

When you come to the end and ponder over the sad story whose ups and downs have kept tears in the eyes intent on those fascinating pages, is it not some consolation for the woes of poor Little Billee who loved so truly, so passionately, that Trilby would never have sung the Impromtu in A, had she gone off with him to the woods of Barbizon? He might have painted divinely pictures full of poetry and grace, but that delicious voice so immense in its softness, richness, freshness, so faultless, infallible, sympathetic, would never have sung "Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre" like a world tragedy or the "Nussbaum" like an idyll incarnated. It is something to have participated in the creation of an artiste whose tones thrilled the heart with joy, wonder and tenderness, and whose form filled the eye with its fine lines, so full, so pure, so graceful. So if one is very sad over the sorrow of Little Billee when he breaks into the studio upon Taffy and the Laird so wildly repining the loss of Trilby, remember that it is only by great deprivations aught really great is achieved and that the world would have missed an enchantment if he had obtained his happiness. But then what is the enchantment of the world in comparison to the consummation of one's own desires. It is hard and selfish, the world, and would never miss what it never knew, and Trilby is inimitable. It is when you think of her gray eyes fixed on him with an all-enfolding gaze, so fiercely, penetratingly unutterably sweet and kind and tender, such a brooding, dove-like look of soft and warm solicitude, of her mouth, so firm and generous, and her smile so plucky in its wide frankness, so irresistibly simple and friendly and trustful, and her lovely feet so delicately curved, so nobly straight, that you are really sorry for what he missed, that you regret, as he might have done, the coming of the good mother and her sad interference.

Why must artists like Little Billee, whose innate knowledge of what is good and true in art and life teaches them without the aid of words to find the right woman, who, as often as not, is wrongly placed—why must they write, telling good, proper, conventional mammas in England about their loves, when it must be evident these good mammas cannot approve. Poor Little Billee and Taffy—all in love with the same Trilby, who, after all, was for none of them, but rather for the spidery Svengali, with his bold eyes and his black beard, who played the piano like an angel. It is very sad, after all, and no wonder there are tears in the eyes that follow these varying overtures.

Was there ever a Trilby? But what matters yes or no? She *is*. If words can create and incarnate, and Du Maurier's words are ever so much better than his lines, his drawings with all the individual charm of their tall, fine women and splendid men, there *is* a Trilby and a Svengali too, for it is the tall and beautiful maiden and the wonderful musician who seem most truly to take shape and being out of the book. Taffy and the Laird of course are lifelike, and Zouzou and Dodor more accurate than mere photographs; but the individualities that enshrine themselves on golden pedestals in the memory are the divine songstress and the inimitable pianist. They are only figures beside them, these others, even though Little Billee, who is so bright and fascinating and so extraordinarily clever with brush and pencil, loves her with an overmastering passion. But she is so much better to read than to read about, though it is easier to fall in love with her than with Beatix Esmond, who, as every one knows, is the most beautiful woman in fiction. Besides, Trilby cooks inimitably, darns stockings, dances like a Grace and has a heart of gold.

What a splendid, delightful set of people to find one's self among! Not in an age has any mere writer of stories brought us such manly men and such true, living women. Here is artistic genius and the genius of music, and we meet it and mingle with it in the most unconcerned way imaginable. Quite on an equality with Durien, the sculptor, or with Gecko, who played so exquisitely the violin, and Carrel, the great painter, who looks in incidentally and with Zouzou, whose brother is a duke, and all the rest, is the reader, who, in "Trilby" wanders into the studio of Taffy and the Laird O'Cockpen. What inimitable concerts they have there, when the Svengali and Gecko play "scraps, snatches, short melodies to fetch, to charm immediately or to melt, or to sadden or madden just for a moment," or when he produces the little flexible flagolet and plays with ineffable distinction, power, grace, and pathos the arrangement of Ben Bolt. Who wishes to forget the Christmas dinner at which Antony tells the story of his mad plunge into the baths Dalingy, and his rescue by his bootmaker to whom he owed sixty francs, at which the Sergeant de Ville is made tipsy and the cuirassier and the zouave play at cock fighting. They are all such wonderfully clever people that it is vicarious Bohemianism even to read of them—not to speak of the distinction it implies. Think of the honor of knowing Little Billee, who is one of England's greatest painters, and Lorrimer and the Laird, who are both acadamicians. Excellent company—as interesting as it is good—and delightfully jolly, good-natured and true.

Whoever reads much inevitably cherishes bits of description which to him are the best of their kind. Until *Trilby* came the opening chapters of Balzac's *Duchesse de Langleas* expressed for me most truly the grace, beauty and inspiration of good music, the music that thrills the heart with delicious pain and sends waves of ecstasy to one's finger tips. But the sounds of that divine voice singing behind the lattice in the lonely island convent vibrating with passionate tenderness, have not the reality of Trilby's inimitable tones. No one has ever written so of music as De Maurier. No one ever reproduced in such loving, delicious words the raptures of harmony, the glow and charm of melody. Not of itself, perhaps, but as it impresses the sensitive listener. If it was only for that admirable description of Svengali's playing of Ben Bolt and of those exquisite pages in which the A flat Impromptu sings itself into the heart of the reader as Trilby's voice did into the souls of her audience, one would not willingly let the book die. The truth, the literalness of it transcends the passing tremor of affecting words. It is a grand gift this of De Maurier's. With the big books we have had of late, the art has been in a degree apparent. The *Manxman*, one feels, is a fine tragedy, infinitely elaborated, admirably constructed. One knows the opalescent phrasing of *The Ebb Tide* represents the workmanship of the greatest of verbal lapidaries. But in *Trilby* the narrative is as simple, as unaffected and yet as beautiful and graceful as Trilby herself. Not great perhaps, but one reads it with tears, missing no line, no sentence of all the tender dignified reflection, which has no little in it of the tone of Thackeray. The style, perhaps, with all its grace is not the admirable instrument the author of *Esmond* wielded; it has not the suave polish, the elegance, the flexibility — though the articulation, if one may apply the term, is singularly accurate—the verbal draughtmanship inimitably correct. *Trilby* is a lyric.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Trilby," by George dee Mannier. Harper & Brothers, publishers. For sale Pierson Brothers, Kearney street.

"The Overland Monthly," Overland Monthly Publishing Company. For sale by all dealers.

"The Fruit of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker. Dappleton & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

A BALLAD OF ROSES.

"I hid my heart in a nest of roses."—*Swinburne.*

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
There where the bumble-bee drowsily dozes,
Far from the glare of the midsummer skies,—
There where the perfumed breezes rise.
And I said: "As long as the humming-bird flies
Ceaselessly over thee, O, my heart,
From all the lures that the love-god tries,
Forever and ever secure thou art."

And safe it lay as a leaf that reposes
On the river's breast when the twilight dies;
And still it was as a flower that grows is
As a lily that cool in the water lies.
And never a foe came there to surprise
The fortress wherein I hid my heart;
And I said: "Of mortals I am most wise:
Forever and ever secure thou art."

But the queen of the flowers in the garden-closes,
The maiden with mystical, wonderful eyes,
Whom a wall of scornfulness aye encloses,
Safe from all lovers' prayers and sighs—
She from whom never a love may suffice
Out of its fortress drew my heart;
And yet I say on, in braggart-wise,
Forever and ever secure thou art."

—HUGH MCCULLOCH.

DREAM-TRYST.

The breaths of kissing night and day
Were mingled in the eastern heaven:
Throbbing with unheard melody
Shook Lyra all its star-chord seven!
When dusk shrank cold, and light trod shy,
And dawn's gray eyes were troubled gray;
And souls went palely up the sky,
And mine to Lucidé.

There was no change in her sweet eyes
Since last I saw those sweet eyes shine;
There was no change in her deep heart
Since last that deep heart knocked at mine.
Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's,
Wherein did ever come and go
The sparkle of the fountain-drops
From her sweet soul below.

The chambers in the house of dreams
Are fed with so divine an air
That Time's hoar wings grow young therein,
And they who walked there are most fair.
I joyed for one, I joyed for her,
Who with the Past meet girt about;
Where our last kiss still warms the air,
Nor can her eyes go out.

—*Francis Thompson, Poems* (*Copeland and Day*).

The very latest in art novelties and pictures are constantly being received at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary st.

LATE : BOOKS
That are Worth Reading
. . AT . .
ROBERTSON'S

THE GLASS OF FASHION

How desperately tiresome feminologists are becoming. Each succeeding day a fusilade of ideas utterly vapid are printed in one journal, or the other, and apparently echo the sentiments of the series of poor, woe-begone wretches who care for nothing except new clothes, new fashions, new affections and new sensations. It is indeed a pity they cannot aid in laying the electric car line track on Kearny street, and thus become utterly obnoxious. That, apparently, is the purpose in view, and it is in a fair way to be attained. Such a shame, too, for *women* are becoming actually scarce. In after years I suppose our descendants will read of the Revolt of Woman with as much sadness as we nowadays do of the Black Hole of Calcutta. When the full degree of supremacy is achieved I suppose mankind will be materially benefited. It would be treasonable to believe otherwise, for the women propose to be more moral, more high principled and more refined than men. History will be privileged to deal with an improved variety of humanity in which beauty of form and physical vigor will be united to all the virtues. In fact, we are all to be transmuted into angels.

Notwithstanding all the changes of which we have read and heard, the new skirts are prettier, if possible, than those just discarded. They are necessarily narrow at the top, to give the side breadths that bell appearance which all womanly women consider the very sweetest things in skirts. How charmingly graceful the bell skirt was! The thick hair cloth put in at the back of the skirt, to me, is a sure intimation that bustles will after a little, and probably little by little, again wind themselves into our affections. How we all desire to be broad! Why, a waist I saw the other day had the shoulder seams so exaggerated, that, at first I fancied it was a case of wearing grandmother's gown, but on close inspection decided 'twas merely a freak of fashion. The shoulder seams are intensified too, by three or four rows of gathering on the sleeve to make the fullness, if possible, broader and more graceful. It seems sad that our much worn and beloved revers are no longer to claim the attention and admiration hitherto bestowed upon them. All the waists are without them, and upon the tailor gowns they are almost as narrow as on a man's coat.

The coats this season are all three-quarter length and, I assure you, give a tall person a tremendously stunning appearance. One blue heavy serge made with one of these long coats has been of special interest to me, for instead of detracting from the height, as one anticipated a long coat would, it added to it and gave to the wearer a very chic appearance. This gown was made over a black vest. Fancy blue and black are intensely swell in a tailor gown.

The very oddest thing I have seen recently was a gown of black grenadine with tiny old rose flowers scattered over it with grey-green leaves. I watched with the most extreme curiosity and rapt attention the manner of this gown's construction. In my mind's eye, I could not but wonder whether there was not some affinity between hypnotism and dressmaking. For the manner of getting into this gown would, to the generality of people, be a complete mystery. The lining was of the most exquisitely fitting silk, boned beyond description, and cut with that skill which means pursestrings which knoweth no limit. When this lining was hooked up the real bodice of the grenadine hung down in two portions over the skirt. The enormous sleeves were fastened into the lining. The front and back of the real bodice were joined together by a seam under each arm, and that was all. When drawn up over the lining they fitted closely in round the armholes, and an edging of pink and black galloon served to hide the line of junction completely. On the shoulders the front and back had almost to be dragged together, so tight was the fit, and there they fastened with several tiny hooks and eyes. Along the edge of the back part on either shoulder was sewn a wide piece of galloon covering the whole of the space on which the hooks and eyes were sewn. This galloon became gradually narrower, and ended in a point on the chest, where it was fastened tightly down with a few more of these almost invisible hooks in order to prevent it "riding" up, as dressmakers term it. Now is not that one of the most ingenious gowns of which you have ever heard? It fitted so exquisitely, too, really it was æsthetic, and the galloon made so handsome a trimming. A band of it was sewn straight down the front of the bodice, ending an inch or so lower than the other two. A very slight fullness in the grenadine just beneath it served to give probability to the equally slight fullness of the skirt. The collar, which belonged to the inevitable choker class, was of old rose chiffon very, very full. This gown has twelve of these collars, for no chiffon can endure being worn more than twice.

The tendency of fashion is towards ladies' tailor-made suits. A few years ago there were only a few competent tailors fitted to make ladies' dresses, and their prices were very exorbitant. Now the demand having increased, and people educated to the fact that they combine more style, comfort, set, and look better than dressmakers' handiwork, the prices are placed within the reach of all. What ready-made clothing are to men, ready-made tailor suits are to women. I met some friends wearing elegant tailored suits, and was surprised to learn that they were made to measure by and in the Maze's workrooms. I am told they have the best cutters and fitters obtainable. Nothing like enterprise, and these people are not far behind the times.

I am quite disappointed in those batiste collars copied from pictures of the Stuart period. Most women have entirely disregarded the fact that a gown suitable for this collar must not be characteristic of the nineteenth, and the end of that, but of the fourteenth century. My advice is to anyone who has these collars, put them away for seven years, and perhaps by that time the gowns will be sufficiently reformed to use them as a suitable appendage.

The most useful, the most swell and the most popular gown I can think of is a red crépon made, of course, with a silk foundation. The skirt has large plaits and is caught up on the side showing a petticoat trimmed with black satin ribbon, the bolero has wide revers covered with an applique of guipure over a background of black satin. The wide plaited belt is of black satin and is closed in front under a puff; the rosettes and ribbons are black; and the gathered plastim is of ivory chiffon. The effect is superb and to my mind suggests a decidedly artistic owner.

One of the very prettiest hats I have seen this season was of green felt entirely covered with a piece of lizard skin and caught up here and there with knots of black velvet and in front a bunch of feathers. I saw this hat at Miss Haake's store on Post street; she has some gems of bonnets that style, where there is merely a bow of ribbon, a steel angel's or Valkyrie's wings of jet, gilt, steel to be worn as headgear. Her bows are particularly artistic, and when placed on the head give one a most charming fresh appearance.

THE REFLECTOR.

High living disorders quickly corrected by Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle, ten cents.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Tramp (looking in the door)—Please, mum——

Farmer's Wife—See here, if you want work you n have it right now! Our hired man left yesterday.

Tramp—Very well, mum, if you'll send fer a regiment o' soldiers I'll begin. I ain't takin' any other man's job without protection these days, mum.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

Sinan

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

The week past opened with a convention and closed with prayer. An anomaly, don't you think? Not so striking, either, for both the prayers and the politics were run by the Irish. Not strange, too, that both were prolific of rows with all attendant bitterness and heartburnings. The inside history of the convention is only partially open to the public scrutiny, yet the glance we get shows how political maneuvering can defeat good men for office. This was noticeably so in the case of each of the offices of District Attorney and of Auditor. For the first, as I some time ago predicted, Mr. Bowden was nominated over the man who has been in the office for four years past. Poor Mr. Cothran, I believe, would have beaten his opponent, but the latter got in his work in the shape of a resolution, which effectually squashed the other's ambition. You see, Cothran had already been nominated by the Populists, and, under the rule made, he could not be recognized in a Democratic Convention. Thereby hangs a tale; for 'tis said there is war in the office, because Mr. Cothran claims to have the original resolution in the handwriting of his principal. After Mr. Bowden's name was presented by Judge Hatch, Vic was also named. He took the floor, however, and with splendid opportunities to say a good word for his successor, neglected them all. Like a schoolboy, you say. Indeed, he might have been more adroit.

Mrs. Potts gave a very swell reception Tuesday afternoon one of her annual farewell receptions and it was really a very enjoyable affair. Mrs. W. L. Woodrow was the best-dressed and most stylish lady in the crowd. Her lavender hat was the envy of all present, even though the ex-Judge's wife did make hateful remarks about it. While the undertaker's wife wore the grandest and most costly toilette at the Potts reception, the Coroner's wife was the most soberly robed woman there.

The Pope's Irish and the A. P. A.'s have joined hands, and will give a chrysanthemum show in November. As the former wish to get into society and the latter want someone to do the work, they have again joined forces.

The Musical Club meets Saturday morning at the home of Mrs. Frank Wright, and it does seem too bad that they have so many quarrels and dissensions among them. Each is jealous of the other, and all are envious of the secretary, who is really doing her best to keep the affair from falling to pieces. The Misses Miller think they know exactly how to run a musical organization, Mrs. Pascoe is positive that she knows all about it, while Mrs. Hillman-Smith imagines that if she had control the thing would run smoothly.

The dancing club of last winter are already organizing for this season. They're going to increase the membership. Last winter they found the assessments a little too high, and now some of the people who are liberal with their money will have a chance to get in and dance with those who try to be very exclusive. A number of the latter are now trying to decide whom they will let in and whom they will keep out. They had a meeting Tuesday evening at one of the homes on North First street and decided that Mabel and Stella were not eligible.

The French madame is trying her best to have Louise counted in, but the girls on First street object for the same reason that the young ladies on South Third street objected to asking her to join their horseback excursions —namely, that she monopolizes the attention of all the gentlemen. I will give you the names of this club in the near future. At present it would be as dangerous to publish them as it would to say: "There is an A. P. A. in this town."

BESSIE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: I have not yet recovered from the effects of the hay ride last week, that the Harrell girls gave in honor of Miss Combs, out to George Roeding's. I do not know what could have been the matter with the crowd. They were dreadfully sleepy. Why, had it not been for the two doctors I do not know what we would have done.

Quite a number of the younger set were in the crowd, but then we older ones kept our places. Mr. and Mrs. Hays made just most splendid chaperones. Charley Riege, for some reason, was very attentive to the Tennesseean that evening. How I did envy her! When we started home we had to hunt all over the place to find them. Mont Parsons evidently was very much taken with the Visalia friend—that is, until the Doctor interfered.

A few of us ventured out to see "Friends" Monday evening. Quite a number of the boys were there, but I saw very few of the girls. Frank Helm was there in all his glory with Miss Williams. I saw Carrie there, too, but she was with the Judge and his wife. Dr. Miller's lonely form was way over on the other side. I wonder why he didn't go over. He is such a queer fellow I can't understand him.

I hear George Roeding is severely smitten. It's a schoolmarm out there in his district. Perhaps if some of us should come upon him unexpectedly we might see him trudging along with her books under his arm.

Our pretty Alabama cousin left us this week for good. Miss Catherine, I suppose, will be awfully lonesome now. "Calline" was one of the jolliest of our girls and made a splendid counter for her spirited cousin.

Well, the Doctor's heart was gladdened this week. Mary has returned home. He is probably on the rapid road to recovery now.

The high school opened this week. It has lost nearly all its nice girls.

The last graduating class contained some of Fresno's brightest and prettiest girls. If you don't believe that you just look over the list of them that are engaged. This year's senior class is quite infantile though.

Frank Fieste is the most peculiar boy I know. I can't call to mind a single one of us that he has ever taken out, and now he seems to be entirely carried away with the Santa Cruz girl. I understand she has been at Pine Ridge all summer, so I suppose his absence during that time can easily be accounted for.

Who would ever have thought Harry and Margaret were really to get married? I never did. But I have heard it several times this week, so I have been forced to believe it. I hear it is to occur in about a month.

TRIX.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY: Mrs. M. S. Severence and children are in San Francisco. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Ellis have gone to visit Boston, their former home. Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holteroff have also left for the East. I. W. Hellman, Jr., of San Francisco is visiting friends here. The following have returned from the seashore and various places where they spent the summer months: Mrs. J. S. Slauson, Mrs. John Wigmore, Mrs. Frank Thomas, Mrs. John Bradbury, Mrs. John E. Plater, Mrs. O. W. Childs, Mrs. Stephen M. White, Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys, Misses Waddilove, Banning and Childs.

The Ellis and Treble Clef Clubs announce their first concert of the season for October 10th. "The Earl King's Daughter" (Gade) will be the principal work of the evening.

Mr. Hancock Banning, whose handsome residence on Fort Hill was recently destroyed by fire, has purchased in Pasadena, and will shortly build a home there, where they will reside. Captain Gilbert Overton has bought a lot in the South Bonnie Brae tract, where he will build very soon.

Our mutual friend, Little Goldie, seems to be enjoying life from a seat in his fiancée's carriage. His poor old nag and the yellow wagon are no longer necessary to him, and he is utterly indifferent to the pleading glance of his former riding companions, who now, alas, have to take the street cars.

The Merry Wives held a lively business meeting the other day, and relations are somewhat strained among certain of the members. This has been the swell card club of town for several seasons past, but, somehow, their precedence seems on the wane, and unless some new timber is taken into the club it will probably die. Rumor has it that of late the club meetings have served rather as a rendezvous for the exchange of gossip and stories than for a means of instruction in Cavendish. It is further said divorce proceedings are soon to be filed, growing out of the influence of this same club.

The guests of a swell boarding house are considerably annoyed over some rows that have taken place between the managers of the hotel. It seems that a Mrs. Kavanaugh formerly conducted affairs, but recently her daughter married a young fellow, George Babcock, and the couple turned in and got possession, leaving mamma to take care of herself. Many of the guests have left, and, I presume, the entertainments and "affairs" will not be so numerous, for some time to come, as formerly.

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BECKY SHARP.

SACRAMENTO.

I have just returned from my summer jaunt to Tahoe and vicinity. I met ever so many Sacramentans there; then Jack wrote regularly keeping me posted of the goings-on in town. The consequence is I have a whole stack of gossip, which I will deal out in small quantities. There is also a wee bit of scandal floating in the air, which won't spoil if kept a while longer. Our would-be Congressman made a speech at the Metropolitan a few nights since, which had the effect of crowding that little theatre. The show was free, so we all turned out. His family occupied a box, and it was amusing how they led the applause after every little bit of oratory. Grove became quite dramatic at times, and there were moments when we held our breath, expecting to see him flop on his knees and ask the aid of the Almighty to get him to Congress.

The Dray girls seem to be most unfortunate in their matrimonial adventures. When Laura and Carrie left their husbands, pa and ma had our sympathy. Now Annie is home. She and Ed were so happy before their marriage, but then Annie had been used to luxury, and the novelty of being a poor man's wife proved monotonous.

The news of Mr McCreary's death was received with great sorrow. He had been ailing for some time past, still the end was sudden. The McCreary house is one of the finest in town, and their parlors have been the scene of many select social festivities. Last winter the Saturday Morning Club held many of its musicales there, and it is with regret that we realize that mourning will close the house for many months to come. By the way, the Saturday Club is soon to re-organize; and the question has come up whether to allow more associate members to join. Last year's entertainments were prolific of much enjoyment and sociability. It is rumored that there are to be some resignations of last year's members, so a few new ones would not swell the regular list.

The swimming season is almost over. Some of our girls have developed into experts, but unfortunately, there has been much sickness among those that ventured in too frequently. The tank has been in an unhealthy condition and to have remedied it would have necessitated the closing of the baths. However, there are improvements talked of to begin very shortly.

Mrs. Ed Hamilton is not only the best dressed woman in town, but she is generally the one to introduce the latest fads. Her latest attempt at showing us what to do has been removing her hat at the theatre. The custom has long been prevalent in your city, and in this town it would be a boon to the men. Our girls do insist upon wearing such large hats on all occasions, but then that is the way in all country towns.

The Clunie Opera Company is attracting great crowds. Louise Manfred has proven quite an acquisition, although Lina Crews still remains the favorite.

Things are dull, now that the Fair is over; most of the visitors having left. The racing was especially fine, but somehow our girls don't seem to be educated up to good horse flesh. There were quite a number of smart frocks worn at the Pavillion, but mostly by guests from your city.

SISTER SUE.

SACRAMENTO, September 26, 1894.

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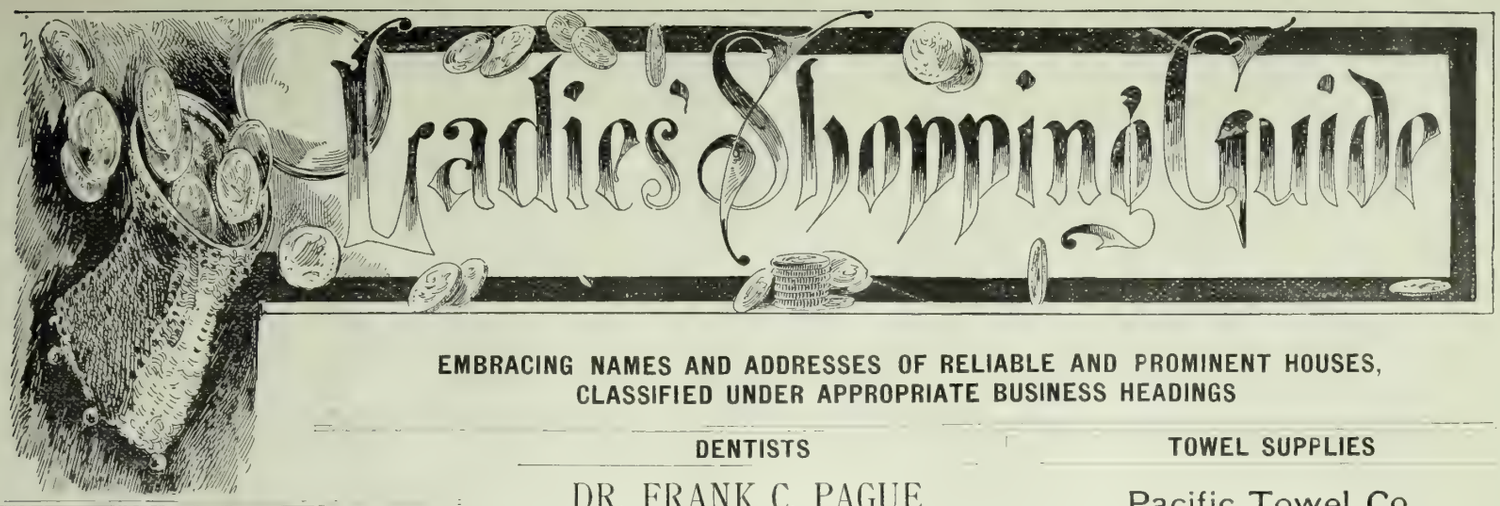

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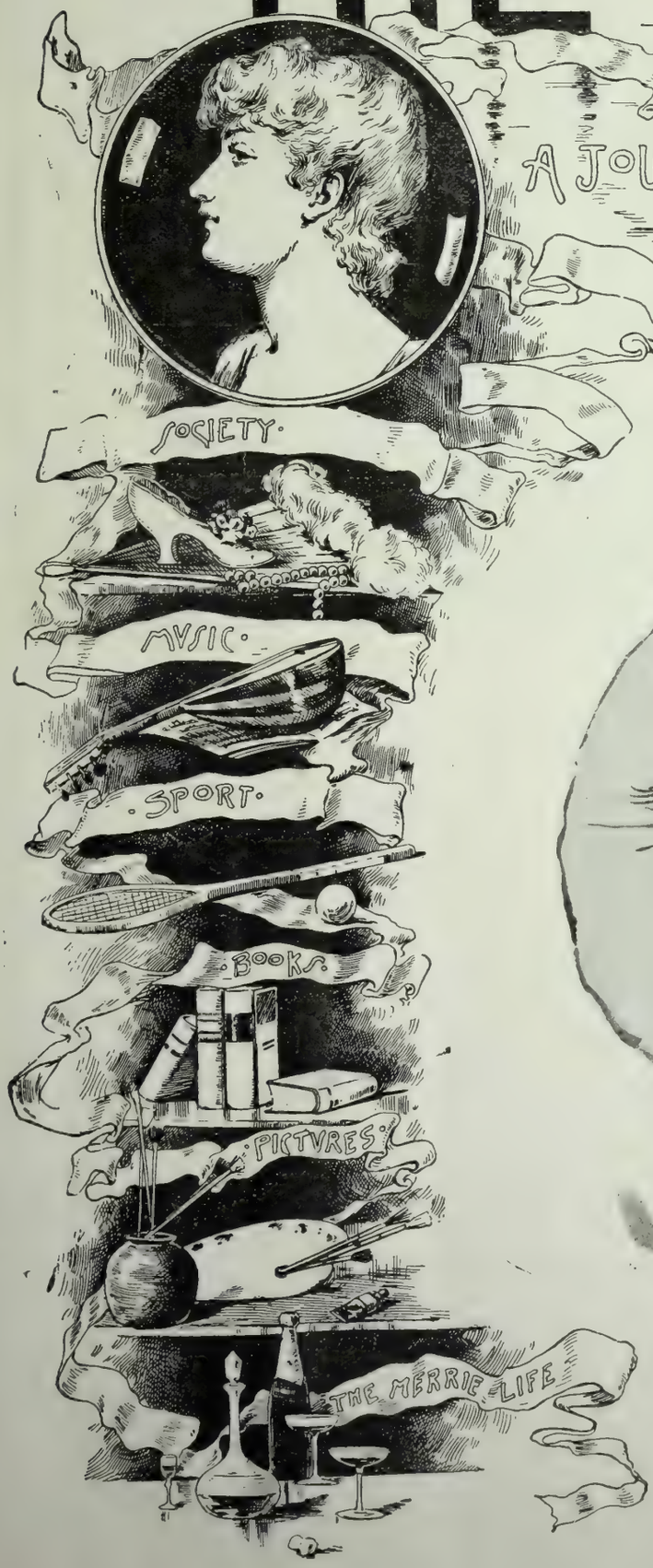

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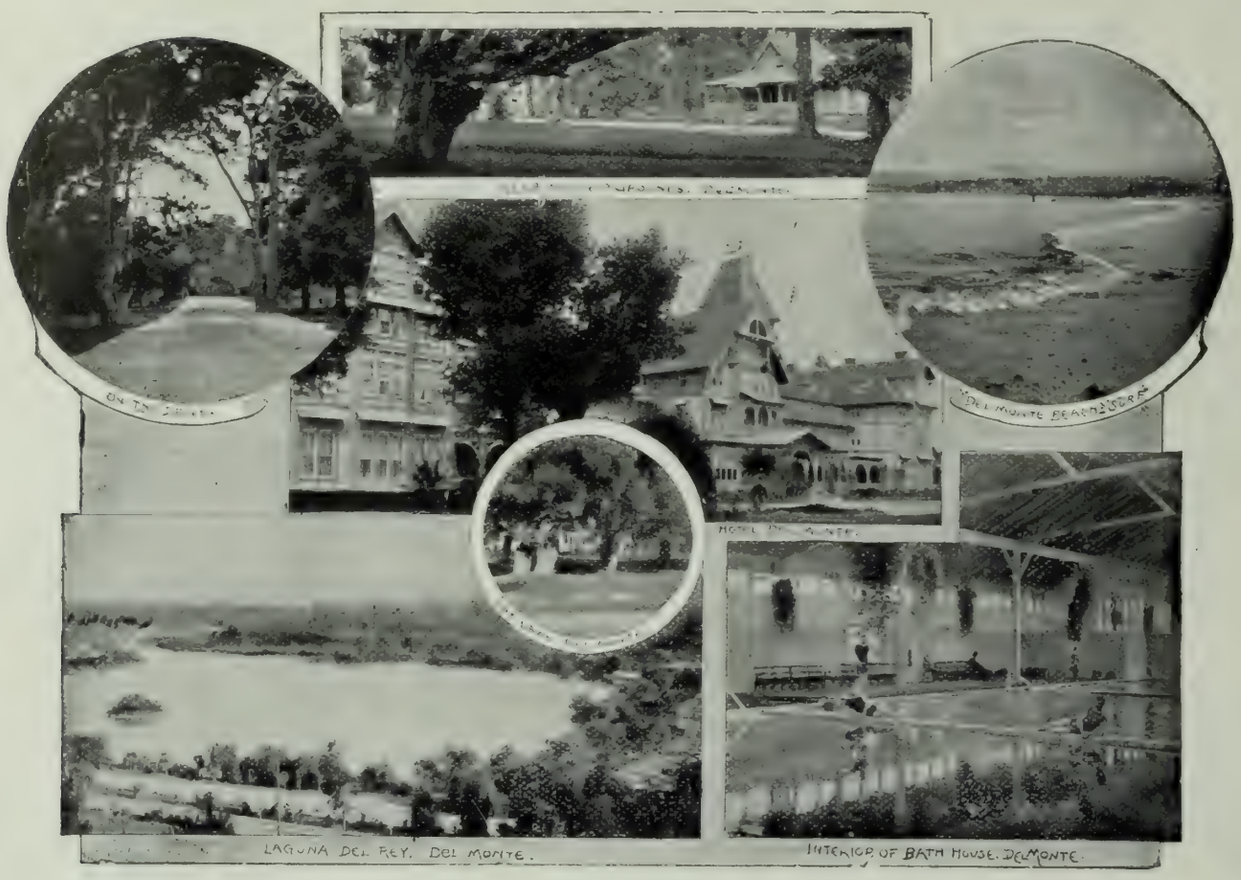

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8.30 a m	Niles, San Jose, Los Banos, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Red Bluff and Oroville	4.15 p m
9.00 a m	New Orleans Express, Raymond (for Yosemite), Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	5.45 p m
9.00 a m	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	10.45 a m
9.00 a m	Martinez and Stockton	10.45 a m
*9.00 a m	Peters and Milton	*7.15 p m
12.30 p m	Niles, San Jose and Livermore	8.45 a m
*1.00 p m	Sacramento River Steamers	*9.00 p m
4.00 p m	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Napa, Calistoga, El Verano and Santa Rosa	9.15 a m
4.00 p m	Benecia, Vacaville, Esparto, Woodland, Knights Landing, Marysville, Oroville and Sacramento	10.45 a m
4.30 p m	Niles, San Jose, Livermore, Stockton, Modesto, Merced and Fresno	7.15 p m
5.00 p m	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East	10.45 a m
6.00 p m	European Mail, Ogden and East	9.45 a m
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*2.45 p m	Newark, Centreville, San Jose, New Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, Santa Cruz and principal Way Stations	*11.50 a m
4.45 p m	Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos	9.50 a m
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PUREST MEDICINAL BRANDY

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Highest Testimonials

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Many Novelties in Imported Ware
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Jaggs—"How did you ever dare to embrace Miss Boston?"

Naggs—"She was speaking of the banditti that night as we drove through a strip of woods by the river and remarked: 'What a romantic place to be held up.'"

Jaggs—"Yes."

Naggs—"Well, I held her up."—*Life.*

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Marlow—"That maid of your wife's is a striking beauty, isn't she?"

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401 Montgomery Street

Father (reprovingly)—"My son, don't you know that a workman is known by his chips?"

Son—"I can't say that I do; but I know that a poker player is."

"That government is best which governs the least." When little Johnny read this he said: "I'll have to show that to dad."—*Boston Transcript.*

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VOSS, CONRAD & CO., General Managers

A SHORT STORY.

CHAPTER I.

Lonely maiden on the beach

CHAPTER II.

Carried far beyond her reach.

CHAPTER III.

Shark attracted by the sound,

CHAPTER IV.

Saves the maid from being drowned.

Exchange.

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Husband—(drying his tears)—That's so; it might have been her maid.—*Town Topics.*

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"Who are the visitors over at Blinker's—relatives?"

"No, they can't be, for the whole family seemed glad to see them."

He—"They have dropped their anchor."

She (on her first trip)—"Serves them right. It has been hanging over the side all day long."

LURLINE BATHS

The Tank is emptied every night between the hours of 10 and 12, and filled direct from the ocean every morning. . . . . .

Tom listened with great interest while his father read from a newspaper an account of life among the Mormons. Seeing the boy's attention, his father said:

"Would you like to live among the Mormons, Tom?"

"What?" cried Tom, "and have to ask a dozen mothers every time I want to go swimming? No thanks."—*Chicago Tribune.*

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF HATTIE K. LAWTON, DECEASED. NOTICE is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator with the will annexed of the Estate of Hattie K. Lawton, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, at his office, No. 319 Pine street, San Francisco, Cal., the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator with the Will of the Estate of Hattie K. Lawton, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 20, 1894.

J. D. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Administrator.

Mr. Edgerly Winton (to his architect)—It's going to make a *reckershay* kind of a house, Mr. Lewis; but what's this shed business in front?

Mr. Lewis—That is the *porte cochere*, sir.

Mrs. Winton—How nice! And I suppose you'll have a separate *cochere* for each of the other wines, won't you, Mr. Lewis?—*Frank Leslie's.*

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The English Actress, coaches Ladies and Gentlemen for the dramatic profession. Appearances arranged.

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She—You say you love me?

He—With my whole soul.

She—And are anxious only for my happiness?

He—No words could be truer.

She—Then don't you think you ought to stop calling so often, and give some man, with income enough to live on, a chance to see me alone once in a while.—*Toronto Saturday Night.*

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Large Dining Room for Ladies

Sole Depot for Jos. Schlitz' Milwaukee Beer

Imported European Beer from Buergerliches Brauhaus, Pilsen-Bohemia; Actien Beer from Rizzi Culmbach, Bavaria

There are two places where it requires an effort to keep one's balance—on the ice and at the bank.

"I think Jack is tired of being my slave. He is getting so anxious that I should marry him."

Adam was the first Odd Fellow, but when he took Eve into partnership he ceased to be of the independent order.

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R. H. WARFIELD
PROPRIETOR

"You wish to join my dramatic company?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you had much experience?"

"Yes; I have been engaged in several theaters."

"And what parts have you taken?"

"I have figured in the shouts of the people at a distance."—*Miscellanea.*

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The Nearest Popular Seaside Resort Outside of San Francisco,

J. E. SLINKEY . . . Proprietor

The discussion over Johnny's failings had reached the stage of personalities.

"It's easy to see, madam," vociferated Mr. Chugwater, "which side of the house the boy gets his temper from."

"It is, Joshua," replied Mrs. Chugwater, "and it's likewise easy to see where he gets his inability to control it."—*Chicago Tribune.*

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Occidental Hotel

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A Quiet Home Centrally Located

WM. B. HOOPER, Manager

She—"How fearful it must be for a great singer to know that she has lost her voice."

He—"It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."—*Tit-Bits.*

Clara—"Were there any marrying men down at the beach this summer?"

Cora—"Yes; there were two ministers and a justice of the peace."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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MATEO HOTEL AND COTTAGES

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A nervous organist in a Harlem church caused a bridal party to march out after the ceremony to the air: "What Shall the Harvest Be?"—*N. Y. Mercury.*

Horses Pastured $1.50 Per Month : :

GOOD FEED AND CARE!

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RESIDENTS OF SAN FRANCISCO WHO DESIRE TO ENTERTAIN ON A SCALE NOT CONVENIENT IN THEIR HOME WILL FIND THE BANQUET AND BALL ROOMS OF THE PALACE ADMIRABLY ADAPTED TO THEIR NEEDS . . . . . .

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 14. San Francisco, October 6th, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 6, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"THE GREEN SPOT ON THE MOON."

An Eastern astronomer with a patent sectional telescope, and, one might readily suppose, a diverting imagination, having one eye to the moon and another to the advertising of his invention, claims to have discovered a green spot on the face of that pale luminary. Astronomers generally discredit the statement, and declare it to be all moonshine; but there are optimists, no doubt, who will find the phenomenon credible. Our artist had all these things in mind when he conceived the cartoon on our first page, which is allegorical in its nature.

Mr. Estee has not yet found the green spot for which he searches. It is not there.

CAMPAIGN SALVATION.

The country is undergoing salvation again, and under quite unusual circumstances of disease and difficulty. The two parties now on the road as salvation armies, with the purpose of saving our own, our native land, which get the most steam on, are the Prohibitionists and the Populists. In fact, they are as like as two p's. The Prohibitionists require immediate cessation of the production of alcohol. They are a crusading people and go forth, as did the cohorts of Peter the Hermit, preaching and practicing, and calling Heaven to witness. Their familiar terms with the next world and thorough acquaintance with the Divine purpose, of which they are the accredited agents, would suggest a short cut to Prohibition. If there were no alcohol there would be no Prohibition party. But in the scheme of creation it was planned that starch and certain vegetable juices containing sugar should turn to alcohol in fermentation. Man found this out before he had been long in business as a human being. In his most primitive state to-day the heathen in his blindness gets drunk on quass in the far North and baits his breath with tiswin in arid Arizona. As he gets more civilized man gets more particular, but he resorts to the same old bar, run by Nature, where she converts starch into sugar and sugar into alcohol at the same old stand where Noah got full after the flood. Now, if the Prohibitionists, instead of trying to amend the statutes of California, will move an amendment to the laws of Nature so that fermentation shall be prohibited, they will strike the whisky trust a body blow. Prayers are put up for rain and for shine, for the recovery of a sick President and the repose of a dead king. What are all these things in human interest compared to the destruction wrought by sugar turning into alcohol? Why not turn the devout face and supplicating voice to the task of making sugar quit its bad habits?

The populists are out against the accumulation of property. Mr. Cator, by odds their ablest advocate, declaims against interest on money, flings defiance at the grated windows of the banks, and runs a tilt against wealth. His remedy for the evils of property is to abolish the banks of issue and secure a currency by depositing the bonds of States, counties and cities in the United States Treasury as security for their face in bills to be issued by the Federal Government at the rate of one per cent interest. Then when the people want more money they are to vote an issue of bonds, pawn them at the Treasury and live happy on the proceeds. Of course the only way to get this airy, fairy currency into circulation is by the State, county or city paying it for something required for public use. Railroads, street roads, telegraphs, telephones, hack and stage lines, coal and gold and silver mines can be bought with it, to be held in public ownership. Mr. Cator is justified in his prediction, that with such an issue of currency prices will go up. As he demands that the first jump shall provide fifty dollars per head of population, it is safe to predict a fall in the purchasing power of the currency, which he calls a rise in prices. But as prices rise the people will find it harder to reach them, and then other Cators will rise and deplore the lack of money by reason of which the poor, who will be with us in the Populist paradise, just as they are in this present plutocratic hell, cannot buy the comforts of food and raiment, and more bonds will be demanded and more currency, and so this telescopular finance will go on until there are so many bonds, so much currency and so little purchasing power in it that a potato will command the price of the Kohinoor, and Mr. Cator's plan to save civilization and relieve the poor will have ended in universal bankruptcy, unanimous insolvency and general ruin. In that day there will be Catorwauling to the effect that this benevolent scheme for making something out of nothing, and founding human happiness on the result, failed because of the enmity of the "Money Power." But they will be wrong. The failure will be caused by the collision of the scheme with the laws of Nature—laws as fixed as that by which alcohol comes from starch and fruit sugar.

Next in the reform procession come the single taxers, who propose to divorce poverty from progress by raising all taxation from land. They are the least harmful of the whole line. Their scheme of taxation had been considered long before Henry George made it famous. It might economize the collection of revenue, but that it would abolish poverty is no more likely than that a diet of buns will cure bunions. As the procession passes, above the noise of the wheels in the heads of its members, may be heard the cry of the politicians of the two old parties tooting for votes, and declaring their belief in every vagary that has a voting advocate in the crowd.

MR. MILLARD, the young man from Kansas, who would be Lieutenant-Governor, in a speech in Alameda a few nights ago, said he was glad he came out to California. Well! He ought to be, after the way we have treated him. Nominated for Lieutenant-Governor before he got fairly settled.

POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

THE investigation of the Lexow Committee, which is laying bare New York's political depravity, has developed conditions and abuses more startling than even the most pessimistic student of our form of civilization or government could have anticipated. It is safe to assume that, so far as corruption goes, our local political machine has lagged little behind New York, and the methods here prevailing are no doubt based upon the experience and practical operation of Tammany. A rehearsal, therefore, of the system now being exposed in the East may perhaps illustrate the means by which Mr. Buckley and Mr. Rainey and a horde of other equally respectable Misters have enriched themselves and acquired landed estates and bank accounts such as would not have rewarded years of honest toil. Amongst the iniquities unearthed, and, in fact, one of the most fruitful sources of revenue to the machine, was the sale of exemptions from police interference—in short the granting of licenses to break the law. A fixed scale of prices was arranged, and the tariff sheet included about every illegal enterprise humanity might conceive. It even included the exaction of tribute from merchants, builders and others for the infraction of obscure ordinances where the necessities or convenience of an otherwise legitimate calling brought them within the penalty of the law. Disreputable houses offered a shining mark for harassment and consequent profit. Proprietors of such places were assessed five hundred dollars each on commencing business, and subsequent payments of fifty dollars per month were exacted for continuous protection. The revenue from this source alone is computed at nearly three and a half millions of dollars. Protection to saloons violating the one o'clock and the Sunday closing laws cost the violators and netted the political machine a million and three-quarters of dollars. Peddlers, gamblers, bootblacks, green-goods men, house builders, merchants who obstructed sidewalks or streets, all fell within the clutches of the rapacious poli-

tician, and were compelled to pay or go out of business.

Mr. Edward Marshall estimates the revenue from these items alone to be as follows:

Disreputable houses	$3,450,000
Saloons	1,750,000
Gamblers	72,000
Merchants	50,000
Green-goods men	33,000
Peddlers	78,000
Bootblacks, signs, fruit stands	25,000
	$5,458,000

So far as exposures of the methods of our local political manipulators go—slight and inconsequential as they have been—they have developed the same general characteristics as the Lexow committee has uncovered in New York. For years it was understood that Buckley shared in all the profits of the clock games, pool sellers and bookmakers, yet one-half the tale has not been told. Does anyone doubt the existence of a similar blackmail system in this city? We have time and again been on the edge of an exposure of local iniquities of the same stamp, but somehow, in some way, investigation has always stopped at the threshold and the matter quietly hushed up. Judge Conlon once startled the city with a series of charges of corruption and proved to the satisfaction of the people, if not the police commissioners, that blackmailing was practised systematically by the police. But the Commissioners refused to believe, and acquittal followed. There is a wide field for investigation in this city, and good government clubs, such as are suggested in another column, would expose these abuses, and once given publicity they would at least become less frequent and less profitable.

THE nomination of William J. Rudddick for Sheriff on the Republican municipal ticket was a concession to decency. The defeat of Mr. McNab, who is also a man of high integrity and commercial standing, was due entirely to the overwhelming demands of the friends of Ruddick. The WAVE had hoped Mr. McDade would receive the renomination to which his services certainly entitled him, but being distasteful to Messrs. Buckley and Rainey, he was defeated. We believe Mr. Ruddick to be quite as capable as Mr. McDade, and his election will insure a conservative and honest administration. The friends of good government may safely record their votes for Ruddick.

MODERN WOMAN.

A writer in London *Truth* with a keen appreciation of the tendencies of the times thus satirizes the fin de siécle drift of the age. He says, "When is a child not a child? Now. When is a woman not a woman? Now. When is art not art? Now. When is everything nothing? Now."

There is much wholesome and convincing candor in these blunt self-answered riddles. The poor world seems daft, and all mankind is busy scurrying away from the precepts and traditions of the past. Women who assume to speak and act for womankind have shed the draperies of modesty and all the gentle graces and adornments that made them lovable to man are laid aside in the camphor-wood trunk of obscurity, and they now parade abroad clad only in the regalia of their rights. The domestic idol about which of yore clustered every holy sentiment is crowned with asphodel and slowly crumbles to melancholy dust. This late development of modern progress has put womanliness at a discount. The gentle tenderness, which like a low voice, were once so commendable in the sex, is now an expression of cowardice. It is now sufficient to have talent or accomplishments, but they must be blazoned to the world, announced through press or pulpit to the detriment of the softer virtues, the homespun, kindly, hearty virtues that once were worshipped as the crowning glories of womanhood.

In her insensate yearning after the unattainable even inflexible laws of nature are defied; woman must be woman no longer, and God knows she yet may fret high heaven with complaints anent her stature and her mould and demand as a concession from her maker that the pains and burdens of travail alternate twixt her and her unfortunate spouse. These are indeed unhappy times and one prays for the return of the "ideal feminine sweetness, purity and moral beauty which the modern world may count as its noblest possession, and an ideal upon the preservation of which, more perhaps than of any other human conception, the welfare of the race depends."

THIS from an interior exchange:

> The political campaign is now fairly on. The nominees of both parties have entered the field, and from this time forward electioneering will continue.

Is the *Call* editorial staff breaking up and going in for interior journalism?

TWO LIEUTENANT-GOVERNORS.

Considering the variety of pretensions and the apparent confusion of interests and efforts, there need be no apology for an analysis of the several candidacies before the citizens of this State. In our last issue we compared, at some length, the careers of M. M. Estee and James Budd, and pointed out the necessity for defeating the former in order to secure an administration untrammeled by bossism and secure from corporate control. In considering the claims of Mr. Jeter and Mr. Millard, their personal records must figure largely in determining the honest voter in his choice. We have no hesitation in saying the comparison is vastly to the advantage of the Democrat.

Mr. Millard is precisely what we have characterized him—a cut-rate tourist from Kansas, who took a "spin out West" in the late eighties, landed in Los Angeles, and, until he "ran up to Sacramento to get his nomination," had never ventured beyond the boundary lines of his county. With the ignorance that is translated patriotism in the South, he imagined snowshoes a necessity of life in Sacramento, and anticipated sleigh-riding as a diverting feature of his visit to the capital. For him San Francisco was a gloomy region given over to fogs and earthquakes, cursed by frequent visitations of smallpox and Asiatic cholera. His notions of the North, indeed, were those of the Los Angeles boomer, whose custom it is to speak of all California lying north of Tehachapi as a species of Arctic region, with apologies, of course, for undue reflections on the home of the Laplander. Inquiry reveals the interesting fact that the wherefore of Millard is the friendship borne him by a certain Hervey Lindley, a Los Angeles politician. Mr. Lindley occupies a unique position in the politics of Southern California. Once a Congressional nominee in a district overwhelmingly Republican, he succeeded in seating his astonished opponent with a handsome Democratic majority. His party goes in mourning, now, and displays signs of uncontrollable grief, whenever Lindley threatens to run for office. So they have consented among themselves, down in the city of the Angels, that he may have a decisive voice in the selection of party nominees if he but promises not to shy his own castor into the ring. This accounts for Millard. Again is the Democratic party under obligations to Mr. Lindley. After this it seems unnecessary to add that he is unfit for the position and is not entitled to the office. A stranger to the State, ignorant of its needs, knowing nothing of its farming, mining or commercial interests, having neither ties of love nor kindred with us, he is an interloper, whose intrusion into politics should receive the rebuke its impertinence merits.

Mr. Jeter, the democratic candidate, has been well known in California for seventeen years. Prominent in his environment, he has earned the confidence and respect of the community wherein he dwells. His public life has proven him worthy of the high office to which he aspires. His history and antecedents are an open book. From 1882 to 1884 he served his party as chairman of the County Central Committee of Santa Cruz. He was elected a member of the common council of Santa Cruz in 1882 and re-elected by a large majority in 1884. In this capacity he served with distinction, honor and credit. An active promoter of the plan to bring about the municipal ownership of light and waterworks—now an accomplished fact in Santa Cruz—he won the gratitude of his constituency and was elected District Attorney in January, 1885, in which office he remained six years. He was elected Mayor in 1892 and served in that capacity until 1894. At present he is the president of the Bank of Santa Cruz and the Santa Cruz Saving's Bank and is again Chairman of the County Committee. This is a record creditable in the extreme. Let the voter compare it with that of Millard and he need not hesitate in his selection.

AFTER thanking the district convention for his nomination, Senator Mahoney, who is something of a wag, remarked: "My record as a Senator is an open book, gentlemen." If Mahoney is careless enough to leave his record lying around open, his opponent will have a walk-over. Shut the book, Senator, or your name is Dennis.

MUNICIPAL ORGANIZATION.

The cause of good government attracts the interest and attention of most Americans. To secure honest elections, upright officers and a fair administration, the great mass of voters would be willing to make personal sacrifices of magnitude and to go to the extreme of effort if only success seems a possibility within the scope of attainment. If in the past the path of reform has been beset by failure, the reason is not hard to find. Without unity of action, without display of power, without representative exertion, the voice of protest seldom rises to the dignity of a whining complaint, never reaches the great public ear, nothing is accomplished. This can all be remedied by organization. Illustrative of the power of combined effort, take the Merchant's Association of San Francisco. Though in existence but a few months, it is yet recognized as a power for good, and commands the attentive respect of departments of the municipality which hitherto have been all too oblivious of the fact that public officers are the public servants. It is not the purpose of this organization to interfere in politics, but it does propose to attend to the proper sweeping of our streets, and if a contract be let for the construction of a sewer, or the paving of a street, it intends the work shall be properly performed according to the terms of the contract. To insure so commendable an end it will delegate its members to view the manner and the progress of the improvement, or, if needs be, employ ex-

perts to detect fraudulent methods and bad work. Public contractors have hitherto openly, notoriously and continuously robbed this community, and that, too, without fear of detection, or if detected without danger of punishment, other than the penalty of a division of the spoils with the official making the discovery. The espionage the association proposes will have an electrical effect, and the mere fear of exposure with its consequent loss and shame will deter contractors from being "too raw" in their thefts. Clubs organized to secure good government would have a similar effect upon the politics of the municipality. They should be formed in each assembly, or lesser voting district, if necessary, and with respectability as the prime qualification for membership, should be composed of men of all political faiths, having only that one object in view. Good government includes everything. Corrupt officials knowing the existence of these clubs, and of the inquiries set on foot, would cultivate honesty and see to it that the administration of their office left no opening for criticism. Would not such an improvement more than compensate for the trouble of organization.

John Swinton has nominated Governor Altgeld for President on the Populist ticket in 1896. It is to be hoped that this will be done, for all people who are in favor of preserving free institutions and representative government are interested in knowing just how many followers Altgeld has in this country.

GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUBS.

THE triumphs of an organized minority, engaged in practical politics, over a disorganized majority interested only in the public welfare, in a country where majorities are popularly supposed to rule, preaches a sermon which the friends of good government should turn to immediate advantage. It is a common saying that republics are ungrateful; that a public servant who is true to his trust is seldom renominated to office or rewarded by appreciation. In some particulars this is true and here lies the reason: The political machines of either party must approve the candidate before he goes to the people as a nominee, and as it may be safely said an officer who has given satisfaction to the people has seldom pleased the machine, that institution then rebukes his honesty by defeating him in convention. The fact is, public officers owe too little to the people, too much to the politician. Punishment from the machine is certain, from the public doubtful.

Good Government Clubs would revolutionize this practice and worthy public servants be accorded recognition. Even if the machine continued in existence it could not afford to ignore the demands of a large body of voters who were programmed, so to speak. The *Century*, speaking of these clubs, pointed out that if they would investigate prevalent abuses and continuing infractions of the law against the morals or peace of the community, that, while they might not be able to draw attention to abuses not already known to the police or other power before whom the complaint might be lodged, still the knowledge of the fact that an organization of this character was interesting itself in good government would spur the authorities on to suppress the most striking evils and lead to a better condition of affairs. The field of action for such organizations is not confined to campaign times; it should be a continuing exertion extending over every detail of government. Besides it should not fail in apprising the community of its labors by the diffusion of educational literature. We would be glad to contribute the assistance of THE WAVE towards such clubs, and believe their organization would assist materially toward abolishing the evils and securing the blessings of self government.

THE REPUBLICANS AND SPRING VALLEY.

There is a resonant boldness, and a ring of honesty to the plank in the Republican municipal platform which deals with the Spring Valley Water Company. For once there is no juggling with words, no empty, shallow, equivocal phrases, no studied ambiguity which derides reason, levies tribute on imagination, and taxes hope with doubtful fears. Here is a clear, comprehensive and explicit declaration charging corruption in the fixing of rates, which emanating from so high a source, rises to the dignity of "findings" in a court of law. It towers above the idle rumors of the street, and resolves suspicion into a concrete accusation of crime in terms so grave and positive as to demand the attention of the community. The plank reads as follows:

THE SPRING VALLEY COMPANY.

Water is one of the great necessities of life with which the entire population is concerned, and the privilege of distributing it is a franchise granted by the people to be exercised for their benefit, as well as for the reasonable profit of those to whom it has been granted. We declare it to be the imperative duty of our Supervisors, in fixing water rates, to protect the rights of the people as against the selfish and unconscionable demands of grasping corporations. We declare that the existing water rates are exorbitant. **We denounce the bribery and corruption that has been so frequent in connection with the establishment of water rates, as dangerous to our institutions, subversive of good morals and disastrous to the well-being of the community in its results.**

Demurrer will not lie to this indictment. It is either true or false. If true, there is a plain duty before the Grand Jury and the District Attorney. It devolves on them to at once commence an investigation. Diligent search must reveal testimony, which if failing the certainty of technical legal proof—for direct evidence is difficult to obtain—will at least carry conviction at the bar of public opinion. It is about time the veil of virtuous pretension was stripped from the faces of corporate corruptionists. Let all honest citizens know who these enemies are that pander to the mercenaries of the municipality, let there be no secret about their motives or their methods. This is no light charge to be brushed lightly away by blasphemous denials, or explained on some flimsy theory of personal spite. We all know the use of platforms as the weapons of campaign to be flung aside by the victors, but in this instance the Republican Convention has gone out of its way to reflect seriously and severely on the officers of a well-known corporation, and in terms so unmistakable, so specific that there can be no possibility of error. If this body is in possession of facts, let them be put in the proper official hands. If not, if this be but a daring device for vote catching, then its perpetrators have been guilty of a most reprehensible trick, and the public will on election day manifest its disapproval.

PERILS OF PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

It is strange that all reformers base their policy upon complaints of present misgovernment. They want the people to own the railroads as they do the present wagon roads. For what would happen then we need only look at the condition of the public roads in every State in the Union. If there is a mile of highway fit to drive over will some one tell where it is? If there is a function of Government in this country, outside the mere police function, that is performed as well as parallel functions are by private parties, will some one tell us what it is? How, then, can things be bettered and present misgovernment be cured by enlarging the scope of public functions? If property is evil, private ownership a crime, and accumulation destruction of civilization, there is a short cut to prevention that does not prevent. That is by repealing all laws that protect the acquisition and ownership of property. When they are repealed every owner will have to protect himself. The weak will soon go down before the strong, and everything will be held by the mailed hand which is heavy enough to protect its own. That was once the condition of the world, and it proved to be incompatible with civilization and progress. Little by little it was overcome by the substitution of law for personal power. Since this took place feudalism, serfdom and slavery have vanished, and the place they had is now held by the people, under the protection of law that recognizes the right to earn and hold property. That right is the main distinction now between civilization and barbarism, for wherever private ownership is not, the dress is a gee string and personal force the law.

THE Non-Partisan Convention has demonstrated that its judgment is not infallible in the approval of candidates, and its endorsement must not be accepted by the voter as showing conclusively that the best men were always selected; or, for that matter, that the Convention thought they were the best men. To substantiate its claim to non-partisanship it was necessary for that body to distribute as evenly as practicable the judicial and other nominations between the two parties, and this plan of procedure made it necessary in some cases to ignore the claims of candidates quite as deserving as those endorsed by it.

The best names on its ticket are Ellert, Haley, Freese and Siebe, honest men whose records have made them a reputation, and whom I believe should be re-elected. Other men whose names appear have the advantage of unimpeachable records, but these are the officials whose ability and integrity have been subjected to the test of trial. We shall hereafter offer free and unprejudiced criticisms on the various candidates, not only on the Non-Partisan ticket, but on the offerings of the other parties.

THE world does not like the kicker who refuses to take the political medicine he was prepared to administer to others. The weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth now going on among the defeated Republican aspirants for municipal preferment does not strike a responsive chord of sympathy in our breast. These same good gentlemen witnessed with a calm, unruffled demeanor the operation of "turning down" candidates innumerable at the Sacramento Convention—indeed might have been parties to the crime for aught we know to the contrary—but they saw no wrong in that proceeding, and continued to shout for Burns and pure government. Now that their turn has come and the bitter draught is placed to their own lips up goes a shout of rebellion and the voice of woe wails out loud lamentations of treachery. Some little boys when they have stowed away in their little stomachs an indiscreet quantity of green fruit, buttons and other indigestible things and are needing castor oil or some other nauseating medicine from the family chest, are rewarded with rocking-horses and bicycles for submitting to the prescriptions of the family physician. Perhaps these gentlemen would like a rocking-horse in the shape of an appointment of some kind. We trust the Colonel will help them and keep them still with some gaudy toy.

SPLASHES

NOT SINCE the inimitable nuptials of Miss Tessie Fair and Herman Oelrichs have the dailies condescended to devote so much of their valuable space to a mere marriage as they have given to the nuptials of Mr. Joseph Tobin and Miss Mae Dimond. It is always edifying to be a subject of interest to journalism. There is an exquisite pleasure in having one's private affairs toyed pleasantly with by

a society reporter whose nimble caperings have the grace and dexterity of a duck hunter pursuing a canvasback over an adobe swamp. Something supremely delicate in this eulogy brings the blush of happiness to the cheeks of the recipient, and she feels that society is in no sense a sham, membership in which confers so bracing a distinction. Think of it. Merely by being married—if one is of the 400—more space is accorded the celebration than to the artistic or intellectual achievements of our ablest and cleverest citizens. One's clothes are described at greater length than the books of the greatest of writers; one's countenance has the same phrases applied to it as if the subject were Diana, Venus or Helen of Troy. Of a truth, journalism is a charming institution.

* * *

At this stage of the month, after the pages the subject has had, I am indeed daring to mention it, but duty demands I make official announcement of the marriage. In anticipating the presence of a huge crowd current anticipation was not disappointed. During the ceremony the house was crowded, but ample space had been reserved for the bridal party, and the Archbishop had spare elbow-room for the performance of the service. Really, the wedding tableau was imposing—such an array of pretty bridesmaids in white, and the bride, in an exceedingly swell gown, even showing to better advantage than at the marriage of her sister, Mrs. Paul Jarboe. It would be invidious to particularize, but one may not avoid reference to Miss Ames, the two Hobarts and Miss Irwin, who looked charming, and to Miss Beatrice Tobin, whose debut was accomplished under circumstances unusually auspicious. The ring fell to Miss Ella Hobart, indicating about as much as such things generally indicate. It was noticeable that the guests did not stop too long, but contented themselves with congratulations and an exit, wherein they exhibited an appreciable quality of good sense. By midnight the house was empty, even the parties of the first part having gone hence.

* * *

But the presents—they were something to dream about, if one were dreaming. Jewelry galore, silver, cutlery, bijouterie, articles de vertu, objects d'art in profusion. General Dimond contributed a chest of silver; Mrs. Tobin, a silver coffee service, which Miss Hobart had duplicated as her own offering. Richard Tobin sent a delicious little watch in pink enamel studded with gems. Commissioner Robert Tobin contributed a splendid solitaire diamond ring—a magnificent stone. Alfred Tobin sent a beautiful diamond pin. Really the gifts made a most imposing display. Furniture alone remains to be purchased, and that the happy pair will select while East. They are to occupy the com-

fortable home which the Moore's have had during the season, and will doubtless, on their return, do considerable entertaining.

* * *

THE NUPTIALS of Mr. Hyman and Miss Rose Hart promises to be notable. At the reception last Sunday the numerous friends of the family met the prospective groom, who has just come here from Paris. He is pronounced decidedly good looking, a Parisian to his finger tips, who sings, plays and talks with that degree of brightness and gaiety one expects in dwellers in Lutetia. In addition to these superficial but important accomplishments, he is an excellent business man, eminently capable of handling both his wife's fortune and his own, both of which are large. In the matter of taste, Mr. Hyman placed himself on record by the charming presents he brought his fiancée—a superb necklace, containing a number of large and beautifully matched diamonds of the first water, with fine pearls forming the clasp. The pendant is a clover leaf, exquisitely set, and the jewel is so made that the component parts form broaches, rings, pins, whatsoever other form of female decoration there be. A hat from Virot and some charming gowns were also among the offerings this model lover laid at the feet of his inamorata. After the marriage services the Hymans will remain here a month and then set out for Paris, followed subsequently by the bride's parents, who, also, will make their home in France.

* * *

One does not necessarily believe all the weird things told, but I believe there is more than a semblance of veracity in the story related of a certain young woman, who utilized the excitement incident and subsequent to a recent marriage to dare a coterie of youths by whom she was surrounded, to kiss her. Now, though they are all brave and gay young gentlemen, capable and complaisant in just such contingencies, and though the maiden in question is a formidable component in society, her "dare" was not taken. Alas, she is still unkissed.

* * *

SOME SADNESS has been precipitated in the circles immediately concerned over the announcement stating the annulling of the engagement between Miss Grace Goodyear of Martinez and Lieutenant Kirkham. Though it is not permitted us to claim that charming young woman as a San Franciscan, she is sufficiently well known in this environment to have established a decided popularity. Any number of San Franciscans had accepted invitations for the wedding, which was to have been celebrated this month, and from all accounts it would have been the most swagger affair the capital of Contra Costa county has ever had. En passant it may be mentioned the Goodyears have considerable wealth, a delightful home and are very hospitable; further that the bride that was to be have been is a decidedly good-looking girl, tall, stately and with a carriage of considerable dignity.

* * *

Preparations for the wedding were well under way, a particularly elaborate trousseau had been sent from New York; even the ushers and bridesmaids—for the most part well known San Franciscans—had been selected. The disappointment, therefore, is all the more positive. Of course a variety of reasons are assigned for the rupture. That which has given most currency attribute the fault to the prospective bridegroom. Lieutenant Kirkham, it seems, has been stationed at an Eastern post of late and to the sincere regret of his friends he has contracted habits of intemperance to which both the lady who was to have been Mrs. Kirkham and her mother seriously objected. At the express request of Mrs. Goodyear the engagement was terminated, and I fear it is highly unlikely that there can be any further rapproachement on either side.

* * *

ACCORDING to several formulas, the Nolan-Treadwell nuptials on Saturday last were thoroughly jolly. There were no stiff-necked conventionalities about the affair, though Archbishop Riordan, in his highly dignified way, performed the ceremony at a very white altar; and both the bride and groom seemed to mean something by their responses. But then there is nothing like a little sincerity when it is the right woman one has married, and she entertains the proper regard for the groom. There were several departures in the matter of bridal array that might furnish basis for comment. Instead of pure white in heavy silk, Miss Treadwell had a gown of light silk into which a pattern of tiny flowers

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Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

in green and pink was woven. She is but nineteen, this young heiress, tall, slim, erect, with clear cut features, bright expressive eyes, and a decided look of intelligence. She wore a fine necklace of diamonds, presented by her sister, and a very beautiful pendant set in first water stones, given by her brother. I am told, also, that Miss Treadwell has become a Roman Catholic, and has all the earnestness and sincerity of a convert in the matter of religion. Her sister, Miss Thalia Treadwell, is quite charmingly pretty, petite, very blonde, with delicate features and blue eyes. She wore yellow and lavender, whose pale tones harmonized with her coloring. Miss Kitty Nolan, who was bridesmaid, looked gorgeous in a Parisian gown in green, brocaded with pink roses.

* * *

The Nolan house on Golden Gate avenue made a fine frame for the festivity. It has spacious rooms, lofty ceilings and is furnished with considerable richness. After the ceremony the happy pair received the inevitable felicitations, then an elaborate breakfast with champagne *ad lib.* There was much impromptu speech-making and quite a deal of fun and gaiety, with the usual cloud of rice and slippers thrown after the departing couple. Indeed the entire company accompanied them to the Howard-street wharf, bidding them Godspeed on their honeymoon voyage to Honolulu. Miss Kitty Nolan accompanied them.

* * *

OH, THAT I HAD the pen of Virgil, Macauley or Frank Pixley to confer appropriate rhetoric on the ceremony which unites Miss Belle Sperry and the noble Poniatowski. It cannot be done justice to at the long range from which I write. There are to be three separate and distinct marriages—Number one, the civil nuptials, municipal officers, contract, and all that; next, the Episcopal celebration, in compliment to the bride's faith; then, number three, the Romish service, in consonance with the ancient faith of the Poniatowskis. It will, of course, be altogether a most distinguished function all through, and it may be assumed the Faubourg St. Germain will be adequately represented—at least, I hope it will. In circles wherein the match is a subject of attention and thought the dot of the bride engages some attention. Perhaps I can shed a mild light on that subject. Miss Sperry is to have one million francs—roughly, two hundred thousand dollars—as a marriage settlement. Half the amount cometh to her in United States gold coin, down; the rest is to be paid in installments, for, in these hard times, that is quite a good deal of money.

* * *

Miss Sperry's gown is to be a triumph by Worth, I hear, or, if not by Worth, by Doucet, or some one only less important. A charming member of the American colony will act as bridesmaid, and the affair will be conducted with the elaborateness appropriate to the great occasion. I can only regret that the Prince and Princess are unable to order their affairs as to be able to confer distinction on our community by residing here.

* * *

The initial appearance of Mrs. Oelrichs and her sister was made at Miss Jennie Blair's luncheon to the Hobarts. As their trunks had not then arrived they came in traveling gowns, and both were congratulated on having arrived unimpaired as to complexion and digestion after the toilsome journey across the plains. The luncheon was an elaborate affair. A swell arrangement of flowers and pink and red ribbon set off the table; dozens of La France and Jack roses, in vases, of course. The girls were in dainty, light gowns, and all looked pretty. Perhaps the most stylish woman there was Mrs. Eustace Barron, whose husband is a member of the firm of Barron Brothers, bankers, London. Such a pretty blonde—slight of figure, but exceedingly graceful—whose dark eyes contrast boldly with an abundance of soft golden hair, charmingly arranged. Miss Burling gives a tea in her honor this afternoon.

* * *

Dinners and teas innumerable in honor of the Hobarts, who bid their friends farewell on Wednesday next and fly East for the early winter months. They are to be home about Christmas. Miss Hoffman gives them a tea this afternoon. Miss Aileen Goad has a dinner last night at which Miss Fair renewed her friendships with the younger set. Last night also, Mrs. De Young gives a very informal dinner to the Oelrichs, about fourteen at table, intimate friends of the family.

* * *

Every one talks "bicycle," but no one in the set seems to dare inaugurate the fashion. Now that Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair have come bringing with them their wheels it may be assumed the ice will be broken and that in a week or two at the latest, society will be astride. To those about to talk cycling I offer one important warning—when one mentions the implement in question one pronounces it as though written "bi-sacle." While hardly equivalent to a display of ignorance to talk of bicycling, it is the mark of the Vere-de-Vere to work in the "sacle" with impressive emphasis.

* * *

RATHER UNFAIR, that device of Will Hearst's, depicting an imaginary set of debutantes. I am told a fairly energetic attempt was made to obtain the portraits, but failing that, one of the art staff was detailed to draw the heads of a dozen or so pretty girls with no especially striking features. They are good stock cuts to have, and doubtless, ere they go to the melting pot, will do duty for many another young person than the ones whose names were appended on Sunday last. I can only regret, for the girls' sakes, that the fortunes Mr. Hearst endows them with in the context indicates his generosity rather than the value of his information. But it is interesting to know they are all so tremendously clever, those debutantes. Each has all the accomplishments. French, music, singing, like every other bud, the dailies have paraded for ages back. My sympathy goes out in due abundance to them. I can almost fancy the initial conversation, in which they will begin displaying the variety of acquirements the society reporter's imagination has discovered in them.

* * *

Among the sins of omission in my list of debutantes, last week, was the absence of Miss Thomas' name. She is the daughter of one of the brightest men in town, William Thomas, and enters the social lists with good looks, vivacity and poise of manner. This is not really her debut, inasmuch as she spent last winter in Washington as the guest of Mrs. Richard Olney, and had the honor of assisting Mrs. Cleveland to receive at general important festivities. Miss Frances Moore is another maiden who will make her debut at the National Capitol. She and her sister, Miss Miriam, having left a few days ago for the East.

* * *

It will interest a number of people who have come to know Mrs. C. P. Huntington, that she and the President of the Southern Pacific will be in San Francisco quite early this winter. The date of their departure from New York has not been set, but at the first touch of cold weather they may be expected. Mr. Huntington has determined to spend no more winters in the East.

* * *

I am sure Donald de V. Graham will not find it difficult amusing himself or the jolly coterie of friends with whom he is to do India, Burmah and the far East generally. He has made the immortal trio into a quartette by joining the Harry Gilligs and Frank Unger. What a charming time altogether this combination does have. They are ever on the way to some remote region, enjoying everywhere all that offers in the way of pleasure, and singing their way into the hearts of their fellow travelers, perfectly unconcerned for the passing hours, careless of consequences. It is a merry life, and the only one worth considering if one's funds permit it.

* * *

And now consternation reigns in the Philharmonic Society. On the accession of Herr Scheel to the leadership there was general jubilation. An imposing future loomed grandiloquently in the immediate foreground, but that was before the Auditorium concerts were more than a plan simply. Now that the nightly carnival revels in the old-time National Theatre things are different, however, and there is imminent danger of the society losing Herr Scheel's services. Seeing that it is impossible to be in two places at once and that the Auditorium concerts are of more importance to him, Herr Scheel objects to continuing the exacting Philharmonic rehearsals on Monday nights. He has offered his time on Sunday mornings instead. There is doubt in the minds of the society as to the practicability and permanence of this plan, and failing the services of the indispensable conductor the agitating question of where to find another is met with a bewildering blank.

* * *

The Maple Room of the Palace Hotel will be radiant with lights, flowers and merry dancers on the evening of October twenty-sixth, at which time the first cotillion of the Entre Nous Club takes place. All the adjoining reception rooms will be pressed into service, and, I am told, many novel figures will mark the opening function. Six cotillions, I believe, this club promises during the season. Its membership is limited, as heretofore, to fifty couples.

* * *

OVER THE marriage of Miss Hope Ellis and Mr. Burt Sherwood there is less talk than one might expect so interesting an event to have precipitated. The fondness of the young couple for one another and the obvious way both declared their intention of marrying sooner or later rendered the tying of the knot an event that might occur any day. However none anticipated it at the particular moment of its occurrence, and I imagine the immediate relations of both bride and groom were quite as much surprised as even

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the intimate outsiders. A rather formal musical soirée at the Ellis homestead at Marysville was made the occasion of a gathering of the bride's friends and in their presence the marriage ceremony was performed. Previous matrimonial misfortunes do not always offer a fair basis for predictions of future unhappiness. Mr. Sherwood is a pleasant and agreeable young gentleman and Miss Ellis, besides being decidedly handsome, enjoys a high reputation of general amiability so things should go smooth with them.

* * *

To a carefully selected gathering of the younger male element the boarders of Miss West's school did the honors last Friday night. It was an informal affair, none of the preparations that usually accompany festivities at this institution being apparent; and owing to the tender solicitude of the young matron in charge toward her flock the affair was abruptly concluded shortly after eleven o'clock, much to the regret of the younger male element. Judging by the appearance of the charming maidens imbibing knowledge within the hallowed precincts of this conservatory for buds, the array of debutantes next season will not fall behind the standard set this winter and last. When the newly organized orchestra begins to develop proficiency, some opportunities will doubtless be given the young players to exhibit their skill, and I am sure the appeal will be as strong to the eyes as to the ears of their audience.

* * *

The sudden death of Mrs. Judah Boas last Wednesday, at her O'Farrell street home, was particularly sad. Besides having the welfare of a large family to look out for, she was connected with various benevolent societies, to which her loss will not be easily replaced. Her demise is attributed to peritonitis and did not develop any alarming symptoms until a few hours before the end.

* * *

OVER IN BERKELEY there has been much in the social way to relieve the minds of those who do not care for Professor Howison's philosophy or football talk—still subjects of paramount interest in that distant region. The Garbers had a dinner at "Bell Rose" for Colonel and Mrs. Greenleaf on the Thursday before last. Besides the parties most concerned the guests were the Glasscocks, Towles and Moseses. Then Mrs. Ben Morgan gave an afternoon progressive euchre party in honor of Mrs. Greenleaf and Mrs. Pennoyer. There were some thirty ladies there, for the most part scions of the select Berkeley coterie. However the prizes were worth playing for, and the affair went off with almost as much swing as though it were an evening dancing party. No one dares question the scope and quality of Mrs. Morgan's gift at entertaining. She ought in mercy to those less favored give lessons in the art. It may be assumed though that like the poet the successful hostess is born, not made. Though the majority of the guests were of Berkeley and intellectual, neither fact detracted from the looks of the gowns, which were quite handsome in their way—some of them at least.

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Another affair at Berkeley was a pretty little dinner given by Miss Florence Green on Wednesday night. She entertained Miss Juliet Garber, Miss Glasscock, Miss Duff, Mr. Wright and Mr. Baldwin.

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Among interesting of recent engagements just announced are those of Mr. Sam Hubbard and Miss Florence Clarke, Mr. Edmund C. Lyon and Miss Florence Kittredge and Mr. F. W. Belger and Miss Carrie F. Siebe.

* * *

The fraternities seem to be keeping rather quiet during these stirring out door times. Nothing, scarcely, has happened worth mentioning, and bachelorism reigns supreme. The extermination of the football fever, however, will cause things to be more lively, and any amount of affairs are anticipated. The Belmont Club held its first meeting in Shattuck Hall, and elected its officers. Those chosen were J. P. Chamberlain, President; Jno. Merrill for Vice-President; F. M. Bixby for Secretary, and C. W. Doan for Treasurer. A nice lot of interesting young fellows comprise the membership of this club, and as they intend entertaining lavishly this winter it behooves their friends of the tenderer sex to lavish upon them all the graces they are capable of sparing. They expect to hold their first reception between now and November.

* * *

Amongst the departures for the East this week were Emille Bruguiere and his son Francis who is going abroad to finish his education. Quite a crowd collected to bid the young man farewell, and Ballenberg indulged in appropriates elections to the occasion. Bruguiere père will leave his son at New York, thence returning by way of the north.

* * *

Another dancing class has been organized, with a membership of something like eighty, where the limit stands. It will meet fortnightly in Lunt's Hall, and is under the patronage of Mrs. H. L. Van Wyck, Mrs. Dr. W. M. Lawlor, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, and Mrs. W. U. Smith.

* * *

A MALIGNANT TYPE of foot ball fever prevails amongst the Berkeleyites, and so contagious and violent is the disease that strong doubts are being entertained whether any of the inhabitants of the hamlet will be spared the scourge. The event of the week, of course, was the Freshmen's match with a team from St. Mathews. The fact that the former won with a slight struggle, seems to have inspired within the College men the belief that the "Freshys" of Stanford won't be in it when the struggle for supremacy takes place on the eighth of next December. The play on Wednesday was rather a disappointment. Brewer's men did not put up nearly so strong a game as was expected of them, and the Berkeleyites seemed a trifle out of practice. However, their victory covered a multitude of faults, and they are now declared invincible by their admirers and strong by their adherents. They go against the Freshmen of Stanford on the 8th of December, and unless something unforseen happens will give the lads from Menlo a mighty combat. The arrival of Gill, the crack Easterner, who is to coach the 'Varsity team this winter, on Thursday, kept up the excitement at blood heat. The entire college turned out en mass to greet him, and the reception he received when he made his appearance on the campus is not liable to be forgotten for some time. The men will now settle right down to hard work, and under the new coach will practice daily. All the enthusiasts turn out to witness the practice games, and have the knack of criticising down to such a point that hardly an error escapes their observation. To judge from the looks of appreciation directed toward the latest acquisition, the committees' choice has met with the approval of every one, and though he lacks both the height and frame of Heffefinger, Gill comes from the East with a reputation that is certainly to be envied. He appears to be a man of determination, and knowing his business thoroughly, will in all probability succeed in making up a good team to go against Stanford in the big match. There is plenty of strong crude material on the grounds, and the new Coach ought not to experience much difficulty.

* * *

RATHER A QUIET week in Oakland, little occurring to relieve a form of monotony it might be remiss to term irresistible. In prospect a few affairs—a tea for which Miss Maud Howard has sent out a few invitations for Saturday. It is safe to expect a crowd of San Franciscans will go across the bay for the occasion—that is, of course, if the weather is not too hot.

* * *

Among past happenings is the lavender luncheon given to a small party of friends by Mrs. Charles H. King. This is quite a departure from the pink type of noon entertainments so popular throughout Alameda County. The decorations were green-pea. Miss Ida Benfry's last recital attracted quite a crowd, and discovered that it is rather a good scheme to have lady ushers. She had five, the prettiest of them being Miss Maud Morrell. "The Tale of Two Cities" is pronounced by people who say they know, to be the best thing in this talented elocutionist's repertoire.

* * *

SOME charming homes have recently been built at San Mateo, notably a Spanish style villa erected for F. S. Douty by Page Brown. The design is charming with its heavy pillared veranda and broad arches reminiscent of the old Missions. Tinted a delicate cream tone, the windows in light olive green, it presents a most picturesque effect. The interior is admirably arranged and most commodious, with ample rooms and broad halls. Another villa is finished in the rustic style with high, shingled roof and peaked veranda. It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ford, and the design is by Thorp, the clever architect whose plans were selected for the Whittier mansion. The interior is paneled in unpolished redwood, the mantels, fireplaces, sideboards, all being of original design. Especially artistic is the living room, a charming apartment in harmonious tones, the ceiling a quaint effect in heavily painted burlap studded with brass tacks. Those who are interested in architecture or interior decorating should make it an object to see both houses, as they are models in their way, creditable to both architects and owners.

* * *

THE FACT that a new attraction in the shape of a circus was on hand in Redwood City on Friday night caused numerous circus parties to be projected among the young people of the surrounding country. A carriage including F. B. Peterson, Harvey and Ed. Goodall, Miss Nellie Boyd, Mrs. Blood, Miss Bowman and Miss Goodall, set out from Captain Goodall's place at Menlo, arriving at Redwood in time for the attraction. They all returned to "Petite Forst" afterwards and partook of dainties sweet to every taste.

* * *

DOUBTLESS the degree of caution which Executor Tom Bishop displays in his negotiations with Henry Miller over the Lux estate reveal, in a white light, his fine business tal-

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ent. From a purely exterior point of view, however, I should like to see hostilities commenced and the big fight of the decade begun in the courts. Of course, one may be disappointed over the scope of the contest when the forces engage finally, but, considering the array of counsel and the immense interest involved, there should be no lack of entertainment. Now that Mrs. Lux has gone to a better world, where, it is to be hoped, litigation, lawyers and Henry Millers are unknown, Executor Bishop becomes by virtue of that position aggressor in chief. Ex-Judge Spenser and Attorney Campbell, of San Jose, and D. M. Delmas are to wage the war on his side against W. F. Herrin and Eugene Garber, representing the millionaire cattleman, who is quite as competent as any mere lawyer to hold an end up in a legal controversy.

* * *

A most potent personality, this Henry Miller, gifted with a determination quite colossal, capable of swaying less vigorous minds by the mere announcement of his will. While no one questioned the influence in building up the firm's great fortune of his Napoleonic force and energy, his recent contention denying complicity in that achievement to his late partner is to a degree inexcusable. It would be much as if Deacon Fitch should announce himself singly responsible for the *Call-Bulletin* combination. The truth is, Miller exerted himself in conquest and attainments and Lux was kept busy administering the details of their immense business. The one achieved and the other retained, and the question of comparative capacity resolves itself down to a decision whether it is greater to get than to keep—perhaps disposed of by the old proverb, which announces the possibilities of a fool in gathering and the necessity for wisdom in retaining. However, all the Miller effort is directed at preserving as long as possible the autonomy of the great estate, going so far as to divert its immense profits to new acquirements. His personal wants are few, his physical energy boundless, and if he but succeeds in keeping off the hands of his partner's heirs, there can be nothing to prevent him becoming the wealthiest of Californians.

* * *

Still, the status of the case is most curious. It is eight years since Charles Lux died leaving to his widow and several brothers and sisters, his fortune. A clause in the will placed the survivor in control of the estate for seven years. That time has passed, yet Mrs. Lux died worth millions, with a thousand wishes ungratified, and the other heirs, dowered with this enormous fortune, have never enjoyed a cent of it. Two of the brothers have since died. The others are old, and it may be, by the strange selfishness of this remarkable man, the legatees of Lux will be denied forever the possession of that which would mean for them luxury and happiness.

* * *

A QUESTION of considerable interest in the circles in which "horse" forms the topic, is the condition of Ormonde. Representing an investment of almost $200,000, it was anticipated he could hardly fail to pay for himself within a year or two, if luck continued fair and precedent was followed. But, thus far, the great horse has been a disappointment. Since he left England, some years ago, for the Argentine Republic, his progeny have attracted no attention, exhibiting neither especial turn for speed nor fine form. In recalling the exploits of Ormonde one may be performing a work of supererogation, but he is noted as perhaps the finest horse of the century, was never beaten, and had in Goldfinch and Orme offspring almost as speedy as himself. The sole reason his owner, the Duke of Westminster, parted with the pride of his stables was that the horse was a confirmed "roarer," and there is a strong prejudice in the Old Country against breeding from racers thus afflicted.

* * *

The original selling price was eighty thousand dollars, but Mr. Bocau refused to part with his acquisition under one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, at which figure Mr. McDonough purchased. The other fifty thousand dollars was expended shipping the horse to England, thence here. Since leaving South America Ormonde has got but one colt, and from appearances it does not look as though any of his remarkable powers of speed had been transmitted in this instance. I am told the great horse is to be handled on a different system this coming season; that is, on a common sense democratic basis, and doubtless the results will be more encouraging. In the meantime Mr. McDonough derives resignation from the fact that Sir Modred, J. B. Haggin's famous sire was absolutely useless for at least twelve months after the long sea voyage from Australia.

* * *

SOME OF the misguided have been unkind enough to insinuate the presence of considerable imagination in my story of the plot to assassinate Ezeta. However, it is difficult for the misguided ever to understand that it is the unexpected that occurs, though in this instance, perhaps unfortunately for Salvador, nothing happened. I am told by one who claims information on the subject, that a counterplot is in operation in that Central republic, headed by some of the ex-Dictator's most influential friends. If the elements aid their conspiracy Ezeta may again be in command of the Salvadorian government, and that before January next. That there is any danger of Mexican interference is quite out of the question. The General is friendly with Diaz, and goes there to be within hail in case he is wanted.

* * *

If Ezeta survives it will be an interesting demonstration of the protecting influence of civilization. The two conspirators who left here immediately after him have not only an abundance of coin but are edged on by a relentless hatred of their victim. On one occasion, I believe, he was well within their grasp—that is, the details of a plot to capture him had been perfected, but there were certain arrangements that the Salvadorian Government was asked to approve. They refused to do so, on the ground that the desire to capture Ezeta did not permit the use of vulgar devices.

* * *

THE PASSING of Judge Robert Robinson recalls some memories of a kindly, genial old gentleman who was one of the first heads of the Law Department of the Central Pacific Railroad and who, with Judge E. B. Crocker, sustained all the burdens of that great corporation's early legal adventures. His death attracted but slight attention, for little has been seen or heard of him for many a twelvemonth. It is readily conceivable that the tremendous work of those early days might turn a stronger brain than Robinson's, and that is what happened to him. Seated in his office one day, twelve years ago or more, he had a species of stroke. All in an instant the light of reason fled from its tenement forever, leaving him a mental wreck. For a short space he seemed to realize his condition, and grasping a friend by the arm, the tears trickling down his face, he sobbed out: "I feel my reason going." His mental vigor never returned, and though physically he was virtually unimpaired, those who knew him best say he was incapable of unkindness and possessed a gentle heart that won enemies into the ranks of friendship; and quoting what Ingersoll has said of another: If every man for whom he had done a kindly act should lay a bud upon his grave, he would sleep beneath a wilderness of flowers.

* * *

Robinson was somewhat matter of fact in his way, and forgot sometimes that his hearer might not be as well versed in legal phrases as himself. On one occasion he was instructing an Irishman, who had been given charge of some property, as to what course he should pursue if the Sheriff attempted a threatened attachment and took possession.

"I want you," said Robinson, "if the Sheriff puts in an appearance, to make a technical resistance and then report to me."

"All right," said the Irishman, smiling a knowing smile as he started off.

In due time an officer appeared, announced he was the Sheriff, and declared that he took possession in the name of the law.

"You will?" said the Irishman. "Well, Judge Robinson told me to make a ticknickel resistance, and, begob, that's what I will. Take that; and that; and that." With each "that" there came a terrific blow, which almost knocked the unfortunate Sheriff insensible. The Judge was speechless when the smiling, victorious Irishman reported his success, and instantly proceeded to prepare two bail bonds.

"One of these is for me," he said. "They'll be sure to get a warrant out for a man who was fool enough to tell an Irishman to make a "technical resistance."

* * *

SCORES OF THEORIES are offered to account for the visit of the Oelrichs—just as though it were incompatible with the tendencies of that distinguished family to return home without some tremendous motive. They are welcome, of course, under whatever circumstances they come, especially as they bring three bicycles and will inaugurate the wheel in San Francisco. To her intimates Mrs. Oelrichs has been at pains to explain their presence here is strictly business—matters pertaining to the estate—something, too, in connection with the Bella Vista, it is said. However all this will develop. Quite a different tale comes from another source though. The ex-Senator, it seems, has been complaining lately of loneliness, and has expostulated by telegraph with his daughters, accusing them of neglect. There is no question but that he is almost alone in the world, living here separated from the surviving members of his family, and the life is not entirely genial.

* * *

So he has written and telegraphed, even threatened, so they came, and doubtless will stop here a month or six weeks. So far as his daughters are concerned the ex-Senator often develops a strain of extreme liberality. He contributed liberally to their Newport campaign and in various ways has been generous. But he has always been good to his daughters, and it is seldom they had to ask a favor of him twice. In connection with Fair I hear there has occurred a species of partial reconciliation between his son Charles and himself. The young man has been residing for the past few weeks at a down-town hotel, and seems to

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have reformed completely. He spent some months encamped out at Saratoga Springs, and now looks in splendid condition, healthy, fresh and vigorous. If he has inherited any of the brain or shrewdness of his father, who knows but that he may yet figure prominently in the community. Stranger things have occurred.

* * *

"RUNNYMEADE," Mr. Greer Harrison's new play, sounds the same note of romantic feeling interwoven with natural sympathy distinctive of "The Prince of Ulster." However much taste infuses a performance of the incidental music and a careful reading of the lines, only a sketch of the play as a play remains, so that the species of recital given at Mr. Harrison's house left a somewhat impressionistic result. No realism of naturalism is aimed at, but a very strong aroma of free and grateful poetry emanates equally from the whole piece. The thin background effects of French dramas, wirily climaxical in the style of Sardou, obviously take hold of the playhouses, conveying little romance and less poetry, but assuredly win their way in rivalry with staged poems of the "Forester" type.

* * *

Mr. Harrison's drama belongs in feeling to this English school. Some strong scenes are gathered into the well made meshes of an interesting plot, bringing together Richard of the Lion Heart, King John, Robin Hood, Maid Marion, Margery, Friar Tuck, Little John, and all the dear old familiar figures of the heartiest, healthiest romance. How the public will take to this genuinely worked out picture of a richly bedight past, is beyond human prediction, as there seems no coherence in its preferences. Good roles and not too many or much of them, strong lines and really inviting chances for illustration in music, costuming and scenery, give all one asks room for in the way of stage setting.

* * *

Absolute originality in musical numbers has become a tradition of the nominal kind. So long as the incidental music to a drama be vigorous and lighted by a tasteful fancy, a composer has done all that is to be expected of him. The music to Runnymeade easily fulfills the standard. There is tune and atmosphere enough to be quite readily caught, and some motives in a broad vein of melody. With the orchestral color added, the score rounds out the play evenly, and no subject was ever more suited for jocund and forceful setting. Mr. H. J. Stewart's talent for operatic work is perhaps at a higher plane here than in either of the two operas hitherto given. Concerted numbers and solos, with the instrumental intermezzi, were ably supported by Mr. and Mrs. Stewart's four handed piano accompaniments. Mr. Rickard's singing, by the way, has reached quite an adequate plane, and the sword song, a good and effective declamatory number, made an impression.

* * *

CLUB NIGHT at the 'Varsity gathered a crowd to the Sutter street club-house Saturday evening, but I don't know when the chef had such a crowd to cater for as collected there for dinner—some seventy fellows, whose main meal is ordinarily partaken of in the seclusion of their families—or some one else's, as the case may be. Berkeley was very adequately represented, with Professor Bacon well in the foreground, and Stanford had its own contingent, which applauded very dutifully when the Berkeleyan concluded his paper. He is ever safe for at least a single paper, is Bacon, and oftentimes he has things in them worth hearing. However, he was not permitted to shine solus, for rays from the high lights of Bohemia intermingled their beams with his, reminding one of God's sunlight, which shines on the just, the unjust and the Southern Pacific Company.

* * *

Mere extract might confer injustice on the brilliant efforts of the essayists. The pilfering and pillorying of a single gem from the papers of Bacon, Platt or Phelan might reflect on the warp, woof, setting, or whatsoever the context is called in clubdom. Besides, I am sure no one could do justice to Joe Redding, who made the success of the evening. He was extremely irreverent, was Redding. Actually, he mimicked all his predecessors—their styles, subjects, papers, manners, voices, even—satirized them in a shameless way, and yet so cleverly that they could but laugh. He even dared to be whimsical at the expense of the University men—for which a Victoria Cross ought to be conferred on him—or an introduction to George T. Marye, whose dignity kept down the temperature at Union Hall during the several evenings of his attendance at the convention. In replying to the humor of the local Hopkinson Smith (legitimate successor to the Admirable Crichton) I fear Mr. Platt had not the best of it, but he told some stories which caught on. One of the most amusing features of the entertainment was the Low Jinks, to which even the theological students remained. Of course the initial tales were as mild as milk. Number three in the series contained an allusion—so remote, though, that one required training and ripe experience to catch the point. Half the crowd did not see the joke, but do you think the young theologians missed it? Not much; and to emphasize their displeasure they marched bravely out, gazing stern displeasure at the perpetrator. The situation was inimitably funny.

* * *

What recollections the name "Moulin Rouge" do evoke—suggestive reminiscences of gay Lutetia, French songs and gayer damsels. That is not the Moulin Rouge celebration the Bohemian Club had the other night, though there was singing, music and other features. Those who went to the last midsummer jinks are not liable to forget the camping ground of the younger element who conferred distinction on their environment with signs composed of banners and inscriptions, towels and bottles and called the whole "Moulin Rouge." The festivity Wednesday evening was to commemorate the exceedingly good time every one had there, and, of course, that was most appropriately done at a dinner.

* * *

QUITE OUT of the ordinary is the talent for making enemies Mr. F. A. Hyde possesses. Apparently well meaning, and certainly devoted in his attention to school affairs, he has yet been defeated for renomination on either the Republican or Non-partisan tickets, and, perforce, will have to retire into private life. Not only that, but extreme precautions were taken in the Democratic Convention in particular to prevent the selection of any candidate on the board who in any way could be identified with him. Among the causes of this animosity, apart from a tendency to "boss" teachers, which the entire department credits him with, is an accusation of sympathy with the A. P. A. This is, now-a-days, a serious charge to bring against any candidate, and the story goes that Hyde went so far one day as to boast if he remained two years more in the department, there would not be a single Catholic teacher in it. I cannot believe that an individual of Hyde's undeniable smartness would ever deliver himself of so foolish a statement. It has been used against him with deadly effect, however.

* * *

THOUGH the Martin case is now history, people are still talking about the oratorical efforts of the rival advocates. It seems a pity Mr. Delmas does not intend to publish his argument, for it was a model of its kind. The peroration seems to have attracted an unusual degree of attention among intellectual men, and I am privileged to reproduce here the correct version, which will certainly repay reading:

Gentlemen, in consonance with the prayers addressed to you by the eloquent counsel on the other side, you have heard an invocation to God to help them to accomplish their purposes. They call upon God to help them! When I heard them I could not but ask: To what God is this appeal made? Is it to God, the maker of heaven and earth, who, in the dawn of creation, held converse with the patriarchs of old—to him who made the covenant with his chosen people, when your ancestors, sir, were the high priests and ministers of the Great Jehovah—to him who, on the top of Sinai, girded by lightning and shrouded in storm, wrote with finger of fire upon the tables of the law, "thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor; thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not commit adultery; thou shalt not kill"—is it to him, the Father, that this woman appeals? Or is it to God, the Savior—to him whose coming the prophets of Israel foretold, each tone of the hymn grander, loftier than before, as the Son that should be born unto Judah, whose name should be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Prince of Peace, the Mighty Lord, the Everlasting God? Is it to him, who upon Golgotha, deserted by all, crying out, in the agony of his soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" looked down and saw his mother, faithful even unto death, weeping at the foot of the cross—is it to him that this woman, who abandoned her child because it was a burden to her, and cast it forth, an object of public charity—is it to him, Christ the Son, that this mother dares appeal? Or is it to that god, worshipped with heathen rites in pagan shrines, the least erected spirit that fell from heaven—to him upon whose altars truth and virtue and justice are daily offered up in sacrifice—is it to Mammon that her appeal is made?

Gentlemen, bowing with low and reverent head before the supreme majesty of the Creator of all, we dare not here lift up our eyes to him, or appeal to him. But, erect and confident, and not on bended knee, to you we do appeal as men. By all that is just; by all that is sacred; by the laws of your country; by the sanctity of your oaths; by the truth shining resplendent before you, protect the memory of the dead from this foul desecration! Protect this widow from this unhallowed spoliation! Protect this community, whose ministers you are, from the arts of a scheming and unscrupulous woman! Protect us—protect yourselves! Be just and fear not. And, gentlemen, in the full confidence that you will be, we now, with unfaltering heart, submit this cause to your consideration.

* * *

THE FACT that another Eastern artist has discovered scenery enough in the wilds of the West to cause him to make a number of sketches, which the fortunate few who have

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seen them claim are splendid, speaks rather well for our State. Billy Crane who visited us some time ago, accompanied by his wife, is the individual, and so enamoured was he with the statuesque red woods, gorgeous landscapes and glorious sunsets that it behooved him to give them his attention for a while, and the result is he has now quite a collection of California scenery sketches, which are certain to to attract national attention when the artist sees fit to exhibit them.

* * *

QUITE AN addition to the membership of the Burlingame Club these latter weeks. At the last directors' meeting a big batch of men was admitted, and there are plenty of applications waiting. It appears now as though the two-hundred limit would be reached before the winter is Christmas. Some thirty new names have been added to the roll within a month or so. Many are members of the Country Club, to whom special inducements to come in have been held out, and, as it appears, responded to. As I noted a few weeks ago, the club's finances are in excellent condition. By its settlement with the Sharon estate the necessity of paying out coin for the time being has been avoided and satisfactory arrangements made to carry the indebtedness. In the meantime, the organization progresses. Mr. Joe Grant's villa is under way, and I am told of other men who contemplate erecting homes within the precincts of the tract in the near future.

* * *

The Concordia Club opens the season with a ball, following the custom of the institution for years back. It will just be the usual preliminary dance, at which the silk and satin treasures of the Winter will be paraded for admiration. What other entertainments will follow during the season is a line of information confined at present to a committee whose duty is that of amusing the entire membership with penalties in the shape of criticism in case they do not cover themselves with glory.

* * *

The programme set for the Carr-Beel concert this afternoon is especially attractive, and should draw a good house. A string quartette of Tschaikowsky will be performed for the first time. Miss Irma Fitch is the vocalist.

* * *

The latest bit of journalistic gossip announces the purchase of the Los Angeles *Herald* by Senator Steve White, Judge Stevens, Geo. Patton and William Lacy, and the engagement of Arthur McEwen as managing editor. The object of the purchase is to oppose Santa Monica and to advocate San Pedro as the site of the deep sea harbor the government is to construct. Hitherto this journal has taken the opposite side. Mr. McEwen's *Letter* will be published during the campaign however. He has appointed Wells Drury business manager.

* * *

J. B. Haggin, accompanied by his son, Louis S. Haggin, Mrs. Lounsberry and his neice, Miss Pearl Voorhies, are in town to be with us a month or more. They are at the Haggin mansion on Taylor street, which for the time being assumes the appearance of recovering from a prolonged spell of hibernation. Miss Voorhies' mother was a sister of Mrs. Haggin, and was esteemed the beauty of the Saunders sisters. After the death of her first husband she married a wealthy St. Louis merchant, and she is domiciled in that city. By the Monowai arrives the welcome intelligence that Count and Countess Festitics are perfectly safe and sound, enjoying good health and a good time in the South Seas.

* * *

THE CROP of Convention stories is hardly as large as one might anticipate from the opportunities. Not entirely destitute of humor were the remarks of Eddie Greaney on hearing the identity of the Board of Supervisors. It seems he made a strong fight to win the nomination in the Eighth Ward for Jim Humphreys, and half the row over the adoption of the majority report was aroused by the absence of his name from the list the committee presented. Indeed, that remarkable rush at the Chairman was half undertaken to place Humphreys, and one can readily imagine Greaney's disgust and surprise on discovering, after the revised list was finally adopted, that the name of Patrick Boland appeared on it in place of his friends. Some moments were required to appreciate the situation. Then he broke out:

"Holy Gee, fellows! Have we had all this fight for nothing?"

* * *

The gallery was very amusing in its comments on both delegates and their proceedings. Once, on the re-appearace of Andy Clunie in the Convention, as he arose to speak to a motion, a voice in clarion tones rang out:

And the cat came back,
Andy could not stay away.

There was a wild burst of laughter which the victim had himself to join in. Perhaps the funniest episode of all, however, was when George D. Shadburne arose to nominate some friend of his for Justice of the Peace or something. In the usual style of campaign oratory, he proceeded to dilate on the inimitable moral and intellectual qualities of the candidate comparing him on one side to John the Baptist, and on the other to George Washington. Especially did he enlarge on the unexampled truthfulness of the individual, and in the midst of a florid and fervent phrase, a voice from the gallery rang out through the hall the single word:

"Good!"

No description could do justice to the rich appreciation, the unqualified endorsement of the intonation. It was delicious. Of course, there followed a wild roar of laughter, in the midst of which Shadbourne subsided.

* * *

IF BUT brevity were the soul of fact as of wit, fiction and melodrama might be relegated to the dictionary. The advantage art has over life is in compression—conciseness. Between an actual incident and its consequences years may elapse; in a book it is only pages that separate circumstance and sequel. More romantic than most plots, the story of Steinberger's lost will. A careful and painstaking individual, he arranged with scrupulous nicety about the disposition of his estate, took every precaution to prevent error or complications, and on his death bed recited the provisions of the instrument to his executor, F. S. Douty, and to the chief beneficiary, Mrs. Hall. The will was supposed to be deposited in a tin box in the Pacific Improvement Company's vault, but the most diligent search failed to reveal it. In the protracted search every imaginable device was used—even clairvoyance.

* * *

Certain friends of the deceased had recourse to eminent mediums, hoping, by the aid of supernatural power, to discover the missing document. The most notable of local seers used their second-sight capacities to the utmost extent and found nothing, though they said wonderful things. If ever there was a case that called for the interposition of the departed

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it was this, for, in the absence of testament, the property of the deceased took a direction the antithesis of his wishes. He longed to aid the woman who through his life had been the best of his friends, and he had indeed provided amply for her. Yet the very individuals whom he had done most for, and whose ingratitude he had reason to repine, were able after his death to obtain the property he intended for others. All concerned had a most troublous time of it, and doubtless the discovering of the will may precipitate new complications. By the terms of her settlement with the estate Mrs. Hall is the loser, but Mr. Douty has, with characteristic generosity, by way of partial restitution, decided to turn over to her the legacy to which he is entitled by the will. Of course the lost instrument was discovered by chance, in much the same way, I suppose, as it was mislaid. Searching in one of the familiar boxes for an insurance policy that refused to materialize, Mr. Douty found, in a place he imagined he had looked through a hundred times, an envelope inscribed: "Estate of J. Steinberger." He immediately summoned the lawyers, and they went at the affair according to the legal ethics, but at that stage of the game it was an empty satisfaction, the discovery.

* * *

SOME TIME must elapse ere the Memorial Art Gallery in Golden Gate Park will be opened for the edification of the general public. I use the word edification advisedly, for if one may judge by preliminary descriptions there will be much contained therein that all of us will want to see often. I referred some weeks ago to the bronzes and the Cloisonné vases Mr. De Young had purchased. The latest acquisition is the Royal Pavilion, which is to be re-erected on the north wing of the Art Gallery. The exterior, at least, of that very graceful building is familiar to Midwinter Fair-goers, and those who entered may remember the costly decorations that made the interior so luxurious and beautiful. There were colored marbles finely carved, canvases by Lehnback, rich furniture. The walls were hung in silk damask. Altogether it was a very swell place.

* * *

Unfortunately the pavilion, like so many of the other Fair structures, is but a creation of lath and stuff. When re-erected, however, it will be of brick. Of course the marble columns, now factors in the facades, will be inserted in their places, and the carvings, one and all, to be reproduced in exact conformity with the model. A more charming frame for rich potteries than this handsome interior will make can hardly be imagined. But the other treasure which Mr. De Young has secured may cast, in the estimation of the aesthetically inclined, a shadow on the glories of the pavilion. It is the famous Dush interior which Herr Saulmann brought out to the Coast intending to exhibit it at the Fair. For some reason or other he changed his mind and left the cases containing all the old furniture and hangings out in the grounds. Negotiations have been proceeding between him and the Directors for some time, and at a very moderate figure the entire collection has been secured. Page Brown and other connoisseurs who have looked at the carvings and decorations pronounce them inimitable. There are cataconner fireplaces, leather hangings and a variety of the articles that send furniture fanciers into ecstasies.

* * *

Some time must elapse ere these treasures are ready for the public. Among other features of the art display will be a charming garden, surrounded by the splendid iron railing which enclosed the royal pavilion. The fine detail of the gates will hardly have escaped the recollection of visitors. In this garden fountains will play continually, and, being completely enclosed, the rarest flowers will be grown there as in a conservatory. Altogether the city will do well out of the Fair. In return for its subscription it will have the art gallery, the central amphitheatre, with its lawns and gardens, the cider-press statue for a drinking fountain, the macadamized roadways, a memorial stone erected where the first shovelful of earth was turned, besides the vases, china, and articles *de vertu* already purchased by Mr. DeYoung. When the electric tower comes down, its place will be taken by a splendid fountain, the center piece of which will be the magnificent Doré vase, supported by the statues of the four seasons, which were exhibited with it. Altogether the collection, as far as it goes, is excellent, and when it is ready for the public I think there will be ample to show for the money expended.

* * *

It is no light task winding up the complicated affairs of the show. Though the diplomas are being distributed and the medals, bronze and gold, have been designed and approved, a good deal yet remains to be done. Until the final totals are completed it will be hard to tell the amount of the surplus, but after all expenses are paid there will doubtless be a sum of money available to buy a picture or two for the art gallery. I believe the salary account since the exhibition closed amounts to something like $41,000.

* * *

ONE TALE has always the benefit of a doubt until another is offered in evidence. Among the stories told this week in which the names of Arthur McEwen and Judge Levy occur, is a grand jury yarn that brings into some prominence Judge Hebbard. That jurist had an impression he might give the public something in the nature of a sensation by having the ex-editor of the *Examiner* among the inquisitors and included him in the list he presented for consideration to the assembled bench. It seems there is an unwritten rule of the bench that journalists are not eligible as jurymen, and that no member of the dread profession shall be pressed into inquisitorial service. When McEwen's name was read there was a general uplifting of eyebrows and some one remarked:

"I thought we had a rule here that no newspaper men should be selected, inasmuch as they are all fighting one another and it would be regarded as discrimination."

Hebbard explained he was not aware of any such rule, and that at any rate he desired to have that radical journalist on his list.

"Then you will not withdraw his name?" asked Judge Levy.

"No," returned Hebbard in determined tones.

* * *

The other Judges then read their lists, and finally it came Levy's turn.

"Following a good example," he said, "I, too, have selected newspapermen." He read: M. H. de Young, W. R. Hearst, George K. Fitch, H. Hume, W. M. Bunker, Thomas Garrett—enumerating proprietors, editors and city editors until the surrounding jurists were aghast. They looked as concerned as if some one had threatened them with impeachment. A whispered conference ensued. In a few moments Hebbard withdrew McEwen, whereupon Levy begged to substitute for the names he had offered other eminent citizens more notable down town than in intellectual circles. I wonder would a Grand Jury of journalists make many marvelous discoveries.

* * *

THE EXTREME sensitiveness of the pleasant gentleman who is known in the select circle of his intimates as Governor Estee would be amusing if less melancholy. However humorous the point of view one is permitted by temperament or other causes to cultivate, the disappointment of some one else is often times more affecting than one's own griefs. Of course so far as Mr. Estee is concerned my solicitude is anticipatory. Rather a good little yarn floats around political circles anent the Trans-Mississippi Congress which gathered here so many prominent personages of the Middle West. Being held in San Francisco, the local delegation was numerically superior to all the others, and was capable of electing whomsoever it pleased as chairman. For that office a number of names had been mentioned, and at a caucus prior to the formal gathering the question of officers was discussed.

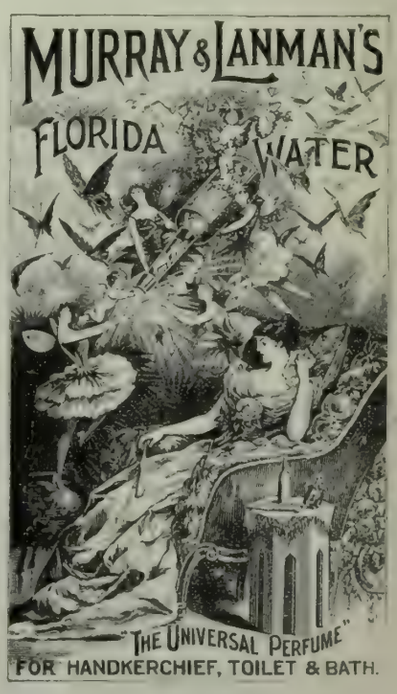
* * *

After the usual aimless talk one of the members suggested that, considering the Convention was being held here, it would be rather bad form to select a Californian to preside. That compliment should be paid their visitors. At this juncture up jumped Estee, waved his hands passionately, and, with accents of rage in his voice, said:

"Another slap at me, gentlemen, that is all. You don't want me for chairman! I anticipated that something of the sort would happen. It seems as though some people took delight in blighting every ambition I might possess."

Thereupon, with a tragic expression in his face, he withdrew from the Convention, and, although duly elected a delegate, never appeared again.

The Witness



THE WATER SPRITE

OR

THE TALE OF A HYDRANT.

Scene—Market street, near Third. In foreground a Spring Valley hydrant, against which J. Jeff. James leans gracefully. He is attired in five thousand dollars' worth of diamonds and a ten-dollar suit, the vest pockets bulging with five-cent cigars. His attention seems to be divided between the new trolley wires on Third street and an endeavor to return the polite bows of gripmen and conductors on the passing cable cars. Group of citizens in background, scanning his manly form with looks of mingled reverence and admiration.

JAMES (*addressing citizens*)—"I'll tell you, gentlemen, the voice of public indignity will raise its hand in prostration against bossism."

OMNES—"Hear! Hear!"

(*James passes around cigars, and smiles.*)

FIRST CITIZEN—"You believe Estee will be beaten?"

JAMES (*warmly, pointing heavenward*)—"As sure as the sun moves around the earth. Ellert will be beaten, too, or I don't know nothing."

OMNES—"Hear! Hear!"

(*James passes more cigars and more smiles.*)

FIRST CITIZEN—"Do you think the city ought to regulate the water rates?"

JAMES—"Of course. That's part of the dereliction of supervisoral duty, and if elected I will see that the dereliction is maintained."

FIRST CITIZEN (*quizzically*)—"How did you vote on water rates, for instance?"

JAMES (*very dignified*)—"I have ever held the city's interests to be my interests, and I so voted. Do you think I would stand here as the candidate for Mayor on the great Democratic ticket if I had not voted right? No, sir! If I had voted wrong I would be handed down to obscurity as a traitor to myself and to my commutual friends."

A VOICE—"How about saloons?"

JAMES (*with apologetic frankness*)—"Gentlemen, I don't believe in sumptuous laws. They are an invasion I cannot except."

A VOICE (*derisively*)—"They say the water company gave you the nomination."

JAMES (*indignantly*)—"Who says so?"

VOICE—"They say so."

JAMES—"Who's they?"

VOICE—"Them."

JAMES (*vigorously*)—"Well, them lie, then."

OMNES—"Hear! Hear!"

(*James passes more cigars, and stubbornly refuses to bow to a Spring Valley Water man, who is passing by and endeavoring to catch his eye.*)

JAMES (*tearfully*)—"Gentlemen, there's too much of this charging of bribery going on. If a man don't start out to destroy every interest of the community, he's bribed. I tell you these companies don't want to waste any money. Not much. If the Supervisors would leave them alone, you don't think they'd chase around to pay money out to the Supervisors, do you? Just leave them alone. Leave their rates alone, and you won't hear anything more about bribery. That's the way to have decency."

VOICE (*sarcastically*)—"Did they ever offer you money?"

JAMES (*heatedly*)—"Not much. They knew better. (*With a confidential manner.*) The water company representative said he knew I was different from the rest of 'em, that I was a man of property, and should not allay myself with the instructive elements of the Board, that a man of my standing was entitled to advancement and preferment in office, that decent men never forgot decent men, that I ought to be Mayor. Do you call that making me Mayor?"

OMNES—"No! No!"

(*More cigars, more smiles.*)

JAMES (*striking his chest*)—"It was my own merit that forced myself upon his attention. He knew the people wanted me."

(*More cigars and more smiles.*)

"A VOICE—"Guess Ellert will beat you."

JAMES (*indignantly*)—"No, sir; there's not a street car driver, conductor, gripman, motorman, superintendent, spotter, track cleaner or section man that will not vote for me. They'll have to do it. Why? Because Ellert would destroy these properties and throw these good men out of work. I am the friend of labor."

OMNES—"Hear! Hear!"

JAMES (*loftily*)—"What is Ellert anyhow? A pill mixer who charged a dying man two dollars for a prescription worth twenty-five cents and divided with the doctor, after the man's estate was closed up." (*Laughter.*)

JAMES (*raising his voice*)—"He's a lawyer now. Do we want the country to get into the hands of the lawyers?"

A VOICE—"Not much."

JAMES (*smiling as proudly as possible*)—"I like Ellert—as a druggist. He's a Native Son, but what of that? I'm a father of natives (*laughter*). I don't want nothing but what is right between man and man."

(*Hear, hear!*)—"I try to do the square thing by every one, and (*thinking of Estee's campaign oratory*) if elected, I'll see that a tariff bill passes such as the people want. I'll see that the Reilly bill don't pass and that railroad rates are reduced. We ought to be able to beat the Reilly bill. The railroad say they don't want it and with their help we ought to be able to defeat it." (*Cheers.*)

VOICE (*insinuatingly*)—"How about Sutro?"

JAMES (*contemptuously*)—"Yes, there's Sutro now, he's a nice fellow. Let him stay out and take care of his seals and his fifty cent bath house. Why, gentlemen, that man's worse nor the water company; he's got a whole ocean to pump from and it don't cost him a cent for water, and he's after charging us fifty cents for a bath. If Spring Valley got fifty cents a bath they could give chromos with every bill. Why, I can put on a bathing suit and go into the ocean for nothing."

VOICE—("Why don't you?")

"And that fellow 'cause he pumps his water up among a lot of plaster figgers and puts a glass roof over head wants fifty cents for a splash in the water. What kind of a philanthropist do you call that?"

A VOICE—"How about O'Donnell?"

JAMES—"He's a running sore. He's the pus that runs out of a case of Chinese leprosy." (*Laughter.*)

OMNES—"Hear! Hear!"

JAMES (*feeling his pockets*)—"I've no more cigars, gents;" (*James smiles as though his stock of smiles were not out. Fishes up a pack of cigarettes and a plug of tobacco.*) "but you're welcome to these."

(*Crowd murmurs discontentedly.*)

Hissing noise of water is heard. Spring valley hydrant bursts under the dome of candidate's trousers, lifting him several feet, and holding him in the air for a few moments as a hollow ball is suspended over a fountain. Candidate drops suddenly into mud, picks himself up and toddles homeward, resolving that water company hydrants and a successful public life do not go hand-in-hand.

Berkshire Typewriter Papers are the best. Sample Books furnished large consumers on application. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street, sole agents for California.

First Convict—You don't mean to say you've got a watch? What did it cost you?

Second Convict—Two years.—*Waterbury.*

A CALIFORNIA SUNSET.

A vivid gleam of crimson light
Athwart a yellow sky,
A widespread reach of poppy fields
That deep in slumber lie.

Fair cloud-ships, pink and amber-hued,
At anchor in the west,
A bird, low-flying o'er the grass
That holds a hidden nest.

A purple light upon the hills,
A topaz-tinted sea,
The tinkling of a mandolin
Beneath an orange tree.

The mountain cañons dark with shade,
The sea sand gray and lone,
From northern pine to southern palm
A good-night kiss is blown.

Daylight is o'er, the sails are furled,
The sheep are in the fold,
The night has come, and with it dreams
Of Argonauts and gold.

CLARENCE URMY.

PARAPHRASED PROVERBS.

There's no club like the stuffed club—after dinner.
The exception proves the lawyer.
Undo others as they would undo you.
Many are called—the cards do the rest.
Two heads are not always better than one. After a late night one is too many.
A muddy crossing rejoiceth the eye. There's more in this than appears at sight.
A thorn in the bush is worth two in the hand.
A wry face may follow a rye drink.
Man is the creator of habit—especially the tailor.
Make love while the moon shines.
Evil to him who evil seeks.
There's many a sip 'twixt the cup and the lip.
Few men can serve two mistresses.
It's a wise man who knows when to sit down.—*Town Topics.*

AUTUMN.

What mystic change is wrought
With magic fraught
That summer's green
Should turn to gold unseen
All in one golden night
Bedecked with light?

Proud summer yesterday
Still dreamt of May
To-day at noon
Forgot its leafy June;
In erstwhile cloudless blue
Clouds clouds pursue.

Yestere'en the mellow pear
That knew no care
And midst green leaves
Knew naught of aught that grieves,
To-day upon the ground
Is to be found.

To-day what "wild surmise"
Is in the skies
Of storm and rain
And winter's darkling main
And north wind's hurtling blast
And heavens o'ercast!

GEORGE PRUSSIA *Santa Cruz Surf.*

COMPLETION.

I loved your body for its gracious might,
Its suppleness and for the vast repose
That were to me as perfume, music, light,
Complete in all things as a perfect rose.
I loved your heart, since it was utter truth,
And felt no need to mask itself, or lie;
I loved it for its openness of youth,
Which never stooped to flatter or decry.
I loved your mind for its audacity,
Not caring what the world might choose to think;
Determined its own monitor to be,
Disdaining from frequented wells to drink.
And all these three, which made one rounded whole,
I loved together, for I loved your soul.

—H. MCCULLOCH.

Minister—And did you try to persuade the boys not to fish on the holy Sabbath?

Small Boy—Yes, sir; I told them there wasn't a fish in the creek.

Minister—And what did they say?

Small Boy—They said I was lying and I knew it.—*Town Topics.*

C'est tout — the public is amused — what would you? It is enough. Not like Vanderbilt the earth-manipulator, who, on being rudely disturbed at the "wee sma' hours" by the most enterprising of Chicago reporters, answered "The public be——." Gently, gently this dash politely expresses a multitude of maledictions, and is a pardonable quotation, for which the quoter is totally morally irresponsible. Railroad monopolists and theatrical consignors are as widely separated as the poles; in fact, are antipodean. For, if the public but congregate, pay, laugh, and bring their friends, the manager rubs his hands and gleefully gathers in the shekels. A railroad magnate controls the people; a theatrical manager is controlled by them. It is useless to protest. The secret of success in every branch, in every domain, lies solely and wholly in touching the nerve of the average taste. Herein, is found the practical instance of that hoary-headed phrase: "The happy medium" — extremes in tastes, extremes in individualities, are not catered to—yellow asters starve for lack of sustenance—it is the golden mean of mediocrity, the desires and the demands of that large mass who sit "on the fence," who make up the very backbone of every civilization, who form the pivot about which all things from politics to pleasure, revolves. Vulgar parlance has tersely hit it off in the phrase: "We are the people."

And so, in our city to-day, this week, a series of crimson exclamation points would aptly advertise the form of amusement at all our theatres. Crimson exclamation points characterize the shows before we see them. Indigo interrogation points express the dreary aftermath —the combined result of the bad taste of a dulled public, and the remoteness of our city from Eastern centres. Then shall we question why the Baldwin Theatre, the Western home of first-class theatrical attractions, the momentary Mecca of talent and histrionic swelldom, remains dark and unoccupied for one whole month? This is readily explained.

First, let us glance over the alluring array of imported talent that is to regale the audiences of New York this winter. At the Metropolitan Opera House, Eames, Melba, the De Reszkes and Sybil Sanderson, the Kendals and Beerbohm Trees' superior London companies, six weeks of the unequaled Bernhardt, and, finally, a season of fine German opera. Added to these, many minor attractions, composed of local talent, and offering burlesque, comedy, light opera, society plays and melodrama. Twenty theatres in New York, and the majority of them successfully prolonging their productions during the entire winter season. This is not astonishing when we consider that one hundred thousand visitors come to New York daily. They swarm in from the suburbs on boat and train, while here in San Francisco we can number scarce one thousand transients. No night trains to or from San Mateo, San Rafael, Sausalito or San Jose. At midnight our bay might as well be a great frozen lake, for all the steamer activity that is not. A competing railroad, did I hear? Ha! the millenium first! How, then, can we possibly support sterling attractions? We are three thousand miles distant from the Eastern metropolis; five nights are totally wasted in bringing companies across the States; the expense of transportation is enormous, and when the talent, scenery costumes and the dozen other expensive paraphernalia are set going on the boards of the Baldwin Theatre, the public exhausts itself in one short week! The trouble lies in our remoteness. Star actors and their support go from New York to Chicago, Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, but only semi-annually are we treated to an Irving or a Bernhardt. Nat Goodwin summed it up, pat, and hit us squarely on the head when he said: "People who are not living in New York are camping out." C'est tout. Augustin Daly's dainty theatre in New York, formerly the abiding place of high-class comedy and superior—ofttimes classic—productions, has gone the way of all modernity, and is at present the camping-ground of the London Gaiety Girls; and, what is more, the New Yorker to a man falls down and worships. They own the town. The dashing, captivating London gaiety girl, with vim and go, brisk music, brilliant costumes, smart lines, amusing complications and a tinge of naughtiness that is apparently highly acceptable. It is the absinthe taste pure and simple. Rollicking fun, unconfined revelry, the risque swish of skirts, piquant unconventionality and amusing audacity, mixed up lavishly with slim-waisted English soldiers, kicking comedians, gay songs, double entendres, not a vestige of plot or possibility—but snap, bang, go!! and the New York blades forget to be blazé.

* * *

NORTH AND SOUTH.

Opposing Views at the Orpheum.

City, Monday, 7:45 p. m., October 1st.

Mr. J. Government Bonde (*glancing over evening paper*)—"Well, Nellie, there's nothing much to see at the theatres. Where shall we go? Well, get into a plain dress, and we'll take in the Orpheum."

Mrs. J. Government Bonde—"Dear me! Isn't there anything a grade higher? Must I sit in a vitiated atmosphere of beer, smoke and slang, merely to see a wonderful acrobatic equilibrist and listen to the pipings of a forty-year-old ingénue? It's a bore; but you enjoy that sort of thing, so, lamb-like, I crawl to the slaughter."

City, Monday, 7:45 p. m., October 1st.

Delia and Dan, arm and arm, happily strolling up O'Farrell street.

Dan—"I've had a big time to-day doing nothing—playing the capitalist on 'Labor Day' —and, Delia, we'll see a big show to-night."

Delia—"Yes, Dan, I know it will be fine. Just look at the mob of people; the street's black with 'em. It's sure to be grand."

8:15 p. m.

Music; "Lemon drops only five cents;" smoke; good nature, and rise of curtain.

Bessie Phillips, Singing Ingénue.

Mr. J. Government Bonde—"Rather a pretty woman—fine eyes and teeth, lots of *go*."

Mrs. J. Government Bonde—"Not enough '*go*.' She ought never have *come*. She ought to be in the ranks of the useful nurse-girl—not that *I* would ever employ her—instead of shrieking about 'a moonlight stroll with me young man,' and kicking up those shameless, shapeless pink legs!! All that you men want is an abbreviated spangled skirt, a smart kick, billows of suggestive lace, and you beam and encore! Bah!! how degrading!"

Sankey Brothers, Serpentine Acrobats.

Dan—"Aint they way up? Jim Dandies. Say, see them shake hands with their feet and chase their legs and arms around their heads! Great! They aint got no bones—they're full of joints and Injy rubber. Maybe yer think that's easy-ter do, Delia. Well, some men can't jump off a runnin' cable car —think of that—and then look at them wonders!"

Delia—"Sure Dan, that's so—it's a wonder their noses aint all broken out of shape. Indade they give me a pain in my ribs when they knot themselves up. Don't it hurt them?"

Dan—"Na; they been doin' that for years, every day—comes natural."

Mr. J. Government Bonde—"Excellent."

Mrs. J. Government Bonde—"Quite too painful, really. What an extraordinary mode of making a living—really, a madness in their method."

Sisters Aleene.

Mrs. J. Government Bonde—"I do wish these women would not sing; it's ear-splitting. Their foot-notes are their strong point."

Mr. J. Government Bonde: "They'll dance soon. Wait till they reel off that yard of topical song, get their clothes off and then you'll see high kicking. There—that's smooth!"

Mrs. J. Government Bonde remains silent, the incarnation of disdainful superiority.

Burke Brothers.

Dan—"De men are funny, but that burro beats them all hollow. Just look at him, Delia; aint he a wise one?"

Delia—"That's what. He's got more sense than the men and he's only a donkey. My ain't it killin'!"

Dan—"Dat Cook gal can blow de trumpet sure enough. That's real music and no mistake."

Delia—"Yes, and she don't ever get red in the face; but don't her lips look kind o' queer and pinched like?"

Mr. J. Government Bonde—"Rosner's band is the best theatrical orchestra in the city. That march takes a fellow right with it —makes you want to fall in line."

Mrs. J. Government Bonde—"Yes, it is the one feature I quite enjoy. I like the soulful notes of the organ; they serve to soothe the blatant brass."

Severus Schaffer.

Dan—"He's de eighth wonder of de world, sure. He kin do anything; he's funnier den a bag o' monkeys. Say, look at him juggle de big bottle, de wad o' paper and de heavy ball wid a gunny sack over his eyes. Say, just look at him work de lighted lamp down to his neck a standing wid one hand on a block o' glass—gee!! he's a steel balancing machine; dat's what he is."

Delia—"Why, he takes all the things out of the kitchen—plates, pitchers (he's the catcher), candle-sticks and everything—and juggles till my eyes swim. I'd like to see him eat. Do you think he 'plays ball' with his food?"

Mr. J. Government Bonde—"Nellie, he's the most remarkable juggler and equilibrist, strong man and acrobat, I have ever seen. His skill is marvelous. Think of the countless hours of patient labor toiling with these spheres, two first, then three and four, working up to six with ease, gaining dexterity, nimbleness of muscle, unerring aim, perfect poise,

fine flexibility, until we sit aghast and the miracle of motion seems superhuman."

MRS. J. GOVERNMENT BONDE—"Truly it is prodigiously amazing. What extraordinary strength and agility! There is certainly a marked advantage in being a strong man. If you dislike any one in the room you calmly pick him up, carry him out and put him away. I wish many a time I could be a strong woman—yes, indeed."

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE ORPHEUM.

One of the most remarkable exhibitions yet made on the Orpheum stage will be given Monday evening next. Herr Zeitung, inventor of the world-famous bullet-proof shield, will stand up and offer himself as a target to any marksman, whether the latter be armed with an old-time musket or with the more deadly modern rifle. Zeitung has been the sensation of the East for the past two months, exciting fully as much interest there as did Herr Dowe in Europe. He claims that his invention is superior to those of either Dowe or Lennard, the only rivals he has in his peculiar line. Zeitung says that his shield is made of cocoanut fibre, woven closely together, and that it will resist any kind of bullet fired from a rifle. He has demonstaated this hundreds of times before the highest military authorities in this country and in Europe. The tests to be made at the Orpheum will doubtless attract unusually large audiences. Luciano Tatali, Lillian Mason and Mons. F. J. Bernier are the new people announced. They are all reputed to be finished artists in their line.

Democracy and Reform

BUDD AND JETER

HON. JAMES H. BUDD
HON. WM. T. JETER
HON. W. R. JACOBS
AND OTHERS

Will address a MASS MEETING

AT

UNION HALL, Howard St near Third
Wednesday, October 10th, 1894
AT 8 P. M.

The above speakers will make addresses in other parts of the City the same evening, of which further notice wil be given,

HON. J. J. DWYER and others will address a Mass Meeting at Metropolitan Hall, Saturday, October 13th, 1894, at 8 P. M.

FRANK H. GOULD,
Chairman Democratic State Central Committee

JOHN MARKLEY,
Secretary Democratic State Central Committee

CENTRAL PARK, SAN FRANCISCO
Last Days October 6th and 7th

The New Great Syndicate Shows and Paris Hippodrome

FOUR—BIG SHOWS COMBINED—FOUR
100—Sensational and Startling Acts—100

The Best Performing Elephants, Sea Lions, Leopards and Baby Camels! Forty Great Circus Acts! Four Great Bands in Street Parade! Courtly Knights and Dames! A Drove of Monster Camels! Zebras, Bears and Baby Monkeys! Twenty Great Leapers! Richly Carved and Gilded Tableau Wagons! Myriad Cages, Dens and Lairs.

The Greatest Bareback Riders the World has ever produced

The only Flock of Giant African Ostriches, the largest birds on Earth and the only show possessing such a feature.

TWO MENAGERIES OF WILD BEASTS

AFTERNOON AND NIGHT. Doors Open at 1 and 7 P. M.

General Admission, reduced to.....50 Cents
Children, under 9 years of age.....25 Cents

THE CALIFORNIA.

Daniel Sully will present, during the two weeks of his engagement at the California Theatre, beginning October 8th, his old-time success, "The Millionaire." "The Millionaire" aims to present a moral hero drawn from actual life, and it does present him without any extraneous theatrical nonsense, and without any sophistry. It tells the story of an Irishman who is proud to be an American, and who has a clean, healthy, simple sense of the heroism of labor and the honor of doing his duty. The characters and the incidents have a human interest, for they do not falsify life nor deny the probabilities. The play has an ethical value as well as literary value. "The Millionaire" gets along without great dramatic climaxes or prodigious events. Mr. Sully presents a manly, unpretentious type of Irishman, in contradistinction to the worn-out stage type. And he plays the personage with a simple sincerity that is effective and admirable. During the week of October 15th Mr. Sully will present his new comedy-drama, "Washington, D. C." A new series of "Living Pictures" will be presented during the engagement. They will include the following choice selections:

"The Black Domino".....L. Spiridon
"The Fairy of the Alps".....K. Dillitz
"The Nymph of the Stream".....Henrietta Rae
"The Storm".....Marcellano
"Love is Lightest".....Reid
"Hagar and Ishmael".....E. K. Lisba
"The Vacant Chair".....Toby E. Rosenthal
"Elaine".....Toby E. Rosenthal
"The Birth of Spring".....Horowski
"A Glimpse of the Harem".....Reiffke

TIVOLI.

The Tivoli opens upon the third week of the sparkling spectacular burlesque "Don Juan, ad. lib." It has been a tremendous success, which speaks most highly for the actors, as well as the librettist and composer.

The fun waxes warm as the play progresses, and never seems to lag. If one would give himself up to mirth and sparkling music the Tivoli offers the best entertainment in that respect in the city this week.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

This evening and to-morrow will witness the closing performances of "The Planter's Wife," a play crowded with romantic and tragic interest. On Monday evening next will be presented Wilson Barrett's pathetic play, "Good Old Times," with a strong cast.

THE BALDWIN.

After their engagement at Hooley's Theatre in Chicago Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will come to the Baldwin. They will open in Pinero's play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Besides this, they will also be seen in other of their successes. The regular Baldwin Theatre prices will prevail during this engagement.

"THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE."

The patrons of the California Theatre will be treated to a sensation on Monday evening, with the appearance of Mr. Daniel Sully and his company. The management has secured the services of Marcell Hanauma, one of the famous Turkish beauties who came to the World's Fair at Chicago, and who will pose in the new series of "Living Pictures" to be exhibited at every performance given during Mr. Sully's engagement. Hanauma will be seen in Reiffke's admirable picture—which excited such universal admiration here, and was pronounced a matchless work of art—entitled "A Glimpse of the Harem." It tells its own story. The subject chosen by the painter is a beautiful and artless girl, reclining on a luxurious couch. Her robe has fallen from her, and she is gazing, with pardonable vanity and innocent delight and admiration, at her own loveliness faithfully reflected in the opposite mirror. Hanauma will also be seen in the famous painting "The Birth of Spring."

Miss Hattie Nathan's dramatic and dialect recital at the Maple Room last week surprised even her warmest friends. It was her initial appearance before a San Francisco audience, and her success was instantaneous. As a reader sheis charming. Her style is unaffected, her stage presence thoroughly composed, and her well-modulated voice splendidly trained. She will undoubtedly make a success in her chosen profession.

The New Great Syndicate Shows and Paris Hippodrome have taken possession of Central Park and are giving four circus shows in one. Performing elephants, sea lions, leopards and baby camels, bareback riders, clowns, and leapers are making the little ones happy and pleasing the old folks. General admission has been reduced to 50 cents, children 25 cents. The show will close Oct. 6 and 7.

An almost endless variety of valuable Japanese and Chinese goods will be offered at auction by Mr. Percy L. Davis on October 11th and following days, until the entire consignment is sold. On the 10th there will be a grand exhibition of these elegant and rare goods at the salesrooms, 223 Montgomery street. Seats and every comfort will be provided ladies attending.

Sanborn, Vail & Co. are absolutely headquarters for all Artists' Supplies. New Studies, Ornamental Panels, Fancy Plaques, and Celluloid Novelties to paint on are the latest. 741 Market street.

AMUSEMENTS

CALIFORNIA THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & CO. .....Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER.....Manager

Two Weeks, Commencing Monday, Oct. 8th

Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinee Saturday

The Popular Irish-American Comedian, MR. DANIEL SULLY, in His Realistic Play

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ THE MILLIONAIRE

During Week of October 8th.

And His New Comedy-Drama by Daniel L. Hart, Esq., entitled "WASHINGTON, D. C."

"If merit always won, the country would have no use for men of influence."

During Week of October 15th.

SPECIAL.—A Series of New and Beautiful LIVING PICTURES at every performance.

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MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.....Proprietor and Manager

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Overwhelming Success! Third Week!
The New Spectacular Burlesque

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A Perfect Production in Every Detail!

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MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Handsomest Family Theatre in the World

WALTER MOROSCO.....Sole Lessee and Manager

This Evening, MR. H. COULTER BRINKER in "THE PLANTER'S WIFE."

Monday Evening Next, Wilson Barrett's Pathetic Play

"GOOD OLD TIMES"

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week Commencing Monday, October 8th

A GRAND NEW BILL!
ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY!

HERR ZEITUNG HERR ZEITUNG

With His Famous Bullet-Proof Coat.

Luciano Tatali, the Flying Serpent from the Folies Bergeres, Paris; Lilian Mason, Descriptive Vocalist, from Koster & Bials; Mons. F. J. Bernier, the Celebrated French Prestidigitateur.

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Saturday and Sunday Matinees

GOLDEN GATE HALL

Sutter near Taylor.

LECTURE BY M. D. BORUCK

ON THE

"PURITY OF THE PRESS"

Thursday Evening ★ October 11th, 1894

The entire proceeds to be devoted to the "Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses"

TICKETS, ONE DOLLAR EACH

No Reserved Seats No Free List

Lecture at eight o'clock sharp.

GOLDEN GATE HALL

Carr-Beel Saturday Pop. Concert

SIXTH SEASON 38TH CONCERT

October 6th, 1894, 3:15 P. M.

PROGRAMME

1. String Quartette, Op. 11, ... Tschaikowsky (First Time)
I. Moderato e simplice. II. Andante cantabile. III. Scherzo, Allegro non tonto. IV. Finale, Allegro giusto.
THE SATURDAY POPULAR QUARTETTE

2. Chant de l'Almee, ... Delibes
MISS IRMA FITCH

3. Sonate for Piano and Violin. B minor, . . . Bach
I. Adagio. II. Allegro. III. Andante. IV. Allegro.
MRS. CARR AND MR. BEEL

4. (a—Sunshine Song, ... Grieg
(b—"At Parting," . . . . . J. H. Rogers
MISS IRMA FITCH

5. Trio for Piano and Strings, Op. 72, . . . Godard (Dedicated to Grieg)
I. Vivace. II. Adagio. III. Allegro moderato.
MRS. CARR, MESSRS. BEEL AND HEINE

Admission, 50c. Reserved Seats, $1.00

Brobson—I don't see how Brusch can paint portraits, as he advertises—"while you wait."

Craik—Oh, he really has plenty of time! Very few care to wait, you see.—*Puck.*

In the Third Capacity

BY F. C. PHILIPS.

When Gerald Singleton was in Rome worshipping Art, although in the fitness of things he should have been in the Temple studying jurisprudence, and otherwise qualifying himself for a legal career, he received a shock. He was only twenty-seven, so he took it easily—in fact, he took most matters in life easily, excepting pictures, and Greek marbles, and other things with which he ought to have had nothing to do; but to hear that Mr. Justice Singleton, whose only child he was, had suddenly taken it into his head to marry again, was sufficiently startling for all that.

He was with a friend, whose acquaintance he had made in Paris, when he got the news. They had just had breakfast, and were puffing the matutinal cigarette.

"That's a dreadful bore," said the friend, who was a young painter, with "views" and visions of the time when he should "make a school," and who wore his hair long prematurely. "That's a dreadful bore, Singleton. I suppose you will have to go back for the wedding?"

"I suppose I shall," said Singleton; "it seems due to one's father to attend his wedding when one can. I'll start to-morrow! Pratelli promised to show me that thing he is doing if I went around to his *atelier* at one o'clock. Let's stroll on."

Pratelli's "thing" was so interesting, and the discussion that followed proved so engrossing, that it was not until evening that the letter in Gerald's pocket-book was remembered. When he re-read it he observed by the date that it had been on his trail for nearly three weeks, and that the wedding must be over.

"I shan't be able to be my father's best man, after all," he remarked. "What a bother!—or wouldn't one's father make one his best man? I don't know. I'll run over to England to congratulate him, anyhow, and give my new mamma my blessing—and we'll meet in Paris next month."

He packed his impedimenta, and made his adieux accordingly. But *l'homme propose, et la femme dispose*, as he always said in looking back, and he was not destined to sip *mazagrins* on the boulevards again so soon as he thought.

It was a drizzling January afternoon when he reached the Twickenham house; and, springing from the cab, he hurried up the steps. He had neglected to wire that he was arriving, and there had been no one at the station to meet him.

When the servant opened the door, he hastened without inquiry into the drawing-room. The lamps had not been brought in yet, and at first the firelight did not reveal to him that it was occupied, just for a moment.

A woman was standing before the window, looking out upon the lawn and dripping trees. His father was not present.

It was a long room, and his entrance, if unceremonious, had been quiet; she did not hear him till he spoke, the woman who stood with her hands behind her, looking out at the dreary view. Gerald paused an instant in perplexity, and wished that she would turn.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I—er—I thought my father was here."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and moved forward with extended hand.

It was most astonishing—she could scarcely have been twenty. Not twenty, and as pretty as she was young! The man who had come down to "congratulate his mamma" gazed in bewilderment.

"Do sit down," she said, "and I'll ring for lights and a brandy-and-soda, or whatever else you want. It's odd for me to welcome you, isn't it? I am glad I wasn't out."

"Er—thank you," said Gerald, gulping. "Er—I'll have tea if you don't mind."

"Tea!" she echoed. Only that this could not be, he would have thought she said it with contempt.

"I—I am very delighted to meet you," he went on. He had been prepared with a filial salute, but withheld it.

"My father is well, I hope?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "he'll be sorry he was not at home. We expected you in time for the ceremony, you know. Webber, let us have tea at once, please, and—won't you have anything laid for you in the dining-room?—No?—and bring in the cigars and cigarettes."

The lamp rays showed her even prettier than he had imagined—a face with a laughing mouth, and eyes that had a suspicion of mischief in them; the complexion of a baby, and the close-cropped curls of a boy. Gerald was fond of his father, but he could not help remembering that he was one of Her Majesty's Judges, and had the gout.

"And what have you been doing?" she asked. "Had a good time?"

"I've seen a great many beautiful things," he said—"a great many wonderful things. One must go abroad to understand what Art really means. In Paris, for instance, the very atmosphere is artistic—I dare say you have noticed it. Here, in London I mean, Art is dead, and we have only its legacies."

"What are the horses like over there?" she inquired: "They don't compare with ours on the whole, do they"

"I can hardly pretend to be a judge of horseflesh," said Gerald, rather confused; "your own tastes, perhaps—?"

"Oh, I *like* horses, and dogs too," she replied. "I love them! Your father has given me a ripper—a lady's horse, you know, but she's got mettle. You should just see her gallop! I'll take you out to the stable before breakfast in the morning if you're good."

"That—that's very kind of you," he said, shivering. "I hope you'll always find me very 'good'—I intend to be. By the way, I haven't the least idea what I am to call you; I confess you have rather taken me by surprise. It would be too funny to call you 'mother,' wouldn't it?"

She stared at the idea, and then laughed merrily.

"Yes," she said, "people might quiz us! Better call me 'Kate,' I suppose, and be done with it."

Gerald smiled also, but awkwardly.

"There doesn't seem much alternative, it's a fact," he said. "Well, if you don't mind, I'll call you 'Kate.'"

"I hope you'll call me 'nice,' too," she returned, with amusement. "Your father was in an awful funk that you might consider me too young. Do you?"

"I am sure you must know I think you perfectly charming," said Gerald—"*most* charming—er—er—and delightful."

"You think me a 'duck,' in other words, and that's all about it," she exclaimed, with another peal of laughter. "And you think your father a very lucky man. Oh, my dear Gerald, what a delicious stepson you are!"

The young man turned red and pulled his moustache. She was certainly unconventional, this new wife his father had found.

"Where is my father?" he inquired. "When will he be in?"

"He's had to go away on some business or other," she explained, with surprise. "He won't be 'in,' as you term it, for a fortnight. I thought you knew!"

"Oh," he said blankly, "you don't say so. I'm afraid I shall be in the way."

"Not a bit," she declared. "This is your home, you know, and you must make yourself comfortable till he returns. If you don't he will blame *me*. Indeed," she went on more seriously, "I trust you will always assist me to do my duty by you, my dear boy, and, if I fail in any way, that you won't think it is from any indifference. I feel my responsibility towards you very acutely, I assure you, and am more than anxious to be everything to you that I ought. Now go and dress for dinner," she added. "I am curious to see you in evening clothes."

"You are—'curious'"? he repeated.

"So much depends on a young man's appearance in evening clothes," she said gently; "I really cannot judge of you, or of what you may do in the future, till I have seen you in them."

Gerald went upstairs, and read his father's letter to him for the third time, and questioned dumbly whether anybody concerned in the matter was a lunatic. He felt inclined to pinch himself, to ascertain if he were awake.

There was nothing in the parental epistle to suggest insanity. It was brief and to the point:

"MY DEAR GERALD,

"I want you to suspend your interminable Art pottering for a few days, and come over to assist at my wedding. Yes, my boy, I am going to marry again. I have not chosen a lady of my own age, so she'll be agile enough to dodge the pillows when the infernal gout is bad. Jesting apart, I am sure you will like her, and get on with her; in fact, she will make the house a great deal brighter for you in every way. The ceremony is fixed for a fortnight hence, so hurry up. Your very affectionate

FATHER."

"Good Lord!" murmured Gerald, and then again, "*Good* Lord!"

He dressed himself in a kind of stupor, and on descending the stairs found his stepmother was already in the dining-room, with Webber in attendance.

"I hope I haven't kept you waiting?" he asked.

"Not at all," she said, and began dispensing the soup.

The matronly tone she had adopted at the conclusion of their interview had now given place to her earlier one, and this continued until the sweets had been removed, and they sat *tete-a-tete* discussing dessert. Then she gave a little approving nod.

"Admirable!" she said; "you look admirable, Gerald—you may go far!"

He realized that she was taking a motherly interest in him again, and referring to his appearance.

"You may peel me a pear," she said; "or, stay, you want one thing more. I must give you a 'buttonhole.'"

She selected a rosebud with great deliberation, and fastened it in his coat.

"You should have an elastic there," she commented gravely: "a loop is indispensable; all the best tailors use them. Conceive now a flower accorded to you as a *gage d'amour*—a young girl yielding you one from her bouquet—could anything be more clumsy, more terrible, than to have to ask her for a pin! See that you always have an elastic loop in future, Gerald: it is necessary."

"I will," he promised. "Anything else?"

"No," she said; "no—unless it is your tie. I see you have on the 'butterfly bow': it's day is done. It is always desirable for a young man to be in the fashion, unless he revives a whim belonging distinctly to a past age. My uncle Marmaduke, for instance, now wears the shape of hat affected in the early 'sixties'; but very few men have the personal magnetism to dare so much as that—very few. Your bow, if I may say so, is at once too modern and too old. You are not offended?"

"I am greatly indebted to you, on the contrary," he said. "I am certain there must still be another fault. Do let me feel that you have really an interest in me."

She patted him on the arm.

"So far from there being any other fault, I prophesy great things for you. And now, instead of lecturing you any more, I will have some coffee and benedictine, and you may smoke."

"Thank you," said Gerald. "You are certain you don't mind?"

"Mind! I will keep you in countenance!" She lapsed all at once into her gayer tone. "I shan't shock you, I know. I was always allowed to have just one in private, and your father permits me now. Got a light?"

She popped a cigarette between her lovely lips, and blew a ring of smoke daintily into the air. Gerald began to find these sudden transitions startling.

"What do you say to 'a hundred up'?" she inquired. "I'll play you level for half a crown. Or would you rather have some music in the drawing-room?"

"Well," he said, "I'd prefer the music just now if you'll be so kind; it's rather too soon after dinner for billiards."

"I'll give you points, *of course*, if you're doubtful of yourself," she said quickly. "But between strangers, don't you know, I always think a level game's the fairest."

"I play billiards pretty well," said Gerald, "thanks; but I'm fond of music, and if it's all the same to you——"

"Music be it!" she responded promptly. "Finish your curacoa, my dear young friend, and come on."

When she took her seat at the piano she asked him what his favorite songs were, and lifted her eyebrows at his answer.

"Oh! I'll sing you something better than those," she said. "Listen!"

She dashed into a cadenza, and then, with a flash of her eyes across her shoulder at him, burst into "Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road."

"Can't you join in the chorus?" she said. "Oh, you are a duffer! Have you heard Chevalier do it?"

Forsaking the music stool, she sprang to her feet, and, continuing the verse without an accompaniment, favored him with an impromptu imitation:

"Laughed—there, I thought I should ha' died—
Knocked 'em in the Old Kent Road!"

Her voice filled the room; her attitude was indescribably funny. There was something so infectious in her gaiety that he did join in the chorus, and they gave it out together till she threw herself exhausted in a chair.

When Gerald Singleton retired that night he looked at the walls in stupefaction, and asked, with Bill Nye, "Can these things be?" and the walls returned no answer; and he put the question next day to the heavens, and the heavens were silent, also; so that he abandoned the interrogatory at last, and remarked, with Dundreary, that it was one of those puzzles "no fellah could understand." Mrs. Singleton, on the other hand, appeared disturbed with no misgivings about her conduct, whatever, and treated him in one moment as if she were a man, and the next as if she were a hundred years old, with unimpaired serenity.

"You ought to marry," she said to him one afternoon, as she sat in a big armchair cracking filberts. "You ought to marry, Gerald. You have everything in your favor; a nice girl with money might be found for you easily enough."

"Marry!" he echoed; "the notion has never entered my head."

"You should think of it, then," she persisted; "we must see what we can do for you. I hope—I do hope—you have no ridiculous ideas on the subject; no romantic tendencies, I mean, to stand in your way?"

"I have no tendencies at all," he replied, a shade irritably. Her worldly wisdom sat oddly on her. "But I shouldn't marry a girl I didn't care for, if she had the wealth of the Indies."

"Then you *have* tendencies!" she exclaimed. "How trying of you! Of course you are very young still; but

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

I imagined you were too sensible for any folly of that kind—I thought you were more practical. My dear boy, you really *ought* to marry money. I have been thinking the matter over very seriously; I do not see what else you can do. You find absolutely no attraction in the Bar, I understand, and Art with you is much less a profession than an amusement. Naturally you will always be independent to a certain extent; but every young man ought to do something for himself in this world. If he can't earn money he ought to marry it." She jumped up and shook a lapful of shells into the fender. "You disappoint me, Gerald—you do, indeed. What on earth is the difference whether a girl's pretty or not? A pretty face won't give you a good house, my child, nor a park hack nor a hunter. Look out for a wife with something solid in the way of settlements and expectations—that's the advice of your mother to you. And now ring the bell for me, please; the cook is sending me the treacle and brown sugar into the library, and I'm going to make some toffee."

"You are going——? I beg your pardon," gasped Gerald.

"I am going to make toffee—toffee—toffee! Did you never hear of it? Come and see how it's done."

He followed her obediently. He no longer attempted to understand her—he now set down the attempt as waste of time—but in her range of mood, which covered a century or so, there was a fascination he was unable to resist. He even began to pardon Mr. Justice Singleton himself. She was intoxicating. Whether she were sixteen or sixty, whether she admonished him like his grandmother, or crouched on the hearthrug and scorched her cheeks, stirring treacle in a saucepan on an Abbotsford stove, his stepmother was adorable.

Now, it is entirely to be desired that, if a young man's father marry again, his son shall approve the object of his choice; but if the filial criticism go to the length of deeming the lady "adorable," that is *not* to be desired, and threatens, moreover, rocks ahead for the young man's peace of mind. There are certain things we are chary of admitting plainly to ourselves, and Gerald was no more candid than the majority in his reveries; but vaguely, and without putting it into words, he became conscious by degrees that he was thinking of his stepmother far more often and more admiringly than he, she or his father need require. For a day or two after this occurred to him he said "Nonsense" and "Pooh, pooh"; but a day or two of the undivided society of a girl by whom we are already attracted produces enormous developments, so presently he no longer said "Pooh," and instead blew clouds of meditative "honey-dew," with drawn brows, and debated how best he could get away.

At this stage, while he was moodily considering what excuse he could offer, an alteration was to be observed in the attitude of Mrs. Singleton. She neither favored him with her ludicrous assumption of maternity now, nor behaved like a schoolgirl. It was hard to realize, but she even appeared to be *bashful*. Also she avoided him. Once, when he called her "Kate" she changed color. A week ago he would have sought an explanation; to-day he refrained—a lack of curiosity from which conclusions may be drawn. The fortnight for which Mr. Justice Singleton was absent had nearly expired, and the fact made Gerald's duty more difficult. Having waited for his return so long, it looked odd to depart just as he was expected. Nevertheless, the duty was plain, though the path might have its awkwardness; and one morning he descended to the breakfast-room, resolved to announce his intention and to act upon it.

She was seated at the table, reading a letter that had come for her. He ignored his own, perceiving that she looked pale and disturbed.

"Not bad news, I trust?" he asked.

"No," she said, nervously—"no, it is nothing!"

She lapsed into reverie, and then blushed vividly as their eyes met.

"Coffee?" she asked.

"Thank you—yes."

He stirred his cup slowly, and wished Webber out of the room. When they were left alone, however, he still found nothing to say. There was a long silence, which they broke together.

"Gerald——"

"Kate——"

"I beg your pardon," he said. "Please go on."

"It was—— After you."

"I—what I was going to say," he murmured, "is that I find I must go to town for a few days. It is important."

"At once," she said."

"Yes, immediately. I hardly know when I shall be back."

He wondered if this were enough, or whether he should proceed so assure her that he should no longer make the house his home. Her next inquiry settled the point."

"You will return in time to receive your father?"

"I shall run down as soon as I hear he has arrived for the day."

There was another pause. She played restlessly with the flowers in her dress, and twice it seemed as if she was about to speak, yet did not.

"*I* had something I wished to say to *you*," she faltered at length. "I hardly know how, yet I want to do it."

"There is nothing I can refuse you, you may be sure," he answered quickly. "If you——"

"It isn't that," she said. "It is that I am—*ashamed*."

Her face had grown as pale as the lilies that she wore, and her breath came and went unevenly. He leant back, watching her with his heart in his throat, paralyzed with fear of what her extraordinary nature might prompt her to declare.

"It is," she said, with a rush, "it is a confession."

"There is—— Say nothing!" he exclaimed. "Kate—Mrs. Singleton—don't give me any confidence you may regret, I beg you."

"Oh!" she gasped—"oh!" And then, almost before he understood that she was crying, she covered her face with her hands and ran out of the room.

He sprang up from his chair and began to pace the floor excitedly. The world was spinning round him. He knew he loved her; he still felt the sob that she had uttered in his own throat. He was conscious that she was coming back to him, and realized that it was impossible for him to leave the house without seeing her again. The servant's step sounded on the hall, approaching to clear the table. He hurriedly resumed his seat, and on the man's entrance motioned him away. His eyes fell on the unopen letters beside his plate as he did so, and, staring at them, became aware that the top one was from his father.

Abstractedly he opened and commenced to read it. It was dated from Algiers, and reproached him for not returning for the marriage ceremony. He read it through, barely taking in its sense. There was a postscript, and in this a sentence suddenly leaped out from the paper and struck him on the brain. It was:

"If you get back before ourselves you needn't be afraid of being dull. I don't know if I mentioned it when I wrote before: the young widow I have married has a daughter, who will, of course, make her home with us. She is a desperate tomboy, but good fun."

She was in the drawing-room, and he discovered her.

"May I ask if your letter this morning was from Algiers?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, starting, "it was."

"And told you that my father would be back very soon, I suspect?"

"To-morrow," she faltered.

"Which was the reason your guilty terror urged you to confess! My father is absent on his honeymoon, and you, I have learnt, are an impostor!"

He towered above her like the monument of Justice, and she cowered.

"Are you very angry?" she asked.

"I am more than angry," he explained, sternly. "I am indignant. Do you know that you have made me the biggest fool in the county, Miss Kate?"

"You 'fooled' yourself to begin with," she returned, defiantly, whisking a tear away. "Taking me for your mother—such nonsense!"

"Are you glad you're not my mother?"

She nodded. "I found you a great trouble," she said.

"As my sister you may like me better," he suggested.

"You are being horrid to me, and I don't like you anyhow."

"Not as a brother?"

She shook her head.

"Nor as a son?"

"I tell you I don't like you any way," she answered. "Let me go."

He slid an arm around her waist, and held her fast.

"Kate," he said "you've tried me in two capacities, and found me wanting in both. Will you—won't you, if I am very nice to you—one day try me in a third?"

"If you are *awfully* nice, and *always* have a loop for your buttonhole," said Kate—"there's luck in odd numbers—perhaps one day."

And, meeting with no resistance, it was in the third capacity he kissed her.—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

Humboldt Artesian Mineral Water. Half-pints, pints and quarts for table use. 40 Third St., telephone 5822.

Dr. Rumbold, Crocker Building, Rooms 76-7.

For engagement, wedding and birthday presents, do not fail to visit S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary st.

Music, with beer as an adjunct, is giving the contentious a happy chance to contend. A continuous dew of twaddle falls heavily upon Herr Scheel's venture at the Auditorium, and all on account of the toothsome lager gently frothing on its errand of mercy. From the rampaginousness of the objectors to this combination of aural and liquid delight, one would imagine the devil had really been caught in the act of napping in the hemp, and that there ought to be pandemonium to pay. The bare notion of music, heavenly maid, being celebrated with any kind of libation has twinged like a galvanic shock the susceptibilities of quite an army of good persons never suspected of being at the trouble to support any species of musical enterprise whatsoever, consequently the inexpensive commodity of raw opinion is prodigally and gratuitously expended in unheard of profusion.

Though new in this progressive community, the idea has become obviously a part of artistic life in Germany. How much good beer and sour wine honest masters like Schubert undertook in the contemplation of other men's musical conceptions, and in the parcelling out of their own, it would be indiscreet to mention. Schumann's hearty accents owe some of their grotesque force to the power of good beverages, the *Etudes Symphonique* alone, have an aroma of hops in every measure. Besides, an American adaptation of the music-beer idea has been seized by Theodore Thomas with a rich bloom of success in New York, and later still in Chicago, the happy hunting ground of adaptations and Reginald de Koven.

So far Herr Scheel's magnetic personality has held the public, corralled a fairly respectable number of good musicians, and made the Auditorium a habitable place of an evening. The playing does not soar into the regions beyond the ken of criticism habitually, nor are the programmes too intensely etherial as to classicality, but the performance is always well touched up with that interest which the director coaxes, compels and strikes out of his players. No one supposes the strings to be numerous or voluminous enough, nor takes every player to be the ne plus ultra of virtuosity, indeed some of the individuals might be put through a retort without breaking up the ossified texture of ear exploited sometimes.

Of course, in the fusillade of rehearsals Herr Scheel insists upon, many battalions of orchestral enemies have been wiped out, and the body generally have come to a state of childlike docility—allowing himself all kinds of delicacies, in the matter of *tempo rubato*, the conductor has no difficulty in enforcing his fancies. But the poetry of musical light and shade is not richly in evidence, and it would be impossible to escape the impression that the player is infinitely beyond the comprehension of his instrument. How pianistically the Liszt rhapsodies are given, only those who have joyed in slaving over the mysterious fascinations of Liszt's lucubrations for the key board can understand. A world of coquetting with the inexorable elements of rythm, flashes and glances through the cunning measures and accents. Mignon Overature, Carmen Fantaisie, and light pieces give ground for all sorts of things in the local capacity for blasts of enthusiasm.

Each of the solo players, Mrs. Marquardt-Breitschuck, Messrs Marquardt, Mollerhauer, Landsberger and Grienauer have an ecstatic following, who insist on doubling the work their favorites have laid upon them. There have been evenings when the encore mania reached plague proportions, and made sitting through the programme an impossible penance. Symphony nights are happily free from this pest. Returning to the soloists, they all humor their audiences as far as possible, and do their best to be generally agreeable at a fair, average standard. Of course these concerts are, and promise to be still better as a paramount musical output, than anything hitherto offered, and criticism, conservatives and beer apart deserve to be supported right vigorously.

Lesley Martin.

Johnson—Say, Bill, I did't see you takin' up de collection las' night as usual?

Bill—No; dey dun insult me by wantin' me to wear one o' dem cash registers.—*Truth.*

Burglar—Where's your money? Quick!

Terrified Woman—My husband has it all, and he's out.

Burglar—Then I'll hide in the closet till he comes back. But remember! Not a word on yer life! Where's he gone?

Terrified Woman—He's gone to see his lawyer.

Burglar—Humph! Well, on second thoughts, I guess I won't wait.—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Huber's Orchestra furnishes excellent music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy street. Telephone, East, 681.

LIBRARY NOTES

Even in Hungary wherein and whereof Maurus Jokai has written some one hundred and twenty-five volumes without collaboration, in the intervals of a busy political career, there are gentlemen who live double lives. The phenomenon is not quite so uncommon in America as the church-goers would have us believe but I doubt if most men addicted to that form of amusement had the good fortune of Timar. An exceedingly picturesque fellow this Timar, he is blessed with a brace of divinely beautiful women, one of them his wife, the other the tutelary goddess of a lovely little island in the Danube—an unknown islet unmarked on any chart hidden by sedges and embowered in trees. A mere statement of the charms of Timéa, the wife, would convey to the casual reader only a slight impression of her peerless beauty. But here she is according to the romantic Hungarian.

"The face is not pale but white, the inherent whiteness of marble or natural crystal; her figure is tall and slender, her face calm as if hewn out of alabaster, with severely antique lines as if her mother had looked always at the Venus of Milo. Her thick black hair had a metallic gleam like the plumage of the black swan; but her eyes are dark blue. The long, delicate eyebrows almost meet over the brow, which gives her face a curious charm; it is as if these arching brows formed a black aureole round the head of a saint."

One might imagine the possession of so charming and beautiful a woman would satisfy Michael Timar, who begins the book in the comparative humble capacity of captain of a Danube cargo boat. Unfortunately he enjoys the admiration rather than the love of the charming Timéa, and in despair he fled to the unknown island to the embraces of the idyllic Noème. This is what Herr Jokai has to say about her:

"The delicate tints of her face seem to have been borrowed from the white rose when she is grave, from that of the red rose when she blushes. The expression of the clear arched brow is personified sweet temper, in complete accord with the innocent look of the expressive blue eyes. The rich and luxuriant golden-brown hair seemed to be curled by Nature's hand, a lock thrust back gives a view of an exquisite little ear. Over the whole face gentle softness is spread. Indeed, the head and the whole figure shine with a loveliness which charms at a first glance and enthralls more every moment."

Imagine this glorious creature, whose figure is that of a Diana, framed by orchards in the glory of springtime bloom, and it is easy to conceive her fascination for Timar. It is idyllyic, the love of these two in the midst of the rose-gardens of the unknown island, with all the beauties of luxurious vegetation around them, and the glow of love in their hearts. Even for as wealthy a person as the hero—and he is one of those fortunate individuals whose touch is golden—leading a double life is beset with difficulties. However, Timéa asks no questions, and accepts unconditionally his long absences with Noémi, and she is one of those charming women who, worshiping a husband and a lover, is contented to believe he can do no harm. However, one can recommend without reserve this splendid and romantic story so luxurious and varied in incident and scenery. It is a broad, glowing canvas filled in with a lavish hand, full of color and poetry.

A second book from the brilliant Hungarian, is "*Eyes Like the Sea*," a story compounded of autobiography and fiction, containing the portrait of a woman, fascinating, sensual, impulsive, whose exploits and matrimonial misadventures make a book full of humor and naturalness.

Here is her physical presentment. "It is an interesting head. The face was almost heart shaped, terminating below in a little chin which was delicately divided by a single dimple. There were spiral-like lips of dazzling red enamel, a slightly retrousseé nose with vibrating nostrils; round, rosy cheeks, with little beauty spots here and there. Her densly thick hair curled naturally, and gleamed like golden enamel, diminishing after the manner of Phideas' ideal Venus; the smoothest of foreheads, and fluttering the most rougish of little ringlets over the blue-veined temples." And her eyes—she had eyes like the sea.

What an infinite advantage is the possession of a great talent. To none of the subterfuges of intellectual weaklings need Jokai resort to obtain his effects, to fill his canvas. Inimitable in its freedom is the story Bessy tells of his marriage with Bagotay. Even the dialogue assumes the impulsive individuality of her character. And the method of presentation—not a line of analysis nor narrative reflecting her idiosyncrosies. Throughout the book, in her wanderings with Comedian Rengetegi and her marriage with Kvatopil, it is the woman who speaks and lives. She smiles enticingly at one out of the pages, until you wonder not at her facination and her curious adventures cease to surprise. The bit of prose in which she tells of her first matrimonial experience and her forcible capture of the herdsman, who has a figure like Apollo, and the story of her wanderings as a gypsy through the armies of the Austrians, is worthy of Stevenson, while it has an unrestricted flow which that graceful writer has never attained.

One might do worse than turn to Gilbert Parker's new story, *The Trail of the Sword*, a romantic and stirring book, with fighting by land and sea, done in good swinging narrative. The feature of the tale is the portrait of Pierre Le Moyne of Iberville, the famous Canadian hero and adventurer. An heroic figure this; brave and strong as a lion, he has all the characteristics one demands in a leading man. The episodes which string along display these admirable qualities of his in relief, and one perforce becomes deeply interested in his courtship of Jessica Leverst, fated to become the bride of his rival, Edward Gering. While it does not seem to me Parker has done anything to compare in literary value with certain stories in *Pierre and His People*, the handling of this story more nearly approaches the form he caught there. It has some fine chapters, notably the fight between Iberville and Gering, which is interrupted at the critical moment by the appearance of Jessica. Certainly the scene between the lover and his rival's wife, whose life he has just spared, is strong and worth reading if one leaves the rest. ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Timar's Two Worlds," by Maurus Jokai. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"Eyes Like the Sea," by Maurus Jokai. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"The Trail of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

San Francisco is soon to lose the Eden Musee, one of the most enjoyable and instructive amusement enterprises the city has ever known. The beautiful groups have been sold, and will shortly be shipped East. Those who have not yet visited it should do so at once.

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

Now that the season is commencing, the jeunesa dorée of the two sexes are doing all in their power to make themselves as interesting as possible. It is very difficult, and often impossible, for the girl with three seasons behind her to attract and receive as much attention as the debutante. Her dewy freshness of youth, and the additional charm of her parted hair, softly carried over her ears, gives her privileges an elder sister may not even dream of. This recent fad is very quaint and pretty for ye buds, but the girl of three seasons must find some more striking coiffure. After some thought on the subject I have come to the conclusion that it is difficult to be popular. Yet popularity has its compensations; but do they in any way compare with drawbacks? I fancy not. When one is popular the pessimistic, cruel world insists that one is necessarily deceitful and insincere; that popularity is, perhaps, a profession of much and a completion of nothing; nevertheless if the reputation is once gained the name lasts forever. So my friends of three seasons, conceal all your faults, praise every other woman you know, be sympathetic and listen earnestly to the most inept conversations by the most inconsequent dudes. Dress always with the greatest taste, and endeavor to be amiable and diplomatic under every ordeal, no matter how trying.

If you follow these rules, do not receive attention and are not popular, human nature is changing.

Such a scarcity of new gowns has never before been so perceptible as it was at the Dimond-Tobin wedding reception on Saturday night. The bridesmaids looked charming in their creamy white chiffon over white silk, and I am sure Miss Irwin never before achieved such an effect as she did that evening in her white brocade. It is very interesting to make one's debut as a bridesmaid. Few girls have the opportunity, and fewer still could look more piquant and picturesque than Miss Beatrice Tobin did. Her gown was especially becoming, and her face expressed her very happy disposition.

Mrs. J. J. O'Brien wore a most becoming gown of pink faille française, exquisitely trimmed with most gorgeous lace. Miss Daisy Casserly, whom we have not seen for some time, wore a white crépe, which was especially smart. The sheer muslins, worn so much this season, were very numerous. Miss Josephine Delmas looked very well in one of this description, trimmed with some lovely *real* lace. So much real lace is worn, and its effect is entirely different from the heavy coarse laces of which we are now so tired.

Mrs. Tobin's trousseau is said to comprise some of the most exquisite confections.

A very handsome gown I noticed recently was of nut-brown hopsack, lifted at each side over a red cloth petticoat, and made with a red velvet waistcoat, collar and cuffs. It had a short triple cape, reaching barely to the waist, and lined with red cloth. A brown felt hat with red and brown wings accompanied it. A very pretty gown, worn on Monday last by an exceptionally pretty girl with a Jewish cast of countenance, was of blue satin cloth in a shade that was neither sapphire, navy nor cornflower, but showed affinities with all three. The front breadth was separated from those at the side by an interval that widened as it receded to the waist, and was bridged across by bands of satin ribbon, each bearing a small butterfly bow in the centre. The side breadths, quite narrow, showed a similar interval between themselves and the folds at the back, the arrangement of ribbons resembling that I have described. All three breadths were edged with a narrow line of astrakhan, headed with one row of rather rounded black braid. The skirt visible in the spaces was of black satin. It cleared the ground all round and was itself hemmed with astrakhan. The waist showed very little blue in front, only a line from the shoulders, the rest being black satin barred across with bands of ribbon and bows. The puffs of the sleeves were held in midway with a big bow on each. A small jet bonnet with a little bright crimson velvet introduced was worn with this, much to the advantage of each.

All the newest hats which are trimmed with feathers have them swept back from the front. One particularly stunning, recently imported, is of black velvet, with a very high crown and magnificent ostrich feathers. The brim seems to curve up at each side and bend in at the back in a way that would completely frame any face.

It is always a pleasure to be able to chronicle a deserved success. Only too often our greatest efforts are met with disappointment. Surprise marked every step I took while being conducted through the various work rooms of the Maze last week. I found clever Miss Grim hard at work in the custom work rooms, getting and putting together some masterpieces of the tailors' art; and Mr. Laska hard at work with shears and knife, cutting all sorts of female attire. It was an interesting and unusual sight to watch the men feeding the machines with coats, vests and skirts, while the electric motor was turning them out for the hands of the finishers with a merry hum. Madame Andre sat at the head of a long table directing the work of a number of uncommonly pretty girls whose deft fingers were trimming some very handsome hats and bonnets. On every side as I passed along, rich material met the eye, all being made up for wear. Mr. Slattery's selection of dress goods certainly stamps him as an artist in his line, and one must congratulate the Maze on acquiring so valuable a man.

Over the latest Parisian blouses there is a new style of accordeon kilting, in which the lines run in little crinkles like baby wanes. One, a black chiffon, over pale blue silk, the upper part being a rounded yoke in black lace, had jet bretelles crossed on the shoulders, ending in fringes on the chest. A pretty little bow of lace finished this at the neck. Another blouse particularly adapted to teas is waist and cuffs of white satin covered with black guipure lace. The collar is of black velvet and the sleeves are black silk set bishop fashion, into the cuffs aforesaid, which are bordered with jet sequins. Accompanying this was a new belt of black satin ribbon with a jet butterfly in front; this ribbon rises high and wide at the sides and hooks at the back under a rosette. The collar band was also adorned with a butterfly. These novelties are the rage in London and being very becoming are sure to take here.

One of the handsomest jackets I have yet seen is of a very heavy navy blue cloth, tailor made, entirely by hand, even the stitching around collar and lapels is by hand. It is very long and entirely plain, but the effect is superb.

The tailors say that the day for using machines has, for them, entirely passed away, for ready made clothes are so cheap and fit so well that they must make a difference, and it is remarkable how much swaggerer a handmade coat or gown is.

The coming veil is only to be worn by those who are anxious to masque themselves, for it is of a thin net with very large designs of rosebuds or conventional flowers. It is distinctly hideous, and most unbecoming.

REFLECTOR.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

Wonder how the Bowdens liked being left off the list when the Tisdales entertained so handsomely? They fairly spread themselves for Bettie, and that is all they got for it. They're not in it with the Schemmels and the Hobsons. Alas, imagine my tears over this.

All the girls are getting ready for Christmas, now—that is, the "bike" girls. You know they entertain once a month, and their refreshments cost a heap. So they are obliged to economize somewhere, and they thought the best way would be to have home-made presents. Each girl is embroidering something (I won't tell what), and Cora Edwards is teaching them. Wana is making something too utterly pretty for her Alexander, but when she sews her ring flashes in the other girls' eyes and almost blinds them.

The races this week divided with politics the interest of our people. Both were centered in the great colt who beat the world's record on Friday. Reared, the papers said, at Palo Alto, yet, strange to say, none of the publications gave the name of the owner. Among politicians—opponents, of course, of the reverend gentleman, it is an open secret that the great horse is owned by no less a personage than the Archbishop of San Francisco. Just think of it—a racehorse owned by the leading spirit of the Lord's annointed! I'm afraid that the Cardinal's hat will never rest upon his noble brow, for sanctity and sportiness are too much in contrast to find favor for the latter in the Sacred College.

Your devoted

BESSIE.

SACRAMENTO.

The principal topic of conversation in social circles these days is the coming nuptuals of Jack Wright and Miss Laura Clark. The wedding, which is to take place in your city the early part of November, will be a stunning affair. There are no end of preparations being made, all on a gorgeous plan. All sorts of rumors are afloat as to where the couple will reside on their return from their tour of the Eastern States. I have it from good authority that the bride's father will deed as a wedding gift the beautiful home in this city, where the family resided for so many years. It is admirably adapted for entertaining, and we hope for many social gatherings there this winter. Laura has always proven herself a charming hostess. She has heaps of friends that will welcome her back to her old home. A foreign governness has been engaged to manage the Wright children, so Laura will not find the duties of a mother too irksome.

Dr. Huntington and his wife have taken the McFarland house for the winter. We were somewhat startled to hear that all idea of their building on H street had been abandoned. Strange, isn't it, after so much talking, and, stranger still, the lot is announced for sale. The McKunes are enlarging their house in expectation of the return of Florence to the parental roof. The Wilbur Georges will continue to reside there for some time to come. They also have given up the idea of building, for the present at least. Mrs. George has been visiting in your city. During her absence Wilbur has lived at the Sutter Club. Since his marriage he has not indulged in club life, so on his return he found things somewhat changed. The kindergarten table had been abolished: reason, too many members became benedicts.

Grace Dixon has been spending the summer months with Mrs. Tozer, while Mrs. Dixon has been doing the east. A certain widower seems to have fallen a victim to Grace's charms, a real nice, good lad he is, and Grace evidently looks with favor upon him. Apropos of widowers, it was only the other day I heard that George Phinney was going to marry Jessie Dayton of your city. He has three motherless little ones, and I am sure Jessie will make an indulgent step-ma. Too bad he couldn't have selected one of us girls, but then home products are never appreciated. The Van Voorhies are much pleased with the prospective match. Mr. Phinney wanted to buy the Knight's house, but then Willie himself is a widower, fascinating and eligible at that, just the one to be captured by some designing maiden.

Mrs. Harry Crouch has been spending some little time with Mrs. Orcutt. She is one of our brightest, most vivacious maidens.

Gertrude Allen of Oakland has been visiting here. Her beauty created the usual furor. Our boys felt dreadfully when they heard she was engaged to an Easterner.

Dr. Gardener and his wife have become permanent residents of your city. In their departure we have sustained a social loss. The Doctor's geniality, and his wife's rare beauty won them many friends.

The winter clubs will soon re-organize; but horror of horrors, whist clubs are blooming everywhere, much to the disgust of the men who insist that girls can't play. We are awfully anxious to learn, however. It is quite discouraging, when by a slight mistake we trump our partner's ace, to be frowned at and looked upon as know-nothings. Men always regard themselves as such superior beings, they must not think we will suffer if they don't join our clubs. We will just resort to afternoon whist, as we did last year. What a lot of gossip and scandal was exchanged at those meetings, still the men insist that silence is the first rule of whist.

SISTER SUE.

SACRAMENTO, October 3, 1894.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: I don't know what the matter can be with the boys here. They accept all invitations the girls extend them for good times, and enjoy themselves hugely, of course (how could they help it among such bright girls?), but there their ideas of social duties end. At no time do they exhibit any consciousness of the fact that they owe us girls anything. Now, that is horrid. It used not to be so, but then there was a different crowd of boys, who would have died rather than admit that they were so unchivalrous as to begrudge their "best girl" pleasure because it would cost too much. I had hoped that this year would begin differently from last. But the same thing is going on. Only one or two of the boys were accompanied by ladies at "Friends." Monday night "Charley's Aunt" drew all the fellows in town. I didn't go. I couldn't. No one asked me. But I have the consolation of knowing that all the other girls stayed at home, too, for the same reason.

Wednesday night's concert by the Golden Gate Park Band was well attended. The girls were there; but, alas! the boys were not. Yet they say that music has charms for even dumb brutes, and can soothe "savage breasts." I don't believe it. But I am satisfied that Shakespeare was right when he said that "the man who hath no music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems," etc. Our boys got no music in their souls Wednesday night. If it hadn't been for the concert I would have seen nothing of the other girls this week. As it is, I have only had a chance to nod at them. But I've seen less of the boys, and they all declare they love me, too. Something must happen soon. If this state of affairs keeps up much longer we won't know how to act when we do get out.

I wonder if the older set are going to leave the entertaining entirely to the "kids" this winter. The I. Q. boys were a jolly set; but heavens, if they are going to follow Harry's example I suppose we will be excluded from all the good times. I hear several of the other boys are already engaged.

Ike Harris is again one of Dan Cupid's slaves, and is burnishing up that solitaire ring of his. Then there is that fickle Mr. Harvey, who, it is rumored, has fractured several hearts. But he can't be depended on.

Our young reporter and his friend Frank have also been very attentive, and now I understand that the so-called joke you told about a few months ago was not all paper, either. Well, we can't blame the youngsters. They don't mean any harm, and they enjoy it.

I have heard that the young ladies who recently gave a party to a visiting friend, and followed it with a hayride the next evening, experienced considerable difficulty on the occasion of the second event in getting their crowd, on account of not having received an invitation the night before. I can't imagine what is the matter with Will and Lee. They are constantly together of late, except when Lee takes his "business walk" out for an airing. I don't like it. Just think of our two finest young men so forsaking us.

Well, the schoolmarms are all back again. The younger ones among them are a jolly set. They gave a number of parties last winter, but they were very exclusive. I don't know whether they were jealous of the rest of us girls or what. I think it must have been "what," though.

The Query Club, I understand, will commence to meet again, soon. I do wish they would add a little more to the social side of the club.

TRIX.

THE CRICKET IN THE DARK.

The work had been hard and thankless, and courage in my heart was at low tide. The night outside of me resembled the darkness within. Even the night air was ungenerous. There was no breeze—only a pall of smoke and a heavy fog that multiplied the rasping sounds of the street, instead of muffling them. The smoke would not allow the tormenting noise to escape into the wide open above, but kept it close to earth.

As I turned into my hotel there was utter stillness, but the same oppressive vapor followed me, stifling my heart.

Suddenly, down the darkened corridor, where gasjets turned low, feebly flickered, sounded the clear pipe of a cricket. So liquid it was, so vivid, that it fell on my dim ears like the snatch of the universal melody. The cricket, untroubled by the murky air, or the unfriendly night, sang his one note cheerfully, clearly and bravely glad.

And I, thinking of the lowly singer, dreamed of interlacing branches, and a bed of pine needles. In the morning courage was again at high tide.

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Intending passengers going East are referred to the advertisement of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company on back cover.

KNOWLEDGE

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Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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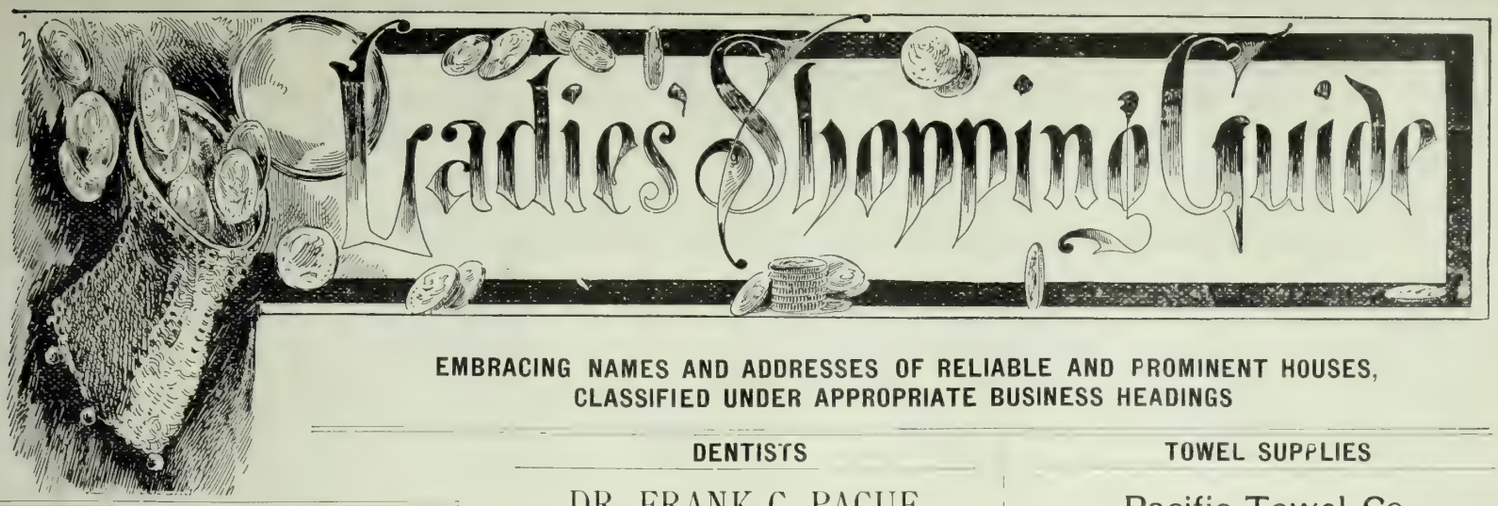

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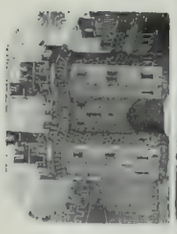

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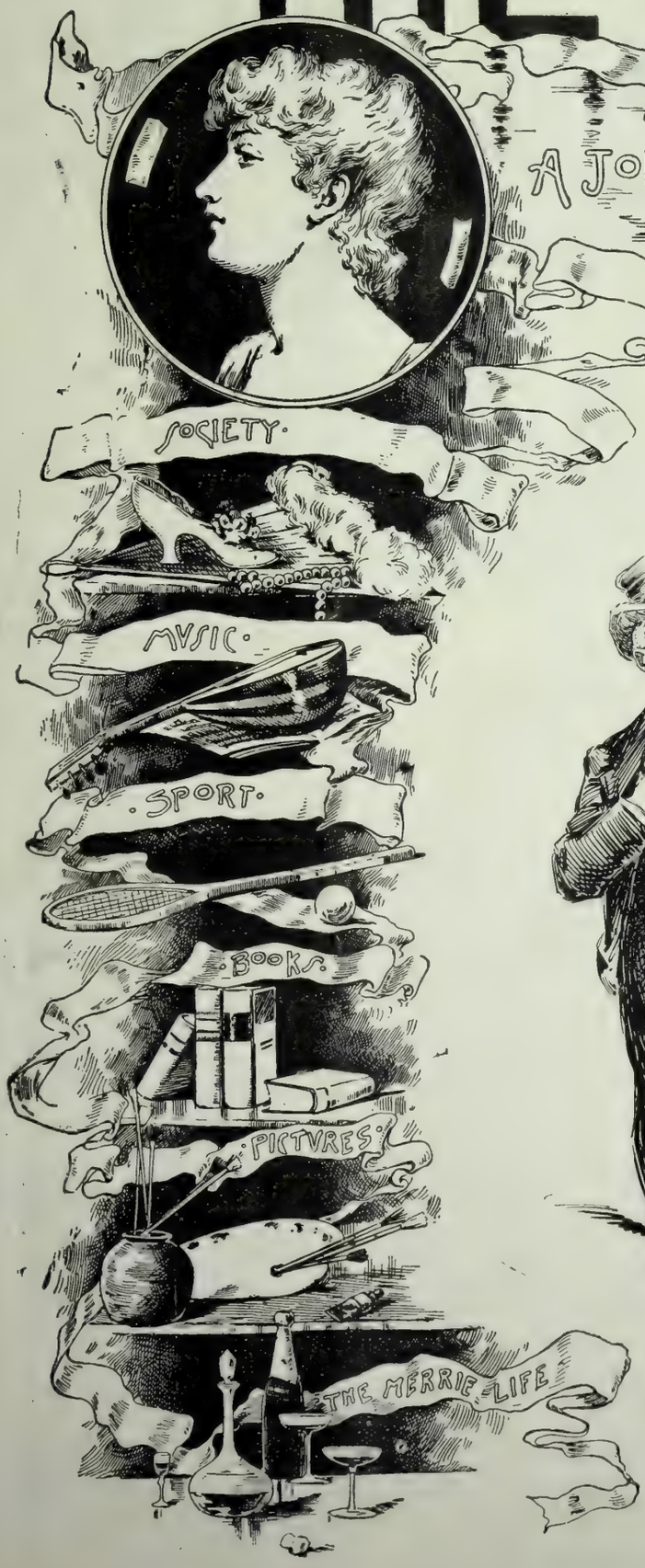

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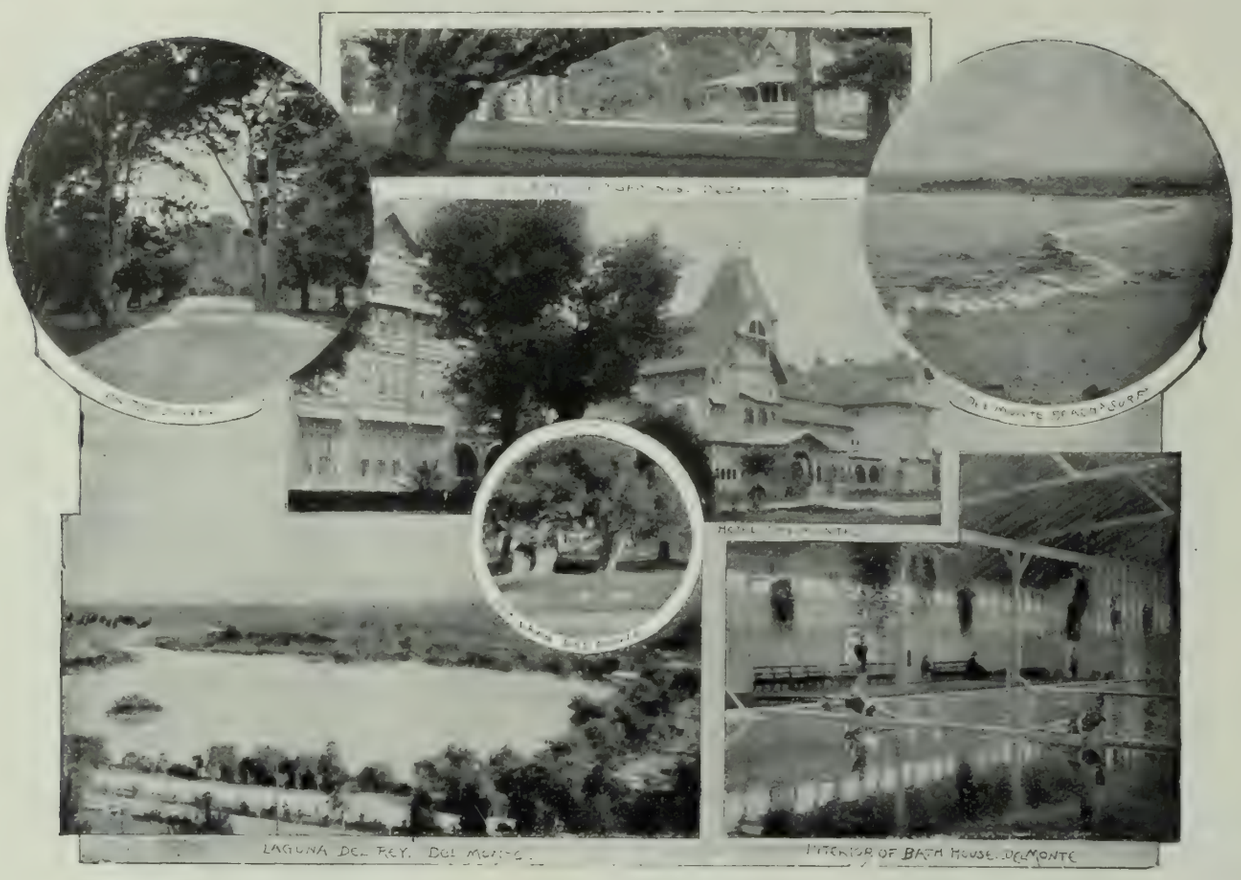

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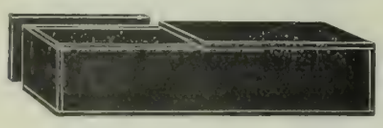

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 15. San Francisco, October 13th, 1894. 10 Cents.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 13, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

"CUT AND COME AGAIN."

Our cartoon this week is calculated to do full justice to the Non Partisan municipal ticket. It is a hybrid bird and represents nothing in particular except the private opinions and private grudges of a number of otherwise very private citizens. If the convention had placed in the field a strictly non-partisan ticket, well and good. If it had limited its ticket to the selection of honest men from the Democratic and Republican tickets, well and good. But when it attempted to blend these two methods of procedure it made a mistake. Where two equally honest men were running on the old tickets it should have made no recommendation. Neither should it have manufactured candidates of its own to the disadvantage of honest men already in the field on the other tickets.

SECRET POLITICAL SOCIETIES.

SECRET political societies never thrive in this country. The A. P. A. will hardly outlast this year's election if it is let alone. The only way to make it a permanent and a public force is by getting hysterics over it. With an air of seriousness incompatible with the situation, a number of Catholic gentlemen have formed a league to oppose this secret order. They may read a lesson from the experiences of their own church, if they will. It never flourished in this country, and had no foothold until after the persecutions of 1832 and the following years. Those outbreaks affronted the American sense of fair play and sympathies with the liberty of conscience, and in that atmosphere the Catholic church has rapidly risen to a position of religious and social force and power. Human nature is given to asserting itself in ways which the philosopher studies for the profit of those who are of the earth earthy and have no time. For three score years the two Christianities—Catholicism and Protestantism—have flourished side by side in this Republic, in as fair fellowship and amity as is possible in the calling of salvation. During that time each organization has sheltered individuals and limited organizations which cherish hostility toward the other, but with remarkable Christian self-control the main bodies of each form of faith have dwelt together in harmony and good feeling. This condition cannot be changed by the A. P. A. No Protestant Christian can be turned by such an order into hatred of his Catholic brother. But if the church be led into the mistake of seeming to dictate what orders, secret or public, Americans may join, if legislation be demanded that shall aim the criminal law at such organizations, there will be the beginning of most unhappy relations between the two faiths in this country, and a small matter will kindle a great fire. The church should know that millions of Protestants hail the American Hierarchy of the Catholic faith as their countrymen, in whose culture and patriotism they feel an honest American pride. In politics, on juries, in public enterprises, in common charities, and in civil and martial efforts for the common good and the perpetuity of free institutions, nothing is more difficult than for an American Protestant to feel any rivalry of interest with his Catholic fellow-citizen. This habit should be cherished, and this feeling, that is higher than mere toleration, should be left undisturbed. Will it not be shaken if Catholics permit themselves to assume that they need the protection of the courts or the shelter of special laws against a portion of their countrymen?

GOOD GOVERNMENT CLUBS AGAIN.

A reader of THE WAVE who takes an interest in good government has sent us a circular of the Anti-Spoils League, of which Carl Schurz is President and William Potts Secretary. It states that this organization "believes the moment is ripe for the consolidation of public sentiment in favor of good government by the formation of a new and larger National League for the complete abolition of the spoils system." The promoters are encouraged to popularize this praiseworthy movement and make it effective throughout the United States in the hope that a great and effective demonstration of popular opinion will result. It is proposed by the League that government work shall be performed with the greatest possible efficiency and with equal consideration for the rights and interests of all citizens without regard to their political opinions. It is also intended that every competent citizen shall have an equal chance to enter the public service, and that faithfulness and efficiency shall guarantee officers against removal to make place for a party hack or the henchman of a boss. Political assessments are likewise to be prohibited, and if salaries are so large as to admit of such assessments reductions are proposed. The circular closes with the following paragraphs, which those who have followed the series of articles recently appearing in THE WAVE will recognize as being in thorough harmony with the opinions of this journal:

"Through the reform of the civil service and the abolition of the spoils system, the citizen will again be brought into close relations with the administration of national, State and municipal affairs, and enabled to bring to bear upon that administration the force of public opinion. It is the interest of every citizen that the business of the Government shall be honestly managed, and that the contest of political parties should cease to be scrambles for the spoils of office; the abolition of the spoils system means the destruction of the boss, whose power rests on the distribution of offices in spoils; no other reform is safe, or can even be successfully prosecuted until the abolition of the spoils system has been secured."

In this connection it may be said that Mr. R. W. Gilder, editor of the *Century*, who has taken a deep interest in this movement, adds in a private letter to one of our readers: "In some places it is proposed to start Good Government Clubs in towns where they would help to purify local government, and to support civil service reform in general." Here is opportunity for the friends of good government to add their approval to this movement which should appeal to every man who has at heart the interest of the State and nation. We publish in another column a membership card, which it is hoped our readers will sign, cut out and forward to this office.

Is a public officer a public servant? One must not reply to this question too hastily lest he fall into error. For generations, as American citizens we have, with a wild disregard of existing conditions, insisted for an affirmative answer. Our public officers have contributed nothing toward the encouragement of this splendid fallacy, still we have gone on sullenly insisting for our contention, and the public functionary has gone on evenly maintaining an attitude of easy indifference to every public right, to every public interest and to every public demand, conflicting with the wishes of the political machine, no matter how sacred, how vital or how just they might be. Common politeness even is denied the common citizen. Gruffness of demeanor governs the conduct of official life, and the good man in search of civility, would need the persistent patience of Diogenes if he pursue his quest until rewarded by a polite answer from the average functionary. There is nothing so marvelous about all this. It is exasperating, to be sure, but the officer understands by what tenure and at whose dictation he holds his position, even though the citizen does not, and he realizes that his nomination depends, not upon his standing with the community, so much as upon his relations with the Boss.

Now, frankly, is it not a shameful condition of affairs, and quite as frankly, who is to be blamed? To what despicable depths have we fallen that honorable men, with honorable aspirations, should be compelled to crave, for the perfection of their hopes, the kindly offices of a self-appointed political dictator. What a sad spectacle is that presented by a corrupt machine nicely weighing the nomination of

an honorable and self-respecting man aspiring to a seat within the temples we have upreared for Justice. Contemplation of it breeds indignation in an honest man, and yet it is to this institution the public officer owes his first allegiance. To the boss, the self created despot, usurping the most sacred privileges conferred upon the citizen; the boss, assuming perogatives wider in extent than statutory grant of power has ever conferred upon a public functionary; the boss, the fountain head of all political crime, whose wink and nod destroys ambition in the honest, and builds success about the pliant tool and sorry knave; the boss, who votes the names of dead men, pollutes elections and undoes the vote of honest citizens by trickery and fraud; the boss, the tool of money, the friend of power, the enemy to all our liberties. He is the master to whom the public servant bows in humbleness. And why? And how? There sets the shame of it, there the disgrace! That an enlightened community laying claim to the high and sacred privilege of self-government should tolerate this most abominable invasion of its rights surpasses comprehension. Must the American voter remain a blind, bigoted, unreasoning party man who prides himself upon a continuing and unbroken record of idiocy? Must one adopt a party in his youth and cling to it through all the mutations of time, regardless of reason? Has American citizenship been reduced to that insufferable condition, which has for its only virtue party fealty? Is it an achievement to boast of around our firesides, that we are Democratic or Republican, and have never bolted our party ticket? Has blind stupidity become a virtue, and political cowardice the pollen which fructifies the gaudy flower of citizenship? Are we to permit the knaves and tricksters to name our party ticket and not rebel? Destroy the boss, expand the limit of political wisdom by effacing the line of party sentimentalism, and then if we must have leaders let them take warning from the approaching defeat of Estee and Millard, and learn that political power lies only with the people, that they may nominate men against the public wish, but cannot elect them. Then, and not until then will public officers be public servants, and we may witness a realization of the dreams of our forefathers.

CUSTOMS OF BAKU.

The town of Baku, in the center of the Russian oil region, has struck out for reform. The Bakuns, convinced of the truths of science, have pledged themselves not to shake hands, believing that the germs of disease are passed from palm to palm. They have formed an anti-hand-shake-band, and pay a fine every time they shake. That enterprising hoosier who invented a medicine to cure itch, would find no business in Baku. He hired a victim of that frontier disease to go through the country shaking hands, and followed in three weeks with his medicine. Out of this simple sociability he was scratched into a fortune.

It does not seem to have occurred in Baku that keeping their hands clean would be a good way to avoid the consequences of being civil. Science, however, is flattered by this movement, but it remains true that if men are to refrain from those things declared to be promotive of physical disorders, there will be but little left that is safe to do. Eating and drinking, dancing and handling money, even breathing must be done under such restrictions that life will cease to be a circus. The candidate can no longer osculate the baby of the voter, courtship will be carried on through a field glass, and the wedding gown become an anti-septic garment. Indeed it would seem that civilization is merely the means of bringing the human race to an end.

A great deal of good ink and paper is being wasted in this campaign by Republican editors in contrasting Budd and Estee. The people pay no attention to it because they know enough to contrast Budd with Burns who will be the real Governor if the Republicans carry the State. Col. Burns is an amiable miner in Mexico, but he is not an admirable politician in California. Were he the actual nominee of his party for Governor his election would seem such an absurdity that its advocate would be set down as a humorist, to be accused of joking on a grave subject. All men know that while Mr. Estee goes up and down in a respectable sort of way, holding his audiences hide-bound to the Republican party, or trying to, Col. Burns is in cover like a fox waiting for the geese crop to ripen.

Californians have learned that a Governor is known by the company he keeps, and that his personal surroundings determine the character of his administration. They know, too, that as a rule the men who promote the nomination are the official cabinet after inauguration, and that no matter how upright Mr. Estee's intentions may be he can no more escape Burns' influence than he can run away from his own shadow.

The highly-esteemed *Call* should have more influence with itself. It is supporting pictorially and editorially the Non-Partisan local tickets in this city, and represents itself defending fair San Francisco from two hungry tigers named Burns and Buckley, but three-fifths of its Non-Partisan ticket are taken from the Democratic tickets which it declares were nominated by the two tigers! Are we to learn from this that only two-fifths of the city officers need to be honest and clean and that they can stand off three-fifths of the tigers' cubs? The *Call* seems to have mounted a pedestal and to be engaged in so raptly worshipping itself as to have evaporated its common sense.

THE NON-PARTISAN PARTY.

To apply the name of party to a body of citizens who propose to be independent of party seems a misnomer; but let that pass. There can be no question of the right of every citizen or aggregation of citizens to subject the tickets reported by the several conventions to the scrutiny of private judgment, and to select from them the names of the candidates who seem most worthy of election. Many people do this without calling themselves a party. The party of gentlemen over whom Mr. Thomas Magee watched and Mr. Stewart Menzies presided, chose to call themselves a Non-partisan party, and were so jealous of the appellation that they denounced another non-partisan gathering under the lead of Mr. Blennerhassett as spurious. In fact, Mr. Blennerhassett's board of censors seem to have had as good a right to flourish as Mr. Magee's.

The power of a non-partisan organization depends upon the confidence which it commands among the public. If its leaders appear to be honest, clear-minded and level-headed, citizens may follow it in picking and choosing among the candidates of the regular parties; if it does not seem to possess these qualities they will decline to follow its lead, deeming their own judgment a safe enough guide for them.

Now, as a matter of fact, the non-partisan organization, which has occupied so much space in the papers, has been controlled by two newspaper editors and a citizen of Alameda, who was so good as to neglect the business of his own county to teach San Francisco how to run their city government. The rest of the gatherings consisted mainly of soreheads. The two editors who bossed the movement were Messrs. George K. Fitch, of the *Call-Bulletin*, and William R. Hearst, of the *Examiner*. Citizens who are invited to vote the Non-partisan ticket must ask themselves whether they are prepared to delegate their sovereignty to these three gentlemen; for if they are not they are quite capable of picking out candidates for themselves.

Whether we need go to Alameda for instructions how to vote may be a debatable question. But there can be no question that within four months both the editors in question have proved themselves incapable of forming a correct judgment on public affairs. When the railroad strike took place it did not require much sagacity to perceive that the feuds between Mr. Pullman and his employés in the State of Illinois constituted no justification for rioting and volence and a general dislocation of business here; yet both Fitch and Hearst took the side of the rioters, incited them to violence by inflammatory articles, and did what in them lay to foment disorder in this State. It was not only infamously immoral, it was highly impolitic. It is not the fault of Fitch and Hearst that riots did not break out in this city, and that the banks and dwelling-houses of the railroad people were not sacked. At the present time both these editors will admit that they were wrong. Yet now, instead of creeping into an obscure position in the rear ranks and doing penance for their blundering, they spring to the front and undertake, on the strength of their infirmity of judgment, to revise the tickets of the conventions, and to dictate to citizens how they shall vote in November.

Expressing in heavy periods its light esteem for our State militia, Romie Hart's *Argonaut* doubts if reorganization even would have any good effect upon our home guard. What then? Would the good old lady with three husbands have the militia disband?

WOMEN IN GERMANY.

Some time ago—not very long ago, either—a commission was appointed to inquire into the cause of the low state of morals among working girls in Germany. The inquiry was thorough, as investigations are in that country, and the report was exhaustive of the subject. It contained one striking feature, to which the limitless female might accord a few moments' thought. The report virtually divided female laborers into two classes—those who worked from necessity, and those who sought employment to gratify a desire for personal adornment. The thrifty German father of the middle class with daughters, while willing to support and clothe and feed them, cannot bring his frugal mind to approve of expensive dresses, jewelry and the finery of attire for which the maiden heart yearneth, and which the maiden eye envieth the possession of in her more fortunate sister. Rather than forego these feminine frivolities she enlarges her sphere, so to speak, and enters into competition with the unfortunate to whom work is a stern necessity, and upon whose efforts probably depended the support of parents, and smaller sistren and brethren, beside. This condition is soon productive of consequences. It is first apparent in the contrast between the well-fed, finely attired creature and her plainly, if not

poorly, dressed sister, who works beside her. The poorer girl sees the difference—feels the difference. Jealousies and hatreds, encouraged on one side by envy, on the other by disdain, grow apace. Now comes the tempter. A little less of virtue, a little more of dress, a lightening of the material burden and weighing down of the spiritual. It is but a step from shabby and despised honesty to fine attire and a state of semi-viciousness. The poor girl enlarges her sphere, and the custom of having a "protector" grows until, says the report, a large majority of the girls are dressed by the contributions of male admirers. One need not go far in this city to find young women working to gratify an ambition to dress, whose earnings are diverted to installment jewelry and other gewgaws. The question now arises—when will the "protector" come into vogue here? Do the young women in question consider they will be in any way answerable for the fall of their sisters? There is something here for women afflicted with enlargement of the sphere to think about.

BRECKENRIDGE says, this is no time to send untried men to Congress, the Santa Cruz *Surf* adds, neither is it a time to send men who have been tried and found guilty.

PURITY MAHONEY.

Before the State Convention was held it was given out by Colonel Burns and those associated with him in the management of the Republican machine in this city, that in the selection of candidates for office, the wishes of the people, the voters, would be consulted and respected, not only in making up the State ticket, but also the municipal and legislative tickets in this city. By reason of the methods adopted heretofore in the selection of nominees, the announcement of such a rule brought to the support of Colonel Burns a large part of that respectable and decent element in the Republican party which takes no part in practical politics. It was hoped by them that the statement was made in good faith, in the interests of the people, and for the sole purpose of securing the best possible nominees for the various offices. But like other fantasies developed in party management, this hope was promptly dispelled by the operations of the two conventions. Instances could be cited where candidates have been nominated who could not secure the support of their own immediate neighborhood for the meanest office in the gift of the people. When there is a United States Senator to elect, voters naturally expect nominees for the Legislature to be men of such character as they can support without doing serious violence to their conscience. The reasoning upon which Colonel Burns can justify the nomination of Mr. Mahoney in the Twenty-fourth Senatorial District is not apparent to those who are expected to give him their votes. If the wishes of the people in the district had been consulted he never would have been considered. No respectable citizen desires his election. His following consists solely of retainers imported from the south of Market street for the purpose of rendering him aid and comfort in his solitude among strangers. Naturally the gratitude of Colonel Burns would prompt him to find a place for the worthy Senator, as he, for a long time past, has been acting as a species of general servant and factotum; but it is hardly proper that the public should suffer such an infliction for the sake of this personal gratitude. Besides, the price is too great for the service. If Colonel Burns were as shrewd a politician as he is given credit for he would have replaced messenger Mahoney by an intelligent colored voter, thus at once adding respectability to his political household, securing the harmonious coöperation of the disgruntled colored element in the district and satisfying all of the residents by not giving Mr. Mahoney the nomination "to the Ledislater." If the sentiment, at present so manifest, prevail until the ballots are polled, he will be almost unanimously elected to stay at home.

THE attention of the Bar Association is directed to the following from the pen of Ambrose Bierce, in Sunday's *Examiner:*

On the subject of insults to witnesses, by attorneys, THE WAVE saith: "If abuse is to become the fashion of the hour, and vilification receive the sanction of a noble profession, self-respecting citizens will avoid the witness-box and the fountain-head of justice will be dried." My good friend, abuse is already the fashion of the hour; vilification now has the sanction of the n. p.; self-respecting citizens do avoid the witness-box; the fountain-head of justice is as dry as a basket of pine shavings. Do try to get abreast of the procession; Omar Khayyan sitting among the lions and lizards of Persepolis and making conditional predictions of the death of Janishyd would not have been a particularly imposing figure.

Has the "noble profession" no motion to strike out, no answer to file to this bill of complaint?

AN OPEN LETTER

TO DANIEL M. BURNS—

My Dear Colonel: You are the acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the State of California, and more than any single individual in the State, have it within your power to render a service to your fellow citizens. This you can do by the mere observance of a public duty the performance of which will contribute to decency and advance your chances of success in what the world is inclined to believe the battle of your life.

It was generally conceded, several months ago, that California would roll up a large Republican majority next November. Some enthusiasts placed the figures at thirty thousand, which, while being an extravagant estimate, was not seriously questioned because the belief was pretty general that your party could not fail to be victorious. The boasted plurality has rapidly been reducing, and now it is almost certain the majority will be upon the other side.

The primaries held under your dominion in San Francisco, and the subsequent convention at Sacramento, cost the Republican party thousands of votes. The strike had also its bad effect. The municipal convention just held has, naturally enough, turned out a number of sorcheads who affect to find in your political domination a menace to the safety of republican institutions. It is undoubted, indeed, that these men would have submitted to the galling yoke of which they now so bitterly complain, had you but fitted the bows about their necks. While this class of politician is contemptible, still it exerts an influence, and that influence is now directed against yourself, magnifying the enormity of your political offenses, dwelling upon the dangers lurking in your dominancy, stirring up opposition to your ticket. But the individuals affected by the causes mentioned sink into insignificance beside the great mass of respectable voters who are hesitating between bolting and endorsing Mr. Estee.

They are in doubt simply because there is a serious question as to your character, your aims and object in seeking the control of their party. Party men are willing to accept a leader, provided that leader be imbued with a full sense of the responsibilities which his party permits him to assume. No honest man can object to an honest leader. The question with these voters is: Are you honest? Do you want honest government? Will you wield the great power of leader for the good of all? If in their own minds they answer this question in the negative on election day, then as sure as the sun rises, Mr. Estee is a defeated man. If this great mass of voters—understand me, I am referring to honest, thinking men—determine that you desire honest government, then Mr. Estee will be elected. Not that these men think any less of Mr. Budd, but because this year is naturally Republican, and because the source of any great floating vote is the Republican party. No one doubts that, if elected, the Democratic candidate will owe his victory to Republican voters.

The defeat of Mr. Estee will, in a great measure, be attributable to you. I think you feel this. I think also that you are surrounded by an atmosphere laden only with partisan reports, and in your anticipations of success you are buoyed up by the anticipations of your own subordinates. You forget the great, silent voting population, inside and outside of this city, that is Republican at heart, that would vote for Mr. Estee, but fear to saddle their party with a boss, or leader if you please, without first ascertaining what bent his domination may take. I believe you to be an honest man. I believe you would scorn to exact or accept salary percentages or monetary reward for positions. I do not believe you would stoop to any of the petty thefts, steals and divisions of spoils which have characterized our every day boss of the past, but I do believe you wink at abuses in others, that you have to, to maintain your power.

In my judgment Mr. Estee is doomed to defeat as the matter stands to-day, but I likewise believe that it is not too late for you to exhibit to the people of the State that you have the characteristics which I accord to you, and which thousands of Republicans are vainly praying you will give some indication of possessing. There is at hand an opportunity. You know, I think, there exists in the police department of this city a systematic course of bribery, blackmail and perjury. You know that men in this service have grown wealthy upon salaries scarcely sufficient to maintain a family in respectable circumstances. You know or suspect this. You are a Police Commissioner of this city, charged with the performance of the very duty I outline in this letter. You are one member in a Board of three. Even though you be in the minority and unable to accomplish with your unsupported vote the reforms which these shameful abuses demand, still you may demonstrate to these people you are willing faithfully to discharge your legal and bounden duty, and are worthy of the high position of leader of their party. How may it be argued or assumed that you will faithfully and for the best interests of the commonwealth wield honestly and fairly the powers of party leadership, which are only dictated by honesty and implied by decency, if you fail in your legal, bounden duty as a public officer? If you stand out alone to purify the evils of which all the world is cognizant, and your associates fail to join you, public approval will repay your efforts and public indignation will apply the lash of censure to the infamous backs of the men who dare oppose reform. It is your opportunity, your only opportunity. It will be accepted as an earnest, as a pledge of faith, will be welcomed among honest Republicans with glowing faces, and the lips of rumor will no longer whisper darkly of sinister motives; or, if they do, their utterances will be drowned in the shouts of triumph and peans of joy which will go up from the throats of honest men interested in honest politics and honest administration. In the performance of this public duty it will be necessary, perhaps, to visit exposure, possibly punishment, on some who have made themselves serviceable to you and who have employed every art to place you under obligations to them. If you hesitate for fear of wounding such as these, remember it is your power and not your personality that has attracted their subserviency, and their apparent fealty is the fear of power. It is a fealty that would turn and attack you the moment another and stronger than you appeared above the political horizon. It is this type of friendship that sometimes is acknowledged by a grateful man, such as you are, that drags him down to the level of the lowest. Your gratitude to Mahoney is a weakness. You know it. You would not want Mahoney to administrate your estate. He should not be permitted to administer the smallest fraction of the State's. Men who understand politics, men who do not understand it but have paid any attention to it, appreciate how force of circumstances compels the leader under the existing conditions to make concessions to such men. Mahoney is not the only case in point, but he seems to illustrate a type. Well you take advantage of the only opportunity the situation offers.

SPLASHES

SOCIETY shows a very positive tendency towards "horse." I am told of the formal organization of the Riding and Driving Club, with some thirty or forty members so far and prospects of additions in the immediate future. Its season will open, I believe, with some sort of an entertainment—a hunting breakfast or lunch doubtless, though it may be some time before the lady members acquire that certainty in the seat which looks so admirable and is so swagger. Mr. Stokes was the originator of the club and Mrs. Farnsworth, who is the active agent in its organization, is feeling very jubilant over her success so far. Among the members are Miss Hager, Miss Breeze, Miss Goad, Miss Ames, Miss McKinstry, Misses Smith, Mrs. Henry Crocker and quite a number more. The terms, I am told, are $10 entrance fee and $10 per month for use of horse, sadddle, ring, dressing and sitting rooms and tuition when desired. Between the Horse Show and the new club, together with the boom at Burlingame and the prospective pony races at Del Monte next season, it looks as though we are on the verge of a most pronounced horse craze, and it behooves every one to become proficient in the equestrian art.

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THE HORSE SHOW, I am relieved to relate, has graduated out of the realm of probable success, and is certain to be the most brilliant event of the decade. Of course, I don't mean that forthcoming affairs may not eclipse it but, looking backwards, one sees nothing above or below the horizon that does not suffer by comparison with the most modified anticipations of this coming equine concourse. This is from the social point of view alone. From the equine, the prospect is even more brilliant for, from indications, it promises to be the greatest gathering together of notable horses the country has ever known. Beside the kings and queens of the turf—the fleet victors of a hundred courses—there will be exhibited such stallions as Sir Modred, Ormonde, Emperor of Norfolk and Los Angeles Advertiser, perhaps, and a dozen more, whose offspring command fabulous prices, and who themselves are almost beyond price. Besides these El Rio Santa Anita is promised by Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Simson has guaranteed the presence of the far-famed El Rio Rey.

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The coldest and most callous of mortals may reasonably be seduced into betraying an interest in such inimitable examples of fine breeding and high speed. But for those who care less for the material and more for the parade, there will be sights galore. Such an exhibition of equipages as has never before been seen here, is promised. Even now, teams and tilburies are being drilled and put in trim. Joe Grant has found a fine span of horses for his drag and is exercising them daily at Burlingame. Charles Baldwin intends having his new coach, now in Brewster's shop in New York, sent out, at the cost of considerable expense, I have no doubt. The Newhalls, Tom Williams, De Youngs, Talbot Clifton and many more will be represented by the latest developments in the way of turnouts, and the finest horses in the country. That competition will certainly be an interesting one, and I have no doubt the boxes will be full. At least they are all sold, and to the most representative people in town.

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I have published from time to time the names of those who have given cups for the various classes. Among the later donations is a $200 trophy contributed by Tom Williams' Pacific Coast Jockey Club, Talbot Clifton offers a $100 cup, Joe Grant gives a $50 cup, to go to the finest fire engine team. I believe the Departments of Oakland and San José intend trying to wrest this trophy from Chief Denny Sullivan. Tim Hopkins has donated a $200 cup which will be offered in one of the most important classes—altogether, there has been contributed $3,500 in trophies, besides the $7,500 cash the Association offers. Of course this is not as extensive a prize list as that of New York, but it is considerably in excess of what is given in Chicago and Philadelphia whose shows are all very notable events. The manner in which the enterprise is being encouraged is most agreeable. Mr. Haggin sends his splendid stud, including Firenzie—not for competition, of course. Mr. McDonough, I believe, enters Ormonde on the same basis. Mrs. Stanford has not yet decided to enter Advertiser, but the Palo Alto stables will surely be represented at such a notable equine convocation. It would be a fine opportunity to exhibit the Orloff stallions sent the late Senator by the Emperor of Russia. President Foster of the S. F. & North Pacific Railway sends his team of Hungarian ponies, and the Kern Co. Land Company sends some teams of Shetlands. Nick Kittle is to bring down from the mountains a six-mule team which he will drive himself in the grand parade. Altogether the prospects are brilliant and one may look forward to the opening day, November 27th, with the liveliest anticipation.

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TEAS.—Three teas last Saturday! Is society capable of nothing better than teas? Is there no other more entertaining, diverting form the afternoon reception can take than this? Is not the perpetual recurrence of the "tea" form a reflection both on the buds and on the blossoms, on debutantes who make their initial appearance at them, on seasoned belles who go through once again the platitudes of weather, winter and prospective fêtes? However, it may be a consolation for the individuals most concerned to realize that the absence of inventiveness here is balanced by an equal paucity of ideas elsewhere. In vogue in New York, in Chicago, in Baltimore and Louisville are teas, but then they have garden parties and other festivities as well. On Saturday there were three teas, all more or less important.

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Perhaps the smartest of the trio was that given by Miss Mattie Gibbs to her sister, Mrs. Stafford, who is shortly to leave for Europe. Miss Gibbs was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Stafford, Miss Laura McEwen and several other girls. The church people assembled in great force and one almost fancied one's self within the sacred portal of Trinity or St. Luke's. Huber's orchestra played during the reception and the refreshments provided by Ludvig were exceedingly recherché.

The world, the flesh and, well, perchance, the devil, were at Miss Burling. Two hundred and fifty invitations were issued and apparently everyone accepted. The tea was in honor of Mrs. Eccleston, who with Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Belle McKenna and Miss Eleanor Wood, assisted in receiving. Miss McKenna looked charming in a dainty white frock which was especially becoming. Miss Lawlor looked very stately in black, and Eleanor Wood quite brilliant garbed, in red. All the girls wore their new autumn gowns and made an effective showing. Green seemed to predominate as to color and will apparently reign supreme this year.

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Miss Hoffman's tea was also very enjoyable—perhaps the prettiest of them all. Quite a number of Presidio and Mare Island girls were present and a decided sprinkling of army and navy men.

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Such a dull week—little to announce or record. The event from a social point of view was the marriage of Miss Belle Donahue and Richard H. Sprague, manager of the Western Sugar Refinery, a relative of the Oxnard's and notable as a clubman. The ceremony was performed very quietly in the Wallace residence on Van Ness avenue by Archbishop Riordan in the presence of the two families and of a handful of their most intimate friends. The honeymoon will be spent at Burlingame, where Mr. and Mrs. Sprague have taken the Haggin cottage which they will occupy for the rest of the season if the weather continues agreeable.

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An engagement of some note is that of Miss May Golden, daughter of Louis Golden the well-known capitalist, to John Lee, Jr., son of Lee of that ilk from San Mateo. The nuptials will be solemnized in this city in the early part of the coming spring.

* * *

On excellent authority I learn that the Fair controversy is in a speedy way to settlement. Mrs. Oelrichs has been the fair diplomatist. The Senator has always entertained a tenderness for his daughters, but the story goes that they like New York better than Papa. At all events there was a financial blockade, in which Senator Fair took his son Charley's side of the question. Under the circumstances, it is neither a wonder that Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair decided to make a pilgrimage to their father, nor that having been appeased he should remove the embargo.

* * *

ABOUT ten years ago Mr. Joe Grant was married to Miss Hull, one of San Francisco's most famous belles, and clever as she was beautiful and accomplished. The marriage was a romance, and for Mr. Grant it ended sadly, as all romances do. His wife died suddenly. His latest tribute is a magnificent cenotaph in marble, built in memory of her father, Edward Hull. It is designed by Charles Graham, the New York artist of *Harper's Weekly*, and will be completed next spring.

* * *

That the reception given by the students of the Mount Talmapais Military Academy was

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a success was evidenced by the number of invitations accepted and the crowds of the younger element gathered there. Nothing that an affair of its kind demands was lacking. Considering how well-appointed the edifice is and with so entertaining a body of students, it certainly is a pity that more frequent opportunities of breaking the bonds of exclusiveness of the institution are not afforded.

* * *

James V. Coleman thinks of another excursion, so he says. He will await the election, however, for he is a loyal worker for the Democracy. This time he contemplates a European trip, in which he will include his "*fidus Achates*," Daniel O'Connell, King of Ireland and Saint Patrick by right.

* * *

I am told that Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker will return to San Francisco immediately. There was talk of an Egyptian trip this winter and a Nile excursion with the Mill's party; but Mr. Crocker's business affairs here call him back, so it is said, and January is a long way off.

* * *

Among those who departed from the city during the week was Mr. William McDermott of the Nevada Bank, who left for Virginia City to take charge of the Hellman financial establishment in that place. Mr. McDermott is a very young man to fill so responsible a position, but the fact that he was chosen for the appointment proves that during his long connection with the bank he has demonstrated the requisite ability. and in his new capacity is sure to be successful.

* * *

THERE HAVE BEEN great doings at St. Basil's recently. On Sunday the ceremony celebrated the ceutenary of the Russian Church in America with much that was gorgeous in the way of decorations, gold vestments, in-

cense and Gregorian chanting. The several colonies of Slavonians, Montenegrins, Greeks, Russians and Armenians were there in state and all kissed the ring of the Most Reverend Bishop Nicholas—which is according to Hoyle in the Greek Church, I believe. But the splendor of that festivity faded into insignificence in comparison with the marriage of Miss Anna E. Dabovich and Spiridon Wucosavlievich, both of whom are prominent in the Latin quarter. It might be worth while to describe at length the very interesting and elaborate ceremonial, but those who care to read how the twain were made one are directed to Tuesday's *Call*, which has all the particulars. I must say the picture of Miss Dabovich does her an injustice, for she is really a pretty girl, whose willowy figure, inimitable coloring and fine eyes would attract attention anywhere.

* * *

Quite an interesting engagement is that of Miss Cora Caduc and Dr. de Marville. For a long time the latter has been notable as the handsomest bachelor physician in town, and not only in foreign society but also in the ranks of the elect has made many friends and won much admiration. In addition to his physical endowment Dr. de Marville, is a decidedly successful practicioner, and besides the gift of healing, has also that of languages. He has recently established at North Beach a species of Polyclinic where he treats the poorer classes of that environment free. What is more, he can hear the symptoms of most of his patients in the language of their nationality—for this decidedly polyglot physician is at home in French, English, Italian and Spanish. I believe, too, he has recently added German to his accomplishments. Miss Caduc, besides being decidedly handsome, is a young lady of fine character and understanding, whose presence and manner is a most agreeable reminder of the existence still in this era of the new woman of the quality of true womanliness.

* * *

Times Change. It is but a few years ago one regarded a trip out to Haywards as a journey. Nowadays it is merely a brief ride on the electric car from First and Washington streets, Oakland, to the Hayward club house. I am told of a number of picnics to that charming region recently. There is, at the end of the line a park abounding in lawns, spread oaks, swings and other arrangements for the diversion of the casual visitor. It is advisable not to forget the club house, where a capital cook presides and furnishes all manner of dainties on order.

* * *

One may reasonably look forward to the forthcoming Carr-Beel concert on Saturday afternoon next. The programme is really interesting, and there will, I suppose, be a big crowd to hear it.

* * *

Even in Rome the weeklies are not infallable, and as the WAVE is issued in San Francisco, which is distant from headquarters of the Pope many thousand miles, it is as liable to error as the *Chronicle*. I suppose it must have been obvious to the individuals immediately concerned that the paragraphs I published last week about Miss Goodyear and Lieutenant Kirkham (as the story read) were decidedly off as to facts. In the first place Lieutenant Kirkman is the gentleman to whom Miss Goodyear was betrothed, and I believe he is figured as one of the most ardent water drinkers in the army, and the dissolution, or rather suspension, of their engagement was based on reasons entirely distinct from aught in his manner or conduct. In the second place, Miss Goodyear is not the belle of Martinez, but resides at Benicia, at Goodyear's Station there, and there was no immediate prospect of their marriage, nor is the trousseau nor wedding garment in the condition of suspended animation, which novelists so love to dwell upon in rhapsodic phrases. It is fortunate for Mr. Kirkman that he is notable for so strict an observance of prohibition principles, for the impression might be spread among his friends that he was indulging in the luxury of a double life.

* * *

IT SEEMS THAT the Bohemian Club's new lease of life and Promethean diversity spring from the last midsummer jinks. Since that time a continuous new force runs through the veins and arteries of the institution, adding to its spirit, assuring its future and enthusing its members. The young element, which has been largely added to by recent elections, starts out under the guidance of the older Bohemians into new channels. The amusement and the life of the coming winter are foreshadowed by the enthusiasm, which will come forth in jinks high and low, dinners full of life and punch bowls flaming with the true spirit of the children of the owl. Already the plans are laid for entertaining evenings, and among the men who may be regarded in the light of reviving influences are to be named in the foremost rank Charley Graham, the artist, Connie Von Gerichten, musical prodigy and polychrome genius.

Charley Graham has a vein which is unique in its form and excessively amusing. It consists in the oral fake of language foreign to his understanding, strange and unknown to his perception. He will sing a French song with Parisian accent without a single word of the Gallic language represented by the Dictionary of the Academy. He will mimic a German burgher ordering "drei bier." He will fake a Swedish landlord or a Spanish vaquero with a perfect rendition of the characteristics of the race—all merely because he possesses the acrobatic vocal chords necessary to reproduce sounds similar to the languages being portrayed. Only lately he gave a picturesque performance, representing an Indian medicine man, and from the "ough" to the intoed-step every moment reminded you of the old saying that "the only good Indian is a dead Indian."

* * *

BRILLIANTLY ILLUMINATED were the beautiful grounds of the Charles T. Blake's residence at Berkeley last Thursday evening, the occasion being a reception given to Mr. and Mrs. Anson Blake son and daughter-in-law to the hosts. The affair was dual in its nature, extending from four to seven in the afternoon and eight to eleven in the evening, and during the course of the afternoon and evening some three hundred guests were entertained. An immense tent, erected on the broad lawn, was given over to a clever caterer, who lavishly yet delicately supplied the wants of the inner man and woman. The music of the occasion was all that one could wish for, and, I am told, even met the approval of that eminent critic Mr. Edgar S. Kelley, who, with his wife, was one of the guests. One may be pardoned for not noting all who come and go in such a large assemblage, but it would not be exaggeration to say that all of swell Berkeley was there. The Garbers, the Deans, the Hilgards, Mr. and Mrs. Gayley, Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, the Wilkinsons, Miss Glascock, Miss Mhoon, Miss Dunham, Carl Howard, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Symmes and a whole host of others from Oakland and San Francisco besides.

* * *

AT THE RISK of subjecting myself to the criticism the offense deserves, I venture to speak of the Sorosis reception as a function. One alludes to mere social festivities as "affairs," of gatherings, as "entertainments" —of people, lemonade and cake—as a "tea,"

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so there should be a highly formal and respectable term, such as "function," to describe the important convocation of the female representations of art, literature, the drama and intellectual society in general that took place at the Palace, Monday last. Mrs. Irving Stump, who is on the verge of departure for New York, was the guest of honor, she having, since the inception of the organization, filled the responsible position of Treasurer. In deference to the occasion, Mrs. Stump was in a swell evening gown of cream brocade ground, with lavender flowers thereupon. The other members of the Reception Committee had swagger costumes, also.

* * *

The guests and the club members in general were less elaborately clad, contenting themselves with what are called street gowns, in dark tones. But the gowning was considerably above the intellectual average, and as there were but three men present, settled a question much debated at the moment in feminine clubs—do women dress for one another? I am certain they were not garbed for the male trio in attendance. I don't know the name of the prettiest girl at the reception, but she wore a white silk gown, and looked very nice and charming. The refreshments were swagger—terrapin properly stewed, salads in quantity, Palace ice cream, of course—the best in town by the way—with Huber's orchestra discoursing melodies. Nor did the committee lack energy, for I could not but admire the manner in which the guests were led up to the dainties, and they all partook just as if dinner were non-existent and appetites summonable at will.

* * *

SO THE initiation fee in Bohemia remains at the century. No increase for the time being, at least, though no one guesses what the future may bring forth. At the meeting Tuesday last the prospective raise from one hundred dollars to one hundred and fifty dollars was voted down, though it was decided to fix the limit of membership at six hundred. It is on the verge of that now, so I assume the immediate future will be the establishment of a waiting list. It must be pleasing to Colonel Platt and his board to have the club roll lengthening as it has done during these latter months. Some excellent material has been added to the resources of the institution—men who will be heard from to clever advantage in future jinks—high and low. So it is evident the policy adopted has been a good one and the growth natural—that in spite of the building disappointment, which if less energetic hands had control, might have proved a detriment instead of a mere disappointment. However, the future may house the institution in a handsomer structure than the Wenbangerberding brick elephant on Sutter street. In the meantime a membership of six hundred is large for the quarters on Post street.

* * *

A benefit in aid of the Fruit and Flower Mission will be given at the California Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, October 31st. Mr. and Mrs. Kendal—the latter always desirous of lending the charm of her personality and talents towards helping the poor—will be the pièce de resistance, if one may use the term. In addition, the programme will hold the names of many of our best local theatrical attractions. The work of the Fruit and Flower Mission is too well known to require any supplemental explanation or praise. Every ticket sold will not only secure an afternoon's pleasure, but will extend its good towards those less fortunate.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvan Weil, of California street, gave a very delightful little dinner last evening in honor of Mr. David Weil of Paris. The hostess acknowledged good taste and social tact, together with a congenial company so essential to the success and smoothness of a dinner, completed an evening's genuine enjoyment.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sig. Stern have returned home after a three months' visit in the East. Mrs. Stern, who as Miss Rosalie Meyer enjoyed undisputed belleship here, had considerable attention paid her at the Eastern watering places.

* * *

The wedding ceremony uniting Miss Rose Hart and Mr. Charles Hymann will take place on Thursday evening, October 18th, at half-past eight o'clock, in the Maple Rooms of the Palace Hotel. Almost two hundred invitations have been issued, and the affair will be one of important social brilliancy; also the initial event ushering in the gayeties of the winter. In her bridal satins Miss Hart is sure to appear to handsome advantage.

* * *

I am told that Miss Shindler has in view a concert in which she will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Sigmnnd Beel and H. A. Melvin, The young lady's first appearance in the initial Carr-Beel concert was marked by the display of a very attractive voice and manner, which should insure her further laurels in her chosen vocation.

* * *

Mr. Carl and Miss Maud Howard gave a garden party last Saturday to celebrate formally the closing of the Howard house for this season. One might think they could find a more agreeable motive for the festivity. Tea was served in the garden. The furniture was removed from the house and Scheel's orchestra took possession thereof and discoursed sweet sounds during the whole entertainment. The girls who assisted in receiving were Miss Ralston, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Glascock and Miss E. Wall of Oakland and Miss Alice Scott and Miss Mamie McNutt of San Francisco. Most of the maidens had on pretty silk and dimity frocks, and quite a number remained to supper. Messrs. Taelor Churton, Charlie Hubbard and Mr. Pray were also present at that meal. While the feast was being enjoyed the orchestra gave selections from *Tannhauser*, *Lohengrin*, *Die Walkure*, etc. Afterwards the twelve wandered up to the Young People's Cotillion Club and finished the evening with a dance. Miss Howard has gone East to join her mother, and both will spend the winter on the Mediterranean.

* * *

The young people gave their opening cotillion last Saturday night. It is called the "Deux Temps Club," and is under the patronage of Mesdames Selby, McElwrath, Glascock, Requa and others. The german was led by Mr. Douglas Waterman and Miss Belle Mhoon, who looked bewitching in a pale pink gown. Among the prettiest girls there was Amy Requa, who lights up splendidly at night and is perhaps the most popular of the debutantes. Miss Glascock looked fair and sweet in pale blue, and Miss Strong's white gown was greatly admired. There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth over this Young People's Cotillion Club. It seems one must be between eighteen and twenty-two to be eligible if a girl, but men of diversified years are allowed to join. The consequence is the older girls are simply wildly jealous. Last time quite a large number went to chaperon the younger ones, causing much disgust among the married ladies. One girl over the privileged age came and said she was alone and could not stay outside. So she was smuggled in by a back door. There is to be war to the knife, and much amusement is expected ere the controversy ends.

* * *

The members of last year's Cotillion Club are discussing the feasibility of arranging a big German with the funds left over from last season. It is to be hoped that nothing will prevent their using the money for this purpose, as it would be a splendid way of opening the winter.

* * *

The Blakes of Berkeley gave a wedding reception an Thursday, the 11th, to ten young people who have just returned from their bridal tour. All Berkeley and quite a large contingent of Oaklanders were invited.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelley are giving "symphony talks" in Berkeley. They are not wildly exciting—in fact some say that they are most tiresome—but perhaps these may be Philistines. The last one was given at Mrs. Clinton Day's. Mr. Kelley rambles on and gets rather mixed up now and again, whereupon Mrs. Kelley steps into the breach and sets him straight. She illustrates the context by rendering selections on the piano. The next one will be held at Mrs. Loring's home in Berkeley.

* * *

Miss Goodsell, a pupil of Mr. Francis Stewart, assisted by Mr. Bogart and Mrs. Batchelder, gave a very enjoyable concert last week. Mrs. Batchelder was especially happy in her selections and sang charmingly. Mr. Bogart received quite an ovation.

* * *

On Friday Miss Coxhead, of Alameda, gave a girls' tea to Miss McGrew of the Sandwich Islands, who has been taking a special course at Palo Alto University. Miss McGrew was dreesed with much taste. She is a tall blonde with a Scottish cast of countenance, and is a very nice girl.

* * *

Mrs. Henley gave a lunch at the Presidio on Friday to her niece, Miss Ames, one of this season's debutantes.

* * *

Baron and Baroness Von Meyerinck gave a musical evening at their home, 815 Fulton street. The Baroness sings pretty little German chansons whith much taste. It was quite a foreign affair, as the Teutonic element was widely represented. There were a number of Oakland musical people present—Mr. and Mrs. Loring, Miss Davenport, the Misses Wall, etc. Mr. Richardson of Berkeley was also there. The supper was deliciously rich and quite in the German fashion.

* * *

WHILE DIPLOMACY is not generally comprehended among poetic qualities, even though Lord Lytton did figure as Her Majesty's Embassador to the French—a touch of strategy is by no means incompatible with the production of good verse. Those of us honored to the verge of intimacy with Joaquin

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Miller are aware in his mental make-up of certain traits which Tallyrand might have exercised without remorse, though his cleverness was conscious, and the Bard of Fruitvale insists his manifestations shall be regarded as those of a mere child of nature in high boots and long hair. Some time ago—how long, I forget—the City Council of Oakland discussed the necessity of establishing in Alameda county a pest house. There was talk of small-pox at the time, and such an establishment is ever part of a properly regulated municipal outfit. When their intentions had oozed into print there came before them a little Dutchman who offered a piece of property on the Heights, immediately opposite the cottages of the poet.

* * *

At first blush it seemed an available site, sufficiently blown on by the winds of heaven to set infection at defiance. Besides, there was that about the price which admitted the utilization of fair fractions in the proper direction. In the course of events the project was wafted to Miller's ears, and at the next meeting of the Board, in the picturesque regimentals of his pose, he appeared before the city fathers. Without preface he launched into a little patriotic outburst on the duties of the citizen, explained the dangers of smallpox, and ended by offering of his own land an acre or two free for a site. With fine energy he announced himself unwilling to make a cent out of the city. There were several gasps of dismay, but what was there for it save to take the kindly proffer under advisement. Imagine the consternation of the Dutchman, though, when he discovered the site Miller presented was directly opposite his own home, and that there seemed every chance of the Council accepting the offer. Immediately he scurried around, got up a petition against the site, had all the neighbors for miles around sign it and, out of deference to the wealth of signatures, the Board determined the hospital must be set elsewhere. But it was charming to hear Joaquin's reluctance in withdrawing his gift, stating it was ever open to the Council, but he would not think of opposing the desires of his neighbors.

* * *

Another, doubtless, would have gone round repining the self-seeking of the Dutchman and the self-seeking of the Council. Not so the diplomatic Joaquin, who made no fight but with true dexterity opposed one proposition with another, and routed it in the most graceful and effective manner imaginable.

* * *

IF SUBSEQUENT MEETINGS of the "Arts and Crafts" are to have the diversity and interest of the initial gathering in Bruce Porter's studio the members will not lack subjects of conversation. Some twenty-six gentlemen of artistic, literary, musical and architectural proclivities came together Monday evening to consider the question of permanent organization, and the unaccustomed radiance streaming from the high windows of the studio persuaded the canaille of the region that it was a political meeting. The affair was well under way when there came at the door an imperative knocking. Some one opened it and ten very tough Barbary Coasters put in their towseled heads. Said the leader:

"We wants ter register."

"I think you are mistaken; this is not a political gathering," said the polite Porter.

"Ain't it? Like to know what youse chaps is adoin' round here 'cept politics."

Of course he should have been brutally stamped upon, and doubtless something of that kind might have followed, but a dollar and the suggestion that "de gang" take a drink on the "Arts and Crafts" sent them onwards.

* * *

C. D. Robinson, whose belligerence used to be a feature of Yosemite Valley, offered the next diversion. A curiosity to learn the purposes of the organization consumed him, and nothing under a full-length explanation would serve his purpose.

"What we want here is an institution to take the place of the effete Bohemian Club, that will make for the best in art, literature and music. But I'm sure you will fail. I was a member of the Sketch Club, the Palette Club, the original Press Club, but they all failed."

"Have you ever belonged to a club that did not fail?" asked Chairman Willis Polk innocently.

"No, sir, I never did!" thundered Robinson, whereupon every one laughed, even the Napoleonic painter, who after that ceased from troubling.

A committee of five has the matter of permanent organization in hand. Membership lines are to be drawn very close, I believe, and only veritable producers in the various arts will be eligible. The chances seem to be for a strong institution comprising the best men in their various lines we have.

* * *

WHAT EBULLIENCE, what exuberance compares with that of an artist who has just sold a picture? The satisfaction of encountering Joe Harrington, whose studio on Montgomery Avenue is one of the features of that district, was accorded me on Sunday last. He is an eminently genial person, this Joseph, whose talent is by no means confined to the industrious manipulation of brush and pigments. A wit in his way, he is ever liable, especially at dinner, to say a good thing, and quite often caps it with a better — a talent not essentially confined to membership in the Bohemian Club. He, too, had just disposed of a canvas, and the light of success beamed from his good natured face. It was outside Campi's establishment on Clay street, of which he is a patron, and his companions, two young Irishmen whose intentions were better than their education, evidently, were discussing the qualities of the meal of which they had just partaken.

* * *

"'Tis astonishing how thim Dagoes can cook as well as they do," remarked one of them.

"You're right, indeed," said the other. "'Tis bitter than the white cooking we're getting up there at th' boardin' house."

Scorn flashed from Harrington's eyes. He raised his hand.

"Man, man!" he said, "th' ancistors of th' Dagoes you allude so contemptuously to, were living off sthuffed pacocks at Roman banquets and slaping on bids of roses whin your own forefathers, the kings of Oireland, were grubbing roots with their finger nails."

* * *

But even the satisfaction of having just disposed of a canvas did not cause the painter to forget a misfortune that had recently befallen him. Having a tendency towards heroic subjects, he conceived recently no less important a composition than the meeting of Saladin and King Richard at Acre. In the immediate foreground he depicted an Arab Sheik with a voluminous beard black as a raven's wing. The model for those inimitable whiskers is a shapely Milanese whose talents do not seem to be recognized either by the fishermen or the vegetable growers, inasmuch as from neither has he been able to secure employment. So he posed for Harrington for a paltry stipend, and in the recital of his misfortunes so interested the artist that he persuaded one of his patrons to find the fellow a place as night watchman over a down-town warehouse.

* * *

There were not words enough in his Latin-English vocabulary to express the model's gratitude. His magnificent sable mane took on an added luster which Harrington despaired of catching the tone of. A week passed by until came the Saturday his stipend was handed the model. What did he do? Alas, off he went to a Broadway barber whose shears and razor soon exposed a steel-blue chin leaving on either side colossal Burnsides that Taffy, the muscular Yorkshire man in *Trilby*, might have worn without a blush. In due time he appeared before the artist, who uttered a cry of horror and dismay as he perceived the desecration. He has not touched the picture since, explaining that with the disappearance of the whiskers the poetry and the religion of the figure are spoiled.

"Not another stroke will I put to it till the beard grows again, and with it the inspiration 'll come back fine, I know."

* * *

More indignation perhaps than the occasion justifies has been aroused in the ranks of the Art Students' League over an article the Monarch had about the "Arts and Crafts." In the course of a somewhat amusing account of the difficulties the organization was experiencing, allusion was made to the exclusion of the female sex, and some facetious remarks anent the displeasure of the League thereat were added. Whether the membership of that institution is deficient in a sense of humor or not I cannot say, but the point of the fun was lost, and a wrathful letter to Mr. Bruce Porter warned him to abstain from taking in vain the name of the League. As he was innocent in the connection as a collection of unborn babes there was nothing for it but to inform the indignant ladies, who since have become properly apologetic.

* * *

ENCOURAGED BY his success with *Runnymede*, W. Greer Harrison has essayed a new literary enterprise. He is at work on the libretto of an opera for which H. J. Stewart is composing the music. This is really an ambitious effort for both, as the plot outlined is decidedly tragic, and of course the music must accord therewith. The scene is Mexico prior to the declaration of independence in 1808, the heroine Donna Dolores, daughter of the Viceroy, eminently beautiful of course, and in love with an exceedingly good looking and rebellious Don Carlos. There is a fascinating villain, who also loves the heroine, and intrigues for her possession. An affair he conducts with a second beauteous maiden complicates the situation. The climax is tremendously tragic. Altogether there is sufficient incident and action to excite any ordinary audience, and if the music is as stirring as the lines I imagine the opera will make a sensation. There are but two acts with an intermezzo a la *Cavalleria Rusticana*, but the stage, set as the garden of the Viceroy's palace with ferns and tropical plants, is divided in the center by an avenue of palms, giving as it were two separate scenes for the simultaneous development of the plot.

* * *

When the tenor and the soprano are singing in passionate unison their devotion the villain

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and his inamorata, in baritone and contralto tones I presume, will be engaged in their machinations. This seems an excellent idea, though it is a bit uncertain how it will work. As for the music Mr. Stewart has found some charming themes which he will elaborate to advantage. The several thrilling situations give opportunity for lofty flights of song. Of course the style of the melodies will be Spanish. There are to be ballets of palms, of fireflies and many other features which will give the managers a chance at scenery.

* * *

THE CENTURY CLUB is a past mistress in the gentle art of suffering in silence. Several years of training under the grandiloquent powers of boredom inflicted by persons afflicted with capacities for lecturing have given its devoted members that air of glassy calm become so necessary an adjunct of its personality. This superb impassivity is said to have been the chief protection against repeatedly threatened attacks of having been lectured out of its mind. Wednesday's lecture on Japan, delivered by Mr. Thomas, was a brilliant exception to the rule of dulness, and though lasting three hours, held the interest of the ladies unflaggingly. Sixteen years of life in Nippon, a clever mind and a magnetic personality, qualified Mr. Thomas to be entertaining. The gentleman, by the way, is blessed with a winsome daughter whose brightness is crowned with the musical gift of a charming soprano cultured to perfection.

* * *

THE LOT OF a Japanese war correspondent, or, more properly, a correspondent of the Corean campaign, is fraught with difficulties which might try the ardor of an Archibald Forbes. Most of the friends and admirers of that clever young newspaper man, Ed Morphy, have been waiting and hoping he would confer distinction on himself by a fine burst of journalism on the subject of the Oriental difficulty, but so far he has declined to put himself in the way of the eulogy which is, so to speak, in suspense for him. Departing from these shores, we all made certain he would proceed instanter to Chemulpo and send descriptions of combats that might out-Hornbrook the *Chronicle* hero. Alas! Mr. Morphy is stranded in Tokio, for the Japanese government is averse to correspondents and it would be a most hopeless task attempting to reach the seat of war from the Chinese border. I am told that of a recent date the victorious Mikado decided to allow the world to learn how the Japanese fight, and removed the embargo from journalists. Also! The funds which Mr. Morphy fondly hoped would take him well into the seat of war were exhausted by bribery practiced on Crysanthemum Land officials, and the wherewithal to proceed he did not possess.

* * *

The question of moment just now is as to raising the wind, and with his usual inventiveness Mr. Morphy is engaged in thinking up schemes. One of these he mails to a friend of his in town. He suggests that some one should send him lead in quantity, and goes on to say:

"You cannot export from a neutral to a belligerent country any contraband goods, such as pig lead, but statuary, objects d'art or machinery are not forbidden." If you could ship me about five hundred tons of prime statutes of President Carnot, George Washington, the Pope or any other blooming duck, I could dispose of them profitably; provided, of course, that they are all of sold lead. Perhaps you can get Cogswell to put you up a lot of his statues in lead and if you cannot do that, Cogwheels will do. Propose to some foundry people to run their pig lead into the Apostles for missionaries, and bishops weighing about one hundred pounds each would sell well," etc., etc.

THE LUNING FAMILY, it seems, does not approve of the sensational tale of its discords Mr. Hearst's baper has printed. Most people read the article to which the following letters refer—an entertaining account of the withdrawal of Mrs. Ellen A. Fife from the company and insinuations galore anent the probity of George Whittell. Indeed, the aim and object of that worthy's existence was described as a desire to corral the ent w property. However, the epistles explain thireselves. They were sent to the *Examiner* but have never been published. What a racy commentary they do make on the Hornbrook editorial.

OAKLAND, October 7, 1894.

EDITOR EXAMINER—*Dear Sir:* I wish to correct a statement in your paper of the 5th inst., concerning the Luning Company. I was a director in that company for two years, and sold out my interest on terms satisfactory to myself. I have never known the directors or stockholders to disagree on any affair of the company, and Mr. George Whittell's management has always been highly approved by myself and I believe by all concerned. Please publish the above and oblige. Yours truly,

OSCAR LUNING.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 5, 1894.

EDITOR EXAMINER—*Dear Sir:* I beg to say that your statement in to-day's *Examiner* about my relations with the Luning Company are incorrect in every particular. I have been a director in the Company from the beginning and am familiar with all its business and have severed my interests therein for reasons best known to myself. It is due to Mr. Whittell that I should say that all transactions with him and with the Company have been most friendly, and perfectly satisfactory to myself and every other member of the Company. There have been no dissentions whatever in anything regarding its business affairs. By publishing the above you will oblige

Yours truly, ELLEN A. FIFE.

* * *

QUITE AN ODYSSEY is the tale John T. Dare and his friend ex-Assembleman Duckworthy tell of the glowing reception accorded them tnrough the western edge of Sonoma county. That section of the State is Democratic if anything, and so far, I hear of nothing that will turn its majority Esteewards. This was a species of proselytizing tour, however, talking in the afternoon at one township, the evening at the next until the very prosperous region tributary to General J. B. Stetson's railway had been completely canvassed. I forget how many were at the meeting at Point Reyes, but at Bodega, where the preparation had included the hiring of a band, the audience consisted of but a single individual. Mr. Dare commenced his retorical outburst with "Ladies and gentlemen and fellow citizens," and proceeded to dilate upon the tariff. It may be added the sole tariff any one knows aught about in that great dairy region is the rate the railroad charges on butter. Still the audience listened with attention to the denunciation of Democratic misrule and applauded at intervals with the promptitude of one convinced. Alas for the effect of all the eloquence. To the doorkeeper he muttered as he filed out:

"Hanged if I'm going to cast the only Republican vote in the county."

* * *

ACCORDING TO all appearances this great issue of the election contest in the municipality is the A. P. A. Among the approved methods of demonstrating the impossibility of any individual candidate is to accuse him of membership in that most obnoxious organization. In the eyes of the Catholic Irish voter it is to damn him irretrievably. Since the *Monitor* has taken to publishing lists of suspects the Cotholics have begun reading that highly spiritual organ. Its circulation a Sunday ago sprang up to 18,000, and it explodes new sensations every week. In fact, the hiearchy is fighting the movement with fire, and is forcing it to the surface wherever its existence is suspected. It seems a pity this religious issue should be injected into the fight, for it certainly is as unwelcome a complication as it is an undesirable element. The line will be drawn very sharply, however, and when one remembers there are 28,000 Catholics and Irish who are also voters the consequence is not far to seek.

* * *

Perhaps the most unwelcome feature of the controversy is the swarm of small journals devoting themselves to scurrilous abuse of Catholicism. Not, of course, that their vulgar misrepresentations are even credible, but this pandering to a debased prejudice is fraught always with sad results and is sincerely to be deplored. There will exist J. Q. A. Henrys in every large community, but there should be found some effective way of preventing the circulation of such villianous slanders on the Sisters of Mercy as he has been allowed to purpetrate. Yet so rankly idiotic are these statements that it would be insulting even to an average intelligence to snppose they are credited anywhere. Under the influence of bigotry the most alarming sensations assume the hue of possibility. One foolish tale announced with tremendous realism that the priests were drilling a force of Catholics out at the Mission; another that the Fathers out at the San Rafael Orphan Asylum had erected on the hill behind their establishment a fort in which arms and amunition for the extermination of the A. P. A. were stored. I believe the basis of tale number one was the drill on a vacant lot of some small cadets belonging to a Sodality; the other had its fount in a new reservoir constructed to supply the institution with water.

* * *

At Sebastapool the twain addressed a large gathering consisting of six rather good looking young women and two dogs. One of the canines belonged to the husband of a sixth of the audience, the other seemed by his manner and his protest at the eulogy of Estee to be independent of control. Altogether the town had produced the impression throughout that region that some blooming millionaire is putting up for the Republican campaign. By the way, no less eminent a warhorse than Colonel J. P. Jackson failed to draw at Ukiah. For weeks the dead walls announced his coming together with others whose tongues are presumed to be mightier than their words. Sad as it may seem all the audience that gathered to listen to the Colonel's impassioned appeal consisted of three Populist ranchers, two railroad men and a band, I am told. The orator was disgusted but vows since his speech

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was the very best of his life and certainly made Estee a dozen votes. But the Colonel was ever an optomist.

* * *

IT IS LONG since journalism had a topic to compare with the *Chronicle's* Hornbrook story. Appearing Saturday morning last, it bore the ear marks of a scoop of the first water, and being the first apparently authentic news of the war, was read with interest and appreciation. Undoubtedly it was a swinging tale, capitally written, and as full of exciting incident as a dime novel. The Monarch, however, assumes both proprietorship and censorship on triumphs of this kind, and the immediate object of its entire staff became the location of the author of the thrilling narrative, and then the discrediting of his story. The episode is but another instance of journalistic rivalry, and of about the same public importance as if Roos caught Raphael palming off as all wool a line of pants palpably shoddy. Not that the publication was made with the slightest intention to deceive, for the *Chronicle* is easily the newsiest and most accurate of our dailies. Not as lively in the matter of personalities or eccentricities as its rival, but a very excellent, managed journal which generally hits the proper mean between sensation and conservatism.

* * *

Accidents occur in the best regulated of offices, and I assume the Hornbrook yarn was so much better than it was good that it went to the head of the managing editor, and was given the first page. Of course it is permissible to crow over a rival whose prize mastiff proves a mongrel, but one might suggest to the Monarch the application of its editorial censure to its own columns. Without difficulty one recalls wild yarn after weird tale that have been fathered and mothered in its local rooms. The Decker tale is a case in point. One can not recall, even now, without a laugh, the spectacle of the unfortunate Siskiyou rancher converted into a murderer, a ravisher, a destroyer, by the vivid imagination of Mr. Hearst's young men. That achievement was without parallel in journalism, and it would be quite impossible to imagine a more crushing rebuke to sensationalism and fakery than the appearance of the prisoner's alleged victims one by one emerging into the light of day just to prove themselves in the land of the living. So the *Examiner* need not lash itself into such a fury of exultation, nor crow so valiantly, for the community has the measure of its own accuracy, and is highly inclined to discredit aught it announces without confirmation from some other source.

* * *

BETWEEN THE big athletic institution and the Olympic Salt Water Company amenity has been restored. The *entente cordiale* was established at a meeting of the two directorates, and assurances of undying respect and esteem were exchanged. Just now there is warm water in the Olympic plunge, and even the "kickers" who sit on the bench at the west end of the tank find John D. Spreckels a very excellent fellow, and Greer Harrison not half as bad as some of the others tried to make out just before election. It is sincerely to be hoped, now an understanding has been had, that there will be no repetition of the charges of bad faith which certain irresponsible Olympians have made. Apart from the morality or principle of the thing, both Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Harrison have too much at stake in the community to challenge the ill-will of the leading athletic institution of the Coast. Indeed, it was to benefit the club that the former put his money into the scheme, though the investment has now become so considerable that the business side of it interests him.

* * *

At the meeting of the Directors, Spreckels very frankly stated his indignation at the wanton charges circulated in the papers, and evoked from President Flint and Vice-President Gunn the assurance that the board was in no way concerned and shared none of the feeling so loudly expressed by irresponsible members. There ensued then a discussion between Mr. Dow, engineer of the water company, and Mr. Forsyth, of the club, a discussion of conditions in which the position of the water company was clearly explained. The result of the negotiations was that the club has decided to build, either on the roof, or in some part of its basement, a large storage tank, to contain about 100,000 gallons. Schultz has now the plans under way, and its completion will put an end to all misunderstandings and solve finally the question of supply. At present the tank is filled and emptied every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday with hot water, which the company supplies free of charge. The Y. M. C. A. tank, which holds 35,000 gallons, is supplied on alternate days.

* * *

IS EX-SENATOR James Graham Fair involved in the latest wheat deal? Can it be possible he owns the 180,000 tons of that staple stored at Port Costa? Is it conceivable he whose cunning is so vaunted, whose shrewdness is so notable, could be inveigled into cornering a commodity his old associates had so much trouble over? Imagine Uncle Jimmy dropping a hundred thousand in a dangerous speculation! But think of him out three-fourths of a million in the most foolhardy of speculations. Of course big money has been made ere this in that form of financiering, but the parent of Mrs. Oelrichs of New York has never shown anxiety for aught but the very safest avenues of investment. No one knows for a certainty whose money it is that has taken wings, but "the street" pronounces "Uncle Jimmy" the victim mainly because he has coin to lose and then on account of the relations between Mr. Bresse of McGlauflin & Co., and the Ex-Senator's Secretary. They happen to be brothers.

* * *

Among the theories offered to account for Fair's participation is that he commenced advancing a few thousands in the ordinary way on wheat, at the instance of Bresse, and before he realized, was into a speculation too deep to draw out. Against this theory is his absence from San Francisco throughout the performance and his repeated denials, though it may be presumed he would not admit the impeachment under any circumstances. Of course, when McGlauflin essayed his deal, wheat was lower than it has ever been before, and the prospect of a further reduction seemed incredible. However, all is not lost, for a very slight advance in the price of the staple would wipe out the deficiency, and a failure in the supply, eitherin Argentine, India or elsewhere, might make millionaires of all concerned. It should be remembered that Great Britain has no surplus wheat, and that even rumors of war would send up prices in a jiffy.

* * *

THE DEMOCRATIC Municipal Convention was memorable for scenes and incidents startling and exciting far out of the common. More notable, even. than the disgraceful uproar which for a time turned the gathering into a veritable bear pit on that last eventful night, was the speech of Professor Simmons. Little that the rankest favoritism could term oratory

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had been heard in Union Hall, and it was reserved for this schoolmaster to demonstrate that words and fine rhetoric have not yet lost their power of moving men. A candidate for Superintendent of Schools, he was opposed by J. F. Smith, who it seems, had burdened himself with the responsibility of opposing aught that looked like A. P. A. ism. in the Convention. He accused Simmons of membership in that obnoxious association, and of the friendship of F. A. Hyde. The charges gave rise to several sensational incidents, but created so much feeling altogether that the Professor withdrew his name on condition a chance would be given him of denying these allegations before the convention.

* * *

It was just after the big tumult when Alex. Greggains and Eddy Greany had jumped the platform, that Simmons took the stage. Though the tremendous excitement had subsided, the air was electric, and there were some murmurs of impatience as he began. But they were hushed as his voice rang through the hall. It was fine oratory, but apart from the admirable manner of the speaker, his righteous wrath at the unfounded charges was so powerfully expressed, and with so much sincerity that ere he had finished the entire 600 were on their feet, yelling like Apaches, so carried away were they by the fervor and feeling of his eloquence. The effect was really more sensational than the preceding turbulence, and the older men tell me they never remember a political audience so excited. Professor Simmons can henceforth have any place he wants on the Democratic ticket. He is a teacher at the Boys' High School, and a man of intellectual attainments. The State Central Committee has secured him to speak on behalf of the ticket during the campaign.

* * *

IT IS A BIT unfortunate for Mr. C. B. Stone (Republican) that Mr. C. B. Stone (Democrat) won so much prominence on the Board of Education. The former is a candidate on the ticket of his party for School Director, and finds himself confounded with the latter, who has retired from politics in favor of beer-making. No one who recognizes Mr. Stone's (Democrat) ability is blind to his unpopularity, and it is only certain teachers who are at outs with Chairman Hyde who can be made to admit the existence in his predecessor of the mildest virtues. The sad fact is, like many another man of dominant ability, his capacity in one direction is neutralized by poignant deficiencies in another. He is so alive to the supremacy of his own intelligence that he is impatient of the tardy mental process of his associates, and is not diplomat enough to conceal his contempt.

* * *

From all of this the other C. B. Stone (Republican) suffers, for he is a personage of very different mold, who has the knack of popularity which his namesake was denied. He is the cashier and office manager of the firm of Neville & Co., is a son of Rev. A. L. Stone, one of the most notable of our early day clergymen, and an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. He has been betrayed into the fight by an interest in education, and having the two nominations—Republican and Non-Partisan—will doubtless be given the opportunity of conferring favor in the name of Stone throughout the department.

* * *

HOT DAYS THESE for the politicians. Rival pretensions from Governor downwards are discussed in all the keys, major and minor, on every curbstone. In one quarter there is not the faintest doubt of Estee's success, in another the possibility of Budd's failure is out of the question. Colonel Burns, returned from a fishing trip to Shasta, figures for his candidate a majority of 30,000, but is only ready to wager even money on his candidate. If he were so certain, surely his confidence would prompt an offer of better terms. At present Jake Shaen has most of the Republican coin, but offers no odds on the gubernatorial fight. Considering the question from an unprejudiced point of view, it seems to me the chances are with Budd. An incumbent makes a poor candidate, is a political axiom of antiquity. The victory of Estee means, practically, the perpetuation of the Markham dynasty; the Colonel dictated his appointment and would continue in control, so there are no especial hopes or ambitions incumbent on, or working for, his election.

* * *

It must be remembered, too, the Napa man is in the sere and yellow leaf and, however agreeable in person, is by no means magnetic enough to counteract the fascination of his opponent's youth and vigor. Besides, to nominate him, one of the most popular young men in the State was "turned down" by the boss and that rankles in the hearts of the Native Sons and of the great body of men on the sunny side of thirty who ask "when will our turn come." I have it on very good authority that the young vote will be cast almost solidly for Budd; he will have, too, the University vote as the first graduate of Berkeley chosen for Governor—a sentiment perhaps, but on election day sentiments count. Among most independent Republicans, too, there is a strong feeling against the domination of Burns. All will concede him possessed of manly qualities but his control is too pronounced to be popular, and there is no doubt but that the two primaries and the conduct of the convention at Sacramento will turn to Budd many a good Republican ballot. It is extremely doubtful if the northern counties accustomed to swell the party majority will be in line for a man who thought so little of the country above Sacramento as to exclude it from his ticket. Undoubtedly the defeat of De Haven will be re-sented even though Mr. Estee did visit Eureka and Humboldt county generally.

* * *

Conceding a majority south of Tehachapi, does it not sound a trifle vainglorious to talk of infinite thousands when one remembers the strength of Populism in Los Angeles county, and the fact that its votes there are Republican. The statistics of last election showed the new party had drawn equally from both, but most of its County Conventions this year seem to be made up of men who, under ordinary circumstances, should be in the Estee camp. Perhaps the Democracy will lose a sufficient number of votes in the San Joaquin to neutralize the defection in the south, but the valley is practically Budd's own county, and there is little use denying the man's distinct personal popularity. Despite his extravagances he is a vote catcher, and the doctrine of economy in the management of the State's funds he preaches is music to the ears of all men disgusted with the extravagance of the present administration. So the disaffected, the youth, the rebellious, the independents, the north generally will go for the Stockton man, and with them I think he can afford to give Estee the south.

* * *

IN THESE SAD and unheroic days, when chivalry is even banished from the stage, it is no longer customary for queens of beauty to rain from their bright eyes the reward of valor or the encouragement of aspiration. No matter how brave one's deeds, there is little thanks and less praise. Of course there are agreeable exceptions, in which daring is rewarded with appreciation and recognition, but they are so few and far between that they hardly count. That it may inspire in the heart of some other young woman the desire to do likewise, I offer this little idyll. On Saturday last, as the gay throng of matinée ladies streamed from the California Theater, there arose between two fierce dogs connected with the St. George's stables—a fashionable political resort—one of those unfortunate feuds in which, according to Dr. Watts, dogs delight. How they did howl and yowl and tear at one another, these canines! It was most distressing to hear and sad to see. I feel myself handicapped in trying to say what might have happened but for the interference of a police officer, who in the nick of time introduced a gigantic brogan and a club into the controversy.

* * *

Straightway the sorry noises were accentuated tenfold and the two infuriated beasts turned their wrath on the brave policeman, whose shoes and club were more than equal to the strain. A moment later two wilted wrecks of dogs limped sadly down the alley and the brave officer was master of the situation. The moment the combat ended the matinée ladies resumed their parade, just as though the impromptu encounter were part of the show. One handsome young woman slipped boldly up to the guardian of the peace, and extending a neatly gloved hand, exclaimed:

"Brave man, I thank you for what you have done. I am Miss Douglas, and I shall tell my father, the Captain, that you are an honor to the force."

Then she blushed very gracefully and tripped onwards, both of which the officer did also.

The Witness

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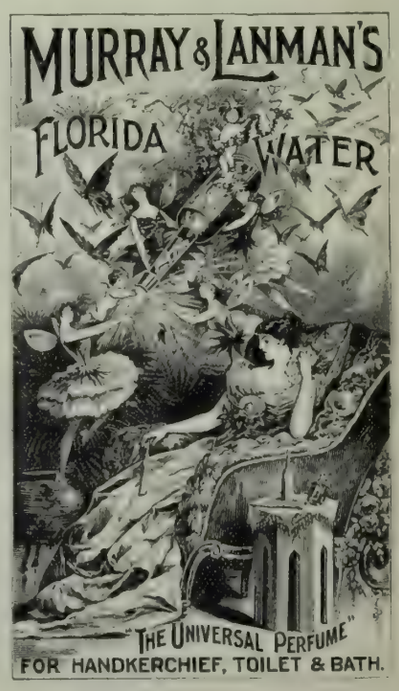

THE KANSAS TOURIST

OR

HE WAS A STRANGER, BUT HE TOOK 'EM IN.

SCENE: Baldwin Hotel. Millard surrounded by a knot of guests just arrived from the East. Number of prominent Republicans and old-time Californians grouped about the office wondering as to the identity of the loud-voiced young man who blends California Politics and Kansas so frequently and so neatly together.

Enter Senator Mahoney with Mr. Estee and Mr. Cornwall, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee.

MAHONEY (*bowing to Millard*): How are you?

ESTEE: } (*To Mahoney, in unison*) Who
CORNWALL: } is that?

MAHONEY (*surprised*): "Why, that's Millard."

ESTEE: "Villard, did you say?—Villard of the Northern Pacific?"

MAHONEY (*disgusted*): "Naw, that's Kansas Millard, the feller wots running for leftenant Governor with you."

ESTEE (*astonished*): "You don't say so!"

CORNWALL (*eagerly*): "Introduce us."

MAHONEY (*giving the Burns wink to Millard, with a backward toss of the head*): "Say, you?"

MILLARD (*taking leave of his Eastern friends*): "Oh, no, never fear. In about four years from now I'll probably be with you (*laughingly, still speaking to a friend in reply to a witticism of one of the party.*) "Oh, maybe not, then I'll be home with you sooner. (*Apologetically to tourist friends*) But you must excuse me, this fellow wants to introduce me to some voters."

MAHONEY (*exasperated*): "I wish the damned fellow would cut it short. The whole house will tumble to him."

ESTEE: "What's he saying?"

MAHONEY: "Telling 'em how soon they may expect to see him back home again, in Kansas."

ESTEE: "Well, they seem to like him."

MAHONEY: "Yes, but it don't do us any good. They are only tourists, not registered, except on the hotel register, they can't vote."

MILLARD (*coming up to Mahoney and party*—"Ah, Senator, what a lovely climate, gentle winds, soft sunshine."

MILLARD—"No guff for me, Spensey, and these gentlemen don't need any. This here is Mr. Estee, the gentleman you're running with. He's running for Governor on the same ticket with you."

ESTEE—"Glad to see you, my boy."

MILLARD—"Many thanks, sir."

MAHONEY—"And this is Mr. Cornwall, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee; and Mr. Cornwall, this is your candidate for Lieutenant-Governor.

(*Cornwall and Millard exchange greetings and with Estee they fall into a general discussion of the campaign. The conversation being a little too deep for Mahoney, he takes no part in it except to nod approvingly and wink knowingly at everything that is said when either of the speakers turn to him.* MEANWHILE HE IS ENGAGED IN SIZING MILLARD UP AND WONDERING IF HE WILL WORK IN "COMBINATIONS" WITH THE SENATORS. *Mahoney sighs heavily when the tariff is spoken of, and when appealed to concerning McKinley's Presidential possibilities, ventures the brief but camprehensive remark, that* "McKinley's a hell of a fine feller."

(*Discovering Dan over near the door Estee and Cornwall leave while Mahoney holds Millard by the button-hole*).

MAHONEY (*confidentially*)—"Say, give it to me straight!"

MILLARD (*puzzled*)—"What do you mean?"

MAHONEY (*pulling Millard around so as to get a better view of his face*)—"Say; if you get elected are you going to Sacramento for your health, or are you going to take it with you?"

MILLARD—"Well; really."

MAHONEY—"Now, none of that. I'll tell you what I want."

MILLARD—"Yes; do."

MAHONEY—"If you're elected, you'll be presiding officer of the Senate. Now, what I want, is this: I want to be chairman of the Committee on Corporations, see? and chairman of the Judiciary Committee, see?"

MILLARD—"Now, back home in Kansas"—

MAHONEY (*impatiently*)—"To the devil with Kansas!"

MILLARD (*deprecatingly*)—"But Senator—

MAHONEY (*emphatically*)—That's all right. That's what I want. And I want to get on the County Division Committee, and one or two more, but them's the particular ones, see?"

MILLARD: "Yes, I see."

MAHONEY (*confidentially*): "You understand I'll not be slated for those things by His Nobs."

MILLARD: "No?"

MAHONEY: "No. But they will expect you to show a little spirit and be true to your friends. See? They'll take better care of you, too, if you jump the traces once in a while. See?"

MILLARD: "Indeed?"

MAHONEY: "Yes. I understand all these fellows. See!"

MILLARD: "You'll not find me behind the procession."

MAHONEY (*with approval*): "I'm onto you. But say! I saw your trunk (really, I did'nt know you had a trunk) but I saw it going into the hotel the other day, marked 'S. G. Millard, Kansas.'"

MILLARD: "Of course."

MAHONEY: "You'd better scratch that 'Kansas' out and put in 'California.'"

MILLARD: "But, the devil! I'll wear the trunk out, scratching off the names of States."

MAHONEY: "Well, you'd better scratch it off."

MILLARD: "Maybe you are right, but I guess I'll paste a piece of paper over it, and then I can soak it off."

MAHONEY (*aside*): "What a devoted tourist this man is! (*To Millard*): Say, Spense! You want to know some of our leading politicians."

MILLARD: "Yes, indeed. I'd like to meet Spreckels and Ellert and—

MAHONEY (*patronizingly*): "Rats! Them ain't the fellers you want to know."

MILLARD (*in surprise*): "No?"

MAHONEY: "Naw, you want to meet Fat Jack and the boys. Them's the fellers for you."

MILLARD: "Never heard of them before."

MAHONEY: "Now, look a here, Spensey—you don't mind me calling you Spensey, do you?

MILLARD: "No, indeed."

MAHONEY: "You don't want to let that fellow Lindley, of Los Angeles, run you. See? You let him know *I'm* your friend at Sacramento."

MILLARD: "Yes?"

MAHONEY: "Yes, just tell him he needn't come up. Let him stay home and write you and telegraph."

MILLARD: "That might be better."

MAHONEY (*aside*): "Devilish little writing he'd do on inside matters;" (*to Millard*): "You might compromise yourself."

MILLARD: "Yes, I see."

MAHONEY: "I'll tend to things for you. Why, man, it's a snap."

MILLARD: "I should think it would be."

MAHONEY: "In course it will. Now, the papers say you don't own any property in the State. Well, you trust me, and I'll see you own a trunk line of railroad before the session's over."

MILLARD: "That will be nice."

MAHONEY (*slapping Millard on the back*): "Nice! Why, bless your soul, the world is yours. You can buy a bow wow for your girl. Ha, ha! Ha, ha! (*Mahoney laughs beautifully, meanwhile cunningly eyeing Millard to size him up*).

MILLARD: "Do you think we could get the State Capital moved to Los Angeles?"

MAHONEY: "What!"

MILLARD: "Los Angeles, State Capital."

MAHONEY: "Well, your'e a bird, you are (*suddenly resolving that it might be well to encourage the idea*) "You just appoint me Chairman of the Judiciary and Corporation committees, I'll take care of the rest."

MILLARD: "We want some more public buildings down south, you know, so when we divide the State we will have all our buildings up."

MAHONEY (*breathes heavily and almost swallows his cigar stump in his astonishment*): "Y-e-s" (*aside*) "Well, he *is* a cuckoo. Where *did* Lindley ever find him? (*to Millard, recovering his presence of mind*). "Oh, yes; you've got to divide the State."

MILLARD (*confidentially*): "You see, way low down on the quiet, we don't like you fellows up here very much. We're all from the East, and, besides we're solid Republican, every county south of Tehachipi. See? An' it is good Republican National politics to carve out a new Republican State. See?"

MAHONEY (*warmly*): "You ought to make a speech to the Native Sons of the Golden West."

MILLARD: "I'm going to."

MAHONEY (*surprized*): "No."

MILLARD: "Oh, yes; that's being arranged, but, of course, I won't say anything about that."

MAHONEY: "I guess not;" (*aside*), "Really, I won't vote for this fellow myself. Blamed if I don't think Burns will bolt him, too."

MILLARD: "Beg your pardon you were saying——"

MAHONEY: "Oh—yes—yes. I was saying these Native Sons are a queer lot."

MILLARD: "Yes, so are their fathers. All visionary. Spend money like water. Live at too rapid a gait. They'll have to come down to copper cents and economy before long."

[Here a number of the Kansas tourists rushed up to Millard, told him "his old office sign was still on the door back home in Kansas," that his old law partner thought every coming footstep was his, and for him to hurry back to the "white man's country." Mahoney slowly edged away, went to the bar, and, in a fit of abstraction, asked for Appolinaris water, and fell in a fit as soon as the liquid struck the copper lining.]

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HOT SPRINGS

C. R. MASON, MAN'G'R. CALIF.

Richard Mansfield possesses the charm of the ever-varying, the unusual. In the selection of his plays, in the rendering of his characters, in the handling, grouping and artistic finality of all his work, there is displayed so distinct an originality and the evidence of so powerful a personality, that the awesome term—genius—may be audibly applied. At present, in the new play "Arms and the Man," his peculiar dramatic proclivities are enjoying full scope. It is said the author—a London journalist—has endeavored to prove there are no out-and-out heroes, nor out-and-out villians in real life:—the man who is heroic one moment may prove cowardly the next; while the fellow who cheats and lies during the day may spend his nights correcting the sins and alleviating the miseries of the wicked and the unfortunate. Not characters of the Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr. Hyde kind—not pious frauds nor angelic demons, whose quick contrasting revolutions from sanctity to sin are too sharply revolting to be strictly human—but every-day men and women neither strictly good nor strictly wicked, but who are shifting, inharmonious individualities composed of foibles and perfections, of virtues and villainies, of righteous intentions and of unhallowed consequences. In brief, men and women of flesh and blood, of human weakness and innate strength, susceptible to the follies, the temptations of the world, and yet each with a patch of Heaven and a touch of the Divine. After all these changeful years of story writing is it not interesting to find at last a dramatist who has intelligence enough to recognize that no character is absolute—no man is completely bad, no woman is completely good. I am persuaded we are creatures of changeable moral hues, taking color from our environments—motes in the varying atmosphere, now in sunshine now in shadow. And the play "Arms and the Man" grasps most knowingly the elementally human realities of existence, and presents individuals as we meet and know them. It is highly consistent then that an actor of peculiar ability like Richard Mansfield should find splendidly ample scope for his talents in a play so unconventionally real.

A year or so ago, while in New York, I was told of a play being written for a certain star, which for novelty and attractiveness promised a certain degree of refreshment and interest. The author had conceived a new idea. He intended to be startlingly disappointing as regards the accepted forms and time-honored climaxes—as virtue rewarded, vice scourged, lovers united, and mortgages lifted, for instance. These were not to figure in the results. But in alarming antagonism to customary denouements, this play was to reach anti-climaxes! —the hero ever rushed in just two minutes too late; the fatal paper was always intercepted; the heroine was neither beautiful nor unsophisticated; the hero was not poor, nor brave, nor handsome; the girl did not marry the man she adored; nor the man wed the woman he coveted; the remarkable six-year-old child did not save its mother from ruin; the wicked conspiracy was not overheard by the rich, noble friend; the evil machinations were not frustrated; virtue was vanquished; the villian flourished like the green bay tree; and all was to go merrily, contrarily and unexpectedly, just as it is so frequently illustrated in real life! The playwright's original conception must have been so consummately clever that from sheer brilliancy and pyrotechnical oddity, it consumed itself in spontaneous combustion. I thought of it at "The Millionaire."

Mr. Daniel Sully is wholesome. He comes to one's mental digestion like unto the nutritious potato of his native heath. When the shams, hypocrisies and utter worldliness of the rest of the dramatis personal of "The Millionaire" have cloyed our palates and jaded our spirits, the refreshing honesty and admirable straightforwardness of the genial Irish-American hero serve as a healthful change of diet. Around this vigorous and highly effective hero, a monster of integrity, and of naive independence, revolve a circle of characters so contrastingly endowed with infamy, greed and treachery, that the cleanliness of the Sully soul blooms like a white rose amidst a wicked mass of scarlet poppies. It is truly admirable. Why a portion of his equipment does not consist of a halo I cannot conceive, save that the glow of his virtue, like good wine, needs no brush. It shines for all. What a pity it is that true goodness is not rewarded as generously in life as on the stage. If, by complying with the commandments one might attain or marry wealth, and gain contentment and a mansion, who would trouble about the deadly sins? One is almost persuaded into the drama watching the sweet child and the lovely blonde widow caress and love Mr. Sully who, contemporaneously, obtains control of his railroad, restores his bride her fortune, routes the Baron, discomfits the dishonest lawyer, and withal is as supremely jubilant as a hero by Lenire.

In spite of this herder of goodness, in spite of this terrifying weight of array of all the virtues, Mr. Scully comes as near his hero as any ordinary man might. Indeed, he is not ordinary, for in this special line of character acting, he is an adept though far too good natured and generous to ever have made so large a fortune.

The Wall street speculators and the German Baron form an interesting trio of modern financiers, utterly unscrupulous when handling a big deal, and cleverly delineating the commercial finesse of "diamond cut diamond"—their lines are sharp and telling, which, perhaps, is more than one would care to say of their acting. Consistently placed with the capitalists, or rather in sharp contradistinction to them are the laborers who are given the usual opportunity of displaying their vices and the virtues of Mr. Scully by the inevitable strike. The scene of the laying of the track is realistic; and the types of foreigners who come over to rule this country, are illustrative of the present conditions of our national existence. It is reasonable at least to assume so.

The new set of Living Pictures are but half-way acceptable—too bad, indeed, that the rendering of the paintings of our own Toby Rosenthal—his "Elaine" and "The Vacant Chair" should be so sadly inartistic. "The Vacant Chair" is particularly marred by the inexpressive dummy-like appearance of the father, who in the painting, is the pathetically central figure of dejection and forlorn dreariness. The nude essayed to be more daring—"The Nymph of the Stream," "The Fairy of the Alps," and "The Birth of Spring," are fairly good, but, though the lights are more cleverly manipulated than previously, the cloud-like draperies are too heavy and bunchy, and fall in coarse lines. Much was expected of Reiffke's "Glimpse of the Harem"—the pose and form are good, but the chief point of the painting is lost; the eyes, so remarkable in the original, are curtained by drooping eyelids—this mistake robs the portraiture of the essentially salient feature of the original painting. Only "The Black Domino" is worthy of praise—it is exceptionally fine. Accessories, costume, form and feature of the model, pose and expression are startingly like the real thing, and acceptably artistic.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

A number of theatre parties which would have graced the Baldwin, were to be seen at Morosco's last week. This particular fad was on the wane during the summer months while society was away but has come in vogue again. Next week "Uncle Dan'l" will be presented at this house.

THE BALDWIN.

Society is anxiously awaiting the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, who will open at the Baldwin Theatre on October 22d in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The entire Kendal repertoire for this season will be presented at the Baldwin. It would be superfluous to enlarge upon the talent of the Kendals or to prophesy a most successful season.

TIVOLI.

Next week will be the fifth and last week of Don Juan (ad lib) at the Tivoli. Those who have not seen Don Juan must see it, or they will have missed one of the most entertaining performances we have had for some time. Great preparations are under way for the revival of Fra Diavolo, which will be presented with much attention to detail. Robert Dunbar is cast for the brigand. Rehearsals have been in progress some time.

THE ORPHEUM.

The week has been a remarkable one at the Orpheum for large audiences. The new bill is all that was announced for it, and the novelty of the exhibition afforded by Herr Zeitung and his bullet-proof cuirass drew many to the house. Severus Schaffer still proves the hit of the show and the floral offerings made him nightly shows his popularity.

Next Monday evening the following new people will appear: Josephine Sabel, chanteuse international from Koster & Bial's; Max Pettingill, eccentric comedian with his performing dog, Willie, from Tony Pastors; the Doré Bros., banjo kings from the Alhambra, London, and Herr Franz Hell, fluegelhornist. Severus Schaffer will close his engagement next week.

"WASHINGTON, D. C."

"In 'Washington, D. C.,' said Daniel Sully in the lobby of the California Theatre last evening, "I have the play of my life. I produced it in Seattle two weeks ago; also in Portland; and the way the play was received stamps it a sure success. No, it has no thrills for the backbone, as it is more soothing than thrilling, and the sympathy of its story, as well as the novelty of its telling, will certainly please the theatre-goers of America. The character of Robert O'Neil is undoubtedly the greatest Irish-American character ever written. He is not a politician, but an inventor, and the scene in his den when he tests his warship is certainly picturesque. It requires a larger company than the 'Millionaire.' It is full of sentiment and bright, clean humor." Mr. Sully will open a week's engagement at the California on Monday evening.

NEW BUSH STREET.

The much talked of play by Theodore Kremer, entitled "Church and Stage," will be presented at the New Bush Street Theatre on Monday next, the 15th inst. The scene being laid in San Francisco greatly enhances the interest for our local theatre goers. The play is in four acts, in one of which will be the interior of Trinity Church on a Sunday evening. The brilliant role of Albana, the actress, will be impersonated by Miss Jeffreys Lewis. Miss Lewis' conception of this difficult role will be one of great power and intensity. The action of "Church and Stage" is strong realism. The characters unfold a startling drama as the plot develops. Light comedy is not wanting, and some richly humorous scenes are cleverly brought into relief. The part of the Curate will be played by the author, Theodore Kremer, whose success as a playwright and actor is well-known. Among the leading roles are those of the Rector of Trinity Church, the Archbishop and the Rabbi of San Francisco, and Bellascona, a famous London tenor. The role of Albana admits of elaborate costuming, hence Miss Lewis has had sent from Paris some very elegant costumes, rich in color and novel in design. Delegations from prominent city clubs

will attend the opening performance, and theatre parties are arranging to come over from Oakland for the "first night." So much discussion has been roused by the title, "Church and Stage," and so many letters have been received by the author regarding the motive of the play and the different religious denominations represented, that the management has issued invitations to all the clergy of this city and Oakland to attend the opening performance on Monday night. Many have accepted the invitation. A brilliant, critical and fashionable audience will, no doubt, greet Miss Jeffreys Lewis.

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE.

Stockwell's Theatre has re-opened at popular prices, ranging from ten to fifty cents. A double bill consisting of the "Private Secretary" and "Joe's Girls" will be presented the opening week. Stockwell's is a cosy theatre, conveniently located, and the venture ought to prove remunerative.

Katie Emmett, the popular actress, is one of the strong bookings for the California Theatre this season. Miss Emmett will be seen in her new Irish play, "Killarney," which will be given with all its wealth of handsome scenery, which has attracted so much favorable notice from the press and public during the past two years. Miss Emmett will have the support of a large and capable company, and the production will be given here exactly the same as in New York, Boston, Chicago and other large cities. Many new specialty features will be introduced never before seen in San Francisco.

Mr. Downing will introduce the famous short sword combat in the arena scene of the Gladiator next season, and has engaged the well-known swordsman, Mr. Francis Cambelle.

Since Mr. Al Hayman returned from Europe, he has already secured many new and successful attractions among them "The New Boy," which is booked for the California Theatre next month. The consensus of opinion among New York critics is that it is the most delightful comedy now being played in England and America. "The New Boy" will be presented here by Frohman's original company.

The new "Shenandoah" has forty horses and over three hundred soldiers ni its war incidents. A thousand or more people are being turned away at every performance given at the Academy of Music, New York.

Thomas W. Keene, who is always sure of large audiences in San Francisco, will play a fortnight's engagement at the California Theatre in December.

Manager Friedlander of the California Theatre, has in preparation among the new "Living Pictures," "The Diver," "In Love," "The Peacemaker," "Home Songs," "Cupid's Awakening," "Blissful Moments," "The Moorish Bath," "A Flower of Innocence" and Toby Rosenthal's picture, "Parting From Home."

Ready framed pictures, good styles, new subjects and low prices. Sanborn, Vail and Co., 741 Market street.

"What's the judge going to do now?" asked the green juror in a whisper. "He's going to charge the jury," said the foreman. "Charge the jury? Charge us? What for? We don't have to pay nothin' for the privilege of sittin' on the jury, do we?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

Readers of THE WAVE who are alive to the iniquities of Bossism are urged to sign the following card and forward the same to this office to the end that their names may be registered and the cards forwarded to New York.

The Anti-Spoils League

CARL SCHURZ, *President* WILLIAM POTTS, *Secretary*
SILAS W. BURT, *Treasurer*

Office. 54 William Street, New York

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the Spoils System from the public service, —believing that system to be unjust, un-democratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the Merit System to the farthest practicable limits under our national, state and municipal governments.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

Events begin to thicken in the local world of music. A paroxysm of energy has seized the promotors of concerts and a joyous succession of programmes jostle down the avenues of time. On Friday the Scheel orchestra celebrated its symphony concert, a Carr-Beel Saturday popular concert punctuated Saturday, and on Monday the predicted Philharmonic society concert made up the last of the trilogy of interesting happenings. At this rate our claim as a musical city will be likely to have some chance of proof.

Of course no other local enterprise has had the same peculiar advantages, so that the example of their universal failure is not advisably to be predicted for this one. But they rudely proved our enthusiasms to be short lived and gave color to the hints thrown out by the spiteful, no doubt, of a gnawing hankering after strange gods and goddesses in the local mind. Opera perhaps is the most attractive to what Lady Jane calls the "fickle crew" of all forms of music, yet a six weeks season always goes out after a manner lymphatic, and to accompaniment of plenteous hectic writes-up in the dailies.

The Symphony Concert found an audience fairly bristling with enthusiasm, strange to say, and crowded likewise. Every number brought out new possibilities in the styles of hand clapping and stick thumping, and altogether oblivious to the merits of the performances themselves. It was an applauseful night. Herr Scheel, it is said, was not at all unconscious of the violent variations in intonation practiced by the strings nor forgetful of the fiascos of the clarionets. It is also rumored that a number of players are to arrive from the East to take the places of the inept whom Herr Scheel has been obliged for want of other available material to hire. This is happy news, and after last Friday's exhibitions deserves speedy confirmation.

Excepting the Schumann's piano concert, the best numbers on Friday's programme had done duty in the Tivoli concerts of last season. The Goetz Symphony and Griegs In Holberg's Time Suite were subjected to an analytical programme of the usual hirsute tpye, mercifully eschewed in the plan of the present concerts. Grieg's Suite, interesting in an archaic sense, is not calculated to cause pangs of longing for its reiteration though prompted and developed under Herr Scheel's delicately appreciative baton.

The Symphony deserved better treatment; prodigies of queer intonation were performed upon it and its lights lay hid under a bushel of weaknesses. Given by the reorganized bands, the public will have more ideas as to its brilliance, gaiety and happy charm. Mr. Bendix, whom one may not find a pianist with every development of liquid and broadly resonant tone, yet gave a clear and adequate statement of the Schumann concerto. The splendid work glowing with its composer's most romantic poetry, the most satisfying union of piano and orchestra and after this lapse of time still strong in a springtime freshness, woke real enthusiasm and Mr. Bendix's playing of it received a due meed of approval and recalls.

Tschaikowski made himself quite popular for the nonce by departing prematurely this life. Since that event more of his music has been given than at any time previously. At the Carr-Beel concert a string quartette, mistakenly advertised as given for the first time, brought the merits and idiosycracies of the composer to light. Thoroughly melodious and with the national aroma wafting from them, the movements follow in an interesting unity of mood, touched with tender and gracious musical thought. Mr. Beel leading, the quartette went with sufficiently agreeable smoothness. A violin and piano sonata of Bach's, bringing out the talents of Mr. Beel and Mrs. Carr, had enough attraction of its own sustained by the merits of the playing to win favor. In Miss Irma Fitch's singing there are the agreeable points of sweetness and simplicity.

The Philharmonic Society is to be congratulated upon having given the shortest and most musically successful concert in its history for many a year. Herr Scheel has done his amateurs a world of good, and not only in the improvement of intonation throughout the band, but in the self-evident finger dexterity which has come about; one feels there was plenty of practicing between rehearsals; quite a novelty, no doubt, to the majority of the players. And then the band has been initiated into the mysteries of accent, nuance and the *tempo rubato.* Herr Scheel exacts and draws out, which is more, the same flexibility from our amateurs that he does with his own orchestra in the playing of those colorful Viennese waltzes especially.

To hear Herr Willard and Herr Doctor Arthur Regensburger throw off cadenzas with the abandon of the virtuosi is a prophecy of great things in the future of local amateur music. Madame Breitschuck-Marquadt interested the audience with her harp solos, at the same time the presence of a vocalist would have relieved so much orchestra. Though the numbers were not ambitious, they were most of them novel and attractively within the power of the band to do all manner of things in the way of keeping up a standard to be proud of. LESLEY MARTIN.

New goods from Eupope and the East are being received dailo at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary Street.

AMUSEMENTS

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO.....Sole Lessee and Manager
Last performances of Wilson Barrett's Pathetic Play
"GOOD OLD TIMES"
Monday Evening next the typical American Drama
UNCLE DAN'L
Or a Messenger from Jarvis Section.
Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. .....Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER.....Manager
Week October 15th
Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinee Saturday
MR. DANIEL SULLY, the eminent Irish-American Actor and a great company in the most successful of his many successes
"WASHINGTON, D. C."
By Daniel L. Hart
Social, Political, and Military Life at the Nation's Capital. Novel and Beautiful Electrical Effects. "Keep off the Grass."
An entire new series of beautiful "LIVING PICTURES"
October 22nd, KATIE EMMETT

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Week Commencing Monday, October 15th
ANOTHER MAGNIFICENT NEW BILL!
Josephine Sabel, Chanteurse International, from Koster & Bial's; the **Dore Bros.,** Banjo Kings from the Alhambra, London; **Max Pettingill,** Eccentric Comedian with his performing dog, Willie, from Tony Pastor's; **Herr Franz Hill,** the Eminent Fluegelhorn Virtuoso.
Luciano Tatali, Lillian Mason, Herr Zeitung, Armand & Granville, and the last week of SEVERUS SCHAFFER.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.....Proprietor and Manager
LAST NIGHTS! FIFTH AND LAST WEEK!
Overwhelming Success!
The New Spectacular Burlesque
✳ ✳ ✳ **DON JUAN** (AD LIB.)
Universally Indorsed by Press and Public!
Monday, October 22nd
FRA DIAVOLO
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

NEW BUSH ST. THEATRE
SAM C. MOTT.....Manager
Grand Opening. One Week.
Beginning Monday Evening, October 15th
The Gifted Emotional Actress
✳ ✳ ✳ JEFFREYS-LEWIS
Supported by Theodore Kremer and a strong company in Mr. Kremer's great drama of modern San Francisco life, entitled
CHURCH AND STAGE
N. B.—The entire clergy of this ciiy, Oakland and suburban towns are extended a special invitation to attend the opening performance Monday, October 15th. Seats now on sale.

RE-OPENING OF STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
Saturday Evening, October 13
First Matinee Sunday, October 14
★ THE GROVERS
Leonard Grover, Jr., and Leonard Grover, Sr., in a Gala Double Bill
PRIVATE SECRETARY AND JOE'S GIRLS
A wealth of hearty, honest laugh
NOTE PRICES: 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
Box Seats, 50c. Loge Seats, 50c. Reserved Opera Chairs in Family Circle, 15c.
MATINEE . . . . . 10c, 15c., 25c.
Seats now on Sale at the Box-Office.

"I tell you," said Mabel's father, "Charley Slogo has a level head." "Very likely," replied Mabel sweetly. "Probably that's what makes his conversation so flat." -*Washington Star.*

A Beautiful Anarchist

And Her Battle With Love.

The damp, moldy atmosphere of the place was due to its being partly under the river. It was a long, narrow apartment, with a low ceiling, whose rafters were black with age and glistening with moisture. Some half a dozen cheap lamps, set in niches in the wall, shed forth a dim, rather ghastly light, by which the twelve or fourteen men that were seated about a long table of rough pine boards were enabled to gaze into one another's faces as they conducted their deliberations.

The men were of various ages, and their faces depicted different degrees of determination or ferocity. And yet, for men in the habit of meeting here and calmly condemning this or that personage or official to death, none of them looked so very terrible. This was due, possibly, to the one common motive by which all were actuated—that, as one might say, of a patriotism run mad and in which cruelty had no part. To decide upon the death of a fellow creature by the knife, the pistol or the bomb, was considered by them a solemn, if disagreeable, duty; and if none flinched in its performance it was because of the fidelity of every member of the group to his conscience and his oath.

A venerable-looking old man, in coarse, fustian garments, and with a long, white beard flowing over his broad chest, sat at one end of the long table, and appeared to act in the capacity of a sort of chairman or president. "Fédor," he said, slowly addressing a slender young man with a face of extraordinary though somewhat effeminate beauty, "we have not yet had your report upon the movements of the Prince."

"It is brief," answered the young man simply. "Prince Miristoff is totally unaware of the danger that menaces him. I have secured employment in his house as an assistant to his butler, and he makes no movement that escapes me. I have skeleton keys that secure me access to all his private papers. I could have struck him down a dozen times within the week, but preferred to await your orders. Next Friday the Prince goes to the ball at the Italian embassy. It might be arranged that night."

There were murmurs of approval from the others. Presently a man of superb proportions, with jet black hair and eyes and great eloquence of dress and manner, spoke. "I do not quite like the idea of these sudden removals," he said, simply, "unless there is very strong reason for them. Besides, Prince Miristoff happens to be a very warm personal friend of mine. May I ask if there is no hope for him?"

The patriarchal chairman bestowed a cold glance on the speaker. "Prince Escolaivitch," he said, sarcastically, "friendship is hardly a word to use when speaking of a common enemy. Permit me to say that you should learn to disguise your feelings. Prince Miristoff has already been sentenced. The date of his removal has been left open for the present, that is all."

The broad white brow of Prince Nicolas Escolaivitch, who presented the astonishing example of a nobleman of almost royal descent figuring as the sworn foe of his own class, clouded for a moment, and then brightened as the sound of a peculiar knock was heard at the door. "It is she—Nera!" he exclaimed, and as he rushed to open it every man present rose to his feet, and stood in an attitude of deferential expectancy as Nera Norisdorff, the most beautiful woman in Russia, walked into the room and smilingly greeted her fellow anarchists.

She had come straight from some gorgeous *fête*, and her superb costume of pale blue silk heightened the glories of her magnificent figure. She was very tall, with broad shoulders and magnificent hips. Her hair was a bright bronze, that matched the clear topaz of her great tigerish eyes. The mouth was somewhat large, but ripe and dewy as a cleft rose. In every line of the pure white face and of the delicately-veined hands and wrists there was evidence of race. In the firm, open glance of the eyes there was latent passion, but no cruelty; only inflexible resolution and loyalty to the cause to which she was devoting her life.

It was easy to see how these men worshipped her. She was given the seat of honor, and for an hour presided over their deliberations, listening to reports and making new assignments to duty. When she talked, the beautiful but womanish face of the young man that had been addressed as Fédor was a study. He devoured her with his eyes, and the lines about his rather sensual mouth curled themselves into a satisfied and proprietary smile. Prince Nicolas Escolaivitch also gazed at her as though he would have liked to devour her piecemeal. Occasionally, too, he exchanged glances with Fédor, and these glances were not pleasant to see.

This woman, by whom these men swore as by a deity, was one of the strange products of modern civilization, or of the lack of it. She had no religion save that of the cause to which she was consecrating her fortune and her life. Assassination was to her a just and holy means of working toward a desired political end. She would connive at a murder and applaud its successful performance without a flutter of heart or tremor of conscience. No wonder these desperate men idolized her. No queen ever enjoyed more ardent homage than she received from them.

"It is late, my friends," she presently said, rising. "Come, Fédor, it is you that shall have the good fortune to see me safe to my humble roof to night."

The young man's smooth cheek paled with joy, and his eyes rested gloatingly upon the marble neck and shoulders. One by one the group dispersed. Nera's brougham was in waiting two squares away. They had no sooner entered it than she gave a sort of queer little bark of delight, and, seizing the young man in an embrace that almost hurt him, so heartily and healthily athletic was it, poured passionate kisses upon his face, murmuring swift, broken expressions of tenderness the while.

"I adore you! I adore you!" she whispered. "Why it is, I know not, but I love you better than life or death or salvation, Fédor. Dearest, since I gave myself to you, life hasn't been the same. Even the grand cause itself seems a little and puny thing beside my love for you. Ah!" and she commenced her kisses afresh, going even so far as to take large swift bites at the youth's effeminate cheeks and throat.

As for him, he smiled to himself in the darkness—a satisfied smile of one that is quite confident he is beloved and is rather proud of it.

* * * * * * *

The ball at the Italian Embassy was no less brilliant than such affairs usually are. Nera Norisdotff was a dream of loveliness that enchanted nobles and commoners alike, irrespective of age, race or anything else. She was resting in a corner of the conservatory after a dance, when Prince Nicolas Escolaivitch, looking superbly handsome in his uniform, approached her. He was very pale. She motioned him to a seat beside her and murmured: "I am tired, tell me something that is interesting."

"I know nothing," he answered sullenly, "except that I would die for you."

"So would they all, if one were to believe them," she answered merilly. "Come, be original; say that you do not love me."

"You mock me," he whispered hoarsely. "Listen, Nera, I love you so that I am sick with the thought of the peril you run. For myself I care nothing, but you—oh, the thought of your constant danger is madness."

She smiled a little contemptuously, and replied: "Do I seem like a coward?"

"It is not that," he went on, "but I cannot live without you. Come away with me for a while to France—to England. You are pale and ill. It will do you good. Come with me as my sister, if you wish it. Nera, dearest, will you not come?"

His pleadings, and the sight of his dark, masculine beauty touched her, although she had not the faintest idea of listening to his suggestion seriously. She leaned forward and placed her two hands in his. Intoxicated by his passion, the Prince leaned forward, and before she could prevent him, had seized her in his arms and kissed her.

Fédor Ispanoff had known that both Nera and the Prince were going to the ball. He decided to go himself, and did so—in the capacity of a waiter. He was passing through the conservatory bearing a tray of little punch goblets at the moment of the embrace and the kiss. He was not perceived, and he kept his own counsel.

* * * * * * *

During the week that followed, Nera abandoned herself wholly and utterly to her passion for Fédor Ispanoff. It was a curious attraction that existed between these two—the woman so big and splendid, and the man so slender, weak and effeminate. Seeing the two together one could easily imagine Nera crushing the object of her attachment to powder if she chose. Yet that she loved him a good deal better than her own life was perfectly easy to discover.

So they were together morning, noon and night, and were presumably very happy until the day upon which it became known that Prince Nicolas Escolaivitch, on the day after the ball at the Italian Embassy, had been arrested, and on the strength of private papers discovered in his house, sent promptly to Siberia, whither he was even now on his way.

In the usual mysterious manner notices were sent out, and that evening the council met again in the queer little den-like place where the darkness could be felt and the moisture trickled from the rafters. There was gloom in that little circle, yes, and mighty wrath, too, for the Prince had been a popular fellow, spending his money like water, and just as earnest and sincere in his devotion to the cause of nihilism as any penniless moujik. The talk was all of vengeance and reprisal. Even the beautiful Nera frowned and bit her lip as she sat in her place at the head of the table. Soon they fell to discussing the possible means by which the police had been led to suspect the Prince.

There was a sudden tumult at the door and in rushed the white-haired old man that had presided at the last meeting until Nera came. His face was livid with excitement and rage, and his eyes rolled. As he entered he gave one furious glance at Ispanoff, who half rose to his feet. But the old man had fastened the door like a flash and stood with his back against it, pointing one bony, trembling finger at him and shrieking, "Traitor! traitor!"

Every man was on his feet in an instant. Nera, ghastly white, demanded of the furious old man an explanation of his charge. Fédor Ispanoff, livid and trembling, essayed to speak. "You lie!" he managed to stammer.

"Lie? I lie, do I, pig and descendant of a thousand generations of pigs! Who sent that notification to the police that resulted in the Prince's capture? Who stands ready at this minute to deliver us all up? Curses on you! I believe that that is all you joined our circle for—a professional spy, by God!"

Hoarse mutterings of direst rage arose. Ispanoff in an instant saw that he was doomed, but made a weak attempt at defense. "You lie, old wolf!" he said, sullenly, addressing his accuser. "I did denounce the Prince"—every man made a rush for him, but Nera waved them back—"but I am no spy on the rest of you."

All this time Nera's face remained frozen and transfixed in the first expression of horror that had come there at the moment of the fatal accusation. In her breast a fearful war was raging. Her love—violent, grossly animal as it may have been—seemed to be rending her very vitals asunder. On the other hand, her patriotism, her faith, her honor cried out against this man's perfidy, and demanded his instant punishment. "Can I be true to myself?" her heart was saying, "or am I nothing, after all, but a woman and a fool?"

She commanded silence with a wave of one of her slender hands. She gazed straight into the beautiful delicate face of the traitor with a long hopeless stare. Ispanoff returned the look feverishly. He knew that in this woman lay his only chance of life, and for an instant, as he saw the great tears well into her eyes and her lip tremble, he flattered himself with a hope. When she spoke her voice sounded soft and far away.

"Did you denounce Prince Escolaivitch?" she asked, dully.

"Yes," muttered the doomed man.

"Why?" The question sounded almost childish.

He gazed at her long and steadfastly, but he had sufficient manhood to spare her the recital of the cause that led to his act. "For private reasons," he said. "I hated him, but what does it all matter? I have forfeited my life. I am ready to pay it."

An ashen pallor swept over the face of the miserable woman. How gladly she would have died in his place, to have seen the shameful accusation disproved! And yet, so strong was her fidelity to her chosen cause, that, amid all her horror and grief, she actually found herself desiring the man's life with the rest, so bitterly did she loathe his crime.

The men were already fingering the knives and pistols concealed about their persons, and discussing the propriety of casting lots for an executioner. Ispanoff instinctively recognized these grim preparations, and a fearful terror swept across his soul. With a bound he was at Nera's side, whispering frantically, "I love you! Save me!"

A mighty scorn came into the great yellow eyes. "You might have spared me that, coward!" she hissed, and then added, softly, "you must die, and I wish I could die for you!"

Ispanoff's face was ashen now, and he glanced hopelessly about him in search of a friendly face. In vain. Nothing but strong glances of contempt and murderous intention confronted him. He covered his face with his hands and groaned. Two great tears stole into Nera Norisdorff's topaz eyes. And the moisture from the river above went drip, drip, drip from the slimy rafters.

The old man that had accused Ispanoff advanced and handed him a dagger. "It is a rule of our order," he said, "that a man condemned to die as you, you beast, are about to die, may choose his own manner of death. You may choose your executioner, or else become your own."

Ispanoff took the knife and glanced about him. His eye fell on the blanched, averted face of his beautiful mistress. He smiled grimly, and then walked over to where she stood, and handed her the weapon. "I will die by her hand," he said, firmly, "or none."

There was a roar of dissent, but the bewildered old man checked it. "He has that right," he said, "the coward doubtless hopes to escape, so. But you must be brave, my daughter," addressing Nera. "Remember your duty and your oath. I will hold the wretch for you. Strike!"

He grasped Ispanoff's arms and held them to his sides in a grip of iron. The young man made no struggle. He was watching the face of the woman. A glare of

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS * * * * FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS . FOR COSTIVENESS . .

wrath had come over it as the traitor had placed this unjust ordeal upon her. But she did not flinch. She advanced, with the weapon uplifted, and Ispanoff closed his eyes.

The instant he did so he felt kisses—one, two, three—swiftly on his lips, and then a spurt of warm blood in his very face. Nera Norisdorff, self-slain, laying at his feet, murmuring his name and caressing his feet in her death-throes.

Shrieks of rage rang through the room. "Tear him to pieces," was the cry. A rush was made for the traitor with the beautiful, delicate face, and he again closed his eyes to await a death-blow.

It was not given. The door burst open with a crash, and a score of men in uniform covered the inmates with their pistols as the hoarse voice of their captain cried, "Surrender, in the name of the Czar." *Town Topics.*

Huber's Orchestra furnishes excellent music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy street. Telephone, East, 681.

Our Society Blue Book.

The Blue Book of San Francisco and surburban towns for 1894-95 will be the finest work of the kind ever produced in Europe or America. It will be divided into departments—seventeen in number—each preceded by an elaborate title-page of unique and elegant design. These title pages will be embellished in gold, with superb etchings, representing typical scenes of localities and figures illustrative of each subject. Among the departments will be found sections devoted to the "Army and Navy," "Picturesque and Artistic Homes of California," "Leading and Private Institutions of Learning," "Calling and Street List," "Classified Business Houses of San Francisco," the "Leading Hotels," "Alphabetical List," "Personnel of the Press," "Theatre Diagrams," "Clubs and Societies," "Private Memo. Pages," "Street and Avenue Guide," etc. The streets of the cities of San Francisco and Oakland will be numerically arranged so that any desired private address can be readily found. The book will be elegantly bound in the familiar blue-white covers. The Blue Book is sold by subscription. Advance orders only will be recognized, as the edition is limited to the class of people for which the work is especially intended. Now in compilation. Address all changes to Charles C. Hoag, publisher. Office, 179 Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Intending passengers going East are referred to the advertisement of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company on back cover.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

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Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

Humboldt Artesian Mineral Water. Half-pints, pints and quarts for table use. 40 Third St., telephone 5822.

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EL CAMPO.

This popular resort closes its successful season on October 14th. The management are proud of the fact that there has been an entire absence of the rougher element, such as usually frequent public pleasure resorts, to the discomfort of other visitors. For the most part El Campo was the pleasure ground for families and picnic parties made up of our best people in search of a pleasant run into the country.

First little girl—"I heard that your papa is a senator. Is that so?"

Second little girl (who stutters)—"Why, ye-ye-yes."

First little girl—"Oh, you needn't be afraid to speak up. I won't tell."—*Good News.*

THE CANDIDATES.

J. H. Budd, the nominee for Governor on the Democratic ticket, represents something besides his party principles. He is something more than a magnetic man who enlists devotion as others enlist acquaintanceship. While

JAMES H. BUDD.

his Congressional career, his daily life, his mentality, his winning manners, his strong personality, and all the other kindly attributes accorded him by both Democratic and Republican press bespeak his worth as an individual, and promise efficiency as a public officer. Still it may be said by some, that among the rank and file of both parties there are many others who possess all the graces and nobility of character claimed for Mr. Budd. The principles of his party may not find commendation in the minds of Republicans; hostility to President Cleveland may blind others, youth may argue against him, and age and conservatism weigh in favor of his opponent; the whole field may be canvassed, the questions of bygone campaigns weighed and all be decided adversely to him; but there yet remains a something in this election that may not occur again. Mr. Budd represents something more potent than personal popularity, more fruitful to the welfare of the State than party victory, something that appeals to all men of all politics, of all creeds who have in view the restoration to the people of the high privilege of *nominating* as well as electing public officers.

As far back as recollection can go, the Democratic and Republican parties of this State have been dominated by bosses. As far back as the mind of man can run, nominations have been made by the machine and the wishes of the people ignored, as far back as the blank wall which memory refuses to go beyond, the people have realized that their claim to rule this commonwealth rested upon a flimsy tradition and existed only in the imagination. Mr. Budd, whatever else he may be, Democrat or Republican, young or old, rich or poor, owes no allegiance to party boss or political tricksters. The infamous Buckley and Rainey did not control the gubernatorial nomination on the Democratic State ticket this year. No party boss dictated his nomination. Can the Republican Party say as much of its standard bearer? Do Republicans approve the Sacramento Convention and the despotic sway of one man in their party? If the Republican asks what good will it do to vote for Budd—we answer, it will defeat boss control in your own party, it will prevent a recurrence of boss control in the Democratic party, and with the passage of a law insuring a purification, if not the repeal of our present infamous primary system it will forever abolish the institution of bossism from the politics of California, and replace in the hands of the people the keys of power which trickery has so long withheld from them. Let Republicans try the experiment. It is worth the risk. Vote for Budd, Jeter and Reform.

Here is a brief synopsis of the life of Mr. Budd: He is a graduate of the State University; was admitted to the practice of law in 1874; was elected to Congress in 1882 against Horace F. Page, and that in a district gener-

WILLIAM T. JETER.

ally Republican by some three thousand votes. He has occupied with credit positions of trust in Stockton as Police and Fire Commissioner and Library Trustee, and through all his public service has brought an intelligent conservatism to bear upon the administration of his office that commands the admiration of his people and insures a wise administration of the gubernatorial powers.

Comparisons between Millard and Jeter we have made from time to time. Mr. Millard's record is one unbroken line of nothing. Mr. Jeter's is crowded with the endorsement of his constituents for faithful public service. He has been elected Councilman, District Attorney and Mayor of Santa Cruz, serving the first office four years, in the second office six years, and in the third office two years. He has always been at the head of every public improvement and has ties of home and property among us. His opponent the State knows as a carpet-bagger who will return to his Kansas home if not elected.

Strangers in the city should not fail to visit S. & G. Gump's Art Gallery and Store, 113 Geary street.

Editor Meacham delivered a speech at the banquet of the Kentucky Press Club at Frankfort and published the thing in full in the next issue of his own newspaper. He thus apologized to his readers: "This is not done at anybody's request nor to fill a long felt want. In fact, we have no good excuse of any kind in publishing it. But, as it is labeled, those who wish to escape are not obliged to read it.—*Bradford Era.*

LIBRARY NOTES

If one is unfortunate enough to love some charming young person whose allurements are not without rival recognition, it becomes appropriate in due course to deplore the uncertainty of the sex. In a highly superior way one grieves over the mutations of the feminine heart and compares unfavorably the flexibility of that organ with the fine fixity and rigor of one's own affections, which, for the time being, are set in a solitary direction. If this immediate object of one's desires declines to be appropriately definite in the early stages, there is an instant appeal to Balzac, Oscar Wilde, or Schopenhauer for fin de siècle cynicisms, and during a day or two at least, melancholy becomes effervescent, thoughts of suicide are entertained and in due course dismissed. "Sauvent femme varie," one quotes and then it is one asks how possibly may a man know the heart of a woman when her own inscrutability is beyond her power of definition. It is at such unhappy moments the material value of this inconsistency is forgotten. Where would half the novels and a quarter of the world's dramas be if every heroine knew her own mind, or declared at the outset her choice. Why, love, marriage and the entire range of human tragedy would be consummated merely by an introduction, and no book might go further than a first chapter—unless of course Mr. Stevenson's, whose females are most often concessions. The deepest literary interest is obtained by playing two estimable males against one another for a beauty or heiress, as the immediate desirable female may be, and keeping both them and the reader in suspense until the fiftieth chapter. Of course, incident and action are necessary in order to give one's heroes opportunities of proposing, and it is just as well, if one is properly regardful for the feelings of the lady in dispute, to kill off the rejected in order to avoid the inevitable post matrimonial assumption that she has accepted the wrong man.

Of course there are inimitable exceptions to this ungenerous rule. Philippa, the wife of *Mad Sir Uchtred* who, in Chapter I, sits in the Hass of the Wolf's Stock, for instance, and laughs "a strange cackle of elricht laughter which made the blood of man run cold when they listened to it unawares." A somewhat brutal person, Uchtred of Garthland, who becomes mad in a moment and goes off into the hills to eat grass because of a religious difficulty with one Alexander Renfield. But Philippa is convent bred and is strange and rare and so lovely that the simplest thing she puts on becomes her like the Queen's coronation robe. And all the men, as Mr. Crockett in his picturesque Scotch way says, "waited on her, louting low at the kirk doors, while Sir Uchtred scowled at them proudly and severely from beneath his bent brows." But the individual deserving of one's sympathy in that very strong little story is not the mad Scotchman with his lame wildcat leaping wildly over the crags of Clashdaan, but rather his half-brother Randolph who, in a very artistic and charming way, is devoted to Sir Uchtred's wife, pays her soft, delicate attentions under that wrathy's eyes, submits to her caprices and, during the three years while the unfortunate Knight is off displaying the resources of Mr. Crockett's style in the Hass of the Wolf's Stock, laughing his mad cackle of elricht laughter, he is a model of all the virtues and, alas, has not even a kiss for his pains. Still he had the fun of imagining all that time success and the lady were well within his grasp, and that sooner or later she would succumb to his delicate wooing. But at the moment of consummation the madman puts his wolf face in at the window, dashes off again to his lair where she follows but finds him not. Considering what a dangerous chap he was and how, without turning a hair, he broke the backs of bloodhounds and lifted huge rocks as though they were pebbles, it is as well Randolph had so little success with Philippa. One shudders to think of mad Sir Uchtred's elricht laughter in the Hass of the Wolf's Stock.

Of course, Lady Claudia Turriton, who officiates as enchantress in chief in Mr. Anthony Hope's *A Lover's Fate*, is diametrically opposed both in conversation, manner and environment to Lady Philippa. It is just as well, perhaps, for the interesting group of gentlemen by whom she is surrounded, that the fascination she exerts is not unrivaled. She commences Chapter I with a partiality for Mr. Eugene Lane, who at that stage in the plot is engaged to Miss Katie Bernard, a beauty whose fine statuesque lines do not seem to inflame the heart of her lover. He, indeed, reciprocates the affection of Lady Claudia, and on page 252, marries her. There are but 251 pages in the book, but it is safe to conclude their fortunes are joined on the next, inasmuch as the blissful twain are hovering on the verge of it with trousseau, bridesmaids, and other details fully arranged. In the interval the hero is assisted out of his other engagement, and the personage of the book, Father Stafford, who is a saint and knoweth not the meaning of love, is given an opportunity of laying a virgin heart at Claudia's pretty feet. The uncommon proceeding in that connection was the fact that he had taken a vow of celibacy, and really should have resisted the temptation. Of course, had she instead of merely being charming, possessed the conscience of a virgin martyr, and the sense of duty of a Puritan maid, doubtless she would not have fallen in love with Eugene, and might have recognized that Father Stafford's devotion was akin to love, but Mr. Hope has made her neither, and there is nothing but to succumb to her fate. Still, one cannot but think it is unkind to that hero to have her delay the determination of his happiness so long just to permit Father Stafford's conversion to Rome, which gives point to the clever remark which he makes to her repining at having taken the wrong man.

"My dear, you have spoiled a saint and made a cardinal."

Another misguided heroine whose uncertainty, with the best intentions imaginable, makes the plot of *A Victim of Good Luck*, is Miss Veronica Dimsdale. An unconventional endowment of conscience together with an unworldly degree of unselfishness confer rather an agreeable individuality on her. Still had she but read her own mind with the same accuracy as she gave to other subjects I fear the volume must perchance have ended half way and the interesting episode of Mr. Cyril Mostyn's proposal might never have been written. It must be admitted that Mr. Norris is a most gentlemanly writer, whose verbal nuances are ever admirably regulated. His heroines are invariably respectable in the degree of their devotions, and though loving often with wholesouled vigor never or very rarely transgress the bounds of conventionality. One might learn lessons in deportment from them, and I am sure no better model for the conduct of a difficult situation than Mr. Mostyn's reception of Veronica's unreasonable proposition could be found anywhere. Difficult as it is in real life to conduct one's self appropriately under untoward circumstances, one must have quite a degree of instinctive breeding to make a very fashionable poet and scholar as Mostyn was, to talk to his rôle. Still, women of her particular type with unregenerately romantic desires are apt to excite the impatience of a properly regulated man of the world as he was, and after all it is better she married Horace Trevor, who succeeds in being a typical Englishman. A charmingly cultivated and exceedingly level country the land of Norris' tales—smooth, even lawns and admirably clipped hedges. No abrupt passages nor thrilling situations, nor passionate outbursts, but events and episodes such as any experience might include, all most neatly told about.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"A Victim of Good Luck," by W. E. Norris. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"Mad Sir Uchtred of the Hills," by S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale, W. E. Doxey.

"A Lover's Fate," by Anthony Hope. F. T. Neely, Chicago, publisher. For sale, A. M. Roberton.

"A Monk of the Appenines," by Ernst Eckstein. Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

BRILLIANT

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

Now that the passing moments of the society girls' life are taken up with teas, dances, dinners, and all the other thousand and one amusements, the hour for gossip has arrived. Is it not curious how seldom the average gossip considers the uncharitableness of the comments and narratives she gives circulation to? The idea that the woman who gossips has no subject about which to converse, is without value now a-days. Indeed I have frequently observed it is the female of amplest resource that is most inveterate and consistent in the array of scandal-mongers. She, it is who, when calling upon a friend, furnishes the conversation, and to add to her own story, uses all other knowledge as a species of collaboration. It is reprehensible to a degree that this should be so. Let gossip live in a flaccid, tiresome, and colorless atmosphere, where it can be used as a stimulant but there should be no necessity for that in the life of the woman of the world, when a thousand far more interesting and absorbing topics than one's neighbor's affairs continually present themselves.

The air, at present, is heavy with the question as to whether bicycling will become a popular fad here. Most doctors pronounce it distinctly unhealthy. Still it is a social craze and were it not that San Francisco society strenuously objects to impulsiveness, most probably we should now have many "safeties" on Van Ness avenue. It is annoying to the average healthy woman to buy a wheel and find, after a few lessons, that the results are not beneficial to her constitution. The exercise is very strong, much more so than the majority of women care to undertake. Reflect, does the ordinary woman of to-day take any exercise? So far as I can see, none whatever. She makes a few calls, takes the car to town to do a little shopping, and it ends there.

Some people, it is true, are not able to exert themselves, but for my part I should advise hiring a bicycle and riding—that is, of course, if one is not suffering from any bodily fatigue, or nervous disease—thus judging for one's self whether or not it is disadvantageous to health.

Notwithstanding the utter inconsistency of the most variable climate—for form's sake no more straw hats or shirt waists are seen on the streets, or at the theatres. It is provoking to feel, as we all do, that we have absolutely to woo the winter with dark clothes and felt hats and garments betrimmed with fur, for the thermometer still remains the same; and rain falls but at wide intervals—apparently by accident. Nevertheless, the days are growing shorter, and that, here in San Francisco, is our sole reminder of the change of seasons.

The lightness of the woolen goods this year has particularly attracted my attention. I notice the camel's hair, covert-cloth, ladies' cloth and crépon weigh but little more than a light silk. This is due to the fact that skirts this season are made extremely full and are lined and interlined, and were the materials heavy, would make hoops indispensible.

I very much dread that in the near future there will hang in our closets this kind of an underskirt. The skirt of to-day must fall in innumerable godets all around, and without the aid of some wire it is physically, mentally, and morally impossible to hold it in its place. This contrivance is a wired skirt seven or eight yards in width at the foot, falling in godets all around the wearer, excepting directly in the front. To hold the many curves in position, two steels, infinitesimally fine, are placed around the skirt, next to the lining, one at the very edge and the other about quarter way up, and short elastic straps are fixed inside across each godet. The inevitable flat front is made by placing a seam down the center, and crossing this seam horizontally are several short whalebones in cases resting against the wearer, and extending only to the beginning of the first fluted pleats on the sides. The top of this skirt has but very little fullness. It will never become very popu'ar, at least my aspirations are that it will not, for, as it will be necessarily very wiry, holding it up would be impossible and a short skirt is never either graceful or pretty for street wear.

A gown made with this skirt is of bluet crépon in lengthwise crinkles, without skirt trimming. The round waist is very full, and is drawn in by a clinture of écru venise guipure lace six inches wide, edged narrowly with dark brown minx-tail fur. A similar band of fur-edged lace crosses the back, just below the collar and extends smoothly down each of the sleeves to the elbow. Falling straight down the front from the throat is black satin ribbon, eight inches wide, beautifully embroidered in clusters and stripes with bluet spangles and slit in two pieces after drooping as a blouse, each half piece going around the waist, as a belt and hooked in front. Huge sleeves in draped puffs at top, held by pleats at the elbow, have deep cuffs of black spangled satin. To aid the wearer look more charming a band of mirror velvet is used as a collar. This is made with two lapping points on the sides, to droop flatly, instead of standing upward and outward as the trimmings so often tend now-a-days.

A very chic black gown is of satin with sleeves of open marguerite embroidery on black taffeta over green satin and a square yoke of similar embroidery on white taffeta over the green waist-lining. The round waist is made very simply. The slight fullness taken in two pleats into an inch-wide belt of black satin ribbon, having in the back a very large long bow and fastened in the front under a tiny bow of the belt ribbon. Pleated jabots of the black embroidery start from the corners of the white yoke, and taper to a point at the belt. In order to give more color a large chou of taffeta ribbon of two shades of rose-color is placed at the left corner of the yoke, and a huge bow of these ribbons is at the back of the collar band of white silk embroidery. The satin skirt of six wide gores with godets in the back and sides is lined with the green taffeta.

A new fad, and which I have seen is already adopted by one young lady in San Francisco, is a pad of soft wadding hanging from the belt inside the lining around the hips, and back, to give sufficient size in order to aid the top of the skirt to lie smoothly.

The exquisite embroidery on taffeta silks in open designs of all colors is used for the yoke, sleeves and revers, over gay colored linings.

The imported gowns I have seen have, except in the tailor gowns, the waists and skirts of different materials. The sleeves may either match the skirt or waist, but it is prettier to have them match the latter. Moiré or satin is particularly adapted for the skirt, the moiré needs no trimming, and is made, as the cloth skirts, very wide at the foot.

The new ladies' cloth comes in very striking colors, bluet, cerise and other purplish reds with bright green among them, are often made more showy by a contrasting color for the collar. A sage green cloth gown demands a collar of mauve velvet, and a cerise gown one of bluet velvet. The sleek mirror velvet cut bias is used for these collars, which are much trimmed on the sides with rosettes or bunches of box-pleats, or else swallow bows with pointed wing-like loops that reach almost to the ear.

REFLECTOR.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly. The Four Hundred are gradually getting home and decorating their domiciles in the most gorgeous styles of paper lamp shades. A large number of them attended the Cabrillo celebration at San Diego last week.

The Imperial Theatre has just been opened in the old Chamber of Commerce Hall. A vaudeville performance is given every night, and as there is plenty of skirt dancing the audience was a very fashionable one Among those seen on opening night, were Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Meserve, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Conroy, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Carles James and many others enjoyed the cheap admission, as well as the beer, which was liberally passed in strictly German style.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs have removed from No. 1 to No 11 in the handsome Severance flats, fitting up their apartments tastefully and elegantly, with a special regard for entertaining, as both delight in little Bohemian suppers and affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury are keeping house at the corner of Temple street and Bunker Hill avenue. The residence was a wedding present to Mrs. Joseph Winston from her father, Mr. Bradbury. They have four servants, and she manages these and her household with great credit to herself and husband. Her only recreation and exercise is a shopping trip every day in a guerney.

Miss Maud Northam, at one time our sweetest little society belle, has forsaken the world and its giddy temptations, and comes into town from her Fullerton residence only to take French lessons at the Froebel Institute.

Rumor says that Mr. Thad Lowe, son of Professor Lowe, of Mt. Echo fame, is about to marry an heiress of several millions.

Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman have moved into their handsome new home in the western part of the city.

Rather an unusual suit has been brought recently. The Emmanuel Presbyterian Church sues our highly respected citizen, Lyman Stewart, to recover a thousand dollars, subscribed by him at a time before the strike, when cash was more plentiful than at present. He is a member in "good and regular standing," but at present does not feel grateful to them for their treatment.

Mrs. Harroll, who was Mrs. Henry Fleishman, has returned to her beautiful residence on Pearl street We hear that Mr. Othman Stevens, City Editor of the *Los Angeles Herald*, and wife, will take rooms and board with her this winter just for company, and help fill up the house.

Mrs. Judge O'Melveny passed quietly away this week, leaving her devoted and accomplished daughter Adele, the only one unmarried. Rumor has it that after the proper time has elapsed, she will be happily united with one of the oldest and most storngly individualized families in the city--the Foys—whose only son, Calvin, has been, and is a most earnest admirer of hers.

Very much excitement still prevails at the Hotel Southern, as Mr. Babcock is no more of a success there than he was as a newspaper manager.

Soon I will have to tell you about the good times at the races. I see Dr. K. D. Wise, our Los Angeles representative at the Sacramento races is at home looking carefully after the preparation of his horses for the coming races, and everybody likes to see home talent win, if it can be done honestly, which your devoted Becky Sharp is wanting to see.

Becky Sharp.

SAN JOSE.

The fair for the benefit of the Pratt Boarding House and the Gossip Society has stirred up much ill feeling among many of our belles and their mammas. Mrs. Clayton declines to allow Ethel, Mrs. Bowman refuses to consent to Edna, and Mrs. Eaton and Mrs. Breyfogle will not be persuaded to let Belle or Stella assist, even for sweet charity. When Mrs. Moore was asked she also declined to permit Bessie's attendance, and Mrs. Plank wouldn't allow Amelia to go, and Mrs. James V. Kelly refused absolutely to let Elene take part. Mrs. Francis Smith wouldn't hear of Elizabeth being there as an assistant; and one of them plainly told Mrs. S——r that she did not think it the proper thing for well bred and refined young ladies to pose as hucksters or waiter girls, even to clothe a few poor or to keep up the big boarding house on South First street. A big row ensued and Mrs. S——r plainly and forcibly enunciated that even in the past, if the Misses Lion, Martin, Auzerais, Dunne, Murphy, Adel, Finigan, Wright, McAran, Yoell and Friant did pose as *hucksters* and waiter girls, they were just as good as the others, and that very few of the young ladies here need be ashamed to sell goods, as nearly all their ancestors did, one or the other. The war was on with no sign of cessation, until Mrs. Charles D. Wright and Mrs. Lawrence Finigan came to the rescue with a voluntary offer to bring all the girls in by adding a flower show to the other attractions.

You see the Tisdales have one of the loveliest places in Los Gatos and are fond of entertaining, but during their years of seclusion have not kept up their acquaintance with the people whom they once knew, nor have they made many new friends. So some of our ladies are frequently asked to bring out a crowd of their own special friends. A few weeks ago it was Mrs. McGeoghegan, and her company included the Martins, Murphys, Auzerais, Henrys, Kellys, Carrolls, with a good sprinkling of beaux. The next time Mrs. Schemmel got up the party and a jollier crowd never spent an evening in the Gem City. Both Mrs. Schemmel and Mrs. McGeoghegan are prominent social lights and delight to gather around them the best people of the city.

Next week Mrs. Maggie O'Shannesy Hobson is to take charge of a merry crowd of maskers, and now the trouble has already begun. Louis Sonickson is to invite the men and the girls that Mrs. Hobson has invited will not go with some of the men that the gallant Louis has dared to ask. Talk of the Japanese and the Chinese war—why it is only play in comparison to the warfare carried on between the Irish on the one side and the Missourians on the other.

By the way, I fear I cast an undue reflection on the eminent prelate of San Francisco in announcing his ownership a fast horse. He does not own the stud in question and of never in his life possessed a racer. I am sorry he is not as fortunate as I was told, but if such be commensurate with holiness and his dignity, I could not wish him better luck, for the stud is a beauty. The confusion is comprehensible for I understand the horse is the pride of a Reverend of Menlo Park of somewhat similar name who had him from Senator Stanford, so the eminent prelate will understand me as apologetic.

Bessie.

FRESNO.

Dear Wave: Whenever I think of it, I just jump up and down and shriek with delight. We're going to have a ball—a real ball—and within three weeks, too. The Native Sons are going to give it and brother says it is to be a real swell affair. I suppose it will, but I don't see how it can with some of the members they have taken in lately.

I heard the other day that there would soon be another step off, I believe sometime in December. This time it is Charley Teague and Louise. Louise is awfully nice and clever. I don't wonder that Charley fell in love with her, but I do wonder where they will live. Love and kisses don't go far in paying the rent of a cottage.

Lee Gray, I understand, has negotiated, or is doing so, for the purchase of Dr. Gardner's cosey little cottage on J street. I just imagine that Lee will make an ideal husband and I am awfully anxious to see if my prediction comes true. I wonder if he has been able to persuade Will to follow in his wake. I heard that he was trying awfully hard to. I do hope that he will be successful.

Lizzie Thorn was here a few days during the early part of the week. It seemed so much like old times to see her smiling face again.

Carrie has a friend, a Miss Madden, visiting her from Santa Ana this week. I haven't had time to call but I have seen them out riding several time I am sure that she is a charmingly jolly girl.

Our query club had a lively time at their last meeting. I thought at first that I would give you some information about it, but the girls may learn who I am if I do, so I won't. Then it would be a pity to destroy the importance some of them get by pretending to have great secrets. One of my friends was going to apply for membership last week, but I heard that one of the girls had four or five blackballs in her pocket for her so I did not let her name go in. If I had, though, she would not have been alone in getting the cold shoulder.

The Wednesday club has at last taken the queryists up. Mrs. Miller has proffered her residence and is to entertain them next Wednesday in the name of the older ladies. This, I suppose, is the beginning of some more exclusive entertaining and if we don't make the other girls wild with envy my name isn't —— Trix.

SACRAMENTO.

There are to be ever so many weddings in our set within the next few weeks. Such an exodus of widowers! The Minister and Carrie are to be married very shortly. If the former could only hear some remarks of members of his congregation, he would straightway preach "Charity." Unfortunately the wife was delicate, and when Death robbed the minister of her sweet presence, his grief was great. How affected we were the Sunday he mounted the pulpit and spoke so feelingly of her who had made him what he was, and promised in the hereafter to be his ever-guiding spirit. How generously we contributed our mite to the defraying of the expenses of shipping the body East. Now that the minister has chosen for a bride one that is plump, and round, and rosy, the gossips seem fit to comment, and ridicule the "ever guiding spirit" theory. But, for my part, I think he has done wisely and congratulate him. Now and again a rumor reaches me of a certain minister who released his flock from his care and went into the wood and coal business, finding the latter more profitable. His two charming daughters are devoted to their pa, but, nevertheless, he has grown lonely. Should there be a rise in coal this winter a wedding is threatened. Jack Wright, his young niece and Miss Laura Clark took a delightful trip to Alta quite recently. Laura's wedding reception is to be held at the house of her sister, Mrs. Baldwin. We rather hoped the other sister would return from Paris to be present at the happy event.

Jud is before the public again, this time in a new role. He and Frank Orcutt had an encounter--the public are supposed to believe a friendly one. However, Jud was not as proficient in the manly art as he supposed; consequently he suffered a real sore head and a black, black eye.

Once upon a time, and not so very many years ago, a young man came from Oakland and settled in our little town. His store windows displayed the latest things in gents' furnishing goods. He was a model of grace and neatness, and the variety of his clothes told of an unlimited bank account. He drove the fastest team in town, and was generally accompanied by a little black-eyed married woman. The champagne suppers indulged in on the road were frequent, very often comprising a party of six, whose idea of propriety was vague. Soon, however, the man in question realized he was being used. The team has been sold, no more suppers are partaken of and chappie is devoting himself to business.

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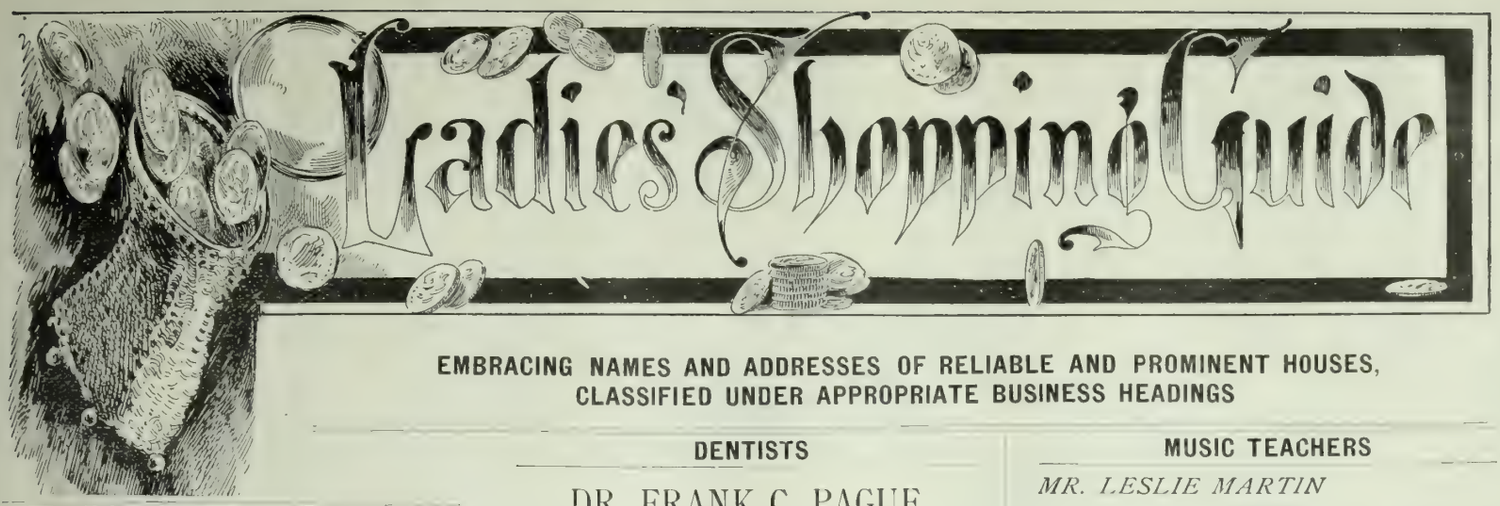

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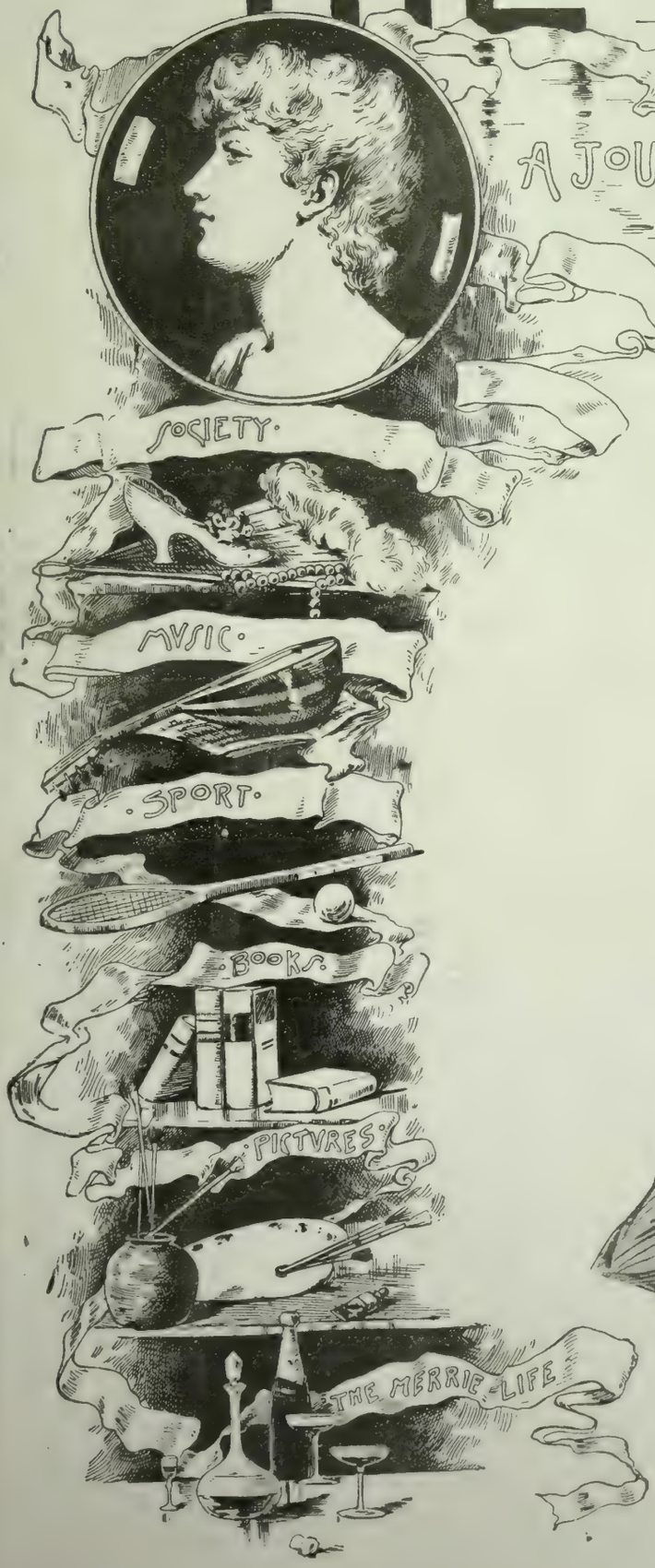

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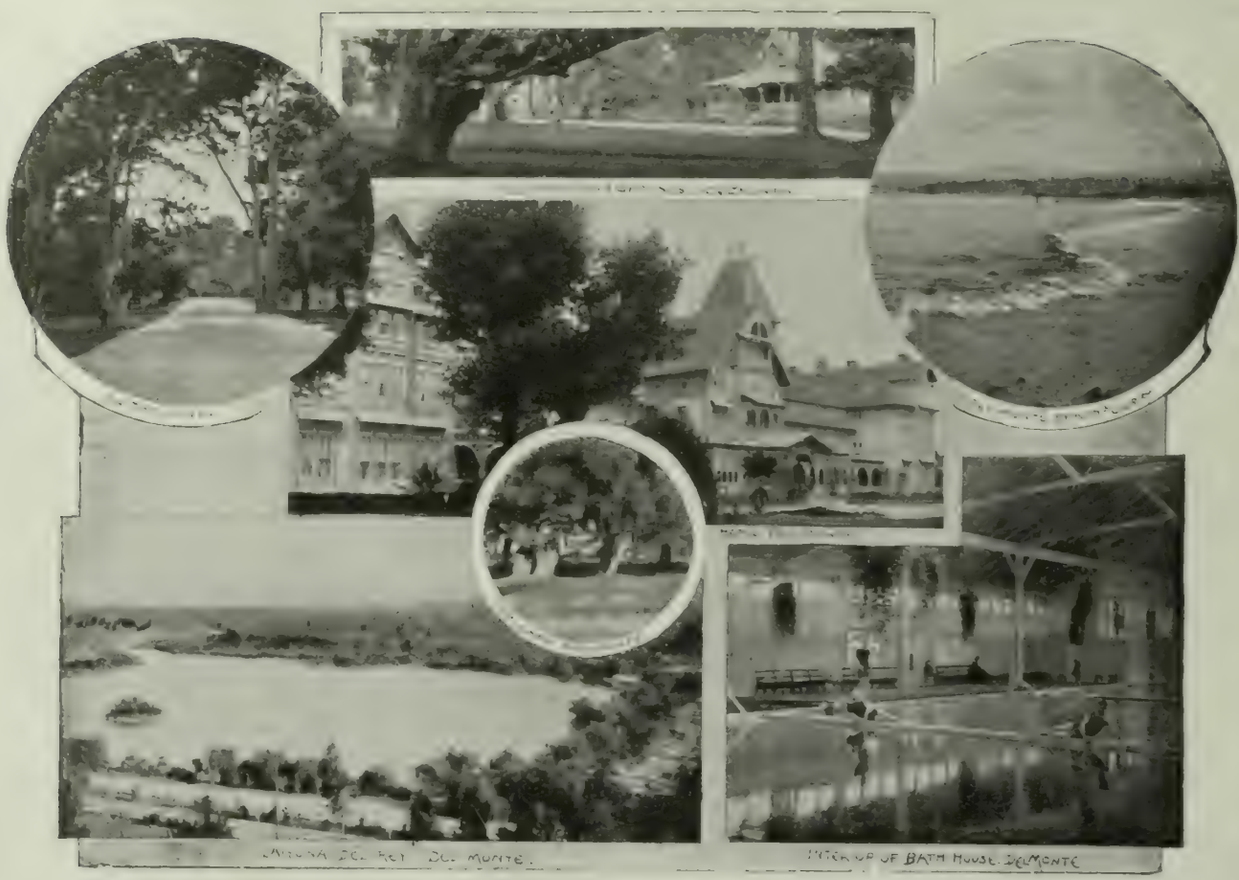

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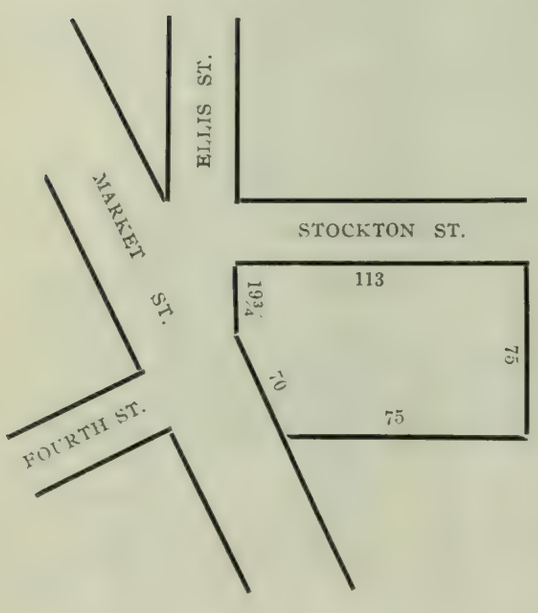

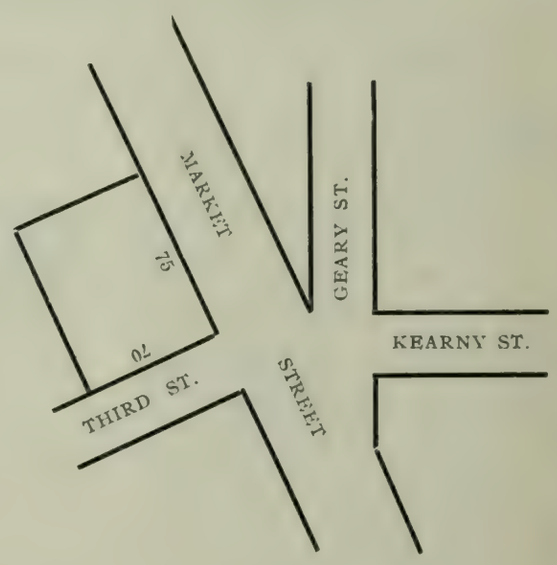

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

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VIRTUE HAS ITS OWN REWARD.

Our cartoon is crowded with delicate humor. Where humor and truth go hand in hand then one may smile indeed. The autocratic bearing of the hydrant and the meek submissiveness of the human figure speak volumes. One might in this connection reverse the old ballad, "My Jamie's O'er the Water Blue," and trill out, "The Water's O'er My Jamie." Of course, the Spring Valley Water Company has the right to support for office men, who, as Supervisors, have not levied blackmail upon them—men who have looked to the city's interest as their own—men who have not attempted to destroy its property—but then the citizen does not always approve these things nor understand them, and circumstances have a knack of altering cases.

MONUMENTAL DISCRIMINATION.

THE movement toward erecting a monument to the memory of Clark, the engineer who was killed by the derailment of the Sacramento train during the strike, is still afoot. Without wishing to detract in the slightest degree from Clark's bravery, or to rob his untimely taking-off of any of its heroic features, one may be pardoned for wondering if the soldiers who stood guard over Clark in the performance of his duty and whose lives went out with his were any less heroes or less entitled to monumental honors. Out at the Presidio, where the evening sun kisses its farewell to the western hemisphere before journeying to the orient, are three fresh mounds of earth beneath which lie the bruised and mangled bodies of these unsung heroes. A bit of white stone free of chiseled eulogies is all that marks their resting places, which are not distinguishable from the graves of a score of others who may have died of any of the vulgar ills mankind is heir to. Few perhaps can even recall their names, and many ere now have "forgotten just how many were killed." There can be no objection probably to indulging these monumental hysterics, but we file our objection to the discrimination against the three boys in blue who, if there be honors to distribute in such matters, should have their equal share.

WITHOUT being invidious one may assume that the Republican party of California is the friend of silver, and that Congressman Loud is the candidate of the silver party. Here is that gentleman's record in Congress on the white metal. It seems to call for some explanation from the silent Loud.

On Mr. Bland's amendment to the Silver Repeal Bill providing for free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, Mr. Loud voted "NAY."

Fixing the rates at 18 to 1, Mr. Loud voted "NAY."

Fixing the rates at 19 to 1, Mr. Loud voted "NAY."

On the Bland-Allison amendment in favor of silver, Mr. Loud voted "NAY."

Now Loud stand up and explain.

THE Stockton *Mail* offers a year's subscription free to the putative "merchant of Stockton" who is posted at Republican headquarters in San Francisco as offering to bet $1,000 that Mr. Budd will not carry his own county, if said merchant will come out into the light and make himself known.

ERROR OF PARTY FEALTY.

WHILE Mr. Pixley edited the *Argonaut* if his readers were ever led astray by statements void of truth and falsely colored as to facts, the genius of his pen somewhat condoned the sin, for all along where Pixley led were gay festoons of rhetoric and flowers of thought so brilliant as to bewilder reason. Now that Mr. Hart's cold morosity stalks through all its columns one may not listen to his perversion of the facts with even patience. In commenting upon the iniquities unearthed by the Lexow investigating committee in New York City, Mr. Hart, on some other portion of the vulgar fraction which has succeeded Mr. Pixley, declares that bad city government may be remedied by voting the Republican ticket and that Democracy is answerable for all of our political ills. Of course this is not true, and equally, of course, the writer of the article in question knew his statements to be false. The careers of those distinguished statesmen, Messrs. Kelly and Crimmins, Mr. Bill Higgins and a horde of other equally notorious Republican bosses who once dominated the politics of this municipality, are too fresh in the mind to permit the deluding of our people with any such partisan rubbish. Both parties are equally guilty. Nothing but criminal heedlessness or deliberate untruth sets up the contrary.

Alfred R. Conkling, of New York, in an interesting work on municipal government, referring to this subject, says:

"I wish to emphasize the fact that bad city government is *not* '(the italics are his)' a partisan matter. Republican Philadelphia and Cincinnati are as badly ruled as Democratic New York, Chicago and New Orleans. Political reformers are prone to say, '(and this is what our misguided contemporary is saying)' that the only means of municipal salvation is a transfer of power to the opposite party. They begin city campaigns with the cry of 'anything to beat the Democrats—or Republicans,' as the case may be; but long experience has shown that the mere substitution of one set of politicians for another is not the real remedy."

When the *Argonaut* preaches Republicanism as the only refuge for lovers of good government, it subordinates reason to party hatred, and feeds the very monster that fattens on corruption, and makes it possible to maintain the boss. Democratic New York and Republican Philadelphia, to rid themselves of the local machine, must reverse their political courses. On this subject Mr. Conkling says:

"It is a sad commentary on the alleged intelligence of an American urban elector to see him vote annually, on National or State party lines, for a ring that furnishes him daily with evidence of its incompetency, extravagance and dishonesty. Suppose, for example, that the tax rate of a large city is low—say, 1.25 per cent; i. e., $1.25 on $100. If the citizen is reasonably prosperous in his occupation he will overlook filthy and badly paved streets, defective sewerage, a scanty and polluted water supply, insufficient public school accommodation for his neighbor's children, a venal police force, controlled by the boss of the city; a bribed City Council, voting away valuable franchises for a nominal sum; corrupt police magistrates, administering justice for the benefit of the ring; the payment of double the market price for supplies in the city departments, and a score of other abuses. *A mistaken party zeal blinds the ordinary voter to these alarming conditions, which stand as a growing menace to popular government.* Year after year the well-intending partisan votes—if he votes at all—the ticket of his fathers, regardless of change of conditions and the obligations of civic duty, so long as his taxes are apparently not increased.

How well this sentiment dovetails with the doctrine laid down in these columns! Extend the application to our Governor and Lieutenant-Governor and every other State officer dominated by a boss, and you have expressed the sentiments of this journal on the political situation. The community of interests existing between State and municipal politics is so close as to defy divorcement. Control of State patronage carries with it a certain degree of

control in our municipalities—enough, at least, to give character to the administration of the important offices, so that in the abandonment of party spirit we must step beyond municipal boundaries and extend the work of reformation to the patronage offices of the State. Gradually the American citizen is beginning to realize the wrongs which party spirit has inflicted on the State, and the awakening is at hand. The founders of our Government foresaw the evils that might be engendered by it. Washington, in his farewell address to the American people, forecasts the impending danger, and with the voice of prophecy warned the country in these words. He said:

"Let me now take a more comprehensive view, and warn you in the most solemn manner against the baneful effects of the Spirit of Party, generally. This spirit is inseparable from our nature. * * * It exists under different shapes in different governments * * * but in those of the popular form it is seen in its greatest rankness, *and is truly their worst enemy.*" And resuming the subject further along in his address, declares that party spirit "opens the door to corruption."

The reader may well inquire which way must we turn to secure honest government. Honest municipal government has been receiving a great deal of attention in the large Eastern cities for some years, and good government clubs are gradually solving the problem. The commission appointed in New York in 1877 "to devise a plan for the government of cities in the State of New York, and of which committee Hon. William M. Evarts was chairman, proposed the following remedies:

1. A limitation of the power of the legislature to interfere by special acts with city governments or the conduct of municipal affairs.

2. *Holding city elections at a different season of the year from State and National elections.*

3. Vesting the legislative powers of municipalities in two bodies—a Board of Aldermen, elected by (manhood) suffrage, to be the council of each city; and a Board of Finance, consisting of six to fifteen members, chosen by voters who had for two years paid an annual tax on property assessed at not less than $500, or a rent (for either house or rooms) of not less than $250. This Board of Finance to have practically the exclusive control of municipal taxation and expenditure.

4. Limitations on the borrowing power of the city, the concurrence of the Mayor and two-thirds of the Aldermen, as well as two-thirds of the Board of Finance being required for any loan except in anticipation of current revenue.

5. An extension of the appointing power of the Mayor, the Mayor himself being liable to removal, of course, by the Governor.

These subjects are all fit for the consideration of our lawmakers, and all are in the direction of good government and a more healthy condition of public affairs generally. Let a few determined citizens combine to secure the needed legislation and not permit the opportunities of the coming session pass unheeded.

DE YOUNG AND THE TARIFF.

Mr. De Young is in the East, and has been interviewed. He represents California as prostrated by the new tariff. No man for the sake of making politics has a right to inflict injury upon all the people of a State. The industries of California are not prostrated by the new tariff; indeed, they are not prostrated at all. There has been work during the past season for everybody who wanted it, and would go where it was. There was no significant reduction in wages either. Workmen in the orchards, vineyards and hop fields were paid the usual rate. That there was plenty of work is proved by the fact that Indians were brought in from Nevada to pick hops, and were employed in fields within a day's walk of San Francisco and Oakland. Now, it is a queer white man who will not walk one day's journey to reach work at good wages. There are two infallible evidences that Mr. De Young does not state truthfully the financial and industrial situation here. The banks are solvent and there is no fall in the price of land. If the new tariff had so seriously affected the products of the soil, land would be tumbling in price. On the contrary, land is too stiff in price, and it would be better for the State if it would weaken a little. The success of the Midwinter Fair, upon which Mr. De Young enlarges in his interview, is evidence of the financial ease of our people. It was projected upon money liberally donated, and was made a success by the patronage of the people of California alone. Following it within six weeks came the great annual fair of the State Agricultural Society, which was so successful that it leaves a very large surplus to be applied to liquidating a debt acquired in years gone by when the country was subject to a tariff system which the new law displaces. Mr. De Young should cork up his calamity howl while he is away from home, and not misrepresent his State for the sake of representing it in the Senate.

For a long time there has existed in the legal profession and among clients a feeling of discontent in consequence of the interminable delays in litigation which seem to grow out of the inadequacy of our present judicial system. From time to time changes have been attempted, some vicious, others impracticable, but as yet nothing of any potency for good has come to pass. Our Supreme Court is overwhelmed with business, and the commission attached to it is entirely inadequate for the exigencies of the occasion. If any attempt is to be made during the coming Legislature to effect a change for the better in this regard steps should be taken now toward preparing a bill looking to that end that the matter may be formally discussed in advance and the best plan be determined upon and recommended to our Legislature for passage. In New York there has long been established an intermediate Court of Appeals, which relieves the higher appellate tribunal of countless harassing and annoying petty details that should properly be disposed of in an inferior tribunal. A reorganization of our judicial system might be devised with but trifling disturbance to the present arrangement, and intermediate courts of appeal established. This seems to be a ready solution of the problem. Three of these courts, consisting of three Judges each, could be distributed over the State—one at Los Angeles, one at San Francisco and one at Red Bluff or some other northern town. There are many classes of cases as to the adjudication of which these tribunals might be constituted the courts of last resort. In the event of a conflict of authority between these lower courts on matters wherein they had final jurisdiction, the later case might be taken to the Supreme Court and the law finally settled. This innovation would perhaps do away with the necessity for the Supreme Court Commission, and the Supreme Court itself might be reduced in number to five. To simplify the change, successors to the Judges retiring two years hence need not be elected. The entire bar is cognizant of the inadequacy of our present system, and litigants and attorneys alike are chafing under the long delays which oftentimes means ruin to the litigant. That the next Legislature will make some changes in our present system is almost beyond question, and to the end that these may be of efficient and lasting good the attorneys of the State should give public expression to their views and formulate some definite and concrete proposition for the approval of our lawmakers.

Democracy is indebted to Senator White for a dignified public speech made in Oakland. He presented national issues, and stated the case of the Administration so well and so plainly that it stands justified by its works, and needs no defense. Every State is controlled by its intelligence. Whether in war or peace, trained minds direct its affairs. Senator White brings such a mind to the toils and responsibilities of statecraft, and those who differ with him feel instinctively that it is an intellectual difference that must be adjusted on the lines of reason, and not expediency.

Life and property are hourly embarked on railway trains, and committed to the care of those who run them. There has heretofore been a feeling that mail agents, express messengers and train hands were charged with duties besides sorting letters, handling waybills and operating cars. It has been felt that they would also be found an organizing and coöperating force to defend against attack the passengers and property entrusted to their care. This confidence is evidently not justified. In many train robberies it has been shown that two men can easily control a half dozen train hands, and not only rob cars in their presence, but by threats can make them aid in the crime. When the express car was robbed a few days ago within sight of the State Capitol at Sacramento, and almost within the suburbs of that city, one of the train men said, in the presence of the two robbers, "no one is going to get killed defending Wells', Fargo's property." It is this that makes the robbing of trains a safe and lucrative business. The property stolen was not Wells', Fargo's, but belonged to people who had entrusted it to their care, in the expectation that it would be safely carried to its destination. When a ship founders at sea, if the officers and crew rush into the life boats and leave the women and children and passengers to perish, they acquire an infamy that cannot be outlived. But if they face all peril and brave all danger to save others they live or die to an immortality of honor. Herndon's figure outlined against the storm and sinking with the *Central America*, as she plunged to her grave in the gulf, is as inspiring as that of Leonidas defending Sparta, or Winkelreid presenting his breast to Austrian spears. What a contrast between such a spectacle and that of a half dozen men compelled by two thieves to help steal property committed to their care! Between this and the next kind of crime possible on a train the step is short and easy. Suppose a band of bravos board a train to murder a passenger, or carry one into the mountains to hold for ransom, is to be understood that the train men will not only not interfere, but will, if threatened, assist in the killing or the capture of passengers? It seems as though the patrons of railways for travel and transportation are entitled to something more than such skillful operation of the train as will keep it on the rails and avoid collisions. They should feel equally safe against injury to person and robbery of property by criminals who attack the trains. It is highly probable that the movement of large sums of money by express must soon be guarded by armed men, and

that money will not be sent indiscriminately on trains, but only on certain days or certain trains, since the express companies must charge up to their patrons the cost of protecting treasure in transit, and it will be desirable to reduce the same to as low a figure as possible.

The strong and able nominations for the Legislature made by the Democratic party throughout California prove the distinct elevation that has come from a strong and straight national leadership of the party. Such a leadership is of inestimable benefit to public administration everywhere. It vitalizes right and paralyzes wrong down to the least elective office. American politics suffered greatly in the period ensuing upon the war, by the widespread habit of judging men solely by their expressions upon the single subject of that great struggle. Sound upon that, they might be rotten on everything else, and to this is traceable the practices which made Washington so foul that the man in the moon held his nose when he sailed over the city. Now, the issues found in the embers of the Civil War were impulsive, rather than intellectual. The issues made by Mr. Cleveland are intellectual purely, and they have brought into action in public life men of intellect, to such an extent that it is not difficult to demonstrate that the people call even for better road masters than they were formerly willing to elect.

COMMUNICATION.

PURE PRIMARIES AGAIN.

To the Editor of the Wave:—There seem to be features of the proposed primary law so ably presented and urged by the Wave, that have been either overlooked or not given the prominence to which they are entitled. One objection presented against such a law is the doubtful propriety of governmental sanction to the machinery of politics. The objection carries with it an admission that human association and organization in public affairs are reprehensible. But the history of the world shows that, outside of temporary organizations on side issues, the human race, among all nations and in all times, has never got far beyond two great parties, which are continually absorbing the extraneous growths that threaten a disturbance of political equilibrium. The insertion of planks designed to absorb the scattered disciples of meritorious innovation is the most common incident of party platform construction.

Another objection urged against a primary law, is the expense. The same objection lies against all the safeguards thrown about personal and property rights. The same objection was urged against the registration law, and again in opposition to the Australian ballot law; yet no consideration of dollars and cents would now induce us to return to the scandalous repeatings and colonizations of ante-registry days, or to the open vote-buying before the market was closed by the Australian ballot. If the vote of the citizen is neutralized by rascality, or destroyed by the carrion kites of political corruption, his conjecture of citizenship becomes a delusion and a snare. Liberty is the creature of law, which concerns itself with the rights of the sovereign people.

The obvious necessity for a primary law forces itself upon the attention of the citizen, when, in the exercise of his franchise under present methods, he is often brought to the alternative of a choice between two rascals who have been regularly nominated.

The objections to primaries, held to delegate their powers to county conventions are insuperable; but the American people seem joined to their idols in this phase of political worship, and until public sentiment can be jarred loose from this idolatry, a primary law must be drawn in accordance therewith. What is known as the Crawford county plan, of nominations by direct vote, is immeasurably superior in the material it gets upon the tickets, and it does away with conventions dominated by paid attorneys of corporations, and political bosses actuated by sinister motives. Many of our counties now elect delegates to a State convention from districts apportioned on the number of delegates allowed such county, without the intervention of a county convention, and the logical consequence from the passage of a primary law, it is confidently believed, will wipe out party conventions. Everything now accomplished by a national convention can be better done by a direct vote on the proportional system of voting.

The controlling consideration in the demand for a primary law is to secure an equation of power at the point of forming a ticket and the point of electing it. Every intelligent traveler must be persuaded that, if he starts out on the road to Babylon, he is not likely to fetch up at the New Jerusalem. The gate on the road to honest politics is the registry. The condition precedent to an exercise of the right of suffrage is a residence before an election of ninety days in the county and thirty days in the precinct. If registration closed ninety days before an election, the biennial colonization of tramps to San Francisco to take part in the management of its municipal affairs, and to kill the votes of so many of its reputable citizens, would cease to be a profitable industry. The man who is not in the county ninety days before an election cannot lawfully register, but the present arrangement of running registration close up to an election, without opportunity to weed out stuffers, is a premium to fraud and an invitation to rascality, without palliation or excuse. A salutary change in registry would be to close registration ninety days before an election, and allow the purging of the rolls to run up to election day. It might be humiliating to metropolitan pride in a lessened number of sovereigns, but we would be like the groceryman whose new wife had washed out the accounts he had chalked about the walls of his store. After straining his memory a long time in restoration, his wife asked if he had got them all. "No," said he; "but I think I have got them against better men."

It is more important to have honesty in the primary than in the election. By the passage of a primary law and a requirement that registration shall close ninety days before an election, the stuffer will find his occupation gone, with the risk of twice running the gauntlet of the pains and penalties of law, especially when a suitable interval of time is given the searchers of all parties to run down the stuffers and purge the list. An additional requirement with each application for registry, requiring the applicant to state his place of last employment, and that boarding-house keepers, householders and employers where registry is claimed may be compelled to testify, would add vastly to the efficiency of the registry law.

Let it be assumed that the registry is closed ninety days before election, and that thirty or forty days thereafter are alloted for purging and printing the roll, the foundation is then laid for an honest primary, with no one voting except he be registered, under the same penalties as are now imposed for false personation and illegal voting, and a stamp—"voted"—be placed opposite each name when the electoral privilege has been exhausted, in the precinct where he is registered, there will, manifestly, be no repeatings or colonizations, such as nullify the popular will under present methods.

It is equally important, if the retention of the convention system is insisted on, that the names of all delegates to a convention be printed on the same ballot, the list of delegates under each party designation to be arranged alphabetically, and the ballot to be voted at a time fixed by law, and at a place chosen by the Election Commissioners by the stamping of an X in a secret place opposite the names of the delegates of whichever party the elector may desire, in precisely the manner now used at a general election. No candidate for delegate of any party should be placed on the ballot unless he shall have been chosen through regular party channels or by a petition of a specified percentage of party voters from his district.

The proposed primary law should permit an option by a party to act under the Crawford county plan. The only thing that appears to be lacking under this plan is the machinery for the formulation of a platform which has been fitly, though perhaps not discreetly, denominated "molasses to catch flies." There is a palpable incongruity in a declaration by a convention in favor of economy and reform, and the nomination of a boodler thereon; but there is no mistaking party intention where an honest and capable man is nominated without a platform by the Crawford county plan.

The matter of added expense from the proposed primary law is more imaginary than real. Every candidate now deposits $10 at the time his name is presented for a nomination. The law should not impair this inalienable right; only the money should go into the treasury of the county that prints the ticket. It was a grievous mistake in our present election law to destroy the traditions that have clustered about the genius of our institutions and bring down the great American privilege of running for office to the gospel standard without money and without price. The inception of the Australian law was attended with extraordinary expense, intended to be temporary and for the fullest public information; but in keeping with the characteristics of an abuse it seems likely to perpetuate itself by prescription.

The Australian ballot law, while attempting to avoid party recognition, is covertly aiding and abetting party power by relieving it of the expense heretofore considered necessary for the achievement of its victories. It is manifestly as legitimate for the government to publish likenesses and biographical sketches of office seekers, as it is now to advertise the ticket with the party designation of each candidate. We may be sure that the respective political parties and those who hope to be struck by official lightning will attend to these details without government assistance. The only thing the government should undertake to do is to see that the primary ticket is printed, the primary election held at a stated place, under sworn officers appointed by the Election Commissioners, by whom the returns are to be canvassed.

Political parties now procure the places for holding their primaries, and select their own inspectors, judges and clerks, the expense for rent and service being principally gratuitous or merely nominal. There does not appear to be any good reason why the government should be jobbed for what, under party management is gratuitous. In disagreements as to plan let the Election Commission decide. Let each party choose two or more representatives to serve on the primary board, and let them be appointed and sworn in by the constituted authorities, but paid by the parties selecting them. Let them be subjected to the same penalties election officers now are for fraud and falsifying returns.

It may be objected that the selection of the primary election officers in this manner will be giving aid and comfort to the machine in politics. The most obvious countercheck on the machine is another machine working in the opposite direction. An assumption of liability to rascality under such an arrangement is an assumption that all parties represented on a primary election board will be in a conspiracy to swindle themselves. It is like the ideal community of horse thieves, without any horse raisers to steal from. In the practical affairs of political life, parties all over the State, on the eve of an election, furnish the names of election officers to be appointed; and in this city the officers for precinct registration are named by the parties allowed representation on these boards. It is a proposition admitting of no controversy that a party aiming at success will not pick up rascals and work them in the lead, either on primary or general election boards.

The demand for a primary law is to prevent a continuous defeat of the popular will by the legerdemain of sharpers, at the outset of political action. It is an impossible social condition that the spoilers can ever outnumber the producers, and it is a proposition that commands unqualified assent that the producers must inevitably win in a contest with the spoilers if given an honest election and fair count. The clamor against useful and necessary parties will disappear when the political jugglers are retired by the operation of a primary law. Party, as Mr. Shakespeare would remark, "was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted." Daniel Webster says: "That man is free who is protected from injury," and to secure this unmistakable blessing of liberty to the sovereign ruler of this land, the Government should undertake to give to every man at a primary the exercise of his choice, unobstucted by colonizations or repeatings and unneutralized by interference from the opposition. It is not essential that the holding of a primary election should entail any more expense than the holding of a vestry meeting or a stockholders' meeting of the Mechanics' Institute. The performance of public duty for mere hire and salary is a stifling of public spirit, and it will be a time for patriots to tremble for the liberties of the country when we reach the point of giving a day's wages to every man who comes forward to vote. Let us start right with the primary law, and then get right with our other laws for the administration of public affairs. H.

San Francisco, Oct. 9, 1892.

ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

Readers of The Wave who are alive to the iniquities of Bossism are urged to sign the following card and forward the same to this office to the end that their names may be registered and the cards forwarded to New York.

Membership in the new League is to be without dues.

Names are coming in from different sections of the State and as rapidly as practicable local clubs will be organized for organized effort. The movement is absolutely non-partisan and members of any political party are perfectly free to join.

The Anti-Spoils League

Carl Schurz, *President* William Potts, *Secretary*
Silas W. Burt, *Treasurer*

Office. 54 William Street, New York

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the Spoils System from the public service, —believing that system to be unjust, un-democratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of coruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the Merit System to the farthest practicable limits under our national, state and municipal governments.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

SPLASHES

LIFE FOR TWO WEEKS past would not be worth living but for teas. Every girl and half the matrons are set upon inaugurating the season with this mild form of entertainment, and if patronage is an index of popularity, it enjoys more favor than all the balls and parties ever conceived. Being unable to appreciate where the fun of a tea manifests itself, I invited explanation of a young person of high degree, who told me, with a terseness I cannot reproduce, that it is not a festivity but a subterfuge, that in order to get friends calling a maiden sends out cards with "at home" and a date written upon them. On the stipulated afternoon all the women she knows and sometimes a handful of men ring her bell, are greeted with properly regulated enthusiasm, and after exchanging greetings with acquaintances are gently led to a buffet to partake of chocolate, tea, ice cream or other delicacies. If the family has a tendency at luxury the fare is varied with terrapin and oysters, and if there is a debutante who is also an heiress to be introduced you may be treated to frogs a la poulette.

* * *

After partaking of the luxuries and listening, perhaps, to the latest gossip, though this season there is precious little in circulation, the tea-goer proceeds on her rounds and describes for the edification of the gathering at the next house the gowns she has seen, the social predictions she has heard, and all set about discussing the topics dear to the girlish mind, including, of course, the doings of the Oelrichs, the appearance of Miss Virginia Fair, about whose good looks there is a diversity of opinion. Doubtless they all wind up with a general eulogy on Mrs. Eustace Barron, who is the heroine of the moment, the recipient of endless entertainments, universally voted charming, chic, cute, according to the character, temperament and pretension of the admirer. By partaking of the tea hospitality, a liability is incurred that must be paid by a call as soon after date as possible. Thereby the various cliques and factions that compose Society are set in motion, ebb and flow round one another, and the season is well under way before anyone realizes aught so extraordinary has happened.

* * *

Mrs. Avery McCarthy, who enjoys the distinction of being one of the prettiest young matrons in town, had a tea for Mrs. Eustace Barron on Wednesday. She had Miss Nathan, Miss Bernice Bates and Miss Ethel Cohen to assist her. There were rather more people there than the rooms could properly accommodate, but there is minor consolation in the fact that the McCarthys are building a new house out on Broadway, and will then have more space for entertaining in. A pretty white lace insertion gown that Miss Cohen were caught my eye. Miss Hilda Macdonald in a yellow satin gown was sufficiently impressive. She was busy receiving congratulations on her engagement, which is just out.

* * *

On the same afternoon Mrs. Hager had a small tea, and Mrs. Loring Pickering received a number of ladies at her home on Pine street —the first time there has been a formal entertainment in the late editor's dwelling in ages. On Thursday the Dunnes had a reception at their home on Hyde street, and served oysters and chocolate to a hundred or so women. The forthcoming week holds out innumerable prospects in the same direction, varied by theatre parties on Monday evening to the Kendals. Among others, the Downey Harveys and the Goads are taking crowds—preceded in each instance by a dinner.

* * *

Since the Van Nesses have taken the Haggins' house for the season, and have a débutante daughter, it is safe to predict that society will have a chance of seeing Mrs. Louis Haggins' collection of pots, pans and curtains at first hand. She has some wonderful things in the homely metals, beside an unique collection of vestments. The proud possessor of these treasures will winter in New York. Mrs. Van Ness' competence as a hostess has not been exhibited in many years, for the Palace Hotel, where she and her family have lived, is not the best background imaginable for entertaining. However, she will doubtless give several affairs for her daughter, at the prospect of which there may be due rejoicing. The McCutcheons have also become householders, having decided to occupy the Zadig residence, on the corner of Broadway and Franklin, for the winter.

* * *

Miss Eccleston, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Lieutenant Blount at the Presidio, has had a score of teas and dinners given in her honor. On Wednesday evening last Mrs. Blount organized a moonlight picnic to Bakers' Beach, as a species of farewell festival—that is, if there had been any moonlight it might have been appropriate so to style the affair. The lowering aspect of the skies, and the rather chill edge the wind had did not prevent the gathering having a jolly time, however. An ambulance met the train and conveyed them to the sandy section in question, where a huge bonfire blazed. There was music, then some singing and refreshments, which were cooked in the flames by the guests. Indeed the terrapin, chicken, potatoes and coffee tasted infinitely better than if prepared over a range and partaken off damask. There were several cooks and stokers engaged in the culinary work—the most energetic being Mr. William Wood and Mr. Nichols, who did yeomen's service. Out of deference to General Graham, who, as monarch of all he surveys at the Presidio, is sometimes irreverently alluded to as Robinson Crusoe, the officers were all in uniform.

* * *

FORTHCOMING festivities, at least so far as the early weeks of the season are concerned, will be devoted to some extent to the débutantes. The Goads talk of giving a big ball to introduce Miss Genevieve, the Gwins are to give a tug party on the 27th for Miss Mary Belle Gwin. Considerable agreeable anticipation has been aroused over the living pictures at the Ames' house on Taylor street, Monday night next. Their drawing-room, which is a spacious apartment, is to be fitted up with small tables a la Papa Seidl's at the Prater, and beer and sandwiches may be partaken of en route. Huber will furnish melody between the tableaux, which have been arranged with considerable care and artistic effect. Of course there is a stage and all the appropriate accoutrements, and I am told Manager Friedlander could get points if he were privileged to be a guest. Among the participants are some of the prettiest girls in town, including Miss Hoffman, Miss Carolan, Miss McCutcheon, Miss Ames, Miss Eccleston, Miss Graham, Miss Louise Crosby of San Rafael, and Mr. Mizner, Mr. Worthy Ames, Mr. Will Heath, Mr. Van Winkle, Mr. Allen. Mr. Sheath is to pose as Sandow.

* * *

Surely, the forthcoming jinks of the Harmonie Club, which Col. H. J. Kowalsky is to sire, will prove an interesting and amusing celebration. It is the annual "old horse sale," and to the guests a line of curios of every description and character, animate and inanimate things, real and unreal and realable, a remnant of muscle dancers from the Midway and a few dancers not from the Midway without muscles, rare statuary, dudettes, statuettes, bad debts, poker debts are to be offered. Besides these, a series of literary and historical works, including *Honest Bosses*, by Popper; *The Fleshpots of Egypt*, by J. Lynch; *Life of Dr. Li Po Ti*, by C. C. O'Donnell and several other books of special local interest will be disposed of. Altogether, a very jolly evening is promised, and the sire has specially pledged himself to abstain from telling a single old story.

* * *

Quite the hero of the hour is young Mr. David Weil, son of Alexander Weil, of Paris, who is visiting the coast for the first time in many years. Mr. Weil is a sufficiently young and an extremely rich personage, for his parent's wealth, made after the war, is calculated as considerably along in the millions, and he, in due course, without personal effort, will have some three million on which to marry and live—a comfortable fortune as such things go nowadays. Otherwise, he is a pleasant, quiet young man, somewhat inclined to embonpoint, and not so epigrammatic, conversationally, as to frighten the débutantes. He is being entertained very generously—quite a round of dinners and suppers having been organized in his honor. Miss Rose Walter gave a dinner for him on Tuesday evening, a very pleasant affair it proved, with a box at the Orpheum as a climax. Miss Simon has a dinner, a theatre party, followed by a grand supper for Mr. Weil this evening. She is one of last year's débutantes, and, of course, will give the guest the chance of meeting the younger set of belles.

* * *

A mild form of excitement was induced by the announcement of the betrothal of Morris Mitau and Miss Fannie Sachs. It comes with but the faintest foreshadowing of rumor, and was commented on in the interested way that society considers justifiable with its heiresses, for Miss Sachs is the second daughter of the late Martin Sachs, and has now between a quarter and a half million dollars, with further large expectations. In addition she is a young woman of lovable character and considerable social popularity. Mr. Mitau is a member of the firm of Levy & Co., but is better known down town, at least, by his connection with the firm of Jules Levy & Co., wholesale lace importers. He is a brother-in-law of Mr.

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* * *

James L. Flood has become a "suburbanite." He has purchased a lovely villa with one hundred and sixty acres attached, about sixteen miles from Los Gatos, where he is raising the vine and olive. He says it is a sort of vacation for him. Meanwhile, he only comes to the city three times a week, but on the first of next month he will go into his usual winter quarters.

* * *

HUNTER VILLA, the beautiful country residence of James Hunter at Vallejo, was gay with a throng of merry-makers last Saturday evening. The night was clear and moonlit. The occasion was a hay ride given by the Misses Hunter to a number of their friends. Two hours of a moonlight ride, songs and jolly comraderie gave keen appetite to a delicious and well-served supper on the return of the party. The army and navy were well represented, and of graceful maids there was no lacking. Commander Clark and wife, Lieutenant Robinson and wife, the J. R. Englishes, Lieutenant Lissack, Miss Goodyear, Miss McMillan and a number of others prominent in social and military circles added to the success of a most delightful evening.

* * *

The Gilligs and Donald de Vermillion Graham are in Paris at last accounts, safely housed in the hotel L'Athènée. They will make the Monte Carlo trip this winter, but not until December. Frank Unger is in poor health, so a recent letter says, and he needs the air where the citron blooms. "Connais Tu le Pays?"

* * *

The organization of a new dancing club has evoked some degree of comment in society this week. The plan is modeled after the lines of certain affairs that take place in New York —not necessarily rivals of the big clubs, but tending to contribute to the general gaiety. Some sixteen women of social prominence are the responsible movers, and they bear all the expenses, and are alloted each a certain number of invitations. A good supper at midnight will conclude the evening's entertainment. Four, perhaps five, dances will be given during the winter, the dates of which have yet to be set. Among the sixteen projectors are Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mrs. Ames, Mrs. Smedberg, Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Sidney Smith, Mrs. Wm. Gwin, Mrs. Carolan, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Paul Jarboe, Mrs. Geo. A. Pope, Miss Goad and Miss Vassault—representing the Hobarts. Lunt's Hall will be the scene of these dances, and of course the proper degree of exclusiveness will shroud the issuance of the invitations. Practically the club, is an expansion of the Saturday evening dancing class that had such jolly evenings at Lunt's last season, and whose cotillion Mr. Greenway led with so much success.

* * *

The musicale and tea of the "Little Sister's Infant Shelter," this afternoon, at the home of Mrs Will E. Fisher, 1210 Sutter street, should attract there a large gathering of people. A capital programme, vocal and instrumental, is to be given by well known musicians, such as Mrs. John Bermingham, Frank Coffin, Mrs. Wightman, Miss Ferrer, Miss Sadie Tibbey, Arthur Barendt, A. H. Kayton, Robert Lloyd, Alfred Wilkie, and several more. Tea, also, and refreshments of an especially enticing kind will be served.

* * *

I HAVE NOT the faintest conception of what the future holds for the handsome young Californienne whom Prince Poniatowski ennobled by matrimony; but from a letter she wrote recently to a dear friend, it is evident her expectations are by no means misty. It is quite inconceivable that any big European deal is contemplated in these piping times of peace, so doubtless it is to some family arrangement she alludes to when she indicates if all goes well, she will be the Queen of Poland. It may be remembered that the Prince is not the eldest son of the House of Poniatonski, for there is an elder brother, who is in business in Mexico. Some time ago he married an American girl whom he believed was a great heiress. Alas, it turned out that anticipation had a good deal of the better of realization, for the death of her parent left the young woman but slenderly provided for, and it behooved the nobleman to find a living for himself. He turned to in manly style, and has made quite a fame and reputation for the name of Poniatowski in the Mexican capital.

* * *

An engagement of some interest to society is that of Miss Helen Macdonald, daughter of the manager of the London & Lancashire Ins. Co., and Mr. Duke Farnsworth Baxter of New York. For the past three years Mr. Baxter has been a resident of Santa Barbara and there he met Miss Macdonald. She is a very tall and stately, handsome maiden who has been in society but two seasons and certainly has made many friends. Another betrothal announced is that of Miss Florence Livingston, daughter of James Livingston of 2111 Pac. avenue, and Mr. Morris. Miss Livingston is rather well known among the Southern set. She is a tall, distinguished-looking young woman who should make a very charming bride.

* * *

THIS COMMUNITY does not show an over-mastering love for the solids of artistic creation. In general, the lighter the vein, the greater the crush of popularity. In the limits of good taste a dash of personality succeeds wildly. Something of this sort prevents the building up of a real choral society, and makes popularizing the organ a labor with more kicks than half pence for recompense. But Mr. H. J. Stewart is once more on the aggressive in behalf of the instrument of his profession, and if careful work and a persuasive choice of all conditions of pieces will fetch our public, there ought to be a good gathering at each recital in the First Unitarian Church.

* * *

Possibly the novelty of being within the precincts of any church has a benumbing effect upon the appreciative apparatus, but in any case and at any time, it is not undesirably prominent, however. So that of the several handsome available organs nothing is heard, excepting in the church services. Mr. Stewart's usual taste and judgment evinced themselves last Wednesday, and though Miss Anna Miller Wood's singing is hardly equal to her looks, it was quite acceptable and resounding enough to stir up sluggish hands.

* * *

At the Auditorium there is rejoicing among the musicians, things financial go swimmingly and appearances make the gift of prophecy burst forth in predictions of a joyously patronized winter, despite rains and expected curiosities in the shape of weather. Two weeks since all indebtedness in the shape of money due the late Vienna Prater players was wiped out, and to Herr Scheel's credit a pretty balance grows the fatter. And on Monday night Herr Scheel is to be found magnetizing his players from first to last of the programme numbers. The Philharmonic has accepted the services of Mr. John Marquadt to direct a stated number of rehearsals, when Herr Scheel will come in and supply the finishing sandpaper and varnish. The Auditorium concerts are bringing out better things from the players there, and the strings in particular have given up the habit of being seized with paroxysms of false intonation at regular intervals.

* * *

Though Mrs. John D. Spreckels had issued invitations to her tug party in the hope that Wednesday evening would prove a replica of Sunday night, ample precautions against clouds were taken. Round the deck of the Fearless were hung quantities of electric lights in red, white and blue, prettily arranged, and these, together with the huge electric search light, made the decks as bright as day. So the party failed to miss the silver Luna hiding herself beneath banks of flying clouds. There must have been a hundred on board, for the most part well-known society people. They steamed round the bay, the excursion being rendered doubly interesting by reason of the manipulation of the giant search light, which set off in strong relief the villas of Sausalito, the shipping and the scenery around the bay. A capital supper, with unlimited champagne, was partaken of.

* * *

The winter months find Byron Springs unaffected by the change of seasons. Colin M. Boyd, Chas. D. Haven and John Capron are among the guests at present; also Miss Margaret Foulkes, daughter of the late Dr. Foulkes, of Oakland. All are partaking of the waters.

* * *

IF THE SEASON be favorable for building operations, the environment of Burlingame will be the scene of considerable activity throughout the winter. In the very near future the upper section of the property will be offered for sale, and the people who have been waiting all these months for an opportunity to buy there may then have their pick. I anticipated the arrangements for this sale would have been concluded long ago, but the Sharon estate is one of the great bodies that move slowly, and considerable time has been lost over defective maps. At last, however, the arrangements have been consummated, and within a few weeks the lots will be offered at auction. Some apprehension has been felt that the fashionable reputation of the environment may act as a deterrent on prospective purchasers. It should be understood, however, that the Club is on its own grounds and that to live there it is quite unnecessary, however desirable, to have any connection with the institution. The probabilities are, though, that the members will take advantage of the forthcoming opportunity, as the sites offered are all around the club-house, and for view and situation are really the best part of the property.

* * *

Henry Scott, Joe Grant and Page Brown succeeded in persuading the estate to sell them lots in advance in order to commence building operations at once. Grant's villa, which is more pretentious than he at first intended, has the form of a chalet, and is decidedly picturesque. A rustic bridge connects it with the road. Mr. Scott's idea of a summer home takes the form of a commodious

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bungalow, comfortable but inexpensive, in which he proposes to live throughout the summer months. Indeed, this is the type of house that I believe will be erected there, costing anywhere from $1,500 to $5,000. Elaborate villas, however charming, are hardly sanctioned by the financial temperature of the hour, and it is also to be remembered that the very wealthy have all provided themselves with country homes ages ago. Dick Tobin and Talbot Clifton are having plans made for a species of bungalow in which their individual tastes will doubtless find expression. Several other men have indicated a similar intention, proposing that their summer homes be adjuncts of the club wherein they will take their meals. Indeed, the advantages of membership in that institution are not to be underestimated, as they include the privileges of the stables, which are full of horses and equipages. Besides those who have their own steeds can have them cared for there.

* * *

What is there about the bicycling craze that persuades astride of wheels so many extremely ugly women. A combination of chances brought me to the Park, Sunday last, and there flew past me a score most unhappily featured young persons. Not a single redeeming face in the collections, though I am bound to credit them with the roses of sunburnt complexions, and the raptures of tumultuous hair. Of course, I cannot claim to have reviewed every young woman who has practised the wheel, nor is the cortege of Sabbath cyclists a fair criterion to base general rules on—still there is the fact, or rather there were the damsels, and my solitary prayer, as they dashed bravely along, was for the accentuation of their speed—in order that they might fly still faster.

* * *

A good deal may be said about the charm of life in that region. Undoubtedly the polo games, the occasional race meetings, the golf rinks, the shooting, fishing and bathing tend to give variety to existence there. The devotion to equine pursuits adds a certain flavor for those with sporting tendencies. Besides there is a society atmosphere that is in no sense disagreeable. So it may be presumed there will be active competition for the lots when Baldwin & Hammond offer them. In the meantime Burlingame is by no means deserted. The cottages are occupied, with a single exception. The Sprague have the Haggin house, the W. H. Howards the Sharon cottage, the Ripleys live in the Casserly villa. Every Saturday and Sunday parties from the city have lunch on the club house porch, and altogether there is plenty to do.

* * *

A well-known society woman who more or less has a sympathetic feeling for sick people, and who more than once has been known to watch the night through at the bedside of the poverty stricken unable to afford a nurse, got into a rather ludicrous scrape through her benevolent proclivities. It seems that she was assisting at the bedside of an unfortunate suffering from acute sciatica who could not be induced to take the alleviating morphine, that benevolent panacea for all physical pain. At last the physician devised a way that it might be taken unwittingly, and prescribed gin fiz in a mild form as a stimulant which would brace her up and at the same time give her the necessary strengh to endure her disease. The benevolent society lady, unconscious of any fraud practiced upon the patient, and although naturally an enemy of all kinds of alcoholic drinks, was induced to partake of the stimulant proposed by the patient. Thereupon the drugged fiz was imbibed by both parties, and the effect of the combination upon the good Smaritan can be rather imagined than described. The double influence of stimulant and sedative, of bracing up and anodyne, produced a situation which was thoroughly inexplicable and misunderstood by the family physician who was suddenly summoned to attend the peculiar case.

An all round investigation revealed the facts however, severed the connection and to a certain extent hardened the otherwise philanthropic heart of the drugged society lady.

* * *

THOUGH IT IS a commonly accepted fact since the days of Shakespeare, that in Springtime a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, Autumn appears to have a mortgage on engagements. In Oakland a number of youths and maidens have recently announced their matrimonial intentions, and among the very latest, perhaps, is Miss Edith Coxhead, daughter of Dr. Coxhead,—a very pretty girl who recently made her début—to Mr. Bentley, who is largely interested in various mines. She is but one. Another engagement is that of Miss Alta De Wolf of Fruitvale and Mr. Studley of San Francisco. They are soon to be married—having taken a very pretty cottage in Fruitvale not far from the bride's home. Quite an interesting betrothal is that of Miss Ada Larkey of Myrtle street, to Mr. John Treadlove, an ex-student of Stanford University. Miss Larkey is a brilliant-looking brunette and an exceedingly popular girl. Miss Mary Willard and Mr. Adams of San Diego announce their engagement. Mr. Adams has a magnificent place near San Diego; he is a widower with grown-up children and is said to be well endowed with the world's goods. Still more engagements are those of Miss Clara Bates to Mr. Knight of Oakland, and of Miss Eva Berry to Dr. Claude Leach, both of East Oakland.

* * *

The members of Sigma Nu Fraternity of Berkeley were entertained by young Norris Davis at the Horace Davis home on Broadway last Saturday evening. Everything that intellectual youths are capable of doing was indulged in, and after the festivities a capital supper was served. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis assisted in receiving the guests.

* * *

Another production from the mind of that eminent young composer, Emille Bruguiere, is about to be published. It is a very catchy march, enclosed in a cover gorgeous in blue and gold, the colors of the Berkeley University, to which it is dedicated. I feel certain it will take the institution, as well as the town, by storm. The "University March" is quite the best thing Mr. Bruguiere has written, so far. If he goes ahead at this rate, I warn Stuart to look out for his laurels.

* * *

Miss Rachel Roman gave a small dinner to Miss Alice Gordan of San Francisco. Miss Roman is a co-ed of Berkeley University. Among those present were Miss Alice Moffit, Miss Palmer, Mr. Harry North, Lillian Humphreys and Harvey Corbett. Mrs. Will Henshaw has recently formed a Shuffle Board Club. She has built a shuffle board room which is somewhat similar in style of construction to a bowling alley in connection with her Japanese tea house, and every Sunday evening the club meets and chocolate is served—that is after a proper indulgence in shuffling. Among the members are Misses Grimes, Ferrier and Chabot, Judge and Mrs. Henshaw, Judge Newsbaumer, et al. The game is most exciting and the members have very jolly evenings.

* * *

Perfectly charming was the pink party given by Mrs. Isaac Requa of Piedmont to the Deux Temps Club last Saturday evening. It was a moonlight night, warm and pleasant. The decorations were entirely in pink, the strawberries were served in pink glasses, and everything harmonized. Some regret is expressed over the fact that Miss Amy Requa has decided to defer her début till next season. She has some very swell Paris gowns selected by Princess Colonna, but Mrs. Requa has decided that her daughter is too young to go out this winter.

* * *

Very enjoyable are the readings from modern German plays given at Mrs. Davenport's every Monday evening by a German actor named Sudermann. There are about twenty regular visitors, among whom are the Garbers, Rosenstirns, Morgans, Lorings, Dr. Richardson. Miss Head gave a "fad" party at Berkeley last Saturday. The girls were supposed to dress according to their own particular fad, and most quaint and original were some of the costumes. The fraternities were well represented.

* * *

The organ and violin recital given by Alexander E. Stuart and William B. King, assisted by Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, last Saturday afternoon was, from point of numbers, a great success. It was an invitation affair given at the Congregational Church. Mr. Stuart played several little things on the violin remarkably well, but the Handel Sonata in A was execrable. Mr. King performs in rather an amateurish fashion. Mrs. Nicholson, however, sang charmingly. Mr. Stuart used to direct the Oakland orchestra, which it may be remembered had so much trouble with Minetti. He has now joined the California Conservatory of Music in Oakland.

* * *

Mrs. J. J. Valentine gave an "at home" to her sister, Miss Blanchard, who is on a visit from the East. Mrs. Valentine entertains a great deal and, as a hostess, is deservedly popular. Miss Ella Goodall has gone East. She is to be maid of honor to Miss Fillmore, and will remain away all the winter.

* * *

A whist club for married ladies has been recently formed in Berkeley by Mrs. Ben Morgan and Mrs. Spiers. The meetings are to be fortnightly.

* * *

APROPOS OF a recent railway catastrophe which consisted in the dislodgement of a narrow gauge car and its precipitation into the bay, John P. Irish tells a story whose moral is obvious. Fresh in the memory of most of us is the terrible disaster which cost Mrs. Brian O'Connor, and so many more good people their lives. It was a holiday, and the Colonel being in town by chance, was about boarding a car for the ferry towards Oakland bound, when Sherman, then notable as an Arizona millionaire, attracted his attention with a hearty slap on the shoulders. After

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the inevitable handshake and other salutations, Sherman insisted on drinks, Irish declining with thanks on the score of time.

"I'll miss my boat if I do," he said.

"Nonsense," insisted Sherman. "Come on, you may not see me again in a year."

Whereupon they drank together, and the orator proceeding on his way caught the next steamer, and in due course arrived home.

A little later he learned of the disaster that had overtaken the preceding train, and realized that the drink had saved his life. But for that episode it is almost possible the Colonel might have become a prohibitionist. That episode confirmed him in the belief that the occasional potation has at times a saving grace.

* * *

THE VARIETY of explanations volunteered to account for the closing of the Baldwin Theatre reflect no discredit on the quality of imagination current here. A dozen different theories, each as destitute of probability as its predecessor, have been offered at the shrine of

my incredulity, and doubtless are accepted as facts in quarters less well informed. The truth is, the depression prevailing in business has extended to the drama, and that enterprise in the direction of new ventures has been postponed in the hope of better times. It may buoy the sinking heart of the theatre goer the certainty that whatever good is going in New York or Chicago, will in due season be exhibited in San Francisco. We are to have "The Gaiety Girl," in February, I believe, and the entire range of Eastern sensations follow the Kendals. Curious as it may seem, the theatrical world of London and Paris is almost as destitute of novelties as that of America. Al Hayman has just returned from Europe without having made any contracts of note.

* * *

Such comets and stars as are blazing in those horizons prefer to shine in familiar skies, and are not to be tempted even across the waters, much less athwart our continent. It may be there is some subtle relation between the drama and the tariff. It is to be hoped now that manufacturing has again begun, the managers will commence to develop ingenuity and give us reason for patroniziug our playhouses. By the way, it is interesting to note there is a large advance sale for the Kendals, and their opening will be the occasion of a variety of theatre parties. Even though the play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is frowned upon from the highly moral point of view, Mrs. Kendal's personality has about it a direct appeal to society. She is a lady of immaculate private life, the mother of five children, the possessor of a handsome mansion decorated with all manner of curios, and, above all, the wife of Willie, whose imperturbability is but secondary to his wife's importance. There is something almost notorious about their respectability, and it is so perpetually en evidence that Mrs. Kendal is spoken familiarly of as "The Mother of the Drama."

* * *

Since the last visit of the Kendals here the Century Club has recovered from its tendency at entertaining dramatic comets. One may not easily forget, though, the exciting incident that made her first reception in the halls of that portentously respectable institution notable. A tendency at taking herself with extreme seriousness characterizes the "Mother of the Drama," and she is prone to patronize mere dwellers on the Pacific threshold like ourselves. With the Centurions, she adopted a kindly, if superior, manner, and talked down to them in a way that made the high lights in the organization bubble with wrath. It was mortifying that such should have been the case, but to make the occasion sadder some one wrote to the *Argonaut* a brief but scathing epistle describing with pitiless satire all that had occurred, together with a delicious pen picture of Mrs. Kendal's demeanor. Heavens! but there was an explosion. The most stupendous efforts to discover the identity of the writer were made, but without avail. She was denounced in resolution, expelled by proxy and humiliated

in a hundred vicarious ways, but no one ever found out who the culprit was. One woman, a bright and clever personage, spouse of a lawyer of some prominence, was suspected, however, and virtually sent to Coventry, though she denied the imputation as vigorously as her sistern. But only some one both clever and disaffected could have written the letter, and both characteristics were included in her personality.

* * *

CONSIDERING the wealth of local incident and the degree of talent current in this town of ours, I am astonished the Tivoli people have recourse to the effete musical productions of Europe or the East. The availability of our own history for histrionic purposes does not appeal to the writers and composers who are good enough to live among us, and the result is much valuable material goes to waste. No one would object, for instance, if Stage Manager John Nash of the Eddy street play house should attempt reproducing on the boards the misfortune that befell the baritone of that institution at Tiburon a Sunday or so ago, in which Musical Director Hirschbeck, some ladies and Frank Bushnell, the photographer, had parts that would not have been out of place in an opera-bouffe. Bushnell was the host, it seems, and after breakfasting the party on his ark, took them off fishing in a launch to Red Rock. Not content with the piscatorial triumphs, Mr. Raffael, the baritone, and another mariner embarked in a skiff and in due course were capsized, amid much excitement, rescued in due course and towed ashore for drying purposes.

* * *

Behind a convenient rock they disrobed, and doubtless in due course all would have been well but for an untimely slip which sent the baritone prone and his thumb against a jagged shell whose sharp edge cut his thumb to the bone. Hornbrook's description of the bloody ocean at the battle of Ping Yang is applicable to the sanguinary consequences of the cut. A surgeon being an immediate necessity and redonning the damp clothes a species of suicide, there was nothing for it but garbing by contribution. So one girl lent stockings, another donated an ulster, Hirschbeck loaned shoes, a Tam o' Shanter did for head covering; as for pants—whence came they I dare not relate. At all events when the launch made San Quentin and the passengers disembarked, it presented an appearance extremely opera-bouffish. Indeed there were hostile manifestations on the part of the guards as the cortege headed towards the gates, for the strange figure in the center had the terrifying aspect of a bandit from the wilds of Tamalpais. However, in due course the wound was salved, though the victim still wears on his thumb a glove. I am sure Mr. Nash never had on the Tivoli boards aught so humorously picturesque as that procession, and I should advise him to reproduce it on some future occasion.

* * *

THOUGH THE STRIKE and its attendant tragedies have passed into history, one hears at intervals of episodes which eluded the press—incidents of intrinsic or perhaps personal interest which even at this lapse are worth the telling. In the reportorial contingent at Sacramento was Dean Duke, a friend of Will Hearst's, whose métier until recently has been stock-raising on the great Haggin ranch at Deming. Anxious to see the fun, he went to the front and was one of the men drafted by my vivacious if unreliable contemporary to accompany Engineer Clark on that ill-fated trip to San Francisco. Being of an adventurous turn of mind he was not by any means content to remain in the Pullman but determined, in view of contingencies, to travel on the tender. So he made his way through the train from one car to another until he arrived at the mail and express car, which, as most people know, opens at the sides and not at the ends. So without traveling over its roof, which he was not inclined to do, or making a precarious way along its sides, further progress was barred, and very unwillingly Dean Duke returned to the Pullman.

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If my information is accurate, he expressed his disappointment in vigorous language and sat down with a book, like my other wayfarer. Ten or fifteen minutes later the bridge collapsed, the locomotive on which he would have traveled to Benicia had been cast over the embankment, Engineer Clark was undergoing the terrible torture of death by hot water, three soldiers were being crushed to death, and Dean Duke was still sitting in the Pullman engaged in apprehending that a catastrophe had occurred. If that was not a Providential escape I never heard of one. It will not, in his case, be wasted, however, for he has a neat turn at story writing and contributes annually a story to the WAVE's Christmas number.

* * *

ANOTHER MONTH—perhaps a few days more than the average thirty—and the Verein will be ready to vacate its Geary street quarters and move into the pretty white structure on the corner of Post and Leavenworth. Not as spacious as the Concordia, nor as replete with immense corridors, huge drawing rooms, and colossal card rooms as the barn-like establishment over the Sutter market, the new club house is ornamental exteriorly and amply commodious interiorly; and besides, has been erected within the estimated cost. The history of the enterprise has unique characteristics. For instance, the sum necessary for its erection was subscribed in forty-eight hours — some $150,000—and that during the hard times. In addition, no extra calls for funds have been made on the members, and when the final occupation occurs, the pleasure of the moment will not be minimized by the thought of huge floating indebtedness such as confronted the Olympians and frightened the Bohemians.

* * *

I am morally certain had Bohemia possessed a few self-sacrificing capitalists, who would have devoted their leisure to the cause of the institution, the Wenban building might easily have been erected within the original estimate. But no one superintended the workmen or watched the contractors—hence the failure. The credit of the new Verein building belongs primarily to Colonel M. H. Hecht, who got the money, and then to the Chairman of the Building Committee, Henry Hyman, the well-known millionaire, who has devoted most of his time and attention for months past to the rising institution. For the furniture, which is characterized by grace and comfort, rather than by aspirations after art effects, Robert Hochstadter is responsible. I believe the formal opening is to take the form of a reception some Saturday evening, about the 20th of November.

* * *

The Pacific Coast Pony Racing and Steeple Chase Association has been formally organized with Major Rathbone as President, Fred Webster as Vice, and Dick Tobin as Secretary. As directors the institution has Mr. Douty, Mr. Sprague, Mr. Harvey, Mr. W. H. Howard, Mr. Henry Crocker, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Will McDonough, Mr. Andrew Jackson and Mr. Wm. Thomas. So it is amply provided both from the social and sporting point of view. The organization is virtually the outgrowth of the highly successful pony races at Del Monte this year, and proposes to make them annual affairs with occasional meets between times. Several gatherings have been held at the rooms of the Horse Show Association, and it was proposed at first to persuade the Jocky Club to yield up to the Association the Bay District Track some Saturday during the season. However, the men who would be willing to ride at Monterey or Burlingame were not by any means ready to exhibit their equestrian powers in town, so that project fell through. However, there is to be a meet on November 3rd at Burlingame which should prove an important affair, especially as there are now some very fast ponies in the stables.

* * *

UGO TALBO, since his concert with its episodical features of the damsel and fan, the championing parson, and the calls for an apology, is in the enjoyment—not of poor health—but of exquisitely profuse advertising —not to say notoriety. An eruption of tales and tarrididdles anent the Talbo personality strews fragmentary evidence at the four points of the compass. From the anecdotes, or, as one might phrase some of them, nannygoats, emerges a vibrationistic picture of the robustious tenor literally exuding humility, modesty, and a supreme disregard of self. But really time was when the Talbo fame scoured Europe for fresh fields of conquest, and was sustained with a true voice certainly, great emotion and undoubted musical acumen. Then, too, a tincture of family, rather more than suspicions of education, a physique of the best, and a dash of artistic bonhommie lent verisimilitude to the claim for a career. Times are changed, and yet there be those who say the tenor needs no sunlight because of his own effulgence. At any rate, judging from a delightfully unconscious reiterative talent, greatness and Talbo are synonyms in the vocalist's vocabulary.

* * *

He tells, festooned in artistic accessories, the tale of a bewitching Russian widow, with the poetic background of Nijni Novgorod as an abiding place, who crossed seas and continents to serve him. A whim he once had expressed for Crimean violets brought la belle Russe accompanied by the same galore on ice with a single English phrase—"for ze grave of ze Great Ugo Talbo." An enthusiastic admirer hearing the artist's vocatinas for the first time wondered why his tenorness was not better known, but was promptly crushed with, "where have you been living not to have heard of the *great* Ugo Talbo?"

* * *

Among the things one ought to do to-day, or to-night rather, are the Carr-Beel concert at Golden Gate Hall, the great Democratic meeting at Metropolitan Temple and the Republican meeting at the Alcazar. They will all be exceedingly interesting—the concert for those who love music and the oratory for those who are fond of rhetoric. Mr. S. M. Shortridge shrieks for the Republicans and W.W. Foote for the party of Cleveland.

* * *

WHAT WE MAY be on the verge of, politically, no one can tell—not even the Washoe Seeress. If asked for an opinion I should declare the prospects of the Colonel's municipal ticket a bit slender, though it does present some very excellent names. Though Adolph Sutro will pile up many thousand votes, I am inclined to believe Mr. Ellert will succeed himself, and there is little doubt but that Mr. Haley will have another term as County Clerk. The assessorship promises a fight between Siebe and Dr. Bryant for the Colonel's candidate. E. B. Reid, need hardly be considered in the contest. Captain Frees, who is on both Democratic and Non-Partisan tickets, can hardly fail of success, though his opponent, Mr. O. F. Willey, is a man of standing in business circles and liable to obtain a large vote. Indeed, a very excellent canvass is being made on his behalf, and, unlike some of his colleagues, nothing can be urged against his reputation. This, I believe, is Mr. Willey's initial experience as a candidate.

* * *

Some capital has been made against him by reason of the intimacy of his wife with Mrs. Christopher A. Buckley. It seems Mrs. Willey and the sister of Mrs. Buckley were schoolmates together in Montreal, and when the latter arrived here she was practically consigned to Mrs. Willey, who introduced her to most of the people she has since become friendly with. There is inevitably a prejudice against one who is so completely identified with the shady side of politics as the ex-boss, but there is no earthly reason why it should extend to his wife, who is a very pleasant and thoroughly educated woman, belonging to a highly respectable Catholic family of Boston. Mrs. Buckley, I believe, is averse to her husband's participation in politics, and though devoted to her home in Livermore, would prefer to live in Boston. That, I believe, is the extent of Mr. Willey's connection with Buckley.

* * *

THOUGH JOHN D. SPRECKELS has not taken the trouble to deny the accusation personally, I am authoritatively informed he is not a member of the A. P. A., and never had any intention of joining the organization. It is easy to believe that certain individuals of minor caliber, misled by semi-patriotic or religious impulses, would identify themselves with this organization, but no one has ever accused Mr. Spreckels of intolerance or fanaticism—indeed, these are the last qualities his friends would permit to be imputed to him. The basis of the assumption, I believe, was Mr. Spreckels' impression early in the campaign, that the A. P. A. movement would figure prominently in the electoral contest, and he was inclined to give its representatives a hearing, and to listen to their claims. As he is not a candidate and has nothing to gain or lose, and besides, is manly enough to stand by whatever opinions he forms, there is no reason if he were a member why he should deny it. To his intimate friends he disclaims the remotest connection with the organization, and that in a manner which removes all doubt.

* * *

ONE OF THE funniest stories of the week relates the misfortune that befell a too curious instructress at a certain fashionable female seminary. She is a foreign person, the teacher in question, apparently given to European methods of surveillance, but she suffered consequences of a character to discourage future enterprises in that direction. It seems some stories about midnight orgies in one of the dormitories had spread through the

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Royal Baking Powder

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school, and it behooved her to investigate in such a way as to avoid rousing suspicion. So, after midnight, her feet encased in light slippers, and armed with a candle, she started for the attic, intent on watching proceedings from overhead. A rugged expanse of rafters, lath and plaster lay before her investigating eye, and she began a journey of considerable danger and no little difficulty. Alas for intentions! Just as she reached the region immediately overlying the suspected dormitory her foot slipped, and something awful occurred. It was announced by a dreadful crash mingled with hideous yells, and the inmates below were almost frightened into convulsions by the startling apparition of a pair of lower extremities somewhat lacerated by too violent contact with mortar, laths and lime, kicking away with the exuberance of a three-year-old. Though unused to such stirring scenes, the girls soon recovered themselves, and when the excitement had sufficiently subsided made arrangements to aid their thoroughly terrified instructress.

* * *

One active delegation made for the attic, and pulled and hauled for ten minutes ere discovering rescue was not by that route. Then they piled a quantity of pillows and mattresses on the floor; a rope was hung over the dangling feet and then such a pulling and hauling ere the unfortunate victim of curiosity was brought to terra firma! The story was, of course, too good to keep and though strict injunctions to secrecy were laid on the boarders, it was all over the school next day. I am told the foreign instructress bugs court-plaster by the yard and insists on tears if anyone mentions the mishap in her hearing.

* * *

THUS FAR in the campaign white winged peace prods uneasily over the *Call-Bulletin* menage. The phosphorescent atmosphere of the fish market has not recently been rent by sounds of strife between Deacon Fitch and Colonel Carothers—for since his elevation into a full fledged business management he is thus alluded to in the office. What may happen after the truce is something no one may foretell, but in the meantime the condition is that of armed neutrality. It need not be argued, however, that the relations between the great men are necessarily more cordial. I was witness to a scene on Clay street the other day which seems to argue the contrrary. The Deacon was shambling along at his usual gait, arms and legs swinging in opposite directions, his shoulders bowed under the burden of the Non-Partisan party, his face beaming editorial sympathy on the dilapidated pavement. Towards him at a species of Canadian jog trot came Carothers, tall, gaunt and hungry looking, a rapt expression round the corners of his mouth, his head shifting uneasily. Suddenly they caught sight of one another.

* * *

The Deacon straightened up stiff as a ramrod, his scissors hand fastened itself to his side. He took the outside edge of the sidewalk and all the tenderness vanishing from his face was replaced by a hard and stony glare that expressed a dictionary of contempt. Nor was the Canadian a bit backward in retaliating, for he grew perceptibly taller, his eyebrows bristled, his nose went up in the air, he hugged the window of Campi's as though anxious to partake of the salad and bananas ensconced behind the plate glass. Not a word. Not a bow, not a glance of recognition. And in the bosom of their respective families there are not more amiable men anywhere.

IF IT BE true the greatest sensations never get into the papers, it may be stated with equal safety, that the best stories are never told. It is really a fact, though, that the funniest tales of journalism rarely emerge from the editorial rooms, and it is safe to believe the most humorous of medical events never escape from the confines of the consulting room. One of the most curious happenings ever told at the Press Club was narrated by a young reporter detailed on the Branded Baby business, which the dailies have grown so hysterical about. Sent to interview a man living out in the Western Addition, he, after a search, found the house and rang the bell boldly. The hour was within an ace of midnight, and the night was dismally dark. After a protracted delay the reporter heard footsteps; the door opened, and a tall, thin-bearded individual, in a nightshirt, admitted him into the hall.

"Is Mrs. Soandso in?" inquired the scribe tremulously.

The figure took no notice whatever, but in rather a stern way, pointed to an open door at the end of the passage and signed towards it, then passing out of the way into another apartment.

* * *

Not knowing what to make of the situation, the journalist followed his nose and saw in the room an exceedingly pretty young woman in the condition as to costume which Trilby called the "altogether." She gave vent to a piquant scream, and rushed hastily to the door.

"How dare you come in here?" she demanded, through the keyhole, of the alarmed journalist. "Are you a burglar, or what?"

She accompanied the question with a series of alarmed shrieks, that echoed shrilly through the house. Before the journalist had a chance to explain the peacefulness of his mission the tall figure in the nightdress reappeared, this time armed with a candle and a walking-stick.

"What's the meaning of this row, George, and what are you doing around your sister's room?" he began.

As the light fell on the journalist's face he started back, with a "good gracious, who are you, and how on earth did you get in here?"

"I'm a reporter, sent to interview Mr. Soandso, and you let me in a moment ago," was the answer.

Explanations were then in order. The tall figure announced that he took the journalist for his son, who was belated, and had let him in without comment as an expression of disapproval. To accentuate the complication, the party wanted lived in the adjoining house, for in the prevailing darkness the reporter had mistaken the number. There were apologies all round, but no further inquiries that night.

* * *

APPROACHING WINTER will transform the Lurline Baths into a species of concert hall, with vaudeville attachments and unique scenic effects. One cannot expect swimming, even in the warmed water of the gigantic tank, to be as enjoyable as during the sultry summer day, and it behooves the management to supply its patrons with occasions and novel incentives for visiting that headquarters of aquatic pleasure. So, beginning in November, there are to be swimming races, diving contests and novel diversions in the big tank to amuse the spectators that may be gathered there. A band will discourse, electric fountains will spout columns of illuminated salt water, and many more events, humorous or entertaining, will be given. For instance, Mademoiselle Lurline, a captivating acrobatic maid, has consented to be shot from

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a cannon into the center of the tank, a la Zazel, and will disport herself in the brine like a mermaid. Aquatic tugs-of-war are also in prospect, more interesting, I think, than such events generally succeed in being.

* * *

This water company has just let contracts for the much needed addition to its present structure, which will provide it with the necessary storage tank, and with additional accommodation in the way of tub and vapor baths. Just at present the company is in the same predicament as the Olympic Club, having no receptacle for the water which is continually being heated in the Sutter street establishment, much of which is wasted. Another feature of the development of the original scheme is the Folsom street bath. Schultz has prepared the plans, and contracts are to be let in the immediate future. For those interested in the financial aspect of the project it may be interesting to learn that the company has credited to its reserve fund $28,000, and has commenced paying dividends at the rate of six per cent. To judge from the concerns and establishments that have commenced taking salt water from the mains, it will not be long before an extensive private clientelle is established, which, of course, means a permanent source of income independent of the Lurline bath house. So for the revenue producer.

* * *

Mr. Hearst's eagerness to institute favorable comparisons between Mr. De Young and himself betrays the consciousness of inferiority. What is this extravagant joy at the misstep of its contemporary but the fiendish happiness of the malignant urchin over the spectacle of the eminent citizen slipping on a bit of orange peel? Save that the victim is a bit jarred by the shock, he receives no hurt and the passers-by are merely scandalized by the undue mirth of the urchin. It is impossible to imagine a more undignified performance than this billing the town with "Hornbrooking." It is founded neither on discretion nor policy, is without sense or meaning and, if practiced as an example of Napoleonic tactics, is distinctly a failure.

* * *

EVEN THE BITTEREST opponents of Judge Levy's candidacy do not deny the energy of his canvass. Certainly he is showing his competitors the way round, and that in a style which may be taken, perhaps, as an indication of ultimate consequences in November. It happens to the most industrious that they are blighted in the execution of their intentions, however, and, according to a story which Charles Ackerman tells, Judge Levy is no less fortunate than other aspirants. Arriving home quite late after a very hard day, in which he had met endless voters, impressed them with his urbanity, and the misdirection of the opposition against him, and had presented each with his card, he threw himself down on a divan and began to recall the number of assurances given him. To aid the process he drew from his pocket the packet of cards he had been using during the day and began counting them. Heavens! they were not his at all, but bore the name of Judge Belcher, also a candidate for re-election. Then he remembered he had slipped a quantity of his opponent's pasteboards in his pocket in the excitement of the hour, and had really been making that worthy's fight rather than his own.

* * *

IT IS ALWAYS difficult to give advice to those about to engage in politics, but the cleverest slip up at times, and reminder is often an aid to memory. However, this is a suggestion that may be briefly stated, and compliance with it saves money, viz.: in campaigning carry no gold. This candidate or the other having none of the precious metal may consider the warning superfluous, but poverty, thank Heaven, is not so general as to furnish my rule with an overplus of exceptions. However, example is better than precept, and let me state the experience of Fire Commissioner Jack Martin, a popular gentleman, whose identification with the practical working of politics has the nature of completeness. A few nights ago he was "doing" the warm belt of the Mission, accompanied by two of "de push," sufficiently versed in the intricacies of life out there to protect even a millionaire against undue encroachments. About midnight they turned into a saloon, and when the Fire Commissioner started to pay the charges he found in his pocket a ten dollar gold piece. This the barkeeper promptly confiscated. A moment passed without any development of change. Whereupon one of "de push" remarked:

"Wot's de matter wid dat change? Dis is one of our own people. See? He ain't no bloomin' candidate."

Whereupon Mr. Martin received nine dollars and sixty cents back, and since then travels entirely on a silver basis.

* * *

CONSIDERING the degree of feeling induced by the gubernatorial fight, it seems curious how little bitterness has so far been engendered. There are a few weeks, however, for the development of weird yarns, and rumor ascribes to the Republican Committee the intention of springing wild accusations at Budd on the eve of election day. If this be done, there is not the faintest doubt but that retaliation will follow sure and fast, and I feel certain one tale will be as destructive as the other. As far as the speeches go they have had an element of brightness to them that is absent from campaign oratory as a rule. Budd's talks, while lacking the solemnity which so many people imagine should characterize the rhetoric of an impending Governor, have been piquant with a refreshing humor. There has been much fun made over his egotistic ebullitions which quite a number of respectable persons claimed must surely injure his chances. Yet no candidate in a decade has excited more enthusiasm, nor has any speaker the party has had out, so manifestly won the sympathy of his audiences.

* * *

Unquestionably Budd has magnetism—not the "hypnotic-hand" fascination of Markham, but that which has its source in youth, energy, frankness and ready sympathy. One may not announce results ere election day, but there is a certainty that Budd gains strength by his canvass, and that his opponent wins by his oratory but few votes. He is an old and familiar figure, and a constant reminder to the younger generation of Republicans that political preferment is not yet for them. The other appeals to this element as Will Barnes would have done, enlists their enthusiasm, and invites them to teach the leaders of the party that the age of antiquities has passed. It is very sure that after Estee the war horses of the party, with honorable exceptions, of course, may as well be turned out to grass. Colonel Burns counts on his man rolling up an immense majority in Los Angeles, but Budd and Jeter were most enthusiastically received down there, and, perhaps, Estee may not have the success his friend anticipates for him. It is certain, though, that Budd will poll an immense vote here. He has the town now, and will go to the country with a strength it will take the full vote of the South to neutralize. I don't believe Mr. Estee will call that out. Of the natural Republican strength, he will lack the colored vote—also, a considerable faction of the Grand Army support, which will inevitably go to for his opponent.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that Frank Willey' whose departure from here some fifteen months back was made the occasion of some little comment, is numbered among the prominent citizens of Ashfork, Arizona. He represents the Santa Fé and Phœnix Railway, and besides is both Justice of the Peace and Registrar of Voters. Altogether he is doing exceedingly well, and writes exuberantly of his prospects. Some descriptive letters which Mr. Willey has written of Arizona characteristics have appeared in the *Sunday Call*.

* * *

Supervisor Spreckels sounds well. I wonder if that popular young man will be able to down his opponent the immaculate Hinton. Good wishes count for little enough against votes, but I sincerely hope for Mr. Spreckels a large majority. That he will promote unparalleled reforms or provoke sensations I do not for a moment believe, but he is a very manly man, has the courage of his convictions, and may be relied on to do his duty to the city. What is better, he may set an example to members of the millionaire class and persuade them their leisure could not be more generously employed than in aiding and caring for San Francisco. We are creatures of precedent and fashion and ready to take up any fad that is socially furthered. It may be that Mr. Spreckels is the pioneer in a new line which would work as much good for the State race of millionaires as for the State. By the way it will be interesting to notice how the *Bulletin* will handle their presumptive Supervisor, if he should come to vote on a water order.

The Witness

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THE UNHAPPY CANDIDATE

OR

EVERY MAN AGAINST HIS NEIGHBOR.

SCENE.—Republican State Central Committee rooms. Maps of Candelaria mine on walls. Also pictures of Estee, Railroad time cards. Picture of Millard, almost hidden by large advertisement of a valise factory. Two Clerks of the Peck's Bad Boy order discovered looking over morning's mail.

1ST CLERK: "Say, Sam, here's the mail. Don't you think I'd better open the letters?"

2D CLERK: "Why, of course, open 'em."

1ST CLERK (*hesitating*): "You open 'em."

2D CLERK: "I don't care (*opens first letter*). This is from Fresno (*reads*), 'Weather here was bad last night. Meeting had but twenty people. There was much applause!'"

1ST CLERK: "The hall was cold, I suppose the people had to keep warm in some way."

2D CLERK: "That's pretty tough, isn't it?"

1ST CLERK: "Say! Put in a couple of ciphers after that 20 and make it 2000, before Dan comes."

2D CLERK: "Do you really think Dan's fooling himself about this thing?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, he thinks Estee's going to be elected sure enough. Look! Here comes Mahoney."

(*Enter Mahoney, sad and downcast.*)

MAHONEY (*soliloquizing, a la Hamlet, while the clerks look on amused*): "What was it that corporation hireling said?—He couldn't afford to put up money to save me from defeat, and then put up money to save me from destroying their property, and then put up again to save me from Grand Juries. Bah! There's no gratitude in this world." (*Wipes tear from his off eye.*)

1ST CLERK (*to Mahoney*): "Good news this morning, Senator."

MAHONEY (*recovering himself*): "Ha! (*clutches clerk's arm*). Indeed! (*pale and breathless*) has Williams withdrawn?"

1ST CLERK: "No, we had 2,000 at our meeting in Fresno last night."

MAHONEY (*disgusted, almost sinking to the floor*): "To the devil with Fresno! That ain't in my district. What do I care for Fresno!! That don't help me!!!"

(*Clerks wink knowingly at each other.*)

MAHONEY (*hopefully*): "Any one in the other room?"

1ST CLERK: "Yes, go right in."

(*Exit Mahoney.*)

Clerks punch each other in the ribs, laugh uproariously, put their thumbs on nose behind departing Senator.

1ST CLERK: "He's beaten."

2D CLERK: "Oh, *sure*. What does the next letter say?"

1ST CLERK (*opens letter and reads*): "Senator Perkins and Ford are having large and enthusiastic meetings in the South."

2D CLERK: "Well, they ought to."

1ST CLERK: "Yes, those fellows down there will go to anything that don't cost money. They order ten cents' worth of mutton chops down in that country, take half of them home and have the rest sent round for dinner the next day."

2D CLERK: "Ha! ha! ha! that's good. See. Here comes Estee."

(*Enter Estee.*)

ESTEE: "Good morning, boys. Any news?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, yes; Perkins and Ford are having big meetings down South."

ESTEE: "Well, well. Well, well. I don't see why Perkins went down there at all. That may help the legislative ticket, but it don't help me. Don't you see it don't? Those are Republican counties. He just wants to make an impression for himself."

1ST CLERK: "That's true."

ESTEE: "I don't like the way this campaign is being run (*pointing to rear room.*) Any one in back?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, yes; go right in."

(*Exit Estee.*)

Two secretaries punch each other in the ribs, imitate Mr. Estee's gestures and indulge in gleeful pantomimes.

1ST CLERK: "He's beaten."

2D CLERK: "Oh, *sure*; what does the next letter say?"

1ST CLERK (*reading*): "The Assemblyman in the——district will run ahead of his ticket."

2D CLERK: "That's fine."

1ST CLERK: "Here comes Lou Brown. He's good for a cigar."

BROWN: "Hello, boys."

1ST CLERK: "Hello, Lou."

BROWN: "S-g-ar?"

2D CLERK: "Yes; give us a couple."

BROWN: "Any good news?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, yes."

BROWN: "What is it?"

1ST CLERK: "Assemblyman from —— district, going to get in, sure."

BROWN: "To the devil with him! That don't help me. Anybody inside?"

1ST CLERK: "Yes."

BROWN: "Who?"

1ST CLERK: "Jonah and Cinch."

BROWN: "Who's that?"

1ST CLERK: "Estee and Mahoney."

BROWN: "Oh, ho! I'll go in and see 'em."

1ST CLERK: "He's beat."

2D CLERK: "*Sure.*"

(*More hilarity, more pantomime.*)

1ST CLERK: "Here **He** comes."

2D CLERK: "Who?"

1ST CLERK: "Millard."

2D CLERK: "That fellow couldn't get elected if no one was running against him."

1ST CLERK: "Blessed if he hasn't got his gripsack with him!"

(*Enter Millard.*)

MILLARD: "Am I in San Francisco, California?"

1ST CLERK: "Yes, sir."

MILLARD: "Is this the Republican Headquarters?"

1ST CLERK: "Yes, sir."

MILLARD (*heartily*): "Thank God! I'm not lost."

1ST CLERK (*politely*): "Have a seat, Mr. Millard."

MILLARD (*with much excitement*): "Do you know me! Do YOU KNOW ME! I have not found a man who could call me by name since I left Los Angeles. I HAVE NOT HEARD MY NAME MENTIONED FOR WEEKS!!!"

Millard indulges in fantastic and weird laughter, that frightens the boys.

MILLARD: "Is there any election news that will interest me?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, yes. Six native sons died yesterday in the State and twenty pioneers."

MILLARD: "Well, that's the best news of the campaign. They were sure to vote against me. If enough of them fellows die before election I may get there. Hey?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, yes: you may."

MILLARD: "Estee in?"

1ST CLERK: "Oh, yes."

MILLARD: "How's his health?"

1ST CLERK: "Got a bad cold."

MILLARD: "Serious?"

1ST CLERK: "Don't know."

MILLARD: "Well, if he don't fool with doctors, he'll get well. Just tell him that when he comes out."

1ST CLERK: "All right."

MILLARD: "Who else is in the——"

1ST CLERK: "Cinch and the man who hails from Solano but lives in Alameda."

MILLARD: "Whose that?"

1ST CLERK: "Mahoney and Lou Brown."

MILLARD: "I'll go in."

1ST CLERK: "Jonah, Cinch, Solano-Alameda and the Tourist."

2D CLERK: "He's beat."

1ST CLERK: "**Sure**! What's in the next letter?"

Clerks are interrupted by loud wails coming from back room. Mahoney's voice is heard above the others. A passing funeral procession with band playing Chopin's funeral march, adds to the din. Clerks run to window and shout police. Commissioner Burns hurries in, takes Millard from the gang, rings for the patrol and has Millard in jail for disturbing the peace before he knows who he is, or any one has had an opportunity to introduce them.

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Contra Costa County . . . . . California

This new play, "O'Neil, Washington, D. C.," written for Daniel Sully by a Pennsylvania newspaper man, has merit. It is well constructed, has no forced climaxes, runs evenly and fixes one's interest. In fact, the incidents are possible and the conclusions probable, which in these days of abnormal manifestations is praise of high degree. The plot has as its focus an inventive genius—the hero and the star, of course. Electricity forms the vital spark, which in this wonderful age of ours touches the button of the predominant current of the times, and in the play sets the entire mechanism buzzing. The various characters are quite carefully adjusted, operating on each other's destinies with a natural and logical consistency that maintains the balance and poise of the animating idea—the motif—of the story. There are flaws, of course, for the edification and the amusement of the critical, but remembering the play is written for the star, and that all ideas stand subservient to the monarchy of his centralized personality, assuredly, then, must all dramatic situations be concentrated in him. Sully does capital work. He looks the very bronze monument of highmindedness and high principle — upright, grand and square. These three adjectives appear like a gratuitous piano advertisement! But really, he is the embodiment of earnestness and a well-spring of deep feeling, causing the tear of laughter and the tear of pathos to mingle pleasantly and soothingly.

It would appear that the handsome, loving widow and the opportune child are all-important necessities to Mr. Sully's dramatic career —they seem indispensable to the manipulations of his plots, and he must have them. He is always stirringly bold in practical needs, but strangely, shyly timorous in affairs of the heart, and ever wooes by the proxy of the widow's child, the widow herself—the bud nearest the coveted rose—rather a neat idea this, and one that never fails to win sympathetic admiration, especially at the matinée. There is certainly a delightfully comfortable feeling of complacency, of calm, spiritual satisfaction in sitting through a play that one knows is written specially for the star, no matter how blank or black the outlook at the curtain-rise may be—it is unnecessary to grow excited or unnerved, for there is ever the blissful certainty that all obstacles, entanglements, machinations and counterplots will surely melt like the dollars of a political campaign, and that the hero, the star, will "wade through slaughter to a throne," be the throne a satisfied worldly ambition or a woman's love.

The story of Mrs. Kendal's marriage is doubtless campaign literature of an accentuated kind, but it has the virtue of being readable, and on that score, without guarantee of veracity, is given. The private life name of the person who occupies the conspicuous role of her husband, is William Hunter Grimston, and ere the marriage, she had become mildly notable as Madge Robertson. The marriage took place at Manchester. Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson, then touring with the elder Compton, were sweethearts. A convenient time seemed to have arrived for their wedding day, for on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights pieces were to be played in which neither of them need appear. This meant a nice little honeymoon, and the two lovers would re-appear on Monday night. So, the day was fixed—Thursday; the church chosen, St. Savior's, Plymouth Grove, and the best man booked. Then bad news came. Compton's brother was taken ill, and he had to hurry away from Manchester. Another play had to be put in the bill; both Mr. Kendal and Miss Robertson were needed, for it was "As You Like It," one to be Orlando and the other Rosalind. In spite of the disappointment Madge insisted on marriage that Thursday morning; of course Willie acquiesced, and they were wedded quietly and happily. In the evening husband and wife met on the stage in the forest of Arden. There, with Celia as the priest, amid the leafy trees and grassy pathways, Orlando turns to the merry Celia, and pointing to the far, far happier Rosalind, cries out:

"Pray thee, marry us!"

"Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?"

"I will."

"Then," Rosalind pertly remarks, "You must say, 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'"

"I take thee, Rosalind, for wife," said Orlando, earnestly. Then Rosalind asked: "Now, tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?"

And Orlando replied, both in the words of Shakespeare, and in the language of his own heart: "Forever and a day."

That is the true story of the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Doubtless it was the natural desire of each never to play apart from the other, and from that day they have never separated.

Funny, did you say, the play of "Church and Stage"? Why, my friend, it's the best burlesque I've seen in many a day! Funny? It's side-splitting; a mind-relaxing tonic of rarest efficacy, warranted to put you in good humor. After seeing this serio-comic burlesque you will feel so gay that in a spell of good humor you'll pay your tailor. Theodore Kremer, the perpetrator of this nightmare, wrote the drama (!) in all seriousness, but it would be preposterous to take him earnestly at his own valuation, for if we did all the enjoyment would be lost This invaluable fountain head of amusement, this Kremer, must have had recurrent fits of Sudeman's magnificent "Magda." He draws upon this material with charming abandon whenever his supply of comic originality and acrobatic heroics is at a low ebb. He forgets that it has nothing to do with the case, and in a ludicrously sublime unconsciousness of logical, ethical construction the fellow bowls merrily onward, oblivious of time, action or unity. His ideas of dramaturgy are deliciously nebulous. Funny? It's the jolliest sort of a treat. Over the cheap nightmares and on the garish indecencies let us wisely draw the veil of forgetfulness, only remembering to take the play comically, for if seriously considered the dialogue is coarsely stupidly vile. Even Ibsen would hide his leonine head at such so-called realism, such vulgar narrative which plumes itself in calling a spade a spade and a rake a rake. The British Matron and The Young Person would wash it from off the face of the earth, but they would fail to see the humor, the funnyisms. I remember seeing the inimitable Charlie Reed deport himself in a burlesque on "Camille." I wish he were alive to-day to delight us in this burlesque on "Magda." Maybe the Kremer is past master in the art of psychological subtleties and aims at Reform through the novel medium of skittish writings; he may be too keenly satirical for commonplace individuals and beyond my ken. Admitted then that the Kremer is a playwright too originally intricate for classification, how shall we place him as an actor? Under the sod, I say, for there and there only will he attain repose. If some linguist would kindly tell me what sort of an accent he has I would feel deeply indebted. I can only call it a jargon of mutilated English weighted down by some impediment or affectation of speech, possibly a faulty palate. To see the Kremer wildly clutch the air, strike a tragic right angle with the white and gold chair and jingle his eyeballs is a lesson in muscular mechanism but rarely seen on the stage. I guess it's Realism à la carte.

The three representatives (save the mark) of the Church try hard to appear pious and dignified and succeed in being splendidly sportive! The two representative ladies of the parish, gray-haired mothers of grown sons, sit about in the rector's study in décollté gowns and shine stones, give vent to the most scandalously risqué utterances and make a pious exit, saying they are expiring for a drink and a pinch of snuff! The three ministers and the High Archbishop countenance a sort of barroom orgy, and smile approvingly at the slang, double entendres and vulgarisms. I guess it's realism—Kremer's Realism.

The stage setting of the rector's study looks like a gay artist's studio, a Parisian junk shop or an animated oriental rug sale; in these incongruously French surroundings, the good man prays—and here, too, occur the wild performances of the entire menagerie. The rector and his wayward daughter, Miss Jeffreys Lewis, when in the heat of abusive dialogue, storm riotously about, expressing intense emotion by sounds reminiscent of a kennel of mad dogs. Miss Lewis rants, mouths, gurgles, screams and throws herself about in coarsest recklessness. She is the personification of the Penny-horrible, a heroine from the New York *Ledger* or the *Fireside Companion*, read and reverenced by the knowing messenger boy and the juvenile elevator person. Her décollté Japanese kimona of Act Second, topped by a red satin Turkish fez, be-tasselled, complete the agony of her acting. The play revels in immoralities and is a dramatic mince-meat of unpalatable flavor; the painful attempts at being tragic succeed amusingly in being comic. So it's funny in a novel, crazy, untamed fashion—very funny, indeed!

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE CALIFORNIA.

Katie Emmett, who will appear at the California Theatre on Monday, has achieved, according to all accounts, a great success in her new play, "Killarney," and aside from the individual success of the star, the company and the play are accorded the same. The play is conceded by everyone to be far in advance of any Irish play of recent years. It is from the pen of Con T. Murphy, who wrote "The Ivy Leaf" and "Fairies' Well"; it is full of strong situations, bright comedy, and tells a touching love story. Miss Emmett's role is dual, she appearing both as a boy and as a girl. The songs which she sings are bright and catching, and are already whistled on every street corner in the cities where she has appeared. The production here will be identically the same as that given at the Star Theatre, New York, where Miss Emmett and "Killarney" were greeted by crowded and delighted audiences.

The third series of new "Living Pictures" will include the following: "Blissful Moments," by C. Dotti, "Cupid's Awakening," by Perrault, "Home Songs," by Conrad Keisel, "The Diver," by Cooper, "Cupid in Disgrace," by E. Daelen, "The First Quarrel," by Marcus Stone, "The Peacemaker," by Marcus Stone, "The Turkish Bath," by Buckovac, "The Princess in the Tower," by G. Marotti, and Toby Rosenthal's famous painting, "Parting From Home." The "Living Pictures"

at the California Theatre have awakened the utmost interest and approbation among the patrons of this popular house. They are all reproduced from famous paintings and statuary and have been much talked of; but of a truth, seen from the auditorium, in the abstract, as it were, they are simply admirable living adaptations of the artist's fancy.

THE BALDWIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in A. W. Pinero's new play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is the attractive announcement made for the opening performance of the Kendal engagement which begins at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday night. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" tells an interesting and dramatic story, is curiously rich in shades of character, and above all provides Mrs. Kendal with an opportunity for the display of artistic powers, for the playwright has created and elaborated a part of exceptional difficulty, which is at the same time one of the subtlest and most learned analysis of the human mind and human action. Mr. Kendal's part of Aubrey Tanqueray has its fine and dramatic moments, and is an exceptional one for the display of Mr. Kendal's refined and finished art. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" will be repeated during the rest of the week.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Morosco's Grand Opera House has been doing a profitable business during the past week. On next Monday the great emotional drama "Woman Against Woman" will be presented with the full Morosco cast.

THE ORPHEUM.

The present successful bill will be continued at the Orpheum next week. Haverly's minstrels who are now playing at the Portland house will open at the San Francisco Orpheum on October 29th. The management regard the success of the minstrels at Portland to be phenomenal, and anticipate an equally prosperous engagement here.

SUTRO'S BATHS AND HERR SCHEEL.

Sutro's Baths open on Sunday, with a grand concert by Herr Scheel's orchestra. The seating capacity of the house is enormous, and the whole interior is set off with palms and plants in profusion. The salt water tanks are immense affairs, and consist of both hot and cold water plungers. Herr Scheel promises a musical programme from two until five, which will embrace popular as well as classical music. A large attendance is anticipated and full preparations have been made for the comfort and entertainment of a large gathering.

To Down Spooks.

A wealthy bachelor declared that a horrid hag had glared at him through the night. His friends laughed at him but he insisted that the house was haunted. He grew ill, complaining of extreme heaviness in the stomach, his appetite failed, he grew sallow, emaciated and despondent, believing he was going to die, the spook being a warning, and declared he could hear funeral bells ringing in his ears, and even hinted at suicide. A friend induced him to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and he rapidly grew well, spooks and all his distressing symptoms disappearing. A torpid liver and dyspepsia caused his suffering and the medicine cured both. A pamphlet free, or a large book on liver and stomach diseases and how to cure them (136 pages) for six cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation, biliousness and derangements of stomach, liver and bowels.

A Late Breakfast

Is often caused by a late milkman. No cream for the coffee or oatmeal has delayed many a morning meal. Keep a supply of Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream in the house, and avoid such annoyances.

Next Sunday's Event

The Sensation of the World.

. . . Inauguration . . .

SUTRO'S BATHS

Court Director

SCHEEL'S BENEFIT

Grand Popular Concert

From 2 to 5 P. M.

Scheel's Famous Orchestra
A Programme of Rare . . . .
Excellence.

General Admission, 25 cts.

IMPORTANT SALE.

Two magnificent down town holdings belonging to the Ryer estate, one situated on the northeast corner of Market and Stockton streets, and the other on the southwest corner of Market and Third streets, 75x70, are offered for sale through the real estate firm of G. H. Umbsen & Co. The pieces of property certainly are among the very choicest holdings in the city, and will always bring high rents. The sale will be watched with much interest as indication of the real estate market.

DEMOCRATIC MASS MEETING

Metropolitan Hall

Saturday Evening, Oct. 20, 1894

Under the auspices of the Democratic State Central Committee.

SPEAKERS

Hon. W. W. FOOTE
DR. JAMES I. STANTON
Hon. JAMES C. NEALON
AND OTHERS

Hon. FRANK T SHEA WILL PRESIDE

There will be a lively discussion of the issues of the campaign

FRANK H. GOULD, Chairman
JOHN MARKLEY, Secretary

KENNEDY'S

901-903 MARKET STREET

Ready with a Complete Stock of

DRY GOODS

LARGE IN QUANTITY
FINE IN QUALITY
SEASONABLE IN STYLE
LOW IN PRICE

Special terms made with Religious, Educational and Charitable Institutions.
Mail orders promptly and judiciously attended to.
An inspection solicited.

GOLDEN GATE HALL

Carr-Beel Saturday Pop. Concert

SIXTH SEASON .·. 39TH CONCERT .·.

October 20th, 1894, 3:15 P. M.

PROGRAMME

1. String Quartette in A minor, Op. 29 . . . . Schubert
I. Allegro ma non troppo. II. Andante
III. Minuetto. Allegretto. IV. Allegro. Moderato.

2. a—"Es blinkt der Thau" . . . . . Rubinstein
b—"Fruhlingsnacht" . . . . . Jensen
c—"Where blooms the rose" . . . . Clayton Johns
d—"Ritournelle" . . . . . Chaminade
MISS REGINA NEWMAN

3. Cello Soli. a—Adagio . . . . . Godard
b—Scherzo . . . . . Klengel
MR. LOUIS HEINE

4. Trio for Piano and Strings, Op. 50 . . Tschaikowsky
(By Special Desire.)
I. Tema con Variazioni. II. Allegro risoluto e con fuoco.
MRS. CARR, MESSRS. BEEL AND HEINE

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers
Next Week - Monday, October 22d
LIMITED ENGAGEMENT OF . . . .
MR. AND MRS. KENDAL
(Under the direction of Daniel Frohman)
AND THEIR LONDON COMPANY
. . Presenting for the first week Pinero's famous play . .
THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY
To be followed by "A White Lie," "The Ironmaster," Etc.
Seats now on Sale.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager
Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinée Saturday
An Elegant Irish Production
A Success from Atlantic Lakes to Pacific Gulf.
The Queen of Soubrettes, Sweet Colleen KATIE EMMETT
In her Masterly Creation KITTY BURKE
In her Ever-green Irish Drama
★ ★ ★ KILLARNEY
The Best Irish Drama of the century.
An admixture of Genuine Pathos, Devilish Villainy, Quaint Irish Humor and Heroic Chivalry. Magnificently Cast! Scenically Gorgeous!
Katie Emmett's LEAP FOR LIFE
A new series of "LIVING PICTURES"

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE
This Saturday and Sunday Evening.
Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2 P. M.
★ THE GROVERS
Leonard Grover, Jr., and Leonard Grover, Sr., in a Gala Double Bill
PRIVATE SECRETARY AND JOE'S GIRLS
A wealth of hearty, honest laugh
Monday, October 22nd
★ ★ ★ MY SON-IN-LAW
NOTE PRICES: 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.
Box Seats, 50c. Loge Seats, 50c. Reserved Opera Chairs in Family Circle, 15c.
MATINÉE . . . . . 10c., 15c., 25c.
Seats now on Sale at the Box-Office.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
Wednesday Afternoon, October 31, 1894
At prompt 1:30 o'clock
Entertainment for the benefit of the
SAN FRANCISCO FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION
(At which the Leading Talent from all the Prominent Theatres will assist.)
TICKETS, Including Reserved Seats, ONE DOLLAR
On Sale at The White House.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING ..... Proprietor and Manager
LAST NIGHTS! FIFTH AND LAST WEEK!
Overwhelming Success!
The New Spectacular Burlesque
✳ ✳ ✳ DON JUAN (AD LIB.)
Universally Indorsed by Press and Public!
Monday, October 22nd
FRA DIAVOLO
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager
UNCLE DAN'L
Or a Messenger from Jarvis Section.
Monday Evening the Famous Emotional Drama
WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN
Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Week Commencing Monday, October 22nd
UNPARALLELED VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTIONS
Josephine Sabel, Chanteuse Internationale, in all the most popular of the latest Eastern and European Serio-comic songs; **The Dore Bros**, unexcelled banjo duo; **Max Pettingill**, the entertaining eccentric comedian, with his performing dog, Willie; **Luciano Tatali**, the flying human serpent; **Herr Franz Hell**, the eminent flugelhorn soloist, and
A GREAT SPECIALTY COMPANY.
COMING ! ! ! Week of Monday, October 29th
HAVERLY'S MASTODON MINSTRELS!

The Mipperfield * * Mystery.

The eldest son of the great Mr. Hydenseke's only brother, from my earliest years I had felt a pride in the wonderful achievements of my celebrated uncle, and a strong fascination for the calling which he followed. These feelings became stronger as I grew older, and long before I attained legal age I had firmly made up my mind to enter the same profession. My mother was somewhat averse to this, being anxious to put me into the Church or the Law, as more reputable vocations; but my father, a practical man, who saw that I had a faculty, as well as an inclination, for the Inquiry business, decided that I could not do better than place myself under the instruction of my illustrious relative. The latter, when he was approached on the subject, expressed himself ready to take me; and into Mr. Hydenseke's office, at the age of nineteen, I accordingly went.

I found myself subjected at first to much drudgery and dry detail work, as I suppose is the case in the elementary stage of every profession; but my uncle gave me an occasional treat by taking me with him now and then, to help, or more correctly to watch, him investigate some of the interesting and sensational cases on which he was from time to time engaged.

The first time he did this, to my great delight, was on the occasion when he was called down into Somersetshire to try his skill in unravelling a very mysterious crime. It was a case of murder, which had quite baffled the efforts of the local police, and also of the officers who had been sent down from Scotland Yard by the Criminal Investigation Department. But the murdered man's solicitors, acting on instructions from the executor, who saw that the police were doing no good, had wisely commissioned my uncle to take up the matter.

The case, as put before us by the lawyers, was briefly this. Eight days previously, a client of theirs, an old man of seventy, named Bennett, who lived by himself in a small, lonely house, outside the village of Mipperfield, had been found dead in his arm-chair, shot through the head. The discovery was made by the woman who waited on him, and who did not sleep in his cottage, but lived in the adjoining village, and came in every morning at seven o'clock. On reaching the cottage that particular morning, she found the house barred up, and though she created a loud noise by hammering at the door and throwing up gravel at the old man's bedroom window, she was unable to make him hear. Thereupon she became alarmed, and procured the assistance of some neighbors, including the village constable, under whose superintendence a shutter was forced and an entrance effected.

They found old Bennett in his arm-chair in the parlor, shot through the right temple, and a revolver (afterwards identified as his property) lying on the floor close to his chair, as if it had fallen from his hand. When examined, it was seen that two chambers had been recently discharged; the other four being still loaded.

The first impression created in the minds of those who found the body was that it was a case of suicide; and this impression was confirmed by the fact that the house was completely barred up throughout, both on ground and upper floor, and that every bolt was fastened *on the inside*. Old Bennett had always been a bit nervous of having his cottage broken into, and all his windows were protected by stout shutters; none of which (excepting, of course, that by which the exploring party gained an entrance, and which took twenty minutes and much violence to force) had been disturbed.

The door, also, which opened straight from the parlor into the outer air, was of strong oak, and was securely bolted inside. Hence, it seemed impossible that any one could have got in and have since made good his escape.

But the medical evidence given at the inquest did not favor the supposition of suicide; for of the two bullet-wounds, (which, though starting from the same point, took different directions, the one upwards, the other sideways), either by itself—the doctors asserted—must have caused immediate death and have rendered the victim incapable of inflicting a second.

It was put to them by the Coroner. Would it not have been possible for the dead man to have fired the shots in such rapid succession that the trigger was pulled the second time before the first shot had taken complete effect? In their opinion, they replied, it would not. For both bullets had penetrated the brain, and neither could have failed to produce instantaneous death. To this belief three independent medical witnesses firmly adhered.

The evidence of a gunsmith's expert was also taken, as to whether the second chamber could have gone off accidentally in the fall. He answered, "No." The revolver was one of Colt's best, with a stiff double-action. Consequently, after the first discharge the hammer would have come to half-cock, in which position only a very strong pull at the trigger could have exploded the cartridge.

In addition to this, the question of motive had been gone into without result. Old Bennett was an eccentric old man, of miserly tendencies, who, though possessed of substantial property, had always persisted in living a hermit's life under the most meagre conditions. But he was perfectly sane, and could have had no conceivable reason for taking his own life.

On the other hand, it could not be discovered that he had any enemies. And that robbery was the object of the murder—if murder it was—seemed to be negatived by the fact that what little money Bennett had in the house, as well as his watch, chain, and a few other articles of value, had been left untouched.

"And how about this property of his?" my uncle asked the solicitor. "To whom was it bequeathed?"

"Half to his only near relation, a nephew, whom he appointed executor; and half to the trustees of the Josiah Binn Almshouses, for the benefit of that institution."

"Yes, yes. No bequests to any one else?"

"None."

"And this nephew of whom you speak. What of his circumstances—financially?"

"Good. He is an auctioneer in Bristol, with an excellent business. And he has private means also, in addition to what his uncle has left him."

"What does that amount to?"

"Well—old Bennett's whole estate is as nearly as possible £6,000. After the necessary deductions, his nephew will get some £2,800."

"And the almshouses about the same, I suppose?"

"Yes; very nearly."

"Just so. Well, now—had any one else any *expectations* from the old man?"

"No. He had never made any secret about his will, which was executed ten or twelve years ago. And I imagine that every one, who could have fancied himself interested, was fully aware of Bennett's testamentary disposition of his property."

"In point of fact," said Mr. Hydenseke, looking very straight at the solicitor, "assuming it to be murder, and applying the *cui bono* test, no one is suspected?"

"No one."

"Ah, well; I will just walk down to the scene of the crime, and look about me. Perhaps you would give me a written order, in case they should question my business to inspect the premises."

"Of course," replied the solicitor, hastily scribbling a few lines on a sheet of paper, and handing it to my uncle. "I have told the police that you are coming. The inspector who has charge of the case says that you are an old friend of his, and that he shall be pleased to cooperate with you."

"What is his name?"

"Inspector Bullen, of Scotland Yard."

"Ah, yes. I know him well, of course. A good fellow; very popular both in the force and out of it; but too blunt in his methods for tracking out an intricate crime. Good morning. I will let you know if I make any important discovery."

My uncle and I walked over to the village of Mipperfield, and experienced no difficulty in finding the cottage where old Bennett had lived. It stood by itself in some fields, about a quarter of a mile from the nearest house, and was approached by a footpath from the high road. At present it was being guarded by the village constable, who, on hearing my uncle's name, immediately admitted us, with a deferential air.

The room where the tragedy had occurred was a small, old-fashioned apartment with a tiled floor, furnished in that stiff, solid style which is characteristic of the parlors in the better class of country cottages. It was in excellent order and preservation. In fact, from the evident freshness of the paint and the immaculate hue of the whitewashed ceiling, it appeared to have been very recently "done up." And on this circumstance my uncle at once remarked to the constable.

"Yes, sir," answered the latter. "It was getting into a bad state, and poor old Bennett was crying out about it so, and saying he should leave the place, that the Vicar had it thoroughly overhauled and repaired. That wasn't more than a month ago."

"Does the Vicar own the house, then?"

"Yes, sir. It's glebe property."

"Umph!" said Mr. Hydenseke, after glancing round the room with apparent carelessness. "And that is the chair in which the old gentleman was found shot, I presume?"

He pointed, as he spoke, to a low, easy chair, with shabby leather padding, which stood exactly opposite the fireplace.

"Yes, sir; it are," replied the constable.

My uncle walked up to it and examined it rather carefully; and I noticed that he bent his eyes with peculiar keenness on the tiles underneath. He next turned his attention to a small mark in the wall opposite the door, where a little piece of plaster had been chipped away, and the place showed up white against the surrounding blue-wash.

"Is this where one of the bullets struck the wall, constable?" he inquired.

"No, sir. They were both turned off the straight, them doctors said, by contract with the old gent's skull. And one was found imbedded in yon window-sill, and the other in that beam up over, hard against the cornice."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Hydenseke, hastily jotting down some notes in his pocket-book. "Do you mind showing me the exact holes, constable? I should like to examine them."

"Certainly, sir," replied the other, turning away to point to one of the bullet-marks. "Here's one, you see, just above my finger."

My uncle came forward, and as he passed me slipped into my fingers a page torn from his pocket-book. While he was engaged in discussing the bullet-marks with the constable, in his blandest manner, I hastily scanned the note:

"Offer this blockhead a cigar and a nip from your flask, and keep him talking for five minutes; I want to examine the outside alone. Also, while I am out, sit down in the armchair and lean back!"

On the first opportunity, I proceeded to execute the above commands. "Thank'ee kindly, sir," said the constable to my proffered Havannah. "If I may keep it for by-and-by, sir, when I goes off duty. And thank'ee, sir, very kindly," he answered, in response to the cognac; "I looks towards you!"

In the meantime Mr. Hydenseke, with a nod and a "back in a jiffy," had slipped out.

"Have another," said I to the constable, again tendering the flask. He took another long pull and smacked his lips.

"Rum business, this?" I observed to him.

"Bless you," he rejoined, oracularly, "there ain't no mystery about it. Only them doctors must go talking nonsense and making out they knows better than us constables. It's as plain a case of suicide as I ever see."

"I am inclined to agree with you," I answered. ("Have another?" "Well, thank'ee, since you're so pressin'.") "You see," depositing myself in the armchair, "if the old man was sitting like this, and he held the pistol so" (I indicated the direction with my first finger), "that was the natural line for the bullet to take. And as for his not being able to shoot twice——"

"That's gammon," interposed the constable. "Have you ever seed a pullet's head cut off, sir?"

"No," I said.

"Well, a pullet, when its head's chopped off, will sometimes run right round the poultry-yard afore it drops. And surely, I sez, if a pullet can run a matter of fifty yards without its head, a man must be able to shoot hisself a second time, even if he got a slug in his brain."

And on this view he proceeded to enlarge, with impressive logic, until Mr. Hydenseke came lounging in again, with his hands in his pockets and whistling a popular air.

"I was just sayin' how it was a clear case of suicide," said the constable to my uncle, emboldened by the cognac.

"Looks like it," replied Mr. Hydenseke, laconically. "Well, George, I don't know that we shall find out much by further examination of the premises. Let's be off. Good morning, constable."

"Good morning, sir," answered that functionary, with a half-exultant leer, as much as to say, "Told you so. I knew you'd find out nothing all along. Unmistakable suicide!"

"Where are we going now?" I asked my uncle as we walked away.

"We are going to the Vicar to ask whom he employed to do the repairs at the cottage."

"Have you discovered anything?"

"This much. That it is a murder, and a very ingenious murder. I know the 'how' exactly. It remains to find out the 'who.'"

"And what is the 'how?'"

"That I will tell you by-and-by."

And this was all I could get out of him for the present.

On reaching the vicarage, we were informed that the Vicar was at home, and were shown into his study. He looked ill and haggard, and glanced up at us very uneasily, I thought.

"I am looking into this Bennett case," said Mr. Hydenseke, going briskly to the point. "I understand that the cottage is glebe property, and that you have recently had it repaired. Could you tell me the name of the man you employed?"

"Certainly. It was Jenkinson, our village carpenter."

"Thank you. Is he a master man, or does he do his own work?"

"He does his own work; he is in a very small way. But surely you do not suspect him?"

"Not at all. I incline to the suicide theory myself. But one is obliged to make a few inquiries *pro forma*, you know. By the way, sir, as I am here, could you let me see a directory of Somerset?"

"By all means," replied the clergyman, taking down Kelly from the bookshelves and handing it to my uncle.

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The latter turned up the place he wanted, and inspected it carefully for a minute or so. Then he shut up the book and laid it on the table.

"Well, really, I need not trouble you further," he said. "It was merely that formal inquiry I wished to make. Sweetly pretty place this, sir. Very picturesque old mansion I passed on the way—real Elizabethan, but looks a bit neglected."

"Yes. Our Squire is nearly always abroad. He suffers from a lung complaint."

"I see. And this neighborhood is damp, I should say. Good morning, sir. Sorry to have troubled you about such a small question. But I always like to make my inquiries straight from the fountain-head, so to speak. It is a suicide, I have very little doubt."

"I'm glad we went there," said Mr. Hydenseke to me as we walked away.

"But you did not learn much from him," I said.

"No?" returned my uncle, with his peculiar smile. "I think I learned a good deal. Item No. 1, the whisky bottle, which he had rammed into his waste-paper basket just before we entered. You didn't see it. Ah, I did though; I detected the effluvium, and looking about for the source, caught sight of the bottle's neck among the papers. Now his reverence has not the face or the air of a toper. And if he does drink spirits in the morning, he must do it for some purpose, say, to drown care. Item No. 2, his uneasy look when we entered. Item No. 3, the tremor in his voice when he mentioned Jenkinson's name. He is a weak man, that parson, and cannot conceal the fact that something is preying on his mind. Item No. 4 (what I found in Kelly), that the Rector and the Squire are the two sole trustees of the Josiah Binn Almshouses. Item No. 5, that the Squire is nearly always abroad."

"Good gracious!" I said, "do you think the Vicar did the murder?"

"No, I don't. But he has been up to something that he hadn't ought to, I'll swear. Now we're going back to the town to see that solicitor again."

On our reaching the office, the latter was able to see us at once, and showed great anxiety to hear how we had fared; but my uncle would say little, declaring that his present object was to derive, not to impart, information.

"About those almshouses," he said; "do you happen to know how the present endowments are invested?"

"Yes. I am solicitor to the trustees. I invested the money (£1,700) for them myself, when Josiah Binn's bequest fell in to them fifteen years ago. It is in Consols."

"Ah! Can you give the precise figure, the number of the stock, and the name or names in which it was invested?"

"Certainly." He rang his bell and gave some instructions to a clerk. "The first two questions you will find answered in our books, when my clerk returns with them. As regards the last—the money is invested in the names of the trustees, Arpington, the Squire, and Killick, the Vicar of the parish."

"The Squire is always abroad, is he not?"

"Yes. He has not been in England for two years. The Vicar is the practical manager."

"Is he a man of means?"

"No; but he has a fairly good living, and no family to support. I have never heard of his being at all embarrassed."

At that minute, the clerk came back with a large ledger, which he opened at the necessary place, and laid on the table before his employer, who quickly looked up the information wanted, and gave it to my uncle.

Mr. Hydenseke wrote it carefully down, and handed the paper to me.

"Look here, George," he said, "take the afternoon mail to town, run down to the office, and see what is doing there; and in the morning go to the Bank of England as soon as it opens, make inquiries about that stock; and wire me the result in cipher."

To cut the matter short, I did as I was ordered, and my inquiries at the Bank ended in my sending the following telegram:

"Stock referred to was sold by trustees seven months ago."

* * * * * *

The Vicar was easily terrified, by a threatened charge of murder, to make certain abject confessions which threw great light on the real criminal's motives.

It transpired from these that John Jenkinson, the carpenter, though outwardly honest and respectable, had long been implicated with an audacious gang of swindlers in Bristol. He had a pretty daughter—no better than she should be—who had decoyed the weak-minded Vicar into a discreditable intimacy, followed by the usual results.

Her father had seized the opportunity to blackmail the Vicar, and though his demands grew constantly more exorbitant, the poor cleric dared not resist them. This resulted—and Jenkinson knew it—in his appropriating the capital of the Josiah Binn Almshouses. That was now exhausted. And the insatiate scoundrel had hit upon the daring scheme of bringing (by the death of old Bennett) fresh funds under the control of his victim, in order that he might reap a new and splendid harvest.

That death he had compassed in the following ingenious way. I will give it in the words in which my uncle explained it to me:—

"One of the first things I noticed was that the tiles under the legs of old Bennett's easy-chair were rather worn. This betokened that he usually sat in the same place, and would render it easier to preconcert a plan for shooting him from the outside. I next observed that chip in the plaster. It struck me that it was just at the height of a man's head, sitting down in the easy-chair. I then turned my attention to the door. You remember it? A solid old oak door, with one of those huge, antiquated keys, such as was in use one hundred years ago. Was it a coincidence (I asked myself) that the key and the chip in the wall were exactly the same height from the floor, and that the back of the armchair was in a dead line between them? I went outside, as you know, and a brief investigation there confirmed my view. The end of the big key just projected through the door, and was brown and rusty. But in the soft rust were two tiny marks, quite recent, as though it had been seized with pliers and turned round from the outside. I stooped and looked through the lower part of the capacious keyhole (having myself turned the key sideways before I went out), and I saw that when you leaned back in the armchair the upper part of your head covered the chip on the opposite wall.

"A revolver barrel, of the small size used, would just go into the bottom of the keyhole, fitting like a wedge. And so, when the proper measurements had been taken, the murderer had merely to watch until old Bennett's head covered the mark on the opposite wall, insert his pistol and fire.

"That he evidently did. He next removed two bricks from the coping round the door (which he doubtless had loosened previously while engaged on the repairs), drew the upper and lower bolts, and entered, firing the second shot from close to his victim's head, in such a manner as to favor the idea of suicide. Leaving the pistol on the floor by the chair, he withdrew, fastening the bolts from the outside by inserting his hand through the two apertures of the removed bricks. These latter he then carefully replaced and mortared up."

"Then how comes it," I interposed, "that the new mortar was not noticed by the police next morning?"

"The police are none too 'cute," answered Mr. Hydenseke, with a shrug of his shoulders. "And the thing was well done. He had mixed a quantity of white lead in the mortar, which would dry and harden it in three hours. There was scarcely a mark to be seen, and he had most deftly replaced some of the old moss and lichen. Oh, he's an old hand, is Jenkinson, and marvelously light with his fingers. I'm quite sorry to assist in sending so good a workman to—hem—Kingdom come."—*London Truth.*

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Chicago Tribune.

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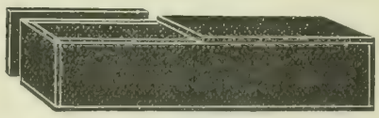

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly: For the past week the Woman's Parliament and the various clubs have occupied the whole attention of society. Mrs. Captain Overton entertained the Fortnightly Whist Club last Tuesday evening.

Dr. Janeh played the devoted to Miss Page, the Secretary. Wonder where Jennie Bonsall was. Her father and mother were there. The Merry Wives met last Friday at the residence of Mrs. O. W. Childs. They are in full membership and expect to have many "Tackey" meetings this winter.

The Ruskin Club opened in full force, but they are an intellectual body, loving art for its own sake. In musical circles we hear a sly whi-per of Maud Masac's engagement to Merle Manning.

Mrs. J. C. Kline, of Adams street, drives out with a new span, and one of the handsomest widowers in town for a driver.

Miss Letta Lewis is going to New York. We hope she will return with brighter prospects than befell her dearest boon friend, Mrs. Lawrence Hanley (*nee* Lemmert). Mrs. Ed. Preuss has returned from the seashore, and is fitting up her home handsomely for entertaining her hosts of friends.

Judge Bucknell's resignation was not a surprise to the people, but it was a terrible blow for his friends. J. H. Polk is in Mexico managing the Bradbury mines. John and his wife are very friendly with their mother. Their combination was powerful enough to secure a resignation, if it did cost them many thousand dollars. But what does J. D. Bucknell care for $10,000 for twelve years. He is the S. P.'s attorney, and holds his position there on account of his high morality. His salary with the railroad is a secondary consideration.

Yours devotedly,

Becky Sharp.

SAN JOSE.

The chrysanthemum show is going to be the affair of the season. It is in charge of two ladies well fitted to carry it successfully to a close. Mrs. Wright is an enthusiast about the favorite Oriental flower, of which she has a splendid collection; and Mrs. Finnigan is a social leader, who always gathers about her the brightest and prettiest girls, and, of course, all the beaux. The ladies declare that they can get along without the "*exclusives*," who have refused to assist.

Charley Shortridge is the hero of the hour, and nothing but words of praise are heard upon all sides, on account of his fearless, manly and stirring editorial of Tuesday. Mr. Shortridge never was a coward, and even his enemies respect him for his courage.

The card parties have started up again, and now we are on the alert for choice bits of scandal.

In San Jose this week politics holds full sway, to the exclusion of all social matters. The ladies have at last entered the fight, and all energies are bent toward electing social favorites. As usual, the District Attorney's office invites their efforts, and to the two young aspirants the eyes and the hearts of the fair ones are turned. Most of us are for Mr. Bowden, because all like him, and it is currently reported that some of us love him. Of course, Mr. Harrington is also a favorite; but then we can't go back on the young man who fought the gossips on their own ground, and, by the dignified power of manhood, conquered.

The fight for Sheriff is becoming equally intense between the lady friends of Mr. Bollinger and Mr. Lyndon. Both are suave and popular men, and both have admirers in plenty.

Bessie.

FRESNO.

Dear Wave: The only entertaining of any consequence this week was done by Mrs. Louis Heringhi. She gave a ride Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Raphael, a San Francisco girl, who is visiting her. It was a most peculiar affair. The crowd was woefully "mixed." Of course, our Tennesseean blonde was there in all her beauty. Kittie and a friend, whom I did not meet, were also of the crowd. The boys were the most remarkable portion of the assembled multitude. I may remark that a deplorable feature of the evening was that no one had any lozenges. Frank Helm and Tomaso Lynch (that sounds better than "Tom," even if he has red hair) were the only boys of our set. I did not care at all for the rest.

And, dear Wave, think of it, the Native Sons' grand ball is to be given November 1st. As a sign of how hard times are, I'll whisper in your ear that I'm having my pink silk of two years ago turned. I didn't wear it last year, so most of the girls will not remember it. Those who do will be afraid to say anything, because they're all doing the same thing. I do hope the next ball will not be so painfully eventful as the last one. I don't suppose it will, though, as there will be no occasion this time for stern papas and insistent mammas following. Besides, he's engaged to another girl.

Our entertaining is to be on peculiar lines this year. I don't like it at all. In old times the crowd acted as a unit, and the "89-90" club acted as a general director of functions, a sort of governor wheel. Now, with no main organization the girls are dividing into cliques and clubs, and are not honoring outsiders with any attentions. I don't like it. Of course the Query club is a nice thing. But if its members are going to set themselves up as anything superior to the ordinary run of mortals, I am going to withdraw. I'll have to because the girls outside won't invite me to any of their functions if I don't. Some of the girls are dreadfully piqued because they were not taken in by the Query club. They mustn't get too pugnacious, though, it isn't good form.

The dashing young widow is back with us again. I wonder if the engagement really was broken off? Something must have happened, for I know that the order for the trousseau was out at one time. It was stopped all of a sudden, and then the doctor went away.

Ed. White has assumed another role. Now he goes as "doctor." It all occurred in the Opera House when the so-called boy phenomenon was giving an exhibition. When a call was made for medical men to examine a subject, Ed was one of the first to respond, and got around with all the impressive manner of an M. D. That reminds me that I have heard Eddie is going to step off some time in January. From other rumors afloat he will not be alone, for Cupid's darts seem to have been flying about quite promiscuously. Quite a number are already down as sure cases.

Harry and Margaret, from what I hear, will probably head the list. Annie Laurie and Mr. Clark are another pair, if rumors are true. Eva Turner, the charming schoolmarm has also made a capture. But for the life of me I can't find out who he is. And then, just think of it, Alonzo Chance and Nellie Eden are married at last. They evidently were going to settle for themselves, that much vexed question about the superiority of the delights of realization over those of anticipation. They have been anxiously "anticipating" for six years, and now thought they were ready to take a try at realization.

Trix.

SACRAMENTO.

Society never was duller than at the present time. It may be the calm before the storm, for much is promised in the way of winter festivities.

The dry goods man and his wife have moved into their great big house. They threatened to bid us to entertainments on a grand scale, but society is still expectant. Even the much talked of house warming party has not come off. Our dear, delightful Dr. Gardner was tendered a banquet by his brother practitioners prior to his permanent departure from our midst. Some of the toasts given elicited no end of amusement. Dr. Gus went in heart and soul for sentimental poetry. Most likely it was because he had in mind that pretty LOVE of a girl who, rumor says, has decided to take him for better or worse. Our postmaster toasted "The Wife."

Our sweet little songstress, Irma Fitch, has left us to join the Benson opera troupe. She has developed into an actress of some little ability. When the McNeil Club went in for operas, Irma always essayed a leading role with flattering success. The Clunie opera troupe closed an unsuccessful engagement Sunday night, with the time worn "Pinafore." That nice young man with the dreadful name appeared as Ralph Rackstraw. His acting was more dreadful than his name, which is saying a great deal.

The pavilion was the scene of a gorgeous spectacle last week. "The Temple of Fame" was produced for the benefit of Fair Oak Corps. A motley crowd was there each evening, but society was slimly represented.

Our Governor actually appeared in our midst recently, and delivered a speech which was the signal for vociferous applause. It was real nice of him to create a good impression now that his term of office is so near to a close.

Politics everywhere. The men have deserted us completely. How enthusiastic we became when the Judge exonerated our genial District Attorney from those charges that were made against him through personal spite and political aspirations. Frank has always had our warmest regards, and we girls all hope to see him elected.

Society is to see nothing of Mrs. Witherbee this winter as she accompanies her husband to Los Angeles the first of the month. His business interests necessitate his presence there. They carry with them our best wishes for a prosperous and happy sojourn in the land of orange groves.

The minister is disconsolate. Carrie has just undergone a most serious operation, but everything points to a speedy recovery. The marriage, which is to be rather a quiet affair, will take place on the ninth of December.

Mrs. Orcutt and Harry have taken to the bicycle craze. I wonder what they will do next.

The Musical club has sustained a loss in the departure of Miss Belle Morton. She will winter at her father's ranch in Colusa. The club members will miss her graceful and musical manipulation of the guitar.

Jennie Peltier is visiting friends here. She has developed into a charming wife and mamma, but life on the ranch grows monotonous at times.

My next letter will tell you of a coming wedding where there are few congratulations and many surprises.

Sister Sue.

October 17, 1894.

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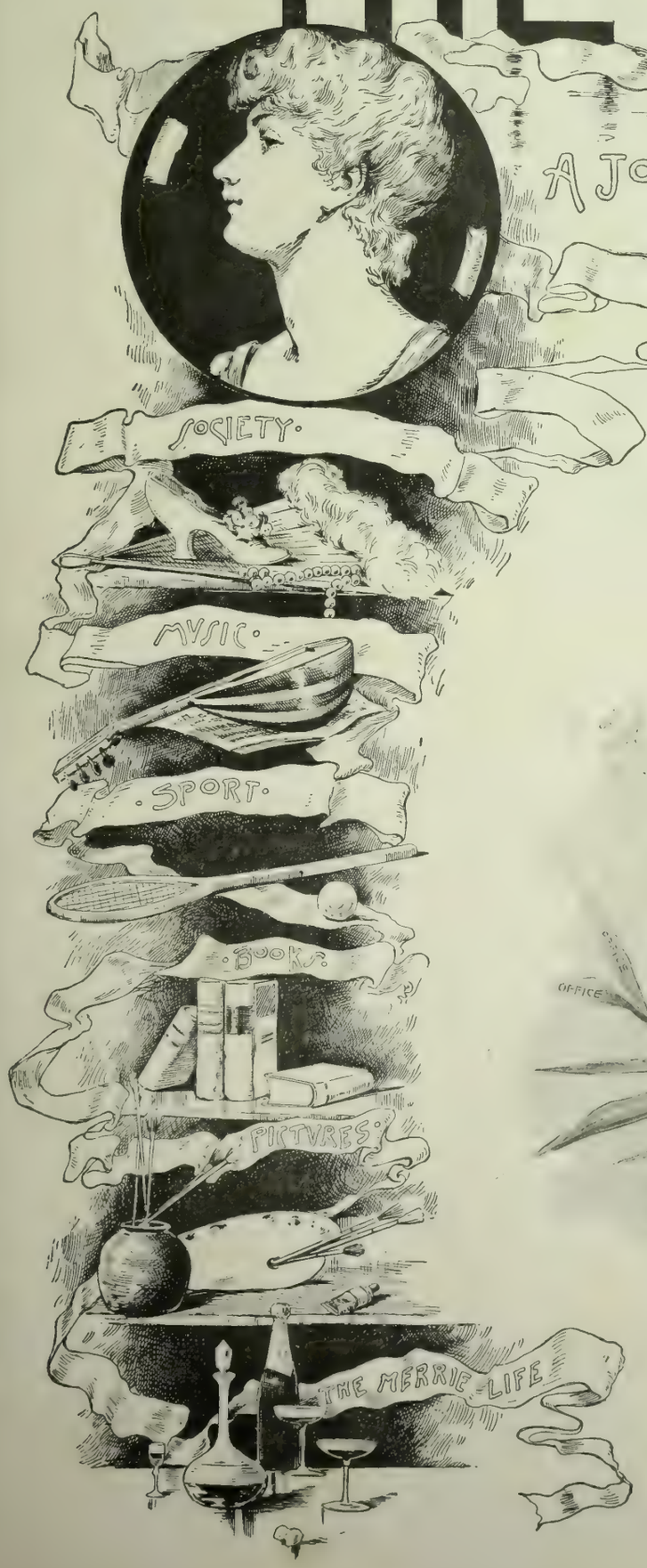

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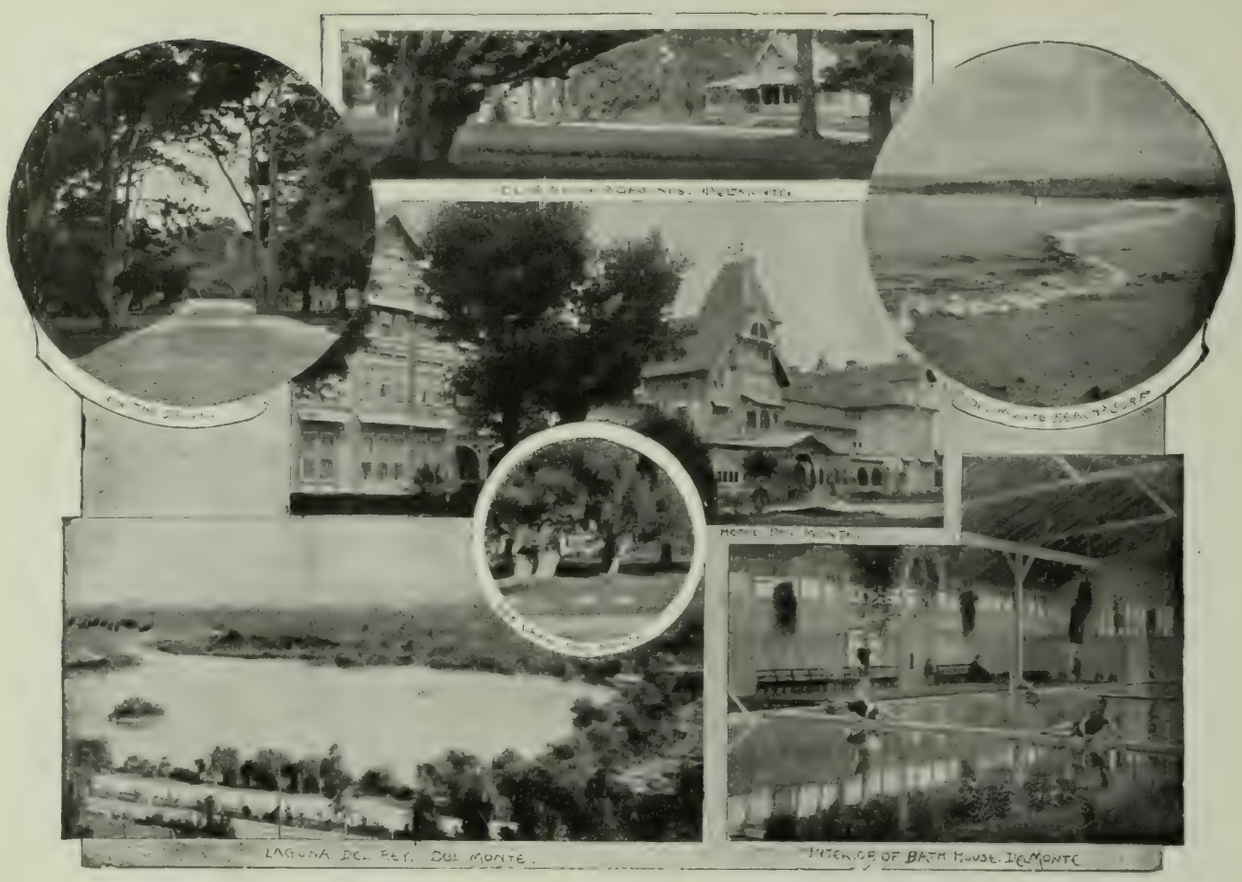

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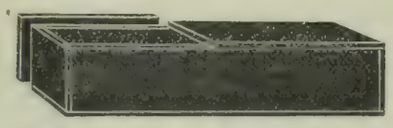

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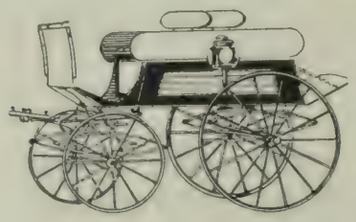

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Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 27, 1894

THE GRASSHOPPER PLAGUE.

Though the impression is current that the Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor, being from Kansas, is necessarily a grasshopper, it should be understoad this is but a figurative way of depicting his migratory and predatory tendencies. If the semblance in which he appears in our cartoon were his actual guise, the consolation of returning him to his native country would be denied us. A grasshopper could never survive the long railroad journey Spencer G. Millard has before him. We are a generous and kindly people out here, patient to a fault, and fond of curiosities even in insect form. Still we don't care to elect them Lieutenant Governors inasmuch as that form of encouragement might precipitate on us the plague of locusts so delicately outlined against the horizon in the illustration. Though Mr. Millard came north in a fur-lined overcoat and anticipated skating on the Sacramento, we credit him with sufficient intelligence not to expect election. Indeed he is suspected of too pronounced a sense of humor even to vote for himself.

ROORBACKS.

Weeks, nearly months ago, we stated to our readers that this election would decide forever the fate of Bossism in California. We pointed out that Mr. Burns and Mr. Buckley had entered into a compact to elect Mr. Estee. That if Mr. Estee were elected the patronage which gratitude would accord to Mr. Burns would insure him the control of Republican conventions for years to come, and aspiring members of that party need not hope for office in the future without his sanction. We warned Republicans and Democrats alike that this was the last ditch of Bossism ; that the struggle would be bitter, that the people would be misled, befogged and lied to, that misleading statements would be published, charges and counter charges sprung, and dissensions inspired by cunning and adroit tricksters formented and encouraged to blind the voter to the real issue. Our words of prophesy have been more than fulfilled. The Boss, apparently resting secure in the belief that the Spirit of Party would swing him and his infamous institution through to victory, has been vainly boasting in the public prints that Mr. Estee would carry the State of California by thirty thousand majority, and that the country beyond Tehachapi would alone yield to the machine a surplus of eight thousand votes.

May we ask Mr. Burns, then, what he means by republishing the exploded falsehoods of fifteen years ago against Mr. Budd ? Does the boasted thirty thousand majority require the distribution throughout the State of anonymous circulars attacking the Democratic candidate for Governor in a most despicable way ? Does the eight thousand Republican majority which is coming up through Tehachapi Pass demand indecent falsehoods, the publication of unproven charges, the disgrace of the dead, the garbling and suppression of the solemn findings of the Court which alone disproves the very calumnies circulated ? Does the rehash of an ancient and discredited scandal elevate Mr. Estee, Mr. Millard or Mr. Jerry Mahoney ? Is Dan Burns any less Dan Burns, is he any less a menace and a danger to our commonwealth, is he any less vicious or less harmful to the Republican institutions? Does the villification of Budd accomplish the purification of Burns, or are these infamous slanders merely the gratuitous devlitry of wicked men, thrown off in an idle moment to round off the thirty thousand figure? The malice and injustice of the attack has been noted by all. Everyone knows that ignorant and vicious litigants do not hesitate to incorporate in their pleadings charges which are beyond proof, having birth only in the surmise of wicked and malicious minds. These charges Colonel Burns, as the mouthpiece for thousands of respectable Republican citizens, has published in full, and now mark the wickedness of the crime—the solemn findings of the courts, which are part of the same record and which damned the infamous falsehoods of the accuser, are suppressed, except that, here and there, garbled and distorted extracts are published to give to the allegations the aspect of having received the approval of the Bench. It is despicable politics. It is not politics, it is simply slander. "Slander," said an old writer, "may represent us in a false light or place a likeness of us in a bad one; but we are the same. Not so the slanderer; for calumny always makes the calumniator worse, but the calmniated—never."

The issues founded on the charges made against Mr. Budd have been tried and adjudicated in a court of law, and the findings exonerate him fully. But the issues of this campaign, which Mr. Burns would blind us to, have not been tried. The Republican party has not yet recorded its approval of the infamous and criminal primaries engineered by Mr. Burns. The Republican party has not yet filed its verdict assenting to the Sacramento Convention, where the will of Burns slaughtered honest ambition of honest men, and foisted upon a respectable party the willing and pliant tools of corruption, the debauched slave to office hunger. The Republican party has not yet determined to seat Mr. Burns upon the throne of its councils nor to bow down to him for all the future. The Republican party has not yet accepted Mr. Estee as its standard bearer; it has not approved Mr. Millard, of Kansas; it has not yet declared Senator Mahoney an uncorrupt and honest legislator; it has not yet debased itself to worship at the gilded throne of Bossdom, the corrupt, damnable, infamous institution, that has bribed our courts, placed venal men upon the bench, tampered with our Legislatures, bargained and sold and trafficked in men's honors and reputations like hucksters, and brought infamy and disgrace upon the Republican form of government. The revivification of the slanders and refuted charges against Mr. Budd of fifteen years ago will not meet these issues and must not blind our citizens to the solemn duty which lies before them. The life, the very existence of Bossdom is at stake, in this campaign. It is the last struggle of the serpent of corruption. If Budd is elected Governor the doom of the Boss is sealed forever, the death knell of Buckley and Burns will ring in the ears of a downtrodden community as the chiming of carols of joy and thanksgiving. Wise men know this—the whole State knows it.

The attack upon Budd is not the work of decent Republicans; it is the savage brutalism of vice brought to bay, which knows no argument but abuse, no principle but plunder, no honor but that which is shared by lesser scoundrels. The attack is the work of the same power that stuffed our election rolls, polluted our primaries, voted with the scum of humanity the names of dead and honored citizens, the power that crowded decent men from the polls, that tramples upon every public right, laughs at every public protest.

Political "roorbacks" form one of the discreditable features of American politics. The expression, "roorback," had its origin in the time of Polk. A New York paper copied an extract purporting to be from "Roorback's Travels," in which it was stated that forty-three slaves with the marks of the branding

iron upon them, formerly the property of James K. Polk, were seen near "Duck River." Investigation showed that Roorback had never existed as an author, and that the charge was an unmitigated falsehood, and a base invention. "Such," says an Eastern writer, "is political lying, with which this country is cursed, and the fair fame of its sons and daughters sullied. In this way was President Jackson's wife introduced into the political arena with every term of contempt that could be devised to sting the sensibility of one of the most valuable men of the century, and through journals published by respectable men in the centers of refinement and civilization. In this way have hundreds been assailed from time to time with a recklessness only known to the envenomed energy of party spirit.

Who will not remember the gross calumnies on Daniel Webster—the insulting description of his "remains" being seen upon a steamboat as he journeyed toward his quiet retreat at Marshfield—and the grosser description of his personal tastes, which it would be a libel to repeat! Thus has political warfare made the most abominable attacks on the public men of this country from the time of Washington. The Father of his Country could not escape the malice of enmity, for his name was forged by demoniac hate, and his breast lacerated by slanders on his honor, his virtues, and his patriotism even while he was engaged at Trenton, where his almost dispirited soldiers stained the snow and ice with their shoeless, bleeding feet as they marched to strike the blow that not only gave liberty to this land, but increased the sum of happiness for every nation of the earth."

"WHATEVER you may say of Millard," said a Republican friend, "he is perfectly at home on the platform." Most tourists are at home on the platform—a Pullman platform.

THE NATIONAL POLITICAL SITUATION.

THE *Washington Post* publishes interviews with Georgia politicians giving reasons for the increase in the Populist and the slow up in the Democratic vote of that State. The situation should be dealt with frankly. The Populist vote rose to nearly 100,000, and the Democratic majority fell to 25,000. The successful Democratic candidate for Governor, in his statement of the cause of this, condenses the reason given by all the politicians of both parties whose interviews are published. He attributes the result to the silver issue. He complains that the plank on silver in the Democratic platform was a palpable straddle and that single and double standard men alike claimed to stand on it and from the same stump made financial speeches precisely opposite to each other on the money question. This is undoubtedly true, and what else could have been expected than that the Populists, holding to the free silver idea only, and declaiming for unlimited coinage at a ratio of 16 to 1, should have had the best of the situation and largely inc eased their vote! Now the position of the Democratic Administration upon silver is right or it is wrong. There can be no middle ground. The plank on this issue in the California Democratic platform is not a plank. It is a hole, means no more than a hole and is ignored as a hole in the campaign now in progress. The neglect of the party in the campaigns of this year to back the position of the Administration is a most infuriating evasion of its duty. On every street corner in the country and from every Populist stump the speakers of that party are busy with chalk and blackboard propogating financial theories of the most dangerous and insidious type. No where are they met with arguments which present the ever living truth and the natural facts which are the soul and essence of sound finance. The result will be that when the Democratic National Convention meets in 1896 this universal and unopposed teaching of error will have public opinion captured for reflection in that body and its financial plank will be either a teeter board like that of Georgia or a hole like that of California. While it may not be said that the tariff question is settled, the direction of its conclusive adjustment is settled, never to be changed. This is perfectly evident in the speeches of Sherman, Cullom, Allison and Reed. Every old custom officer in the country who remembers the re-adjustments of duties under the several tariff laws, from the Morrill Act until now, feels and knows this change in direction, for he knows that this is the first general amendment downward in rates that has been made in thirty-two years. Every other change has been a raise in tariff taxes, either by adding to the tax on articles already dutiable or by adding to the dutiable list, or by both. Hereafter a return to the old system of protection will require an increase in tariff taxation, and there is not now, nor will there be, a party bold enough to propose it. So much, then, is settled as to the tariff. The true issue is the financial. Finance and revenue are the twin relics of Republican policy that must be considered and settled. The solemn duty resting upon the Democratic party is a settlement of our financial policy. This duty it discharged in Jackson's two administrations. From a period prior to the Revolution the colonies had no individual financial policy. Under the Confederation our finances were chaotic. Jackson brought stability out of disorder and established a hard-money policy, which was undisturbed until the Civil War. Since that profound convulsion our financial policy has been erratic and unsettled. Mr. Cleveland was the first President to put its correction in issue, and it must remain in focus until it is settled, or chaos comes again. Nothing is more common in our campaigns than complaint of England's financial supremacy. But that primacy is an incident in English history that is spanned by two lives. Under her Stuart Kings England underwent all the money makeshifts which are to-day advocated in the United States as discoveries in finance and panaceas for poverty and distress. She was rapidly becoming a mere dependency of France, and her Kings took a personal subsidy from that country as a matter of course. She was saved to national independence and started on an imperial career by two great actions—the revolution of 1688 and the revocation of the Edict of Nautes. By the first, William III. became King, and applied his hard Dutch sense to a reform of her finances, and by the second, Louis XIV. expelled the Huguenots, who were the fine artisans and handicraftsmen of France, and they sought freedom of conscience in England. Their hegira took from France her arts and manufactures and planted them in England. Commerce depends upon the freedom and obligation of contract. These were given to England by William, and the result was a rapid approximation of the legal to the commercial standard of value protected by freedom of contract. In this way England grew naturally into the single gold standard and into a staple and immovable financial policy, and has become the financial center of the world. The movement to this conclusion has been a constantly upward movement for her people. Its reversal would begin their downward movment to a lower standard of life. The movable wealth of the world goes to England. From every country where credit rots, where policies are unstaple, where capital is unsafe, money flees to England, seeking safety and stability. In this country demagogues rail at this, but the hound might as wisely whine because the hare runs when he frightens it. The result is that in England the single gold standard is associated with the cheapest and most abundant money to be found in the world. The American demagogue, who purples his face and swells his veins denouncing "the Goldbugs" for wanting the single standard in order to make money scarce and dear, if he wants to borrow it proves himself a fool by seeking English capital because it is always to be had at the lowest rate of interest.

This country needs the single gold standard, and protection to the freedom and obligation of contract. With then, as many silver dollars as can be held at a parity with gold, and no more. Out of this comes, of necessity, a denial of free coinage on any ratio, but absolute Treasury control of the volume of silver. The opposite policy means to Mexicanize and Mongolianize our finance. The Mexican silver dollar and the Japanese yen have more silver in them than our American standard silver dollar. Mexico and Japan have the single silver standard. The yen of Japan and the dollar of Mexico are sold by the brokers in San Francisco. Go and buy a Mexican dollar or a yen for an object lesson. You lay down an American dollar and the broker will give you for it a yen or a Mexican dollar and a half dollar in change. The transaction will impress you with a sense of the financial degradation of those two silver standard countries. It may impress you, also, with the necessity of keeping our own silver dollar on a parity with gold. How the commerce of Mexico and

Japan suffer, and the people of those countries are bled by such degradation of their money standard will be treated hereafter.

MR. MILLARD says in his speeches that he is proud he is running on the ticket with Mr. Estee. Now, will Mr. Estee say as much for Millard?

That the Boss has been reduced to resorting to the meanest and most disreputable of methods was clearly shown at a meeting held in this city last Tuesday evening. A number of indignant and outraged Independent Republicans met to denounce Bossism and the rule of Burns. Conscienceless ruffians resorted to every devilish device to break up the gathering, even going so far as to hurl at the speakers, rotten eggs, as they entered the hall. Is this not enough to make one's blood boil with indignation? The speeches were made, however, and the following ringing resolutions were passed:

"We, the Independent Republicans of the 22d Senatorial District of the State of California, in mass-meeting assembled, assert our belief in and adherence to the principles of the Republican party as they have been declared and promulgated in the platforms of the various national and State conventions of that party, *but we assert that the present campaign in this city and county involves some local issues and principles which are as important as the great questions of the tariff and of the American system. Among these is one without which there can be no Republican or Democratic government and that is that the people of the various districts should be permitted to make their own choice of candidates for delegates to nominating conventions. With this principle ignored and a corrupt boss selecting the delegates, the people are under a tyrant and are serfs, and the Government not worth either protecting or preserving.*"

A RATHER peculiar position is that of Mr. McNab, the Non-partisan candidate for Sheriff. Mr. McNab, an honest man whom, if Ruddick were not a candidate, we would be glad to support, is a member of the Republican State Central Committee, is one of the chosen advisers and managers of the Republican party, and yet is the nominee of another party and is endeavoring to defeat the regular nominee of the party of which he has been chosen adviser. There is an anomaly here and something inconceivable.

FINANCE AND MANUFACTURE.

THE entire amount of money in circulation in California is estimated by a shrewd and conservative local financier to be, in ordinary times, twenty million of dollars. Certain foreign banks, however, imported several million to meet threatened emergencies last year, so that now the sum may reach twenty-five million. The annual statement filed by the Bank of California and Nevada Bank shows these two institutions alone to have on deposit in their vaults, ten million dollars, or one half of the entire amount of money in circulation in ordinary times. This money does not represent the economies or savings of the thrifty masses, who lay their surplus by in savings banks and accumulate interest thereon. These institutions are commercial, and pay no interest to depositors, and unless this amount, in part, represents the re-deposits—for safe keeping—of our savings banks, this immense sum is the property of capitalists and well-to-do merchants who can find no employment for their surplus revenues. The very fact that this amount of money is so stored away and stripped of all earning capacity, argues strongly that its present unprofitable retirement is purely a temporary makeshift pending the development of better times or safe investment. In effect, the mercantile and manufacturing world of this State is being conducted on a capital diminished by over fifty per cent. It is not necessary to take into account the large deposits with which our other banks are credited to give point to this article, nor does the present condition of financial affairs indicate any new alarming features. Certain conclusions, however, are inevitable in this connection, and they are worth the consideration of those among us interested in the prosperity of the country. We will all admit that manufacturing in California, outside of a few of our Iron Works, is retrograding rather than advancing; that a State which should, in the nature of things, present a wide field for factory, shop, and loom, derives most of its supplies from the East; that there is neither scope nor recompense for the investor who seeks adventure for his means. The question of the moment is, therefore, to discover the cause of this inertia and lack of enterprise. That assigned, it will be time to devise remedies and coax capital into factories.

Manufacturing in San Francisco is carried on under certain disadvantages, some of which are natural, some artificial. In the working of iron, every pound of metal moulded into commercial forms and every ton of fuel which supplies the heat to melt it into tractability must be imported from over the seas or hauled thousands of miles across the deserts. The absence of fuel is our great drawback here, for iron ore exists in certain sections if but the means of development were at hand. In addition, the manufacturer labors under disabilities that may be mended by wise legislation and carefulness. These Mr. Tobin, ex-Commissioner of Labor, sums up as follows:

1. Higher rates of interest on loans.
2. Higher wages to employés.
3. Higher price for fuel.
4. Higher water rates.
5. Higher taxes.
6. Higher rates of insurance.

His investigation in the matter of interest developed the fact that the manufacturer of the East is accommodated with loans at from four to five per cent per annum, interest payable semi-annually, while in California as high as from seven to eight per cent is exacted with interest payable monthly.

In the matter of wages South Carolina ranks lowest in the average daily rates paid to adult males, the amount being $1.07 per day, as against $2.45 in this State. The nearest approach to our average occurs in Iowa, where it amounts to $1.81 per day. Still, some manufacturers insist that this is one of the least of the burdens they have to bear.

Consider, again, the matter of fuel. The average cost in California is three times higher than that prevailing in the East. Mr. Heynemann, manager of the Pioneer Woolen Mills, declared that it added 3½ cents a pound to the expense of production, as against 1 to 1½ cents, the Eastern average.

As to higher water rates Mr. Tobin says:

"The fourth reason given, viz., higher water rates, requires no elucidation so far as San Francisco is concerned, where the rates are outrageously high as compared with most other cities. The Oakland Hosiery Company had to pay at the rate of $200 per year per set of carding machines, while in the East it would average only $66. Although the Pioneer Mill of San Francisco had a large water supply of their own, still they paid about $3,000 per year to the San Francisco Water Company."

The fifth reason, higher taxation, exemplifies the suicidal public policy pursued in California. In many Eastern States manufactories are exempt from taxation. "No privileges are granted. No concessions are made, no inducements held out under our laws to foster and encourage manufacturing industry in this State," says Mr. Tobin. This certainly is most unwise procedure, and should be mended by our Legislature in so far as the power within it lies.

The sixth and last disadvantage cited is the exorbitant rates of insurance in vogue here. It is declared to be three times greater than the tariff East. Concert of action among our manufacturers, however, will speedily find a means of remedying this exaction. Indeed, the means are even now at hand.

These are the stubborn facts which stare our manufacturers, present and prospective, in the face, and it is not to be wondered that the field is practically vacant and our commercial banks glutted with money waiting for investment. It would not be profitable at this juncture to point out to labor the mistakes made in its name, which have driven such industries as we once possessed out of the State and deterred others from taking the abandoned field. Upon labor more than with any power, depends the rejuvenation of our manufacturing industries. In these unhappy times the employer of over a dozen craftsmen has made his bed upon a slumbering volcano, which may burst forth at any day, at any hour. Is it to be wondered, then, that one-half the coin of the commonwealth lies idle behind steel doors, while countless willing workers are compulsory tramps upon our highways. Let our workingmen learn the lesson that capital may exist without its help, but that labor withers when it is withdrawn. There is room here, too, for wise legislative action, which may better our condition.

THOMAS V. CATOR denies in an open letter to the Stockton *Mail* that he ever predicted the election of Mr. Estee, or that he ever had any interview on the subject with any newspaper man. Brother Hume should rise and explain.

ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

Readers of THE WAVE who are alive to the iniquities of Bossism are urged to sign the following card and forward the same to this office to the end that their names may be registered and the cards forwarded to New York.

Membership in the new League is to be without dues.

Names are coming in from different sections of the State and as rapidly as practicable local clubs will be organized for organized effort. The movement is absolutely non-partisan and members of any political party are perfectly free to join.

The Anti-Spoils League

CARL SCHURZ, *President* WILLIAM POTTS, *Secretary*
SILAS W. BURT, *Treasurer*

Office. 54 William Street, New York

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the Spoils System from the public service, —believing that system to be unjust, un-democratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the Merit System to the farthest practicable limits under our national, state and municipal governments.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

SPLASHES

IS IT THAT the bicycle craze has taken us, or we the bicycle craze? Whether possessed or possessing, it is here, and is the subject of perturbation, conversation and general interest. Like the grip and other epidemics of modern days, it has taken some weeks to travel over the broad plains and high mountains of the continent, and still finds us a bit uneasy over ethical aspects. Still such qualms have a knack of disappearing before the example of others, though I suppose no woman realizes she is quite as ungraceful on a machine as her sister. To Miss Hager and Miss Daisy Van Ness the honor of pioneering the latest fad belongs. Foreseeing the future, they took advantage of the incipiency of the new craze, accomplished their early struggles without spectators, and are ready now to offer consolation and advice in the trials and tribulations of the rest. And is there any joy comparable with that of anticipatory premeditation, or rather of exploiting in effective form one's foresight? However, proficieney is but a matter of practice as weeks are not essential to mastering the mysterious wobblings and wierd caprices of the initial wheel. A lesson or two infuses even the embryo with the desire to plunge swiftly through the smooth roadways of the Park, though early experiences are apt to be fraught with pain and bruises and a misconception of the joys of the pursuit.

* * *

Not for weeks, perhaps, until ease and smoothness are acquired, does the fascination of the pursuit impress itself on the rider. With muscles tense to the demands of hill climbing and responsive to hightening spirits, the exhilaration of the motion is realized, and then one wheels whenever the opportunity allows or the skies are clear. But it is reasonable all joys should have a preface, and early bicycling, like the course of true love, runs by no means smooth. Society has taken to the fad with enthusiasm. A score of well-known girls and matrons are out at the cyclerie daily arriving there at hours infinitely early in order to sustain unobserved their early struggles. The difficulty between self-consciousness and equilibrium is soon adjusted however, or rather was by Miss Thomas and Miss May Belle Gwin already, proficient. Mrs. George Lent and Miss Fanny Lent are over their early struggles. Miss Maud O'Conner has had the aid of Miss Virginia Fair in mastering the initial technicalities; Miss Jennie Hooker is on the verg of dexterity; the Goads, too, are also among the beginners—indeed new instructors are needed to keep pace with the demands of the ambitious cyclists and the park groweth more and more impassable to vehicles.

* * *

The question of costume is one that may, indeed, be considered in exterior darkness with weeping and gnashing of teeth. While the lines of graceful limbs are brought out by the Knickers, there seems something intrinsically ungraceful about the attitude the necessities of the case compel the assumption of. While the reductio ad absurdum is not the same in every instance it cannot be said the pursuit brings out the best points of our belles. Indeed, while it is not quite necessary to abandon all claims to natural loveliness with the donning of the suit and the mounting of the wheel, still the general effect is an usurious discount on the most carefully cultivated poses. In discussing the clothes' question, one speaks never of "Bloomers," but rather of "Knickers." That is the appropriate term, just as it is better to say "bysacle" than mere bike or cycle—even though Oscar Wilde has recently declared he revolves in a cycle of masterpieces. There is no prohibition against the normal, however, and if one really cares to, it is permissible to speak of the very latest development in nickel, wire and India rubber as a velocipede, as we called the instrument in our infancies. On the whole one cannot but be glad at the development of an athletic craze among the girls of San Francisco. Too long have they waxed langorously rotund amidst the seclusion of their domiciles and deplored the tendency of the climate to the production of undue embonpoint. There is no questioning the efficacy of the fog as a beauty balm, as responsible for the physical charm of our women whom even Papa Seidl, with all his intense prejudices, pronounces pre-eminently lovely, but hitherto they have merely grown in beauty. There are an infinity of incentives to outdoor exertion here—blue skies, an atmosphere sufficiently bracing, twilights of average duration. Withal no one plays tennis; there but half a dozen girls who ever walk; the absence of female riders from the park is something civilized foreigners comment wonderingly upon. Only the co-eds encourage football, the swimming craze is on the verge of abating, the skating tendency was almost as transitory as the rink. It is to be hoped that bicycling, which is an excellent exercise, productive of muscle and sinew, is here to remain, not as a craze but rather as a healthful rational form of exertion.

* * *

OPINIONS differ as to which of the series of "Living Pictures" at the Ames' entertainment was the greatest success. I have heard most, though, of Addison Mizner's enactment of "Sweet Marie" in a blonde wig, an immense leghorn hat, befeathered and beprimrosed to a degree, a white silk gown cut decolléte, hardly pristine in its snowiness, and a genial, beaming smile more expansive even than the costume. But of all of the constituent details the hat was most effective, trimmed as it was by the fair if large fingers of Sweet Marie himself. Next, thereto, was the "Witch's Daughter," with Miss Alice McCutcheon in the leading role. She made an effective picture, pale, weird and graceful, against the half moon in the background. A third success was Miss Alice Hoffman, reproducing the noted statue of the Republic, which figured as a feature of the Chicago Fair. A tall, finely proportioned girl, she made a superb picture, boldly posed, as erect as Diana, holding aloft a melon, though instead of the traditional apple. There was also Mr. Sheath as Standown. In the familiar costume of the latter day Hercules. He posed, made his muscles waltz to appropriate music and was really a notable figure. He had also the credit of appearing in the well-known soap picture we all know so well, in which the baby grasps at an elusive cake of Pear's—below the inscription: "He won't be happy until he gets it." There were several others, of course, an especially funny one being "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" by Arthur Allan and little Alden Ames, the former in a weird gingham creation, the effect and pose being highly ludicrous. There was incidental music which Miss Alice Ames and Miss Crosby supplied with really agreeable effect, and after the refreshments, partaken of at small tables, there was a very jolly dance, the programme including an impromptu minuet. Indeed, the affair was a great success, and voted quite the pleasantest by far this season.

* * *

AT SEVERAL of our palatial homes the ancestral China and crystal has emerged from its hiding cabinets in honor of the Herman-Oelrichs. They are being entertained with the enthusiasm we reserve for occasional visitors—their friends are giving lunches and dinners and excursions hither and thither for them and I am sure it is not Society's fault if the moments of their stay drag in the slightest degree. Several small affairs intervened between the dinner Mrs. Martin had for them the previous Thursday and the big dinner Miss Goad had on Monday night. That was a very jolly affair—pink roses in a huge crystal bowl on the table, an excellent dinner, and later some exceedingly good singing by the hostess and Miss Jessie Newlands. Thursday night the Henry Crockers had a swell dinner for the visitors in their beautiful pink mansion on Washington street.

* * *

Several teas and minor entertainments during the week. Miss Thomas has given two small dinners, at which her sister débutantes have prominently figured. Miss Mary Belle Gwin, whose decided good looks have won her already considerable attraction, had a party at the Auditorium Monday night—young people for the most part—a supper afterwards at the family residence on Octavia street. The Goads had a tea Sunday afternoon, Miss Ella being assisted in the duties of receiving by her sisters and Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, who is in town on a visit. Into the drawing-room the garish rays of day were not allowed to penetrate, and rather a pretty effect was obtained by the artificial illumination, which showed off the gaslight beauties at their best. There were rather more men than one finds at the afternoon tea, as a rule, but then, it is safe to anticipate the presence of a certain section of the male sex at a Sunday entertainment.

* * *

To-day's event is the tug party—Miss Mary Belle Gwin's first big entertainment. Irving M. Scott has given her the use of the *Rockaway*, and quite an extensive list of invitations have been sent out for it. They are to go to the Union Iron Works, view the *Olympia* and *Oregon* and then steam round the interstices of the bay. I believe the crowd is to have the benefit of Mr. Scott as cicerone.

* * *

A very smart luncheon was that given Miss Birdie Fair by Miss Lizzie Carroll on Wednesday last. The table was indeed a thing of beauty, and was covered with a snowy damask cloth, over which was laid in heavy pleats a pink damask one. In the center was piled a bank of large roses, out of which rose candelabra bearing delicate pink shades. Each

Try "DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS" for the Complexion.

R. F. Verrinder, M. D., D. D. S., Oral Surgeon, 206 Kearny St. Succ'r. to Drs. Winter & Winter, Dentists.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

girl's name was inscribed on a pink envelope, to which was tied a bunch of Cecile Bruner roses and a Bohemian glass bonbonniere or vinagrette. Among the guests were Miss Birdie Fair, Misses Celia and Beatrice Tobin, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Mamie Thomas, Miss Grace Bailey, Miss Belle McKenna, Miss Loughborough, Miss Zane and Miss Bertha Welch.

* * *

Last Tuesday afternoon the Misses Breeze gave an informal tea, which was the first of a series to be given during the season.

* * *

Mrs. Boardman will give a large reception next Saturday, Nov. 3rd, in honor of her neice, Miss Tompkins, who is among this season's debutantes.

* * *

The first Cotillion of the Entré Nous Club at the Prlace last night went off swimmingly. Sanford G. Lewald led the german and introduced his latest discoveries in the way of figures. Indeed, some of them are quite pretty and worth copying in other affairs. There is no questioning the adequacy of the Maple Room as a crpital ball room. It relieves the necessity of decoration though the onyx walls and delicately tinted ceiling are helped out materially by means of flowers and a little foliage. The next Cotillion takes place Nov. 30th. The leading set last night was composed of Wallace Alexander and Miss Lotta Musto; Henry P. Umbress and Miss Emily Herzes; Clarence Musto and Miss Julia Novella; James C. Robbins and Miss Nella McCormick; Dr. T. J. Frazer and Miss Ala Keenan; Wm. Kelly and Miss Mattie McCormick; E. J. Vogel and Miss Emma Umbsen; Frank H. Kerrigan and Miss Goldie Tobelmann.

* * *

Mrs. Touchard had a tea at her new club rooms, on Post street, Wednesday afternoon, and entertained quite a number of matrons and girls. The quarters are really capitally fitted up, and having all the accessories demanded, should become a favorite feminine resort during the winter. Mrs. Touchard had the assistance of several maidens in receiving. She was handsomely gowned in grey crimson shot surah.

* * *

Time was when the Woman's Exchange ball opened the season, but that is behind us many years. Later affairs the organization has given have hardly been as successful, perhaps because the institution has emerged from the experimental stage and is prosperous. Nothing like necessity for conferring social distinction on an entertainment. This year the Exchange is to have a matinée dansante, in Armory Hall, Ellis street, near Van Ness. Two bands of music will discourse melodies, and there is to be, as the name implies, dancing, relieved by refreshments. Of course, the affair will have the patronage of the directorate of the institution, which includes some distinguished names.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll have concluded to make San Francisco their home and to leave Sacramento. For the present they are domiciled at the Colonial, where Mrs. Carroll is at home on Thursday. Mrs. H. Koch is stopping at the home of her mother, Mrs. Triest, on Sutter St. She talks of going East to live.

* * *

No little interest is excited in the ranks of the advanced over the lecture before the Portia Law Club which Dr. Voorsanger has promised to give. It was his talk on Woman's Sphere that precipitated the lengthy controversy in the *Examiner*, and it may be hoped no such baleful result will follow his discourse on Portia. It is to be given at the Hotel St. Nicholas next Saturday.

* * *

An interesting engagement just announced is that of Miss Lucille B. Edwards and Robert Augustus Bray of Fruitvale. Miss Edwards is best known as the daughter of the late Captain Edwards and was introduced into society by her mother, who was then Mrs. Sangteller, but who since then has married a well known mining man, Mr. Butters, and lives in South Africa. She is a very pretty and charming girl. The marriage, owing to the absence of Mrs. Butters, will be very quiet. It is to be celebrated at the home of the bride's cousin, Mrs. Chas. N. Champion, in Alameda, on the afternoon of November 14th, and the happy pair leave later for a honeymoon trip through Southern California.

* * *

Miss Anna Simon's dinner in honor of Mr. Weil went off pleasantly enough. In the evening the party set out to Morosco's and had a very jolly time. A supper later on finished the night pleasantly.

Among coming events three big balls are foreshadowed—one to be given by the Goads, a second that Mrs. Hager talks about to introduce her debutante daughter, Miss Alice, a third that the John O. Reises indicate an intention of giving. In anticipation of these Mr. Greenway has postponed the initial dances of the Friday Night Club until December, instead of opening at the latter end of November, as was originally intended. Altogether the prospects are for rather a gay season.

* * *

Saturday, November third, will mark the fortieth Carr-Beel Pop Concert. Even though the community has some claim to musical tastes, it must be confessed that this is somewhat of an achievement for us as well as for Mrs. Carr, Mr. Beel and their assistants. The programmes given have always been of a high order, the renderings excellent, and the audiences appreciative and often responsive. For the fortieth performance there will be given Beethoven's string quartette in F. op. 18, two ancient Irish ballads arranged by Villiers Stanford, and sung by Mr. Bacheller, two songs by Grieg and Dovrak's piano quartette in E flat.

* * *

The Concordia Club's first ball is set for the last Saturday in November, rather a late opening for the season. The second affair the institution gives is a children's party—on a large scale, of course. The Cilleopean Club also opens with a big ball the second week in November. The affairs of this Club are especially interesting, as they bring out the prettiest girls in society and the newest ball costumes. Later on, the Club will have jinks, at which its choicest spirits will develop their most spirited tendencies. The Cercle Française has sent out invitations for a concert followed by a ball for next Saturday night.

* * *

THE SOROSIS CLUB groweth at a rate which promises a future. Already has it progressed in numbers beyond the capacity of Mrs. Dr. Younger's beautiful music room, and for future meetings the Maple room of the Palace has been taken. There is vim and energy in the membership, and the tendency to take itself seriously so characteristic of the Century Club is refreshingly absent. The gatherings have, so far, evoked some brightly spoken sentiments on subjects under discussion, and the programme of lectures for coming meetings presents some excellent names. Among others, William Keith promises to read a paper. The first big event of the season is the rendering of W. Greer Harrison's play, "Runnymede," with W. J. Stewart's incidental music. On Monday next, it is to be given with all effects, and should make an interesting afternoon.

* * *

THE ORGANIZATION of "Arts and Crafts" has at last been effected, and if the original purpose of its founders be maintained it promises to exert an influence which may be benefically felt in this community for years to come. It is too early to prophesy just what this association may accomplish, but it is potent with possibilities. In literature, music, architecture and art it may elevate the standard and contribute toward educating the popular mind to a discriminating sense which will distinguish merit and true art in the various arts and crafts. I am told that the organization proposes to be something beside a passive body of contemplative geniuses indulging in mild, monotonous monthly meetings with no excuse for existence outside of self-admiration. It intends, I believe, to encourage an improvement in our architectural vagaries, and if this alone be accomplished, then "Arts and Crafts" will not have lived in vain.

* * *

On their return from the wedding journey Monsieur et Madame Charles Heymann (nee Miss Rose Hart) will issue cards for a huge farewell reception previous to their departure for Paris. The too utterly French flavor of their future residence is appropriately marked by the non-American titles already assumed.

* * *

Miss Helen Sutro entertained a party of sixteen last Thursday evening. The guests attended the popular Scheel's Concert and topped off the evening's enjoyment with an inviting "petit souper," and the gayest kind of conviviality at the Sutro mansion on Pine street.

* * *

Mr. David Weil tarries in our city until Friday, possibly out of deference to his digestion and equilibrium, before undertaking the land and sea voyage to Paris. What with luncheons, dinners, small and earlies, large and lates, this foreign beau requires a few days to recover. The day's jaunt to Palo Alto last week was delightful and muchly enjoyed by a gay little party chaperoned by the ever-charming Mr. Isaac Walter. Mr. Weil's departure is already preceded by wails and will be followed by doleful regrets as his advent infused active gayety into the set and the girls want more.

* * *

SOME LOCAL CYNIC has said that Cupid is consumptive, that the little scamp is slowly and irrevocably going into a decline. Not so—

SCHREIBER'S, 950-952 Market Street (Baldwin Hotel) Chocolates and Bon Bons are the Best

CARMANY'S. Fall Importations Open. The Mens' Furnisher, 25 Kearny Street.

either he has been rejuvenated by Brown-Sequard's elixir of life, or he has been lying slyly in ambush, pointing his mischievous arrows and gathering strength for his pretty work. His telling shot has simultaneously hit two happy young people—Miss Sadie Lowenthal, who has been visiting this city during the past year, and Mr. Benno Hart, well-known socially and financially. Mr. Hart is in the Japanese importing business, is of independent fortune, young, handsome and a sterling good fellow. His fianceé, who is the guest and relative of Miss Shainwald, is a young and beautiful woman, an acknowledged belle, charming in manner, possesses a fine contralto voice, much magnetism, and will, as one of the young matrons of the city, add beauty and distinction to the circle. The wedding will take place some time in December at the home of the bride, Evansville, Indiana.

* * *

Also the betrothal of Miss Selina Dannenbaum to Mr. Samuel Meyers of New York. The young lady is well known and liked; is petite, winning and clever. Mr. Meyers is connected in theatrical business with the Frohmans in New York, and is an enterprising successful young fellow. The young couple will make New York their home.

* * *

A gathering of the younger element tendered Miss Mae Jennings a surprise at her Harrison St. residence last Saturday evening. A very entertaining program was arranged, including musical and vocal selections, and ended up with a dainty repast. Miss Jennings was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Marino.

* * *

NOW THAT THE ENTRIES for the "Horse Show" are in it is possible to be positive about the success of the exhibition from the equine point of view. I can readily believe it will be one of the most important convocations of celebrated racers, trotters, pacers and roadsters the country has ever had. California is really the country of the Horse and it stands to reason our show should be the finest in the world. Indeed, I am half inclined to credit Henry Crocker's statement that Johnathan Swift had the fertile valleys and perennially blue skies of California in his prophetic mind's eye when he wrote the last book of *Gulliver's Travels*, describing that interesting and mysterious region where the equine race developed so much superiority. Be that as it may, the victors of a hundred courses will be shown for the edification of this community and will convince even "bike" sharps, male and female, of the superiority of the steed over mechanical creations of wire and India rubber. I am half afraid the Mechanic's Pavilion may not accommodate the crowd that will surely turn out to see Directum, king of the trotters, Fininzi, the greatest of mares, Salvator, whose mile tops the record of fast running, Islington, brother of Isinglass, the finest horse in England, Apdel, the great yearling from Palo Alto, and the long lists from the stock farms of E. J. Baldwin, MacDonough, Salisbury, Haggin and other notable owners.

* * *

Among the cognoscenté there is a trifle of disappointment over Mr. Macdonough's procrastination. He has not yet offered to show "Ormonde," though Haggin and Baldwin propose to risk their most expensive racers. However, the hope is entertained that he will ultimately consent, for the risk is slight. It is also a bit curious, the reluctance of the Stanford managers to participate. Had the project been advanced in the lifetime of the late Senator it would undoubtedly have won his most unqualified support. The assumption is fair that the undertaking has not properly been represented to Mrs. Stanford, who with the business talent she has given evidence of, could not fail to realize the business advantage of exhibiting the Palo Alto horses. It is interesting to note that certain classes which were never filled in the New York show will be adequately represented here. A large prize offered for the best trotter with four of his get will be competed for by the Hillsdale stables with "Dawn," and by "Guy Wilkes" from Corbett's San Mateo farm. Talbot Clifton's prize for roadster stallions will bring out a fine array of horses too. After all, however, the public will find its main source of excitement in the equipages—the drags, four-in-hands, barouches, broughams, wagonettes. Enough of these have been entered to form a line round the entire ring. I am a bit surprised more private carriages have not been put in, as it is the correct thing in New York for the millionaires to enter their private rigs and it gives their coachmen a chance to learn the latest details in styles and the newest points about harness and driving.

* * *

It is a consolation to those unfortunate enough to have ideas on the subject of equipages, and whose sense of the fitness of things in the carriage way has been outraged for ages past by the weird and unearthly specimens of the carriage tribe displayed in the park, that our people here who have money will be given the chance of seeing what is correct in the way of rigs and equipments, and adjusting their possessions thereto. There is a proposition to have on one evening of the show week a veritable coaching parade. The owners of the drags, four-in-hands and other large equipages will be asked to invite parties to occupy their rigs, and in festal array they will drive around the ring. This must bring Society out in force. By the way, the boxes, all save six, have been sold. The Bohemian, Pacific-Union and University Clubs have one each; the others, well-known people have taken. Indeed, I cannot see how the affair can avoid being brilliant and interesting in a variety of ways, but that time will demonstrate.

* * *

THE SECOND Cotillion of the Deux Temps Club took place last Saturday evening and was a great success. It was led by Mr. Friend and Miss Crellin, an exceedingly pretty girl, who was most tastefully gowned. Mr. Friend proved quite clever in his figures and invented two very original and intricate ones in which scarves and flags played a prominent part. The hall was charmingly decorated and most of the girls looked very chic indeed. The young people now issue red tickets for the chaperons, to prevent any mistakes or confusion. They are allowed to invite ten girls to look on during the season and twenty to dance. It is said that invitations to participate in the dancing are sought with an avidity that in former days only characterized the search for a man.

* * *

The older girls are discussing the possibility of getting up a dancing club to meet on the Saturdays alternately with the Deux Temps Club's Cotillions. There appears to be every probability of their carrying out their design in the near future. They also propose giving one or two very elaborate entertainments, among these a cotillion on a scale of magnificence hitherto undreamed of in Oakland.

* * *

Mrs. Goodrich, who is a sister of Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, has moved to Berkeley. Mr. Goodrich has built a very large and charming house on Channing Way and purposes entertaining a great deal during the winter.

* * *

Miss Jessie Glascock gave a dinner to Miss Florence Dunham prior to her departure for the East, where she will spend the season. The invitations were limited to this season's debutantes,—Miss Mhoon, Miss Requa, Miss Dunham and Messrs. Wright, McGee, Doyle and Waterman were among the guests. Miss Watts also gave a debutantes' tea in honor of Miss Dunham on Thursday afternoon. All the younger set were there and a few privileged older girls who are so popular that, come what may, they are never left out when there is any pleasure in store.

* * *

The Sophomore Class of '97 gave a very enjoyable dance at the Harmon Gymnasium the other evening. The hall was decorated in the Class colors, together with palms and ferns, and lighted with incandescent lamps. Miss Stall, Miss Guppy and Messrs Collier, Hammer and Booth formed the reception committee, and were in that capacity quite efficient. The affair was a great success. It may be said there are quite a number of pretty girls among the co-eds.

* * *

The Ebell Society propose giving a reception to General Lew Wallace upon his arrival. The members of the Phi Gaunna Delta Fraternity also anticipate entertaining the eminent writer as he is a member of the Eastern society of the same name.

* * *

The Guild at St. John's Church gave a large Missionary Tea on Thursday at its rooms. It was very much in the fashion of teas in general and church teas in particular, and had no unique or distinguishing features.

* * *

Mrs. Leachman gave a very enjoyable tea last week in Berkeley. All the youth and beauty turned out in full force and apparently were well pleased with their entertainment.

* * *

On Friday, and from four to six and eight to ten, at their Berkeley club-house, the Dekes have planned for their friends an exceeding skillful time. The grounds are to be neatly tricked out, music is to be abundant, there will be eating and in the evening a dance. Much joy is assured all the guests, for the affair is being seen to by Mesdames Martin Kellogg, T. B. Bishop, C. T. Blake, W. M. Starr, T. R. Bacon, B. F. Dunham, John Garber, John Russ, George D. Metcalf, Charles E. Palmer, J. F. Merrill.

* * *

I HEARD a story yesterday which is really too good to bury, so I shall endeavor to embalm it. It is not exactly indelicate, but, *Honi soit qui mal y pense!* In a prominent benevolent society there is a lady manager of wealth, youth and beauty. Her two little girls are taken for a drive through the park and the Presidio with their governess, and her home in Pacific avenue is a model of exquisite propriety. Why? Because she is a widow! Her husband died three years ago, and there was left enough money in a German bank to build a monument over his remains and supply

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golden coins for every tear his widow could shed. Consequently she is benevolent and weeps for the poverty of others. However, to the story: Last Tuesday she was not at the monthly meeting, and as a special fund was required the twelve lady managers had been requested especially to be present. Their treasury must be replenished, and the President, Mrs. B—explained the situation and requested subscriptions. A canvass was made and it was discovered that the fair widow was absent. It was a catastrophe, because they had all hoped that she would subscribe the entire thousand. "I have a letter here," said the President, "in which she says that she is ill, but that her sympathy is entirely with our purpose."

"Then," spoke up Mrs. M——, a wealthy matron, "let me go right out to her house and ask her to subscribe. Where does she live?"

* * *

Now, Mrs. M. is the wife of a wealthy banker, and she is the best "worker" for benevolent purposes in San Francisco, although she seldom drops a nickel in the slot on her own part. She is also exclusive, and has not a calling acquaintance with the little widow.

At all events, they gave her the address there and then, and she asked the Board of Managers to wait till she returned with the necessary cheque.

She alighted from the car, in the most aristocratic portion of Pacific avenue, and looking at the address, walked through the garden gate to the door. A Swedish servant appeared and Mrs. M. presented her card, saying:

"Take that to your mistress."

"De lady, she is not vera well," replied the maid.

"Oh, I know that; but she will see *me*."

"Vera well. I weel ask," was the abashed servant's answer.

Mrs. M. marched into the dining-room, and ransacked the family album.

About five minutes elapsed, and a quiet, sleek, fashionable physician walked gravely into the room and said:

"Good morning, Mrs. M. I would like to oblige you above all things—but—er-er—you see the baby is only three hours old, and—er-er—you see—er-er—that its mamma is not—er-er—able to see any one. We had—er-er—to administer chloroform, and—er-er—well, you, yourself, understand the situation. If you will call to-morrow, why—er-er—I may be able to—er-er—let you see the baby."

* * *

"How dare you, sir! Never! What do you mean! Where is the door!" exclaimed the horrified and indignant lady manageress, as she lifted her skirts and swept herself haughtily into the street. Of course, she returned to the Board and told her story while the three ladies listened with bated breath. When she ceased the recital it seemed as if a lynching committee were about to be organized.

But the fair widow had one advocate present in the shape of a dear little old woman from South Park, whose heart is as great as her purse and she spoke up and said:

"Ladies, I have been a member of the same church with the person you are about to condemn, for a number of years. She has given much in charity, and I think there must be some mistake. Will you wait while I go and learn the truth?"

They consented, and the old lady left on her mission.

In under an hour she returned, bringing with her the fair widow herself, in triumph. There was a sensation, of course, and universal congratulation.

It seems that Mrs. M. had made a mistake in the house.

All the same, it cost the Society one thousand dollars, for the widow was "awful mad."

* * *

The managing partner of Dan Sully, the Irish comedian, who played at the California last week is the quiet looking blonde widow whose wooing is ever conducted with so much difficulty in his dramas. It is impossible to tell whether, ere they were married, she had to screw Dan's ardor up to proposing point by numberless subterfuges known to the sex, as occurs in "Washington," or he dashed in bravely in the way angels fear to tread. However, the bonds are tight ones though Mr. Sully would be the last to regret the contract which has supplied him with so appealingly blonde a lady to pay impassioned, if rough, addresses to, who also with exemplary firmness, finances their enterprise. I don't mean she is a capitalist, but merely that she is the one who collects the receipts at the box office, pays the salaries, and doles out to Dan sums ranging from forty-five to seventy cents per day. With all this eminent financial capacity I don't think Mrs. Sully has any claim to figure among the "new women," and her hair is so sufficiently blonde each night that I'm sure she appreciates the gentle art of appealing to male susceptibilities as superior to the bolder ways of her compatriots who ask more and doubtless get less.

* * *

CHARLEY DICKMAN, the artist, prestidigitator and captivator has returned from Sausalito, where he enjoyed a series of trances with one John Harmes, possesser of a chateau in that burg. Saturday night Dickman became a victim to one of the most dreadful practical jokes that can assail a gentle, trusting soul. Mr. Harmes, his host, had as fellow-conspirators, namely, to-wit: One William Young, one William Hall, one H. Hodgeton, one F. Chandler, one Richard Roe, one John Doe, one—I need not confess! However, Dickman had been imported for the sole purpose of utilizing his voice, his recitations and his fatal fascination to captivate an invited Sausalito audience, picked from the most select One Hundred. Dickman did everything that an audience of refined and educated people could expect. He even appeared in the garments which he wore at the recent Bohemian Jinks. Everyone was enthusiastic. When Mr. Harmes, in a moment of glee, suggested that Mr. Dickman should give his celebrated imitation of Daniel O'Connell reciting "Fontenoy," Mr. Dickman objected at first, just as Madame Patti always does when she is asked to describe "The Last Rose of Summer," but finally consented faintly and freely—the hypocrite!

* * *

As he began, the audience melted away, of course by a preconceived arrangement. It was a plot. The last woman left. Finally the last man departed. His guilty name is Hall. But Dickman never flinched. He kept right on with the celebrated recitation until he shrieked the last Irish watchword. Then he quietly locked the door and fastened all the windows. He was left alone with the sideboard and the banquet table. He barricaded the door with sideboard and the table. There was white wine galore, also claret. But in the sideboard were three bottles of champagne—not as sweet as his revenge, but just as dry. He drank them all, while the others stormed, prayed, implored, wheedled, despaired, and finally said things from Jeremiah and Ezekiel. It was one hour by the clock before Mr. Dickman finished the three bottles and admitted the guests.

* * *

Rather a slim though enthusiastic attendance witnessed the Stanford-Reliance football match at the Haight street grounds last Saturday afternoon. Of course the cloudy weather had the effect of keeping away a number of the cranks, but the fact that the game was given little or no advertising was evidenced by the absence of numberless enthusiasts who look upon rain as a mere detail when an exciting pig skin contest is in view, and whose presence lends half the enjoyment of the game. The playing was far from being perfect, and Stanford's admirers were greatly disappointed by the poor showing their favorites made. Frankeheimer was sorely missed during the first half, and unless he had consented to enter for the last half, it is doubtful if his team would have scored a point. As it was, one touchdown was all they could accomplish, while the Reliance lads ended with a big eighteen to their credit. Mr. Camp will have to do some lively coaching if he wants his boys to make a fair showing against the Berkeleyites on Thanksgiving day, for the latter having superior strength, are going in for a course of training under Mr. Gill, who predicts a continuous victory for his team during the season.

* * *

IF THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE for Attorney General could be persuaded to write an autobiography I am sure the book would prove readable. His career has been marked by certain episodes intrinsically exciting, in which he displayed qualities of coolness and daring that suggest bits out of Bret Harte. Otherwise he is a man of character, ability and integrity, and if elected I feel certain Judge Fitzgerald's administration will offer an active contrast to that of the incumbent. It seemed probable during the early months of the campaign, that he would bear the banner that M. M. Estee now toils under. His name was in the mouths of men as the leading possibility and there is no question but that his candidacy would have been formidable. Showing how circumstances reverse situations this story is told of a jolly party at Hedgeside sitting down to dinner one night and waxing happy over the excellent Cabernet the Republican viticulturist keeps for the delectation of his most particular friends When the nuts arrived Mr. Estee arose, glass in hand, and confronting his guests, toasted "Judge Fitzgerald the next Governor of California." Of course the jurist replied in grateful terms and Estee smiled happily at the pleasure of his friends.

* * *

Alas for post-prandial prognostication, the host snatched the plum he had promised his guest. Still the prediction may yet come true, for the next Republican gubernatorial nominee is more liable of election than Mr. Estee, and who knows but that Judge Fitzgerald may be the man of destiny. There are few men at the bar about whom one hears more stories. Certain episodes in his early life won him an unique reputation for courage and coolness, and when the Sharon case was on trial in the United States District Court with Judge Terry exercising the brutal tactics that precipitated the tragedy of his death, it was suggested that Fitzgerald, then living in Los Angeles, be retained. A telegram brought him and his wife to San Francisco, and a fee of $25,000 was offered him by a representative of the Sharons if he would appear.

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"Give me a day or two to think it over," he said. Thereupon he laid the proposition before Mrs. Fitzgerald.

"This is not a tribute to my legal ability," he explained, "for I am not well enough known in this part of the country for that, and this town here is just full of clever lawyers. They intend I shall be put forward to combat Terry, and if he attempts to quarrel they expect me to meet him. Now, you shall determine whether I take the $25,000 or not."

She did not take long to decide in the negative, and that is why Judge Fitzgerald did not go into the Sharon case.

* * *

OLYMPIA turned out en masse last Tuesday and Wednesday nights to see the red, red gore fly and the cream of its bruiser element battle for supremacy with the hardy lads form the South Side. It was a great tournament, too, everything used in the definition of fights being exhibited. There was science enough displayed to put a professional to shame, and a few bouts of slogging satisfied the lovers of heavy work, and there was sufficient blood shed to show that brawn and muscle were not spared in the entertainment. The honors were pretty evenly divided and although the Olympians came out with the majority of victories, the lads from the San Francisco Club made a far better showing than they have ever done before. Besides having indomitable pluck they are very clever boxers, and have the knack of ducking down to such a degree of perfection that even the redoubtable Jas. J. would be gratified by their dexterity. The Olympians go in chiefly for clear, straight blows which are very effective in subduing a swinging opponent, a fact which light-weight Cook, a sturdy lad with Herculean shoulders, realized in his bout with Cathcart. Cook relied entirely on terrific swings to reach his clever antagonist, who, by his agility succeeded in escaping, and by constant jabbing reduced Mr. Cook's physiognomy to the verge of a jelly.

* * *

I was glad to notice the club has somewhat abated its tendency at unduly applauding its own members though there were uncalled-for and unchivalrous outbursts at intervals over the success of the home talent. The decision of Referee Benton in the McGinley-Hayes contest calls for comment, however, and seems to be regarded with considerable disfavor by the champions of fair play. Several of the connoisseurs are agreed that McGinley made more points than his opponent, and in this conclusion Val McClatchy, one of the judges, agreed with them. The other judge and the referee dissented, however, and the bout was awarded to Hayes. About the same fate was meeted out to the young Australian the last time he appeared at the club, and while the intentions of both judges and referee are above suspicion of being swayed by a patriotic regard for home talent, still there should be no question about such affairs, and in an invitation tournament the benefit of any doubt should always be given against the club. It can better afford to lose a scintilla of prestige rather than have its fairness questioned.

* * *

IT IS A FAIR presumption that only business of moment would induce Colonel Trumbo to desert Salt Lake City these stirring times. They are on the eve of a Constitutional Convention in Utah, and as one of the leading men of the new State, naturally its creator, it behooves him to watch the current of events. However, the Colonel is the most adroit of politicians, and as a manipulator has few equals. So, considering his relations, it is safe to believe he has been called to consult over the latest issues of the campaign with the Republican powers that be. The future Senator from Utah is one of the Republican gubernatorial candidate's closest friends, and I am told it was Estee's express wish that he might have the benefit of his advice throughout the campaign. This was not to be, however, and from the Napa man's position, it is regrettable. This course has him complicated in a manner that adroit steering could easily have avoided, and perhaps, at this late hour, he may be saved from the commission of further sins of omission, for it is to that form of veniality Mr. Estee is most addicted.

* * *

There have been some mysterious consultations between Trumbo, Burns and the others but the results have not transpired, so far. It is difficult to imagine any new element in the campaign but there is ever room for surmise. I believe Trumbo returns to Salt Lake next week.

* * *

Trumbo is a genius at manipulation; I use the word in a broad, honest sense; he produces results, and accomplishes the apparently impossible without parade or brass band accompaniments. The position of his choice is in the background and others are pushed to the front. He possesses rare ability as a peacemaker, it is one of his strong points that he does not excite jealousies among his compatriots. Quay and Clarkson, under whose watchful eye he has trained through a long series of seemingly hopeless battles in Congress, out of which he has plucked victory are his friends and admirers. I met the Colonel at Washington once and heard from Quay some words of praise of Trumbo that would make his cheeks tingle with pride had he heard them. The State Central Committee may profitably keep an eye on the Colonel for he has a record for success which may well be feared.

* * *

SOME HUNDREDS out of the four thousand people admitted to the Sutro Baths on Sunday are said to have heard the artful strains of the Scheel Orchestra. The overplus occupied themselves in various forms of extatic expatiation on the merits of the structure. Of course, the music itself was popular and ranging up and down the whole creation of tune pure and simple. Minus an abundance of ubiquitous dead head, the event was worthy its end in a financial sense. It seems so far, that Herr Scheel has no quarrel with the public on the grounds of failure to support. Excepting that disastrous festival week of last season his ventures have been extremely happy.

* * *

Apropos of Herr Scheel and the Philharmonic rehearsals, Herr Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger was the recipient of a real Vienna rebuke one evening. Vienna Bonbons, a delectable confection in the shape of waltzes, were being virtuously mangled by the soaring amateurs, and the Herr Director's brow was clouded with a subtle vapor of orchestral agonies. The Herr Doctor, twanging his cello with a degagé and comfortable air, and enjoyably chewing that commodity, pepsin gum, meanwhile, found no favor in the sight of the Herr Director. An untimely goose note brought a rattling fusillade from the ebony baton and a palpitating silence, broken by the pointing of the same and the incisive tones leveled at the now awakened 'cello, saying: "That is not a bonbon, that's *gum*."

* * *

The pose of the faithful who gather biweekly at the Carr Beel Concerts is a forbidding one toward the feminine aspirants for vocal supremacy. Being mostly composed of the softer sex, the development of that undiscoverable virtue supposed to open and sweeten in the protected atmosphere of the family where woman reigns supreme, charity ought to be visible to the naked eye, but to the last it remains securely congealed in most cases. Miss Regina Newman fared better than her predecessor. Audible as well as visible handclapping galore and recalls rounded her efforts. Her's, a warm voice, with many sound tints in it and flecked with floating colors of emotion, wins the regard of the ear. Singing, its art and arts, is filled with subtleties too fine to be threaded unfaulteringly, even by talented debutantes. So Miss Regina Newman's efforts come fairly near being rounded with completeness. Mr. Heine was to be thanked for the introduction of new 'cello solo numbers, but not for his playing of them. Considerably below his average standard, it is to be supposed he will repeat them to reach his line of mastery. A Tschaikowski Trio gave Mrs. Carr a happy chance for deft finger-work neatly done.

* * *

The next cause celêbre will undoubtedly be the Wasserman-Sloss suit. It is a question at issue between Mr. Wasserman, now of Paris, and Louis Sloss, of San Francisco, over a transaction in Alaska Commercial stock which the latter insists was final, and the former claims was temporary—though it is somewhat difficult to see where the temporariness can find lodgement. However that is to be elucidated before Judge Troutt in the near future by no less eminent a lawyer than Frederick Coudert who appears for Mr. Wasserman. His caliber may be realized by those who are not familiar with the reputation of this man, by the fact that he appeared before the Behring Sea Commission in Paris as the representative of the United States. The law firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory handles Mr. Sloss' interest, Dorn & Dorn representing locally the other side. Apart from the question at issue, the contest should be interesting as it affords an opportunity of measuring a caliber of national eminence by the California standard. I cannot but think Mr. Thomas, to whom the task of trying the case has been

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assigned, will be able to evidence that legal ability is by no means indigenous to New York.

* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY the big fight made for the Non-partisans will cut a huge figure on election day. They have had the best efforts of several dailies and a degree of down town support no movement of the kind has ever before had. Eminent citizens are out canvasing might and main for the ticket, and no one would be a bit surprised if it won individual successes. Certainly the men of the other conventions it has endorsed are sure of success with, perhaps, the exception of L. R. Ellert. Curious as it may seem there is a strong wave of feeling in favor of Adolph Sutro. He will get the entire O'Donnell vote, and most of the German vote, and a very large South-of-Market street vote. Several of the prophets are round predicting his success, and by the turn things are taking it would not surprise me, when the votes are counted, if Sutro's name heads the list. We are a marvellous community here—we elected Kalloch and listened to Dennis Kearney; on several occasions O'Donnell was on the verge of victory. I don't imagine Mr. Sutro can do aught more than Mayor Ellert accomplished, nor do I think he believes so himself. Still there are any number of men who will cast their ballots for him just to see what he will try at, experimentally, so to speak, knowing he cannot, under the constitution, precipitate any catastrophe on the city.

* * *

I am inclined now to think the Colonel regrets the "turning down" of Siebe. Rather an impassive person this Republican boss, whom I am told is a strong believer in fate and never ducks or dodges an impending blow, and is rarely moved by motives of discretion. In spite of representations showing the hold the Assessor has upon the German element he persisted in relegating him to the background in favor of E. B. Reid, who is surely destined to defeat. Throughout the city the corner grocery people who, of course, influence a large vote, are all out for Siebe and regard his exclusion from the Republican ticket as a personal injury and are really expressing their vengance by working against Estee all they know how. Indeed, the disaffected North and South are taking that way of injuring most effectually the aspirations of the autocrat. "Knock Estee and you kick Dan" is the watchword. Besides that element, however, Mr. Siebe has the support of the better classes and is really one of the strongest cards the Non-partisan movement has.

* * *

OF COURSE, the sensation of the week in a political way, was the Budd story the *Post* had. From the active workers the impression had gone abroad that the Stockton man would carry the city overwhelmingly, and had won so many votes through the valley counties that victory was assured for him. Of course, no one can judge with any degree of certainty the feeling of a community or a State, but the unprejudiced who look coolly at electoral contests, concluded there was disaffection enough in the Republican party to ensure the election of the Democrat, and said so. Between the receptions of the two men at their various meetings there is a huge difference, for no matter how Budd may be criticized for his mannerisms he has a free, genial way that wins the countryman, and a dashing individuality that gives to his canvass a brilliancy his opponent's gatherings have lacked. For some time prior to Friday last the Republican State Central Committee distributed north and south anonymous circulars containing the Oregon charges against Budd. They were extracts from an infamous paper in Portland which very evidently has been subsidized to resuscitate the episode.

* * *

True or untrue, the question is, to what extent will the publication affect Budd's chances? The affair occurred many years ago, and there is in the minds of most men a strong tendency against permitting dead and forgotten scandals to prejudice their political conduct. It certainly does not alter by a jot or tittle the issues under which the campaign is being waged. My own impression is that it will tend to aid Webster rather than Estee. Republicans who proposed voting for Budd may record their protest against Burns in that way. I am very certain the Napa man will gain nothing by this somewhat forcible effort of his backers. Among Democrats, and among the younger men generally, I know of none who have decided against Budd on this account. While the committee felt discouraged at first, now it believes the story ineffective, and liable in the two weeks prior to November 8th to do its man more good than harm. It is a fair assumption from the findings of the Supreme Court, which acquit him, and from the letters he wrote to the girl's parents, that Budd's sorrow and regret were rather for the loss of Mary Neff, whose dearest friend he was, than on account of contrition for her betrayal. The candidate was twenty-five years of age then, and some of us who may remember how much we lacked at that early period, the discretion which advancing years bring with them, may find excuses for the ardor of young Budd. The men closest to him believe him absolutely innocent, and that is fair ground to go on.

* * *

There are certain things possible to a given individual, certain other things impossible. If Budd were guilty of the Neff charges how could he enjoy the friendship of some of the best men in California? How could he be Stockton's most popular citizen? Instead of a jovial, impulsive, supremely kind-hearted individual as his reputation and record prove, he would be a black-hearted, designing scoundrel incapable of winning or keeping friends and would inevitably repeat in various forms the villianies he is now accused of. Besides, by his very eccentricities of manner he is a man liable to give wrong impressions, to promote erroneous prejudices. It is worth while remembering, too, that it is easy accusing an innocent man of almost any crime and what enemies the most innocent circumstances often prove.

* * *

THERE IS imagination in the Republican State Central Committee, to judge at least by certain episodes that have come to light in the campaign. In the early stages of the fight a meeting was arranged to take place in Salinas. Estee, together with several Coast division orators, were billed to thunder to the population of the Valley the errors of free trade and the idiosyncrasies of Budd. Difficulties intervened, the gathering did not take place, but don't think that prevented a full and glowing account of the affair in the *Chronicle*, sent in by one of Colonel Burns' young men who had not been apprised of the change of date. The account, which had the admirable literalness of political reporting in general, brings home quite forcibly that the sole difference between fact and fiction, after all, is only occurance. Besides, if it did not happen, it ought to have, and that is justification enough.

* * *

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fun round the Democratic headquarters. The *Chronicle* had a delegation of two hundred colored men calling on Estee in Marysville assuring him of the loyalty of the California African to Republican traditions. To Chairman Gould this came as deplorable news, inasmuch as he imagined the dark vote was surely Budd's this winter. Investigation revealed a paucity of Africans in that region, however; indeed, there are not two hundred colored citizens in the county. Further inquiry developed the fact that no important club existed in Marysville, and, what is worse, no one was aware that such a meeting as the report indicated had ever taken place. This was mysterious. There is a colored gent who shaves in the hotel barber shop and to him some one applied for a solution.

"Yes, sah, I shaved Mistah Estee when he was heah, an' I said to him the colahed vote of Marysville was his. Yes, sah, me an' Gawge, the bootblack there, are agoin' to vote for Mistah Estee and we is the only colahed voters around heah."

* * *

There liveth in the broad and fertile region south of Market Street an eminently reputable undertaker named McAvoy. He enjoys the respect not only of his competitors but of those who in a social or business way invoke the consolation of his presence at functions gay or sad. Indeed, he is one of those Irishmen who, living sober and industrious lives, become landmarks of common sense in their environment, and aee consulted by their neighbors in regard to questions of policy and conduct. When the grand mass meeting at Metropolitan Hall was arranged, the question of selecting a competent presiding officer was discussed at Democratic headquarters. No one could think of a man who would confer more dignity on the office than Mr. McAvoy. Suddenly a quick-witted member remarked:

"For goodness sake don't have McAvoy!

"Why? What's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Gould indignantly.

"Have him if you want to—only if you do the *Chronicle* 'll say he's an undertaker and presided professionally—that is all."

And in consequence they did not have McAvoy.

* * *

To guard against the procrastination of citizens who had omitted to register and to jog up properly the memories of those on the verge thereof, the Democratic Committee sent out a stalwart Irish person to advertise the last opportunity, with a bell, on Saturday last. Lustily he rang his weapon of offense north and south, and, I am sure earned all the money coming to him. During the morning, however, as he paraded Kearny street, Sergeant Wittman stepped up to him and remarked:

"Say, you'll have to stop; bell ringing has been 'called in.'"

"That's all right," returned the ringer, with a fine wave of the hand. "Shure, I've a permit from the Dimocratic State Cintral Committy."

As he proceeded on his way it is evident the Sergeant did not find himself courageous enough to dispute the authority of the Committee.

* * *

An important consideration for those about to express opinions on Mormonism is that there are in California some 20,000 members of that persuasion in good standing on the books of the Mormon Church. Among these are 6,000 voters—quite a balance of power if the gubernatorial issue was one the saints at Salt Lake City might be supposed to have an interest in. But as neither Jim Budd nor Papa Estee have any especial views on the subject it may be presumed they will be swayed by no more potent influence than their political persuasions. It is not generally known that the Mormons hold the actual balance of power in Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, besides controlling Utah absolutely. When the latter State sends its representatives to Congress there will be a species of Rocky Mountain quartette that cannot but have strong influence in the Senate, for it is there that combinations really count.

* * *

In the warmth of the engagement between H. S. Foote and W. J. McGee for the office of U. S. District Attorney, I am half persuaded the place may go to a third man. Mr. Foote has had a powerful backing in the fight, and Magee counts his strongest ally in Congressman Caminetti, who is also his partner. Indeed, the endorsements of both have embarrassed the President in choosing, and he is more than half inclined to turn in despair to young Mr. Sam Knight, who is at present Mr. Garter's first assistant. He would certainly be a popular selection, as he unites the qualities of integrity and industry with ability, and before the end of his term would undoubtedly make a record. Indeed, Mr. Knight has that rare capacity, a legal mind, and whether he be appointed or not will make a reputation at the bar sooner or later.

* * *

CONSIDERING the excitement of the campaign good stories are not half as rife as one might imagine. Dr. Stanton, candidate for Railroad Commissioner, had a delegation of earnest, if rough young Democrats, from the Independent Mission Club call on him the other day with pointed intimations concerning an impending "blow-out." With the politeness he is noted for the physician suggested his desire to aid in the fun, but talked guardedly about the dangerous effects of the Purity of Elections law. They listened politely while he explained the restrictions of that economical measure, and when he ended one of them remarked in a tone that brooked not contradiction:

"Now, doctor, de boys won't have it. Dey wants beer. See!"

Dr. Stanton saw, admitted the necessity of malt liquor for invigorating such entertainments, and told them to go ahead. A day or so later they brought in a bill for three barrels of the amber fluid. Price, six dollars. That does not seem excessive, but Dr. Stanton is particular, and he remarked:

"Why, boys, three barrels of steam beer should only cost five dollars."

"De boys wouldn't have steam beer, doctor. It takes too long to draw. See!"

Again the doctor saw.

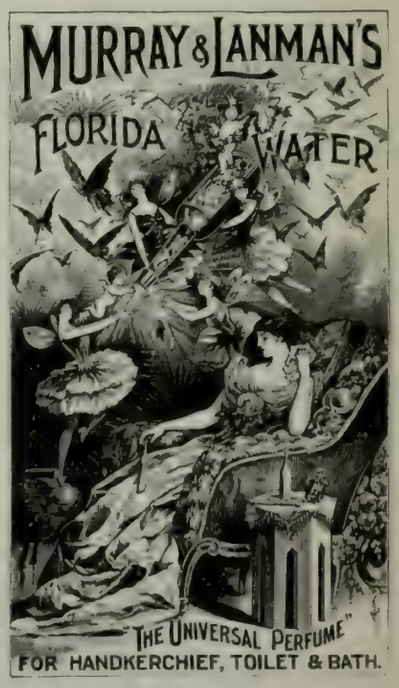
* * *

The bright and radical personality of Charlott Perkins Stetson finds expression in *The Impress*, a new weekly which has just made its initial bow to the public in an exceedingly neat guise—typographically I mean. There are others concerned in it besides Mrs. Stetson, however—Mrs. Helen Campbell and Mr. Paul Tyner, both of them prominent in a literary way, Mrs. Campbell as responsible for several novels and a number of essays on the art of living—from the ethical, not the culinary, point of view—and Mr. Tyner in the line of theosophical writing, of which he has done a great deal in New York. The combination possesses not only the power of saying, but also much to say, and of Mrs. Stetson, at least, it can safely be stated she will express such convictions as she now has and those she may acquire without fear, favor or periphrasis. There may be found a deal of bright, brave and independent writing in the new hebdomadal, and though its special audience be women—the new woman in general—that is no reason why the sterner sex should eschew it. In fact, in the race for supremacy that has begun, it behooves men to take advantage of all the opportunities fate, good fortune, or the apostlesses of the new era vouchsafe to their audiences.

* * *

CURIOUS that so popular a Bohemian as George T. Bromley is so unsuccessful politically. To judge by the number of men who salute him as Uncle George, and in conversation mention him as "dear old fellow," "lovely chap," and all that kind of thing, one might imagine it were only necessary to aspire to an honor to have it conferred on him. Alas! that is not the case. On two occasions has Bromley entered the lists and his admiring friends who laugh so freely and so heartily at his wit and fun at the club, have not rallied to his aid, have done nothing to advance his pretensions, though if but half a dozen of the most prominent had given themselves the trouble the deed would have been done. Of course, one does a great deal for any man in laughing perpetually at his witticisms, and the mere fact that an individual can make a funny after-dinner speech is hardly a fair ground for selecting him to handle the property of intestate citizens in general. Still, Uncle George is a sentiment in Bohemia. His birthday is celebrated several times a year, his portrait looks down from a dozen cartoons; he is as much a feature of the institution as the owl, and yet the boys fail to stand in when he wants an office. Is this fair?

The Witness



THE BLEEDING VICTIM

OR

THE MAN WITH THE ELONGATED LEG.

SCENE—Dan's private office in the State Central Committee rooms.

ENTER MAHONEY.

DAN (*bluffly*): What news, Senator ?

MAHONEY (*confidentially*): O! Estee is a sure winner. I met a friend—an old-time Democrat—was in the Legislature with me—(*musingly*) and a cunning old fox he was, too. He told me that the North—he lives in Sis-ki-yew—will give Estee ten thousand majority.

DAN (*surprised*): Ten thousand!

MAHONEY (*emphatically*): Yes, sir, ten thousand!

DAN (*reflectively*): I'm afraid your friend is an enthusiast, Jerry. I have that district figured out 9,857 for Estee. If Sam Spills don't die and is well enough to get out on election day it will be 9,858. Then there are the two Belcher Boys who went over into Eastern Oregon with a drove of cattle. If they get back in time to vote it will make 9,860, but I don't see how your friend gets 10,000 unless—(*looking inquiringly at Mahoney*).

MAHONEY (*blushing prettily*): I did it, Colonel. It only costs two hun and fift, and I couldn't see those figures so uneven like.

(*Dan clasps Mahoney's hand and they gaze into each other's eye with rapt admiration. But Mahoney does not neglect to glance furtively at Dan's money pocket to see if he is the first to get at the leg for a pull.*)

MAHONEY (*breaking the silence*): By the way, Dan—. But, never mind, that's my own affair. I'll not be a burden on you.

DAN (*warmly*): Now out with it, Jerry. What is it?

MAHONEY (*in insinuating tones*): I'll tell you, Dan, if I had a "thou" out in my district I could brace up some of the boys and—

DAN (*interrupting*): Jerry!

MAHONEY (*beseechingly*): Only a "thou."

DAN (*sarcastically*): Don't you think the boys in your district have done pretty well, Jerry?

MAHONEY (*whining*): You didn't think I'd misuse your confidence. (*Mahoney, in pulling out his handkerchief to weep, drops several legislative bills; one to declare telegraph companies common carriers, another abolishing the Railway Commission, another fixing an employer's liability for death or injury to employé caused by co-employé, and others of a like character.*)

MAHONEY (*dropping into whispers*): Crimmins is out against us. I could fix him for you.

DAN (*expostulating*): Now, Jerry.

MAHONEY (*persistently*): But I could.

DAN (*ironically*): So could my office boy. Jerry, Crimmins don't get any pull down out of this pot. If I thought you were standing in for a rake-off on this——

MAHONEY (*hysterically*): Dan! Dan! Dan! Stop! Don't!!

DAN (*distantly*): I understand Crimmins' bluff, and you are not the first man he has had come to show me how to pull him down. Now, Jerry, here's a couple of hundred. That's got to do you. The insurance men and Jaynes and all the rest of these fellows are kicking about you. That's for your own fight. Chris is taking care of the lodging-houses in your district, so don't come back with any song-and-dance about them.

MAHONEY (*joyously*): Good-bye, Dan.

DAN (*mollified*): Good-bye, Jerry. Sure, that's straight about the ten thousand?

MAHONEY (*raising his right hand*): Cross my heart. Sure.

EXIT MAHONEY.

DAN (*solus*): The boys will pull this leg out of shape before nightfall.

ENTER OFFICE BOY.

OFFICE BOY: Mr. Buckley.

DAN: Show him in, but don't let Schmidt in.

EXIT OFFICE BOY.

DAN: That Schmidt has the hungriest eye of any man I ever saw.

ENTER BUCKLEY.

BUCKLEY (*cordially*): Good morning, Dan.

DAN (*with the air of a man about to be robbed, who yet realizes the necessity for urbanity*): How are you, Chris?

BUCKLEY: I'm in a little bit of a hurry, Dan, and Maurice is waiting.

DAN (*impatiently*): Well?

CHRIS (*lowering his voice*): It will take twenty-five thousand more.

DAN (*aside*): I wonder if he is sinking on me, but he and Sam are the only ones left, who really understand this business. (*Dan leaves room for a moment, returns with bundle wrapped in newspaper.*) Well, here you are, Chris?

CHRIS (*with a recollection of the waste paper basket scandal*): Are the bank wrappers off ?

DAN (*reassuringly*): Yes, all clean.

CHRIS: Now depend on me.

DAN (*sighing heavily*): I do, Chris. Good-bye.

EXIT CHRIS.

DAN (*solus, rubbing his leg*): That was a hard pull.

ENTER EDDIE.

EDDIE (*genially*): Dan, I've been making some figures. Just listen. I figure from what Mahoney says, we will have 10,000 from Sis Ki You.

DAN (*cautious*): I think Mahoney a little over-ripe—make that 9,860.

EDDIE (*writing*). 9,860.

DAN (*after thinking awhile*): No, make it 9,857.

EDDIE: All right, 9,857.

DAN: We might just as well be sure about it, and not fool ourselves. Old Sam Spills might not be well enough on election day.

EDDIE (*admiringly*): All right, Dan, you are very particular, but it's probably safest.

DAN: Now, what do your figures show?

EDDIE: Well, in it shows that we will come in with over fifty thousand majority.

DAN (*critically*): How many votes do you figure for the Democratic ticket?

EDDIE (*confidently*): Not over eighty thousand.

DAN: How many for Budd?

EDDIE: I figure that Budd will run behind his ticket nearly ninety thousand.

DAN (*deliberating*)—And the whole ticket get only eighty thousand?

EDDIE: Yes, sir.

DAN: Well, that's pretty good, isn't it?

EDDIE: Yes, sir, and if I could get a couple of hundred just to throw in out in my district, I could make a big thing for the the money.

DAN (*pleasantly*): All right, Eddie. Here it is. (*Hands Eddie a wad.*)

EXIT EDDIE.

ENTER OFFICE BOY.

OFFICE BOY: My papa says he's going to vote for Mr. Estee, and so does my uncle George.

DAN (*kindly*): Well, sir, you are quite a little politician.

OFFICE BOY (*briskly*)—If I had a few bits to throw around among the boys, Bill Sparrow and Dannie Smell, I could get them to stand in and have their fathers and uncles vote the ticket.

DAN: Well, here's some change, my boy; see what you can do. (*Exit office boy, smiling a broad smile that threatens to take in his ears.*)

ENTER MRS. RING.

MRS. RING (*familiarly*): I thought I'd come right in.

DAN (*pleasantly*): Yes. Good morning.

MRS. RING (*with the air of one taking a liberty she does not know will be agreeably received*): My daughter in-law's child is doing well, but my son is still out of work, sir—and we're to christen the baby to-morrow—an' you'd never guess its name—it's a boy—we are going to give it a grand name, but (*coquettishly*) you haven't asked me what name?

DAN (*curiously*): And what is the name to be?

MRS. RING (*proudly*): Estee-Burns Ring—an' if we had a little money to invite a large party to the christening, me good man could take occasion to say a number of kind things about you both.

(*Dan smilingly puts up the price of a christening outfit, the good lady withdraws, and he falls to considering the inside combination that is being put up against him because he has not fallen low enough to suit some of his connections.*)

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Begotten by that reckless parent, the Spirit of the Age, it is not astonishing that this intense, this remarkably modern drama, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," should evoke animated discussion and occasion spirited sheets of critical analysis throughout the English-speaking world. As a work of art, both in technical form and motive, it is one of the very best contributions to stage literature produced in twenty years. It is almost perfectly constructed, written by a master of English and an appreciatively keen student of character. It is very easily Mr. Pinero's masterpiece. If to effectively achieve a work that shall be clever, ingenious, interesting and that shall represent with fidelity the characters and conditions with which it has to deal be all that may be demanded of an author, then is Mr. Pinero entitled to unmixed praise for the excellence of his success in this powerful drama of moral equivocation and morbidity. In this day of peculiar perverted fondness for the salacious and suggestive, it may not be wise to contend for the moral beneficence of so penetrative a dramatic diagnosis. The single fact that an audience entertains a sort of contemptuous resentment of Ellean in the play, and feels a vivid and tearful sympathy with Paula, quite discredits any defense of the elevated purpose of this drama. A story that is designed to interest by the cautious unveiling of the arcanum of social vice and corruption, and that thereby causes the purity, sweetness and holiness of young girlhood to appear maukish and offensively vapid may be very progressive, no doubt, and those of you who have compunction of conscience for the sins you have committed may take heart of grace when you see so brilliant an audience as that of the first night, one third composed of young people applauding such moral ambiguities. The English-speaking public to-day is in revolt from that irritating ogre of bygone days known as the Sense of Propriety, and he pleases us best, it seems, who can best serve us with things under moral prohibition. We are advanced.

What is the wholesome moral of this play? The ethical query that evokes itself from characters and conditions that exploit the tone and tendency of our latter-day morality?

That suicide after you have diced with morals and honor and womanhood and love, and have lost, is rather a disagreeable and unpleasant proceeding?

Wherein lies the wholesome moral that induces mothers to send their daughters and who go themselves to be helpfully instructed?

There is a good deal said in the play about the ability of Ellean to blush, and the pity of it that Paula can no longer blush. How many cheeks of the auditors are seen to blush? Truly, there is something to wonder at, and yet not much either, considering the popular literature that escapes the ban and finds its way to the library tables of our approved households. But we must be advanced and fin de siécle, and it is quite the mode to sneer t the girl who can blush and to feel a contempt for the woman who retains a vestige of Puritanism.

Pinero's "Paula," Suderman's "Magda" and Hardy's "Tess" are not pure women, not morally healthful, but are types of disease. Virtue is more than a name. The granite set prejudices of conventionality serve their purpose well. The world's condemnation, though seemingly so unjust to woman, is not the result of an arbitrary, narrow, one-sided view, but is an evident evolutionary idea in the moral and social fabric of humanity.

Mr. Pinero has not, one thinks, made his heroine too morbidly fascinating—he has not heightened her sorrows nor palliated her faults. The pathos he aims at is that which is excited by the mistakes and the errors of humanity. Paula is often unamiable, unreasonably childish, irritable, as a woman with her past and confronting a hostile society, necessarily would be. Mrs. Kendal does not over-emphasize these disagreeable aspects of the character—the fact that the sympathy of the audience is her's constantly demonstrates that the hardness and cruelty are not too sharply portrayed. She does not gloss over the ebullitions of temper, the dashes of bitterness, the streaks of coarseness that would inevitably show themselves in a woman so situated, but she graphically devotes also the generous and tender qualities that restore The Second Mrs. Tanqueray to the kinship of human hearts. The scene in the second act between Paula and her step-daughter, where the woman implores, pleads, for the love of the young girl, is touchingly pathetic; it seems the one thing needful for her, this craving of the bruised soul, this cry of the heart for the loving regard of a good woman. This being withheld, the only other apparent cause of Paula's unhappiness rests in the psychological constitution of a woman with keen sensibilities whom Nature seems to have so organized, that when once the havoc of conventional virtue by her own misdeeds is accomplished, happiness is impossible. Aubrey Tanqueray or any other man could never make of a Paula a happy woman, even though he went to the fullest limit of human power and gave her the highest and best he had to offer, for that past, that hideous past, forever dismissed and yet forever present in the minds of husband and wife; and the future? The future is but the past repeated. Deeds travel in tiny circles and encompass the door. Evil saturates the soul.

Mrs Kendal's acting is perfectly shaded. From the decrescendo of capricious gayety and airy light-heartedness to the grand crescendo of emotional intensity, it is exquisitely rhythmical, finished and artistic to the life. Constantly combating with the hinderance of a too heavy and mature physique at variance with the youthful charm and physical fascinations of the heroine, Mrs. Kendal's art almost overcomes these difficulties. Her death accomplished by no visible tortures, no Camille-like distortions, no melodramatic horrors is silently eloquent. Alone—alone—away from all humanity, the crushed, scourged soul battling with its sin, seeks solace in the vast eternal sleep, the self-inflicted death, the tragic termination. The mental anguish, the cry of the haunted, hunted soul racked with untold agony comes to us in all its ghastly, mournful fatality. An unhappy play, a play to make women weep and men to ponder.

Mr. Kendal plays the part of Aubrey Tanqueray with excellent care and judgment, almost with artistic skill and tact, and is one of the few actors who has mastered the art of eloquent silence and of forcible reserve. The other men in the cast are not stagey, not like automatons wound up at eight o'clock and warranted not to run down until eleven-thirty; they are genuine, easy and quite elegant. Miss Marion Lea handles the part of Ellean with sympathy and admirable expression—she is charmingly pretty and looks the very type of the sweet, submissive English girl. The drama is perfectly staged and artistically appointed, and right or wrong as its motive may be ethically, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" is in the issue decidedly impressive.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Hermann, the great magician, is mystifying Detroit.

"The New Boy" is the hit of New York, and is a better comedy than "Charley's Aunt."

Robert Downing, the eminent tragedian, will play "The Gladiator" at the California Theatre next month.

McCormick, the famous wrestler of Philadelphia, comes with Robert Downing to the California Theatre, and will challenge the city to wrestle with him in the arena scene.

"The Son of Perthos" and "The Student of Salamanca," both new to this country, are to have magnificent productions this season at the hands of the favorite romantic actor, Alexander Salvini.

The holiday attraction at the Baldwin will be David Henderson's new and most successful extravaganza, "Alladdin, Jr." which will, in a few days, reach its two hundredth performance at the Chicago Opera House.

Eugenie Blair, Robert Downing's leading lady, has been selected by the Elks of San Francisco to act as the chairwoman at the Ladies' Social Session to be given at the California Theatre on Sunday afternoon, November 11th.

The Fruit and Flower Mission entertainment at the California Theatre, on Wednesday afternoon next, will begin promptly at 1:30 and the doors will be opened at 1:00. An immense business is now an assured fact, and a large sum will, no doubt, be realized.

Katie Emmett will continue another week at the California Theatre in her successful play "Killarney," and an entire new series of "Living Pictures" will follow each performance. Little Mabel Taliafero, Robert Sheridan and Miss Katie Emmett will all introduce new songs and dances.

It is said New Yorkers have been shocked by a young lady called Cissy Fitzgerald who does some wonderful high kicking in "The Gaiety Girl." This is the piece that Daly brought over from London, and the chappies of New York are unhappy because it does not stay all winter as it is coming out here.

At the Standard Theatre in New York City, "The New Boy" appears to be as much a favorite as it was in London, judging from the immense success it has made. Delighted audiences greet the play nightly, and the general verdict of the Gotham press is, that the comedy is a much better one than "Charley's Aunt."

The father of Thomas Keene, the tragedian, intended him for the army, but his death threw his son on his own resources, and the young man went on the stage to earn a living. He made his début at the old Bowery Theatre in New York, carrying a spear in the "Gunmaker of Moscow." Since then Mr. Keene has played leading parts in pantomine, burlesque, comedy, farce, melodrama and tragedy. To-day he is one of the richest actors on the American stage.

It is conceded by thoroughly competent judges that although presented under the name of "Living Pictures," the exquisite groupings at the California Theatre, constitute a series of genuine art studies worthy the careful attention of the most intelligent persons, and appealing to the higher attributes of the human mind with irresistible force and eloquence. The new series during Kate Emmett's engagement will be beautified and made doubly brilliant by many exquisite new tableaux.

Robert Downing, the American tragedian, will give his great production of "The Gladiator," on Monday, November 5th, at the California Theatre. Since the death of Edwin Booth, Mr. Downing must be conceded to be one of the foremost classical romantic actors of our time. He has been before the public for a number of years, and for the last half dozen as a star in the legitimate field. During that time he has, by conscientious work, the force of native ability, and a determination to advance the interests of the stage in all that is highest in dramatic effort, achieved the high place he has taken. No man since McCullough has been even a rival of Mr. Downing in heroic parts. Eugenie Blair, Mr. Downing's leading lady, is one of the best known and best liked of all the heroines of the classical heroic drama on the American stage. Her acting is noted for its grace of manner and truth to the ideal art.

COURSEN-ROECKEL CONCERT.

The pupils of the Coursen-Roeckel Vocal Conservatory entertained a critical audience at Byron Mauzy Hall last Thursday. The programme was a pronounced success throughout and spoke highly for the conservatory. The personnel of many of our church choirs is largely made up of pupils who have graduated from the hands of these clever instructors.

CHARITY BASE BALL.

A base ball game for the benefit of the Womans' Hospital is contemplated some time in the middle of November with teams made up from among the members of the University and Bohemian Clubs. A rare time is promised. Further noaice will be given when the date is finally settled upon.

MOROSCO'S

Next Monday evening Manager Morosco will give the first presentation at his house of Harry P. Mawson's "A Fair Rebel." The play is exceptionally strong, free from sectional differences, and will be staged in an unusually careful manner. Over one hundred people will take part in the production, and the best members of the company will be in the cast. The business at this house is improving every week, if possible.

STOCKWELL'S

At Stockwell's the Grovers are presenting "My Son-in-Law" in a most admirable manner. The play is rich in comedy of an innocent and agreeable character, and the entertainment is really one of the best offered in the city. Leonard Grover, Sr., Miss Kate Eckert, Leonard Grover, Jr., Hereward Hoyt and May Noble are all exceedingly clever people. The prices range from ten to fifty cents, and from ten to twenty-five cents, ridiculously low for the class of entertainment presented.

THE ORPHEUM.

Haverley's minstrels open at the Orpheum on Monday night fresh from success at the Portland House. The troupe is said to be composed of some clever minstrels, among whom are Burt Shepard, Harry Budworth, Alf Gibson, Harry Armstrong and F. M. Kayne. Minstrels are at least a novelty with us in these days and ought to, commercially, be a profitable venture for a short season.

THE TIVOLI.

"Jupiter, or the Cobbler and the King," a two act operatic extravaganza by Harry Smith and Julia Edwards will be presented at the Tivoli next week. Jupiter falls in love with Claudia, the affianced to a cobbler. Changing himself to represent the cobbler he makes love to the maid. His wishing cap is stolen from him, and the cobbler assumes the role of Jupiter and visits Mount Olympus and the fair goddesses of Juno's court. Comical situations and cheery music makes up a clever performance. Ferris Hartman is cast for the dual role of king and cobbler. Phil Branson as a clerk to slave dealer. Tillie Salinger as a charioteer of the Circus Maximus, and sprightly Gracie Plaisted as a cook.

THE BALDWIN.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will begin upon the second and last week but one of their engagement at the Baldwin Theatre next Monday evening, presenting "The Ironmaster" Monday and Tuesday nights, and Saturday matinee. It is a play full of dramatic purposes and charged with dramatic sensibility, and again there are added events of clearness and directness of language and harmony of speech and characterization.

The play "A White Lie" which will be given on Wednesday and Thursday evenings was first seen here at the Baldwin Theatre four years ago. Since then the play has been revised and re-written, and is now a comedy in four acts, and it is said that Mr. Grundy has kept the characters of "A White Lie" not only the same in name, but practically unchanges in essentials, although they manifest themselves almost wholly in their lighter phases and the central points of the serious situations are intensely humorous.

Friday and Saturday night Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will be seen for the first time in this city in the romantic drama "All For Her."

The story of the play in brief, is that of the noble self-sacrifice of Hugh Trevor, the real Lord Edendale, for the sake of Lady Marsden, the woman he loves, but who is betrothed to his brother, the supposed lord. The sacrifice includes not only title and estate, but also life, for the supposed Lord has been condemned to die by the headsman's ax, on a charge of treason.

Haight Street grounds will be the scene of a hotly contested football match this afternoon at three thirty o'clock between the Relianco Club of Oakland and the University boys' team. Society will be well represented and for the glory of Alma Mater, University men are expected out en masse.

We respectfully ask the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Morinkovits & Korper's which appears in this issue. Marinkovits has been connected with the firm of H. Liebes & Co. in the capacity of cutter and fitter for the past fifteen years and has left them to go into the Fur business with B. Korper, at 916 Market Street.

Figg—"What a peculiar man Dunder is. He has a sovereign contempt for anybody who doesn't know as much as he does."

Fogg—"I should think he would."—*Boston Transcript.*

Fine Haviland Porcelain Tableware just received from Limorge, France, at S. & G. Gump's Art Store, 113 Geary street.

Berkshire typewriter paper and Crown Pens are the best. Sanborn, Vail & Co., Sole Agents, 741 Market street.

"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

The poem "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother" was written by Elizabeth Akers Allen, known otherwise as "Florence Percy." It is a general favorite, for it is a sweet little touch of home life. But there is another side to the picture. Many a mother rocks her child to sleep who can neither rest nor sleep herself. She is always tired, has an everlasting backache, is low spirited, weary, nervous, and all that. Thanks be, she can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will do the work. There is nothing on earth like it for the "complaints" to which the sex is liable. Once used, it is always in favor.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets are specific for billousness, headaches, constipation, piles, and kindred ailments.

A Chance to Make Money.

I have had wonderful success selling Dish Washers. Have not made less than $8 any day, and some days $15. Nearly every family buys one. They are cheap, durable, and do the work perfectly. You can wash and dry the dishes for a family in two minutes, without touching your hands to a dish. I believe any lady or gentleman, anywhere, can do as well as I am doing, as I had no experience. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family seems to want a Dish Washer. Write to the Iron City Dish Washer Co., E. E. Pittsburg, Pa. They will send you full particulars and help you as they did me. I do not write my experience boastingly, but because I think it a duty I owe to others in these hard times. MARTHA B.

For elegant Wedding and Christmas presents call at S. & G. Gump's Art Store, 113 Geary street.

FOOTBALL

RAIN OR SHINE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

★ ★ ★ . . VS. . .

RELIANCE

HAIGHT ST. GROUNDS

Saturday, October 27, 3.30 P. M.

TICKETS . . . . . FIFTY CENTS

NICK MARINKOVITS & BEN KORPER

Marinkovits & Korper

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE FURS

Repairing and Re-Dyeing of Sealskins a Specialty

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THE LEADING CATERERS

Finest Ice Cream, Terrapin, Salads and Delicious Entrees sent to Private Houses at Shortest Notice

Weddings, Lunches, Dinners and Suppers after Theatre a Specialty

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE

AL. HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees and Managers

Monday next, October 29

Second and last week but one

MR. and MRS. KENDAL -- KENDAL

And their London Company

Presenting

Monday and Tuesday evenings and Saturday Matinee . . . "The Ironmaster"

Wednesday and Thursday nights . . . "A White Lie"

Friday and Saturday nights . . . . "All For Her"

Monday, Nov. 5, 3rd and last week of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal

Prices, 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.50, $2.00.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & CO. ..... Lessees

S. H. FRIEDLANDER ..... Manager

Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinee Saturday

SECOND AND LAST WEEK

The best play in the city. Charming Katie Emmett in

★ ★ ★ KILLARNEY

Six Realistic Scenes of Ireland.

Katie Emmett's New Songs--Ever Bright and Catchy

THE LEAP FOR LIFE !!

A new series of "LIVING PICTURES"

Monday, November 5th: The American Tragedian ROBERT DOWNING in "THE GLADIATOR."

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING ..... Proprietor and Manager

Last two Nights

FRA DIAVOLO

Monday, October 29th

✳ ✳ ✳ JUPITER ✳

or, THE COBBLER AND THE KING

POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

STOCKWELL'S THEATRE

This Saturday and Sunday Evening.

Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2 P. M.

★ THE GROVERS

Leonard Grover, Jr., and Leonard Grover, Sr., in

: MY SON-IN-LAW :

NOTE PRICES: 10c., 15c., 25c., 35c., 50c.

Box Seats, 50c. Loge Seats, 50c. Reserved Opera Chairs in Family Circle, 15c.

MATINÉE . . . . . 10c., 15c., 25c.

Seats now on Sale at the Box-Office.

Y. M. C. A. HALL

Corner Ellis and Mason Streets

TWO EVENINGS ONLY

★ ★ GEN'L LEW WALLACE

Author of "Ben Hur," "Prince of India," Etc.

Tuesday Oct. 30th at 8.15 P. M.

Subject:—"TURKEY AND THE TURKS"

(With glimpses of the Harem)

Friday Nov. 2nd, at 8.15 P. M.

Subject:—"HOW I CAME TO WRITE BEN HUR"

Admission, 50 Cts., Reserved Seats, 75 Cts. and $1.00

Seats on Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Commencing Monday, October 29th, at 9 A. M.

Carriages at 9:30 P. M.

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Handsomest Family Theatre in the World

WALTER MOROSCO ..... Sole Lessee and Manager

WOMAN AGAINST WOMAN

Monday Evening, Harry P. Mawson's Great Military Drama

"A FAIR REBEL"

Evening Prices--Orchestra 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c; Family Circle and Gallery 10c, Mezzanine Boxes $1, Proscenium Boxes extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices*--10c, 15c and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week Commencing Monday, October 29th

Haverly's Original Mastodon Minstrels

The World's Greatest Exponents of High . . . Class Minstrelsy . . .

3 MATINEES 3

Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday Matinees

PRICES

Matinee: Parquet, any seat, 25c; Balcony, any seat, 10c: children, any seat, 10c.

Evening: Reserved seats, 25c; Balcony, 10c; Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c.

How Two We've Wedded

BY H. BULKELEY CRESWELL.

This is the story of a man and of a woman who, when they had been married a month, thought happiness was theirs; and the moral of it is, let man beware of woman with sensitive nostrils who signalizes emotion by hard mouth lines and a face of whiteness.

Carverton first saw Nita Brunson when he was a hobbledehoy of eighteen with a fearful bass voice, and she a hoyden fresh from a sound mutton-and-slate-pencil education, dressing in home-made gowns of serge and enjoying herself in undrilled laughter. It was at Reihurst, at a garden party, they first met. Nita successfully held three lawn tennis balls and served high. This ravishing accomplishment inflamed Carverton with a deep affection. From that hour the fuse was lighted for him. A year later he had seen that her face was rather long, that she grew white when her mother reproved her, or, for answer, let fall quiet little ironies of vague, hidden meaning, which caused the good lady to rumple her feathers speechlessly and grow very red in the face. Nevertheless, she still could hold three lawn tennis balls and serve high, while her figure was to him graceful beyond ideal and her image dwelt with him. Before two more years had spun themselves out he realized that her eyes were small and steel-blue rather than violet. Twice had he seen her mouth harden into the fixed grimness of a sphinx, and one of her sisters retire whimpering with four blurred red bars across her cheek, but he had been set tingling with a kiss ere this; he knew her, and saw her glowing womanhood, and could perceive how the harness of an unending, didactic, nagging old mother, and a bevy of spiteful younger sisters, quarreling among themselves and eating sweetmeats 'till they were faint and giddy, chafed her. He gloried, manlike, in her untrammelled originality and wit, staring out from the meanest of mean surroundings, and held her above all precious things when he realized how she towered above other women. Thus, when Carverton had but scarcely passed his third climacteric, they were formally engaged to be married, knowing well that they had but two or three years to wait, since Carverton had eaten his dinners at Lincoln's Inn, and had, moreover, rowed for his University, so that his success at the bar was to be both swift and sure.

Three years found him with a heavier moustache, a mottled blueness of complexion, and the skin hanging loose on his jaw and festooned under his eye, for he worked hard and hopelessly. A man with a nondescript nose and a weak chin had rather sell himself for anatomical purposes than carry his brief into the public courts. So Carverton retired to chambers and retailed his legal knowledge and experience for isolated sovereigns.

At Reihurst, meanwhile, people played at lawn tennis and the curates came in to tea. The ethics in vogue at Reihurst were the ethics of lawn tennis. Of a girl it would be asked: "Has she a good stroke?" before, "Is she pretty?" While a man who could volley neatly might disregard rules of etiquette and good breeding and yet be declared charming and very nice. Others may tell of the downfall of the new young Vicar; his salutary homilies on "Charity covereth a multitude of sins" were read to empty pews—the fane of his church remained ungilt. His parishioners could not sit under a minister on Sundays who revolted their precepts on week days.

Among these scenes Mrs. Brunson lived content in Dorcas meetings and flannel philanthropy, with but rare passages with her daughter; for except in the harlequinade people do not put their heads out of windows when advised of one poised ready with a warming-pan, and the Misses Brunson rarely had their ears boxed, for they now cherished their complexions, skirmishing daily with the curates, the Venner boys, and the young Hawley-Dawsons, at unending tea parties.

Here, too. Nita lived a monotonous life, thinking much of a plain man up in London, with his trousers bagged deplorably at the knee, who sat into the morning mid heaped-up books, and worked till mysterious fingers pressed his weary head and cried "stop." Round him men wailed for eight diurnal hours of road-picking, and more beer, and "Liberty" meant a law decreeing: "Thou shalt do no labor."

Carverton spent two years in chambers in the Temple, where solicitors came to him with nice points for his opinion; and came again, for Carverton was cheap, and the difference between one opinion and another may be ten guineas, though the client knows it not. So when several hard-fought cases were given as he had advised, Carverton felt his success was assured and let Nita fix their wedding day.

For some years no anticipatory view of his married life had been free from certain rocks that started up rugged and barred the way to lasting joy. At first they had been vague, almost conjectural, and vanished or grew with his changing moods; but latterly he recognized in them a great gloomy fact, and, vacillations ended; there lay stretched out before him a veritable range of Matterhorns, at that point where the pleasure of the honeymoon merges into the happiness of married life. Had he known of this discrepancy in the ideal that he had cherished, when five years before he began to remark the length of Nita's nose and to notice that her eyes were not violet, he might have resigned her to one certain of the young Hawley-Dawsons, who had been obtrusively polite in handing cups of tea, and bits of bread and butter, and spent a rollicking time at his club, or with his jovial friends of the junior bar, or such other fatted cattle. But when Carverton knew of the rocks ahead, he was a man of unrequited hope and baffled energies, a man of some nobility, who knew solidly of things. Nita's long face, small eyes, and flowing figure were but the outward semblances of something cherished beyond all, and though at times this consciousness of evil to come swelled up to a terrible fear, yet he married her. Even as he pressed the ring upon her finger he was bracing a determination never to shrink from any step that might procure their substantial happiness, and this because his spirit trembled in anticipation.

When they had been married a month they returned from traveling and instituted home, which was the beginning.

The interest of the new home is all absorbing to its creators, but were it the custom of the human kind, as with the Guanaco of Patagonia, to select a spot to die in, the home of the newly married would be in hot demand. Here could a man give his last gasp and be thankful to know it was his last; looking round he would see nothing to help his remembrance of any but the dregs of life. For here no thing fits; each is in dissonance with every other, and nowhere is there any utility. In one department is seen superlative accommodation overflowing and clotted together in lumps; in another bald nakedness is sparsely screened with patent enamel and Japanese fans. The mean, vaunting spirit that prompts the uncongenial man to carry his new watch in the chamois bag in which it is sold pervades the newly married and remains for months and years. Where there are no children it has been cherished in their stead and remains forever. Wedding presents clash and overlap. People have seen their silver tea urns set on high altar in the drawing-room, their Venetian finger-glasses ranged out with flowers, have dropped their cards into their plated salad-bowls, and eaten fish with their dessert knives and forks. Books themselves have no sanctity. All Carverton's prizes that might be sufficiently unthumbed, were polished and ranged out with that skill as should most dazzle the eye, and Nita's prize volume of Browning (she took up Browning at school, where she learned modern languages) lies a glittering cynosure on its own particular table. These are but a few of the reasons why the brand new home is the place to die in. The guest knows as he talks to his hostess that she has spent a weary afternoon worrying the peacocks' feathers in yonder pot. Mrs. Carverton draped flimsy till the wrinkles of care and age sprang to her face. The furniture is grouped in a dissymetry of painful accuracy; every movement destroys hours of solid brain work. The maids have all been washed by force, that is most evident, and enact their parts as those close drilled in servitude. Their deferential exactitude in closing the door should make a man arise from his seat and curse aloud. All things at the dinner table, from the fantastic wine glasses to the mutton on your plate, are rare and very precious. Your wine is molten gold, the cabinet pudding has been in hot debate for previous days, its codiments the sapphire and the ruby.

Mr. and Mrs. Carverton took house twenty miles northeast of London, Reihurst being equally southwest. Caverton had once settled on Kensington, and Mrs. Brunson joined, grunting, in his enthusiasm—so easy a run for her. There was a pause, for a new horror had seized Carverton by the throat; he could utter no word. Nita sat oppressed by the hideousness of life and truth, while her mother's smile faded into the hot red of obesity, and when Carverton at length wrenched a not unpleasant idea out of his mind and flung it from his tongue, the emotions of her heaving bosom were rocking her in her chair. That night, alone with her pale daughter, she grubbed up her wrong from where it had quietly fallen, and walked round in the dust for many desolate minutes before the inevitable, ponderous embrace.

We have said that the interest of a new home is all-absorbing to its creators. Friends came to stare at Mrs. Carverton and look for lions passant on the teaspoons. Mrs. Carverton arranged and rearranged her drawing-room till she became tired and peevish, and her husband, after spending five of his precious home evenings at heavy portage—moving the piano from corner to corner, and slewing it from diagonal to square, and from square to diagonal—at last sought spasmodic solitude, and lifting up his voice, found relief in one crisp word. Then he went forth to join in the harassing of certain other furniture with a destiny for wide journeying.

Meanwhile the gloomy portents of Carverton's bachelorhood resolved themselves into an approaching reality. What had previously been a vague fear now remained as a hopeless, immutable sadness, and prospective thoughts found involuntary expression in raised eyebrows. Each day he knew more certainly of a great struggle and leap that must take place in the not far distant future. Whenever his motive and Nita's did not agree, whenever his object failed to coincide with hers, or his wish to find perfect acquiescence in her, the natural man in him began to wriggle, for she assumed and availed herself of right of decision, and this means contention and hate in the days when kisses have lost their piquancy.

"What is it then to have, to have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife."

Carverton had known the "single thraldom," and was sad because he realized the necessity of a future war of extermination or the unavoidable, life-long "double strife." Daily the rumblings anticipatory of earthquake increased, and his horizon shimmered presentient of the storm to come. Endearments are indeed charming and very pretty, but "Poor old hubby," "Dear, stupid old hubby," twanged in Carverton's ear like fifths from a warehouse fiddle. There were little thoughtless and willful acts too, and sentences turned with the sting of dictation, worse still, with the gall of ironic contempt, a contempt that fattens on its unresisted self. Carverton was firm for the contest, though he could have wept as he looked, thus thinking, on his wedded wife; but her encroachment was in so fine gradations, and so unobtrusively made, that never was anything thrust forward sufficient to afford him foothold. Then arose the Cotsford-Douglas.

Nita's friend of her childhood, the twining comrade of her schooldays, the receptacle of her maiden confidences, had married the Cotsford-Douglas, one with agressive nose, much trained moustache, quick thirsty eyes, the shaven districts of his face blue with a strong black beard, and the rings glittering very beautifully upon his fingers, for his hands quivered like helps of calves foot jelly. Cotsford-Douglas had money and all that happiness which is to be bought with money, but Mrs. Cotsford-Douglas was listless and depressing, and vivacious Kitty Radley had turned into a dull, formal Kitty Douglas, with careworn eyes that ever belied her smile.

Mrs. Carverton used to spend long afternoons with Mrs. Douglas, who, though she had no seeming spark of interest in her own life and doings could never hear enough from Nita of her's. Carverton made no comment, but when a printed card bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. Cotsford-Douglas, and mentioning a day, time, and purpose, was handed in, he said "No," simply and firmly.

"Good gracious, and why not?"

Carverton explained that he could not exactly tell her why not, but, "Dearest, if you knew what I know about that man you would have no wish to enter his house. I have said nothing about your visiting Mrs. Cotsford-Douglas, because she is your great friend, and your visits are, so to speak, private, but it is impossible for you to accept this."

"It's absurd," said Nita. "Of course, it is exceedingly wicked, as you say, but people generally grovel to flock there, and why should not we? Goodness is a relative quality; I don't pretend to be a sphere above other good people———" And she ran off a list of worthy householders who licked the Douglas hand and lapped the Douglas sop—a list which did great justice to her memory

Carverton said little; he had decided, and judged it out of place to give specific reasons, reasons indeed based on substantial truth, for his profession placed him where his eye could range over the dubious back-passage approaches to Divorce and other courts, but slanderous in absence of the categorical sworn evidence called Proof. So was the matter had up and down for a day; then it lapsed inconclusively.

A week bereft of happiness passed, for there were flashes of untruth in Nita's eyes, and when Carverton strode home on the evening of the Douglas' reception he had almost joy at heart. This night, thought he, their married life would start on a new footing, he would gain the day and Nita's respect. Start on a new footing it did, but not completely as he had pictured; he had not regarded a sort of cow slide as footing at all. The lie was in her face as she kissed him on his arrival, the lie of trustfulness where there is uncertainty, unanimity where there is contention. At dinner her toilet was such as to leave no doubt of her intention to spend the evening abroad, her demeanor showed a determination to carry the matter off pleasantly as a foregone conclusion.

His hour had come. He made up his mind to his opening move before the meal was over. Taking the opportunity when they were alone: "Nita," he said, "why have you on your satin and diamonds?" He was attending minutely to his plate as he said this. He would feign nothing, and could not look in her face to see the horrid

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

surprise he would meet there. His meaning was plain; there was so little of question in his words that they received no answer.

"This is nonsense," said his wife. "I knew her before ever I met you—you have no right to object to my going."

"My dear," said Carverton, looking at her, "we have already discussed the point. I cannot let you go." He sank his eyes again as he said this last. He was conscious of a silence, then plate and china clinked as she rose, rustled up to him, and stood.

"When I have asked your permission it will be time enough for you to refuse it."

Carverton made a mistake; he should have looked at her. He was, however, but human, and continued to eat cheese and biscuit with very great accuracy and precision. Then there came a shock that jerked the morsel of biscuit from his hand and his cheek tingled with a hot smart.

Though she was gone on the instant Carverton's feet instinctively grasped the floor, a vestige of animal that turns to tear; but except that the quick blood sprang to his face and hung in evidence on one cheek, and that his hand trembled as he continued balancing cheese, he remained motionless; his servants had seen his humiliation, and their obtrusive attention to their duties told him of their scrutiny. When, five minutes later, he rose from the table it was with a sense of joyous vigour, such as a young man feels when exuberant life reminds him of his strength; he could now exert himself unreservedly, he was in the right, he was a man, and could and would win. The stimulus of the blow made him forget his sorrow; everything was clear to him, and he decided what he would do. There was no use in reiterating yet again his objections, compulsion there must be. He fixed upon what seemed the kindest and most conclusive manner of asserting himself.

After rummaging in uncouth drawers and boxes in his own peculiar den, he took implements and a candle to a certain corridor, where he climbed upon a chair and fumbled on tip-toe at the cornice. Then he replaced his tools and went to the little drawing-room where he knew Nita to be. He found her with her wraps beside her, warming herself for her final departure. She looked quickly round and saw her husband take the key from the inside of the door, heard him lock it on the outside, and walk away.

Carverton was still hot with the blow, for it was a new sensation, to quell which was to vanquish a new enemy in an unknown country; so he would have liked to see how Nita sprang to the bell-pull, since he had two minutes before cut the wire. He would have been almost frightened, however, to see her diabolical whiteness as the handle rattled limp in her hand, and she stepped back baffled. Her pride swelled up in anger and hate; only after a long hour did a few tears tremble in her eyes. Tears of ignominy and self-pity rather than of contrition.

In some three hours Carverton, now most wretched, and ascribing to himself the attributes of a coward and a bully, while he realized the necessity of what he had done, came with the key and limply unlocked the door and also tried to mend the bell wire, but without success. Next morning he breakfasted alone and trailed away to the city as dismal, desolate and dejected as a man may be, for in place of the sobbing, kissing wife his imagination had dwelt on the day before, he now knew of a cold, white face and bitter mouth that he must board and lodge with in open contention. Worst of all he loved the cold, white face and bitter mouth, so that his misery was pressed to the verge of anguish.

It was aloes in his cup that he knew no overtures of reconciliation must come from him; he realized that such a concession meant a battle fifty times more fierce and terrible in the future; a struggle so fierce as, perhaps, to consume altogether the very constituents of reconciliation; he was in the right, Nita must climb up to him, not he go down to Nita. He made this his resolution so fixedly that twice in the following days he had to fly his wife's presence to stifle a throbbing desire to reclaim her with a thousand embraces.

Almost a week passed, the most purely miserable of any he had known. The return home in the evening was now no more than a dreary part of the mechanism of a forlorn day. There were indeed, no dissensions, bickerings, flouting inuendoes, phrases turned to a point, or other fur-scratching, but worse, man and wife etiquette most rigorously observed, all things performed politely and very courteously. One unseen would have observed the quiet of a happy marriage, and the soul risen up in praise of Hymen. When Carverton came home, there was the matter-of-fact kiss, and the weather was wet or cold, and not so wet as previously, or wetter, or not so cold, or colder, as Carverton warmed his hands; then he stalked off to his dressing-room. Mr. Carverton gave Mrs. Carverton his arm to dinner, but there is a noble excuse for not talking at meals, and the excuse was mutely tendered and accepted. There are, too, always things of interest in the papers, for when nothing less monotonous, wide conjectures as to the probable locality of truth fill up gaps between fish and roast most conveniently, and afforded Mr. and Mrs. Carverton topic for desultory talk afterwards in the drawing-room, before each subsided into a book.

This is how their evenings passed, and meanwhile a great aching sorrow was taking up abode with Carverton, so that when his mind returned from the wide detours of research and thought that occupied his day, he groaned aloud, and vaguely determined that, in one way or another, he would effect a re-union.

Had he known of a sigh that echoed in Nita, and of sensations akin to his own that were beginning to haunt her, he might unrestrainedly have given way to his feelings, but he knew very really of the fate that awaited his overtures to an uncontrite wife. False pride and flaunting resentment have the strange quality of subsisting by the resistance offered them. Like limpets, the more they are worried the stronger they grow, but let them rest awhile and they may easily be surprised into subjection. Nita's assumption of outraged dignity, exhibiting itself in a demeanour of strict *politesse*, was particularly dependent upon the opposition of her husband as something to pull against, for in her secret smothered up heart, she knew herself to be at fault, and the ignominy of being locked into her room was no sufficient prop to sustain her in her elected *role*, though she piled all agony high around it. After four or five days, then her enthusiasm began to flicker, and she herself to totter.

Beyond and above all this there is the grand natural law that for man to realize the blessing of any acquisition he must straightway have it taken from him. Force one to a night on the doorstep, and he will cry out to you of the haven of luxury in the shining prickles of his horse-hair covered sofa. For the same reason Nita was no sooner set outside the sphere of Carverton's sympathy and caresses than she was convinced that in truth they were the only things she cared much about, and her feelings towards him in the Reihurst days, when she saw him but once in a fortnight, and each was more or less a mystery to the other, seemed merely a foretaste of her present state of heart.

So strongly was this upon her that she was more than once within an ace of settling the whole matter off-hand by crying "Forgive." On one of the occasions on which her husband had been compelled to leave her presence, he did so just in time to stop the demonstration he had been expecting and longing for.

After the usual dull dinner each had settled down to a book, but either might have observed that the other did not turn many pages. Carverton glanced covertly at his wife; unfortunately her book screened her face. "How can she be so callous, so proud?" he grumbled to himself, and a chain of thoughts came upon him that caused him to hasten from the room. Nita had also glanced at her husband and had seen him engrossed in his book, for neither could she discern his face. She did not think him callous and proud, for she realized in secret how deeply she was in the wrong, and that he was acting as he only could. She felt that he could not be so wanting in character, so mean spirited as to come puling to her, and she actually preconceived the contempt that would hold her were he to make overtures for the reinstatement of their lost confidence. These thoughts had come to her before in her happier moods; they now were so strong that tears sprang to her eyes, and she set down her book to go to him, but as she looked she saw only his retreating back, pride came careering upon her with the throbs of her quickened heart, and held her closely for many hours.

The days became terrible. Carverton paused on his threshold, and with fixed jaws braced his mind to callousness, before he entered his home, and at times he caught his mind's tongue crying monotonously: "I won't! I won't! I won't!" lest the bond of restraint he had imposed should crack asunder. In this manner are our Hanwells and Earlswoods kept brimming, and jurors find cause to say: "While temporarily insane." The ways of fate are devious and meshed with intricacies. We are doled out our so few ounces of brain as we are allotted our so many inches of calf, and our possibilities are branded on us The average mind estimates the abnormal. A genius for letters is stroked, the earth it sprang from is cherished in the Poet's Corner; a genius for thieving we nurse on Yorkstone slabs at Newgate; while lesser and intermediate gifts are nurtured in proportionary gradations, so that one who cherishes rags and a brickbat, saying, "This is from the ruin of a cottage at Waterloo;" "That was once part of the late Emperor of China's favorite carpet," is considered by none being neither a dangerous lunatic nor a sane man. To say at what point sanity merges into insanity, is to say at what point one may be called bald when single hairs are twitched out of the scalp, for insanity may be logical, and sanity is most indifferently so.

Carverton's conclusion was logical, though it was in antagonism to his principles, precepts and training, and though it shocked his natural instincts as a crime would do. That it was good was attested by the ends, if ends do justify means; that it was noble, as a conquest of sense by mind, and as rising above the trammels of precedent, is undoubted.

He had been driven by his own misery and a consciousness that the present was hardening into an immutable, immitigable future, to a determination to effect a reconciliation, or at least to sweep the falsehood from his life. It was no small part of his burden that he wept inwardly for his wife, while he analyzed cold schemes that might help him to realize his one grand wish, but nothing came, for this resolution was qualified by another, which said: "I will not conciliate," and so surely as a way opened, it led down to self-humiliation and the resultant ruin of their lives. "Were I but in the wrong," he groaned helplessly to himself; "had I but injured her; were we both equally transgressing; how soon would all be well." This involuntary lament struck the key-note of a possible course of action, and set in motion jangling thoughts that brought him to his conclusion, so that one Saturday he reached home shuddering, and with the look of the hunted.

Nita was presiding at her tea-table, with a room full of visitors, talk, talk, talking, like the gobble of many sewing machines. Carverton joined them with effort, cups clattered in his hand, and his heart beat high as the women leaked away in twos and threes, and left him alone with his wife. He could hardly speak or look at her, knowing what he knew and intending what he intended. Nita saw more than ordinary formality and reserve in his demeanor; it piqued her, coming upon the cheerful forgetfulness of the past hour. She took her book, old contests of contrition and pride oscillated over the worn, weary tracks in her brain, and she sat miserable. Carverton could look at her now that her eyes were from him. As he gazed, the words, "I must! I must! I must!" repeated and again repeated, came from the distance and echoed in him till he was conscious of them as a man first consciously hears the ticking of a clock, knowing it to have been audible long before.

"Nita," he exclaimed suddenly, "the grate is in a disgraceful state; why is it not kept properly?"

A retort: "I haven't noticed that the grate is in a disgraceful state," came unheedingly from behind her book.

Carverton rang the bell; he was in a maze. The whole scene had been so real in his imagination during the past few days that it seemed unreal now; it had all been done before; this was only a mechanical performance of it. When the servant appeared the words ran off his tongue as a nursery rhyme, grafted on him in infancy, would do.

"The grate has not been cleaned to-day; see that it is done at once, please; and come yourself—all of you come."

Nita looked at him; he leant heavily against the mantel-piece in seeming abstraction.

Then she again buried her attention in her book.

The door opened ghostily, and a little group entered, each individual composing it as much as possible behind another.

"Bring your brushes here," said Carverton. "Nita, here are the brushes; do the grate."

She was all attention now, and with wide eyes.

"You hear me; clean the grate."

"*Are you mad?*"

Carverton then did what seemed to him, at the moment, an easy and familiar act. He took a step towards her, his arm went out, and the palm of his hand swung against her white cheek—her dear white cheek.

"Aow-tut, tut, tut, mussy!"

Carverton's hand signalled desperately and the chorus vanished.

Carverton hung with his arm on the mantle-piece, looking downwards, and waited.

The wound to his sensibilities made him tremble; he could realize how men's bile had been made to overflow; he could have cried out. With an effort he at last commanded his muscles and looked at his wife. She sat with a cruel red spot on one cheek, and quietly looked at him as the tears gushed from her eyes. They sprang to the man's as he saw her. If there are days worth living for, this would have compensated the endurance of an eternity. Their very souls welled up and clasped like their arms; their hearts were as near each other as their burning cheeks.

So were they wedded. —*Black and White.*

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All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

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LIBRARY NOTES

The consolation of realizing that the Lyndsays are veritable Boston people, and not liable to occur out of that city, hardly compensates the conscientious reader for wading through *When All the Woods Are Green.* Some time ago I read *Characteristics*, a series of polite conversations, in which much harmless erudition was circulated in rather an entertaining way. For the most part the speakers were men whom one could afford to recognize on Kearny street, indeed, with the exception of an artist, who was pleasingly gifted with eccentricities, being quite lacking in logic, they were all extremely respectable, and so opinionated that I have often wondered how Dr. Weir Mitchell ever confined them to the dialogue form. The tendency to monologue in each seemed almost irresistible. However, he curbed them successfully, though there were occasional lapses into narrative which sometimes justified the distance between paragraphs. On the strength of that book I undertook *When the Woods, Etc.*, and found the laborious effort of an intellectually conscientious person determined to make his summer vacation pay for itself in fiction. Being a very eminent Philadelphian, sharing the Delphic tripod in that city with Miss Repplier, doubtless he is compelled to shed his reputation on paper at least once a year. It is possible to imagine him writing it chapter after chapter in hours won from the exertions of a large practice, then read to a charmed circle of admirers, who find Sister Anne's learning a subject for inquiring comment and Rose's beauty an object of worship, who consider the punishment meeted out to Jack evidence of Dr. Mitchell's views on the treatment of the young, and valuable accordingly. However, for very ordinary people, unable or disinclined to devour books as the Lyndsays do, or lacking a capacity at flinging bits of Marcus Aurelius as an exchange for extracts from Hafiz, or incapable of regarding consistent conscientiousness, save in the light of an unattainable ideal, I fear the book may prove a bit tedious. Doubtless it was for such ordinary folk, unable to realize the estimation of Dr. Mitchell in Philadelphia, that he introduced the shooting episode with Mrs. Calkett. Mr. Carington is unfortunate enough to arouse the pridatory tediousness of this rather dangerous and muscular person by exhibiting a wad of notes and gold, whereupon she permits her large, sensual lower lip to draw down and uncover a row of large yellow teeth. At the same time her face is stern and deeply flushed. Soon afterwards he has a bullet in his shoulder, and the lady decamps. In the nick of time Rose, with whom the wounded man is in love, her papa and Jack appear, place him in their canoe, nurse him with due solicitude, and it is presumed they are married, though Dr. Mitchell is unkind enough to omit any description of the ceremony.

In a more effective way than even an autobiography could demonstrate does R. M. Manley, author of *The Queen of Ecuador*, prove the brilliancy of Rider Haggard. His dramatis personæ is nomandic to a degree travelling into the wilds of the Andes and discovering there the Rainbow Kingdom, whose highly civilized inhabitants are governed by hynotism, adore lizards and indulge generally in a hideous propensity at poisoning. The fact that the Indian tribes on the borderland of this remarkable region slaughtered everything in the white way that adventured within speaking distance has hitherto prevented any one realizing its existence. But the passes and gorges of the Corderlleras yield up all their secrets to Mr. Manley who juggles gracefully with the Chunchos, Moxus, Soleimaus, Goajiras and Auralaniaus. They are all subjugated by the spell of his style and the power of his imagination into letting Arthur Bertram and Dr. Millard penetrate the Rainbow region, where the secrets of hypnotism are revealed with genial energy. But then, this excursion only furnishes a background for the courtship of Herbert Jelliffe and Miss Ellen Clay—the latter a nurse in the home of Dr. Mulgrave, whom Dr. Millard suspects of trying to kill his wife by hypnotic suggestion. The lady dies, finally, the nurse is suspected, Dr. Mulgrave bears false witness against her. The evidence of her guilt appears overwhelming. In the nick of time her father, who has been Monarch of the Rainbow Kingdom, appears in court, mesmerizes Mulgrave, who confesses the crime as his own. In order to finish up with proper acclamation the latter is revealed as Alatchie, a member of the Quitu royal family, and Ellen Clay is none other than the missing princess of that region who, by right of ancestry and descent, is Queen of Ecuador. However, she has imbibed American tendencies, and, instead, she marries Herbert Jelliffe, who is district attorney of Somerton, a city about the size of San José. I fear I have conveyed an indistinct idea of Mr. Manley's plot, which is quite as weird as his style is respectable. By the subtle grace of his phrasing I am sure he must be a newspaperman.

In these days of feminine press associations and women's clubs the subject of husbands is one that naturally interests widows and others. I cannot believe that either class will derive much satisfaction from *A Hnsband of no Importance*, however anxious they be to gather the advantages of current literature or the type of man who will obey instead of demanding obedience. The better half is Mrs. Hex Rashleigh, an able and square-jawed lady responsible for a novel or two of the advanced school and much in the line of journalistic endeavor. Her husband is a quiet person engaged through the story in maturing for her the surprise which constitutes the climax. While she considered him as lacking all the brilliancy which distinguishes her own personality and treated his conversation with the contemptuous disregard it seemed to demand, he took it into his head to write a play whose heroine he built on the forcible lines of Mrs. Hex. It is produced, creates a great sensation and finally precipitates a reconciliation between husband and wife, who resume relations the author evidentally considers appropriate. Incidentally, one cannot but grow impatient over his tolerance, for a proper demonstration of manly vigor might have turned the scale in his favor without compelling his entry into the world of drama. What a charming complication it would make to set such a situation in New York and have the husband of no importance visit Dakota prior to the presentation of his comedy; then on the evening of the great success he might present Mrs. Rashleigh with a decree nisi and introduce her dearest and most gracious friend as her successor. One can hardly forgive him for falling so readily into her arms.

ORACLE K. B.

'Tis here the sweet autumnal balm;
That sense secure, that restful calm,
When no one cares a single jot
Whether the ice man comes or not.
—*Washington Star.*

He who can own a corner lot
Is surely very mean,
If he makes moan because he's got
To keep the sidewalks clean.
—*K Field's Washington.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"When All the Woods Are Green," by S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"The Green Carnation." D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"A Husband of no Importance," by Rita. G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"The Queen of Ecuador," by R. M. Manley. The H. W. Hagemann Publishing Co., publishers, New York.

"Sweet Clover," by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

We constantly hear of the tremendous change that is to usher in the next season's gowns. The season arrives, and with, perhaps, a few alterations—for instance, the enlarging of the already ridiculously enormous sleeves or the widening of the full skirt—one finds it difficult to realize that there is any alterations at all. Why is it? Have Worth, Virot and the other autocrats of fashion come to the conclusion that "whatever is is best," or are they contemplating the advent of the "advanced woman" with the necessary appendage, viz., male attire? I fancy that among the greater number they will still find those who are conservative enough to retain the skirt against all odds. We are constantly hearing of the tailor-made woman, and the adoption of the vest, shirt, collar and tie of the stronger sex, but I fancy these are to be found chiefly among the larger and more masculine looking of our species. A small woman rarely, if ever, wears a tailor-made dress. She prefers the more elaborate puffs and furbelows that make her more feminine and charming, but which on her taller sister would merely have a showy effect and be decidedly conspicuous looking. Strange as it is, too, the small women are those who desire "rights," the taller ones being contented with the privileges. I noticed at the Woman's Congress that all, or nearly all, of the women were the small, slim kind, who, if they were but little, determined, like the bantam, to make as much noise in the world as possible. Sarah Grand lived many years in Hong Kong, and while there was considered a quiet-looking woman, who would never set the Thames on fire. Her husband was a very innocuous-looking specimen, who rather gave one the impression of being henpecked. Could it have been then that she was contemplating "The Heavenly Twins?"

It is charming news to the "advanced girl" that the wet weather costume devised by the future "Women's Rights" party is a success. What pleased that most critical of human beings, a University student, who still has illusions and delusions, undoubtedly will not fail to win the approval of his older brother and father. It is commonly conceded that women dress to please men, so if fathers, brothers and University students bend the knee to the "wet weather costume" I suppose it will, ere long, be generally adopted.

Now that riding and cycling are becoming so popular it is perhaps reasonable to give a few hints as to habits, etc. Dark blues, greens and plum colored cloths are the best gown, though one sees an occasional mixed tweed. The sleeves are worn mediumly full but not conspicuously so. The newest habits have a jacket bodice nearly long enough to reach the saddle and falling full from the waist line. The derby hat is almost universally worn. The whip should be very exquisite and dainty; the most recherché are in white with silver handle.

Perhaps it is difficult to look well on a bicycle and it has yet to be considered a graceful exercise. In Paris, however, they are each day inventing some new costume and may eventually succeed in getting a pleasing one. I saw a rather chic design the other day in tweed, with a frock coat reaching to the knees and belted in with a black velvet belt, fastened with a plain silver buckle. A short cape, plain on the shoulders and falling very full below, was buttoned under the coat collar, to be worn or not according to the state of the weather. Long leggings of the material of the costume vanished beneath full gathered knickerbockers, the band below the knee concealed by black velvet ribbons fastened with small silver buckles to match the belt, a white linen shirt, a black tie and Tyrolean hat completed the costume.

Very fashionable for every day are the Tam O'Shanter caps. They are made with a plush or velvet crown with a quilling of ribbon resting on the hair. Some of the crowns are made of orange or turquoise velvet, with black or brown silk or fur for the brim.

Large white turned-down linen collars are the latest wrinkle for morning wear, and look very fetching with the "Tams."

I saw some very pretty blouses recently; one in turquoise silk gauze has the back in pale blue brocade with pink hedge roses over it, and the sleeves are in pink gauze, the back part falling very long, the front quite short. The front and sides of this blouse are in blue, and are tied across the bust and at the waist with pink ribbons. Those collars made of chiffon with rosettes on either side are worn with everything. They either match the hat or are a direct contrast to the gown.

For stout women the pointed low waist is revived, fitted with darts in the old way, and having a lengthening, and consequently giving a slender effect.

The newest caprice in Paris is for a low corsage of chiné moiré in the large new designs, showing many colors in order that it may be worn with different skirts of the same color. Here is a very lovely one. The ground is in ivory white, and is strewn with lilacs, roses and other blossoms in most natural coloring, softly blurred in chiné fashion. The waist, slightly pointed in front, has a seam down the middle, but no darts, and is turned over at the top in two full drooping folds like ruffles below a tucker of white chiffon folds. The round back without fullness is hooked, not laced, and has a short, full basque frill showing the selvage of the rich moiré. Pale blue satin folds cross the bust, and are held by clusters of brilliants, and the narrow belt is similar. High at the back of the neck is a full frill of selvage moiré, and a wider frill forms epaulettes. Black is introduced in satin bows on the shoulders and wrists, with buckles of brilliants on the straps. The sleeves are long and very large. Any colored skirt, i. e., lilac, or white or rose may be worn with this bodice.

Everyone has at least one black frock this season. They are so becoming for evening wear, at least to those of us who have brilliant coloring. A square-necked satin corsage, swathed round the waist, is filled out with black tulle, covered with bluet spangles. Lace or chiffon also look pretty, and yet is very chic. A charming dress for afternoon tea wear is of bluet satin, brocaded in large designs. The jacket corsage opens on an accordion-plaited chiffon vest, striped with écru insertion, a large square collar trimmed with insertion, and edged with a deep ruffle of lace, large puffed sleeves with ruffle of lace and rosettes of ribbon, belt of bluet satin ribbon. The skirt is full-gored, with a slight demi-train.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly: On Thursday evening "Aunt Sally" and her neice, Miss Carrie Waddilone entertained a few select friends in their handsome apartments in the Baker Block. Their most prominent guest was Judge Clarke. He has an Aunt Sally in the East and this accounts for his fondness for our "Aunt Sally." The pretty young neice doesn't feel a bit jealous. The same guests formed a party for Mt. Lowe on Saturday returning to town on Sunday.

Mrs. A. E. Grady, mother of Hon. Henry W. Grady, of Atlanta, Ga., was entertained by Mrs. Walter A. Taylor and Mrs. John Shirley Ward. The guests represented the culture, refinement and elegance of Los Angeles. The "Bohemian Frolic" was also given in honor of Mrs. Grady by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. McClosky. The host and hostess in this case pose as Parisian artists, born in America. On their smallest Christmas pieces you will see "Paris" followed by initials. Only those to whom Mrs. McClosky felt under social obligations could be invited. Mrs. J. S. Slanrin's name headed the list of guests; to be sure they did paint her husband's portrait. But many names were enrolled of people who never heard of Mrs. McClosky and many more of the relatives and family connections were omitted. I have in mind a brother and his wife. This same wife's money, in former days, was liberally used to give them a start before they became famous. Also, this wife has a sister who had been very charitable in former days. Perhaps the size of the residence limited the number of guests. At least I will try to think so.

A very pleasing feature of campaign life is the description of Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin printed by the Los Angeles *Herald*, and just think—a wood cut, too! Well Polly, I can tell you how this happened. Mrs. Galpin is a Republican but her husband is a Democrat and a compositor for the *Herald*. Many of the employees are wondering if, under the new management, the same kindness is to be passed around. After so much opposition to their husbands the merry wives have finally submitted themselves and now the gentlemen will enjoy their delightful informalities. The personnel of the club leaves only Mrs. Victoria Harrell without a husband. Where she will be at, time must reveal.

Over two hundred very select invitations have been issued by a new organization of young ladies known as The Violet Club. What buds they gather I will find out at their first reception on the 26th.

This week finds us very gay and full of visitors attending the races. On opening day Mrs. Plater, Mrs. Banning, Mr. and Mrs. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. John Bradbury remained in their carriages, while those who owned horses occupied boxes. Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance had a box and won a race. By the way, it is considered just the right thing for the ladies to buy pools in Los Angeles, and many of our ladies have quite a little income from this annual fun. Big money is up for Silknon, and as he is such a favorite among my friends I shall have to let you know the result in my next.

Always yours,

Becky Sharp.

SAN JOSE.

The Phelans have been guests at the Vendome for several days, and their turnout is the finest here. Miss Phelan is recovering from a recent illnesss and only drives and visits a very few intimate friends. Among those are the Misses Morrison and the Tisdales of Los Gatos. The former have given several informal dinners, and the latter a couple of lunches in her honor. Miss Phelan is certainly a bright and agreeable lady who makes friends. Speaking about the bright and talented ladies, we can claim a few whom travel has benefited, and whose conversation is sparkling and instructive, and who never resort to euchre or poker to furnish entertainment for friends. Among these Miss Stella Breyfogle comes first. She received a good education here and has traveled extensively. An afternoon or evening spent at the Breyfogle home on St. James street is both profitable and pleasant. Miss Elizabeth Smith is another who has gained much by foreign travel. She does not mingle with San Jose society, and during the holidays will be married to a doctor and make her home in Australia where he has an extensive practice.

Miss Louise Auzerais is being extensively entertained, and her wedding will probably take place just before Lent. Mrs. Charles Martin entertained last week, and Miss Auzerais and Mr. Sterling were the guests of honor, and the McLaughins are to give a tea next week for these young society favorites.

Our people seem to have gone music mad—just think of Mrs. Harry Pierce practicing on the piano nine hours a day. She is an enthusiast and has perseverance necessary to achieve success.

Clarence is having a hard time trying to organize the dancing club and declares that the life of a social leader is hard. He would have a much easier time if, in getting up the club, he did not insist upon Larry and Murray being admitted, as these youngsters are not looked upon with much favor by the well-bred girls whose fathers mingle with the world, and who would rather not have their daughters know youths who are sowing their wild oats. Clarence is an autocrat, and insists that what he says must be law, and so the struggle goes on.

Bessie.

FRESNO.

Dear Wave: Well, it does look as though there was something in store for us in the line of amusement after all. I went to the Catholic fair last week and had a splendid time. Of course our set was not largely represented, but there were enough there to insure a good time dancing. Big Bob Roder wandered around the hall looking aimlessly about. But the face that he longed for never came. The little widow was also there. She was, as usual, quite bewitching. Stonewall went about with a face as long as a preacher's. I can't understand him. I wonder if he is in love? Anyway, he has the symptoms. Our gallant stationer also graced the assembly with his dignified bearing. Carrie, of course, was there, and was followed by her retenue of ——. The "kids" were also represented. Some of those boys do dance so charmingly. I had a turn with Mont and one with Will H, and enjoyed them hugely.

I saw Harry in town the other day so I suppose the event will soon come off. Margaret has had the bridesmaids visiting her from Sacramento for the past few weeks. What a cute little couple they will make! I wonder who will be the next in the younger set to follow in his tracks.

Our society was well represented at the play Monday. It was "Old Kentucky." The house was so awfully crowded that I could only see a few of the girls. Doctor and Ernest, with their usual fair companions, were found in their customary places. Harry, of course, took the young ladies, but gallant Will H. (again after a new girl), relieved the monotony of the gender. Frank H. had some new girl whom I never saw before, and she made me quite jealous. Carrie and her friend, with the Judge and his handsome wife, graced one of the boxes, and were the target for many admiring glances. Will and Lee sat surprisingly dignified in an opposite box with the Colonel "et ux," as the newspapers say.

I suppose the boys, as heretofore, came alone, and took seats near the back, for I heard that several of the girls' curiosity overcame them, and attended alone.

The Hughes management gave the first social hop of the season Wednesday evening. I do hope they will keep them up. The crowd was pretty much mixed, but this was really the first dance we have had, so we overlooked that.

The Wednesday Club entertained our Query Club at Mrs. Judge Nouse's last week, and we had a grand time. I would tell you more of our meetings—we have such interesting ones—but several of the girls who have found me out came to me and threatened me with expulsion if I told you of our little fusses. Anyway, we've got ahead of the married women in the club. They, of course, want to fill up with young married folks, but we don't like that. We had quite a time and succeeded in getting in our crowd. They got a little ruffled, but we did not care. The membership is now full so they will all have to stay out.

I'm just dying to try my hand at bicycling. I have been trying to get some of the girls to learn with me but they won't do it. They say it is not dignified, and so we have had to practice on the strict q. t. How stunning some of our folks would look 'awheel! They would draw better houses than one of Kiralfy's ballets.

Dr. M. has been going about with rather a dejected air. I wonder if he has received bad news? He and Mont seem to be very chummy of late.

What a gay time we will have Wednesday evening at the Native Sons' ball. I hear the boys are working awfully hard to make it a success and are pleading with the girls to help them. I do wish they were more select in their crowds, it would be so much nicer.

The choicest bit of scandal for the week is the divorce suit of Mrs. Woodworth. In spite of his distinguished lineage, the husband will insist not only upon "looking on" wine when it is red but in drinking it to excess. And when he is drunk brother says he is anything but choice in the company he keeps. But then he isn't alone there. But, dear me, I am supposed not to know anything about that kind of life. Please excuse me while I blush. I understand that the cause given in the divorce papers is cruelty. I think that was very kind of her, don't you?

Trix.

SACRAMENTO.

There are ever so many engagements whispered about, but I dare not announce some of them for a little while to come. However, there is a wedding which is threatening to take place in the near future, and I don't think the parties concerned will mind my telling you of it. None of us need expect invitations as the affair is to be painfully quiet. It will be the Doctor's third attempt at matrimony. Even if we are not inclined to shower congratulations we must admit a certain amount of bravery on his part to become a benedict once more. The Matron is rather good-looking, but she certainly played Carrie a trick that one can't easily forgive. They were such friends, always together, until the matron turned traitor and usurped the husband's affections. We are awfully anxious to know how Willie will like his new mamma—probably it will be a little hard for him, as he is now a full-fledged physician, wears glasses, and considers himself quite important. At the recent swell banquet tendered the Doctor the guests were taxed eight dollars a head, and some were dreadfully put out about it. The few selfish beasts that did object were the ones that enjoyed themselves hugely, and the least they could do is to pay for their fun and quit.

There is a certain chappie in our town who is minus a couple of fingers, and, as usual, we girls are aching to know how the calamity occurred. Well, I happen to know, and am going to tell you all about it. Some designing fairy fell in love with chappie, or his ducats, I am not able to tell which, and chappie reciprocated the affections bestowed so lovingly upon him. He proved fickle, however, tiring of his lady love ere many weeks had passed. She resented being cast aside, and, as a parting mark of affection, drew a pistol and fired. Her aim was not as intended, for, instead of the bullet piercing chappie's heart, he just lost a couple of fingers—that was all. Isn't that deliciously sensational?

Mrs. Ben Crocker has returned from your city fully recovered from her recent severe illness and ready to launch into the winter gaieties. Mrs. Orcutt enjoyed a trip to Stockton recently. She went there to attend the nuptials of her dear friend Miss Chalmers.

The Lawton's card party on Wednesday night was the initial game of whist for the season. So many are wondering if there is any truth in the report that Phoebe and Ed contemplate matrimony. Both deny the report emphatically and they ought to know. Ed is awfully anxious but Phoebe is such a sweet, lovable girl that we hope to see her make a brilliant match. The Gerbers have left the Golden Eagle. They will occupy the Wilsey house until their own home is completed.

The concert given by Professor Kinross was was a success artistically but not financially nor from a social standpoint. The talent was almost entirely from your city and certainly deserved better patronage. The public did not respond simply because it had become tired of the Professor's benefits. This concert did not prove a benefit as not even the expenses were made. The Professor and his wife have kissed and made up. However, she refuses to return here and has made her home in your city. He goes down to visit every week. Her return here would have caused surprise and comment and she fears the gossips.

Gertrude Miller is expected home shortly from her tour of Europe. She will no doubt bring with her a wardrobe of fetching gowns. I hope the girls will get a glimpse of the parasols and underskirts she wrote so much about, and of which her family were so desirous of letting the public know by publishing her private letters.

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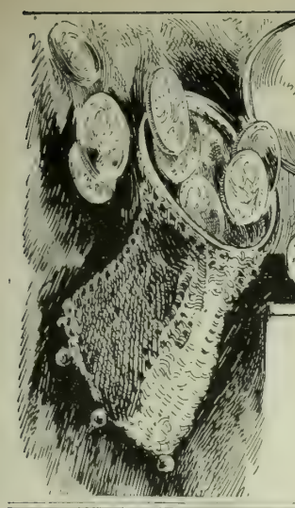

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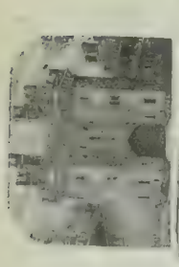

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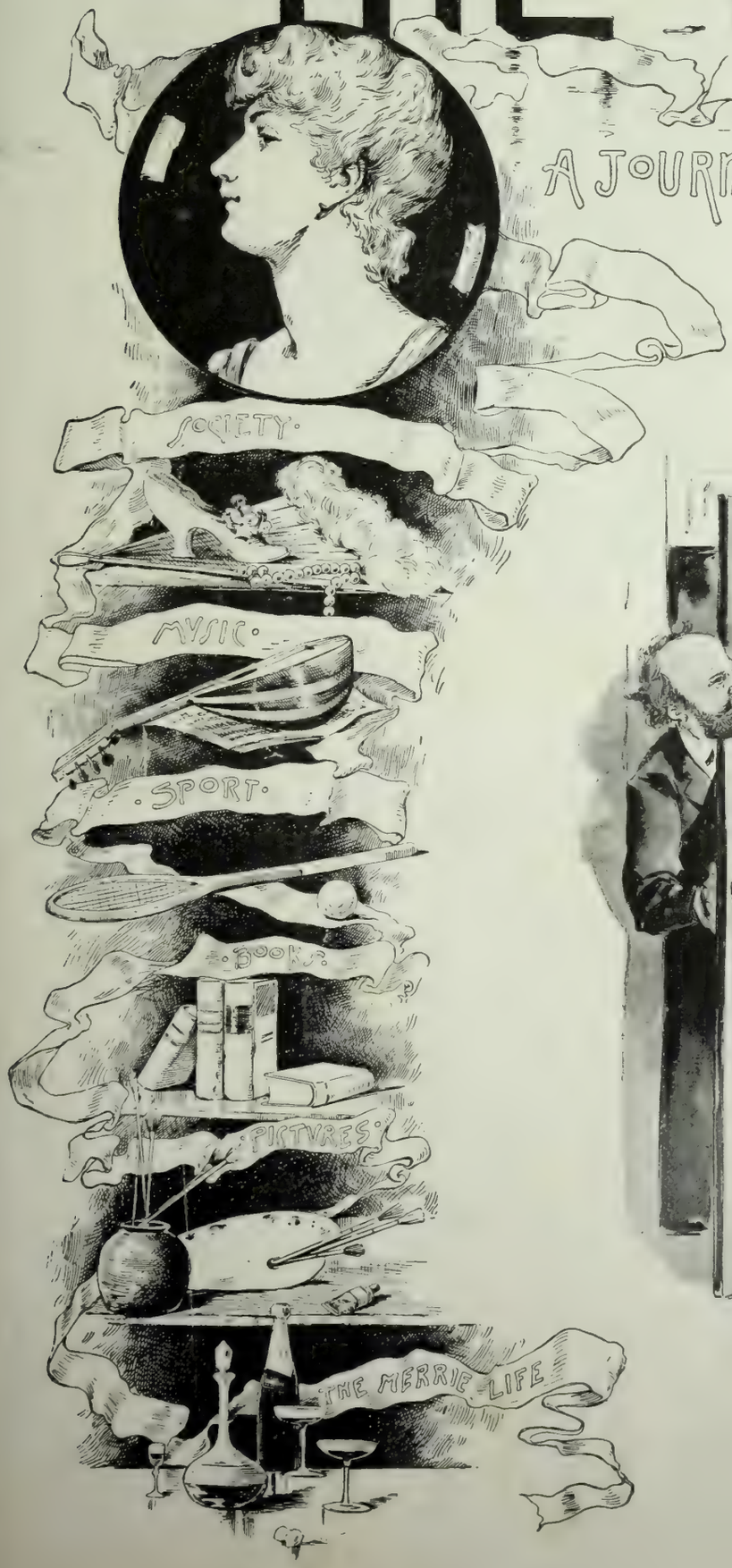
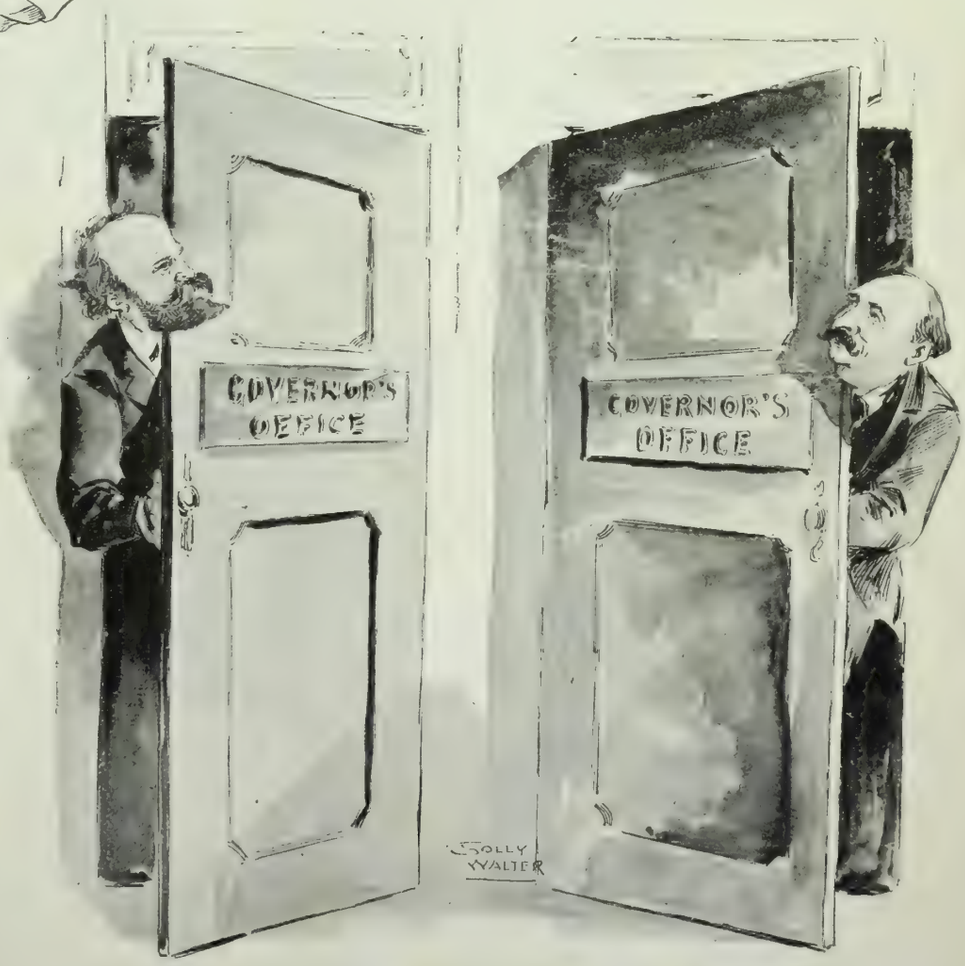
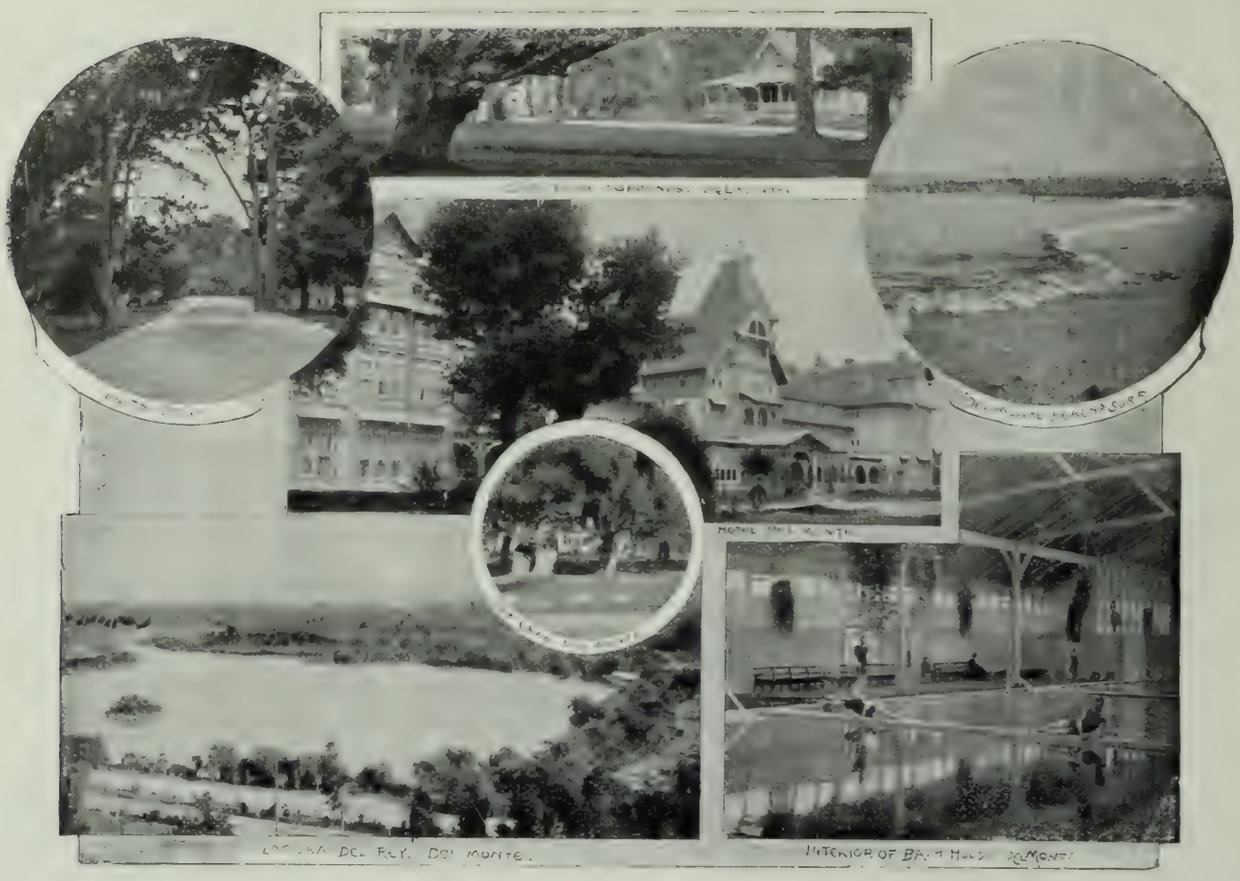




ARE YOU IN, JIM? ARE YOU IN, DAN?

WHICH SHALL IT BE?



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		VOTING NO.
Governor.		
JAMES H. BUDD	Stockton	1
Lieutenant-Governor.		
WILLIAM T. JETER	Santa Cruz	8
Secretary of State.		
BEN. M. MADDOX	Visalia	12
Attorney-General.		
A. B. PARIS	San Bernardino	30
Treasurer.		
J. C. CASTRO	San Luis Obispo	23
Controller.		
MICHEAL MEAGHER	San Francisco	19
Surveyor-General.		
D. M. ANGEIR	Sacramento	32
Superintendent of Public Instruction		
C. S. SMYTH	San Benito	45
Clerk of Supreme Court.		
PETER W. McGLADE	San Francisco	38
State Printer.		
J. J. CURRY	San Francisco	47
Justices of the Supreme Court.		
JACKSON TEMPLE	Santa Rosa	57
J. E. MURPHY	Del Norte	56
E. A. BRIDGFORD (Short Term)	Colusa	62
Congressmen.		
JAMES. G. MAGUIRE	Fourth District	68
JAMES DENMAN	Fifth District	67
Railroad Commissioner.		
DR. J. I. STANTON	San Francisco	
Voting No. 82 in 4th Congressional District on Ballot.		
" " 83 in 5th Congressional District on Ballot.		
Member of State Board of Equalization.		
JAMES C. NEALON	San Francisco	
Voting No. 75 in 4th Congressional District on Ballot.		
" " 76 in 5th Congressional District on Ballot.		

SENATORIAL NOMINEES.

18th District	HUGH TONER	86
20th District	P. F. WARD	87
22d District	PERCY L. HENDERSON	86
24th District	J. T. BURKE	84

ASSEMBLY NOMINEES.

28th District	HENRY HEALY	85
29th District	JOHN D. COUGHLIN	84
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31st District	TIMOTHY E. TREACY	85
32d District	JOHN F. TWIGG	90
33d District	L. J. DWYER	84
34th District	MARK A. DEVINE	89
35th District	J. M. DONLAN	85
36th District	JOHN McCARTHY	90
37th District	JOHN P. DALTON	86
38th District	THOMAS F. CLARK	86
39th District	ALEXANDER T. VOGELSANG	86
40th District	DANIEL WEBSTER SAYLOR	93
41st District	JAMES P. SWEENEY	92
42d District	EDWARD J. REYNOLDS	92
43d District	JOSEPH M. MARKS	91
44th District	JAMES J. DEGAN	84
45th District	JOHN T. CAREY	84

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WM. J. BRYAN	Assessor	15
RICHARD I. WHELAN	Sheriff	26
JAMES N. BLOCK	Tax Collector	28
CHRISTIAN REIS	Treasurer	36
THOMAS J. GLYNN	Recorder	41
M. C. HALEY	County Clerk	46
JOHN T. GREANY	District Attorney	53
HARRY T. CRESWELL	Attorney and Counselor	58
ALFRED E. BLAKE	Coroner	62
A. C. FREESE	Public Administrator	70
WM. M. FITZHUGH	Surveyor	74
THOS. ASHWORTH	Supt. Public Streets, Highways and Squares	79
ANDREW J. MOULDER	Supt. of Public Schools	88
JAS. V. COFFEY	Judge of Superior Court	95
WM. R. DAINGERFIELD	Judge of Superior Court	96
FRANK H. DUNNE	Judge of Superior Court	98
WALTER H. LEVY	Judge of Superior Court	100
CHAS. T. CONLAN	Police Judge	110
FINLAY COOK	Police Judge	111
M. M. FOOTE	Police Judge	112
S. H. REGENSBURGER	Police Judge	118
JOHN A. CARROLL	Justice of the Peace	127
ALFRED J. FRITZ	Justice of the Peace	130
JOHN J. KENNEDY	Justice of the Peace	132
CHARLES WESLEY REED	Justice of the Peace	139
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PETER A. SCULLY	Supervisor Sec'nd Ward	159
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MICHAEL KANE	Supervisor Seventh W'rd	189
PATRICK BOLAND	Supervisor Eighth Ward	194
HERMAN B. GOECKEN	Supervisor Ninth Ward	201
WM. M. HINTON	Supervisor Tenth Ward	209
FRANK LESTER	Supervisor Elev'th W'd	218
EDWARD L. WAGNER	Supervisor Twelfth W'd	225
WM. F. AMBROSE	School Director	227
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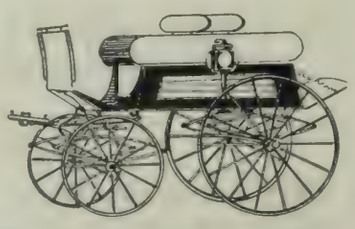

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 18. San Francisco, November 3d, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

This is the last cartoon of the campaign. Whatever may be said to the contrary, whatever may be the political affiliation of the reader, he must inwardly confess that the issue of Tuesday's election is "Jim" or "Dan." If it were "Dan" all alone, matters might not be so bad, but it is "Dan" and "Dan's" connections for years to come. This we have said so often that repetition has grown tiresome. Certainly no reader of the WAVE can vote for Mr. Estee in ignorance of all that vote portends for the community as well as for the State. This is our last plea to Republicans in general that they cast their ballots for Budd and Jeter, even though principle or conviction suggests voting the rest of the Burns ticket straight.

AN OPEN LETTER.

To COL. D. M. BURNS.

Dear Sir:—Three weeks ago the WAVE addressed an open letter to you, directing attention to some abuses with the existence of which you are doubtless perfectly familiar, and we suggested, as an earnest and pledge of what in good faith might be expected from you, as a party leader, that you take steps as Police Commissioner, towards purifying our police force, and wiping out certain blots on our municipal administration. There are a variety of opinions abroad concerning you. Some people believe you a dishonest politician, on a level with Buckley, Kelly and Crimmins. We do not. Some people believe you a sainted leader with a halo. We do not. Some people have not yet made up their minds; they are anxious to believe you the saint, suspect that you may be the sinner, and are really at a loss where to place you. Certain it is, you are a much discussed man. We have said in these columns a great number of kindly things concerning you. Frankly and sincerely we do not object to you, *you personally, you individually* – it is to what you represent and to your diplomatic connections we particularly object. Politics is politics, and we have a lively appreciation of the ends to which supposed necessity often drives a party leader to secure support which he considers requisite to carry his ticket through. We know that for votes and funds barters and trades are consummated which, if made public, would mean your defeat, but which, kept private, are a source of strength. We know these trades are nearly always against the public welfare, but having apparently received the sanction of reputable men of every party are accepted as political necessities so long as politics is conducted on present lines. The strength drawn from such combinations, however, is not lasting. You know it. The bought man is always hungry for another public vendue, and the purchasing corporation always demands a subserviency that does not permit even ordinary fairness, and which results finally in either a manly, open rebellion or degrading serfdom.

A few years ago the people welcomed you as a champion to do battle with Kelly and Crimmins and they gathered about your banner with a great deal of earnestness of purpose and were willing to stay with you. Until you took up with strange gods you were their choice, we almost said their political idol. They do not think so well of you now.

Yourself and Mr. Spreckels, both men of wealth, beyond the suspicion of the lesser reprehensible practices of your predecessors, make a team head and shoulders above any active machine bosses (or party leaders, if you please) this State has ever had, and victory, within your own party, at least, would be yours for years to come if you would but align yourselves in the interest of Good Government. You must admit that public confidence in you is not increasing. It was public confidence which first gave you strength, and it would remain your strength had you not abandoned the public for the private powers which are using you only for that which they are robbing you of—they are sapping your personal popularity, and after that is gone your usefulness will be destroyed. Their support is tonic in effect, but leaves you debilitated and open to more acute ailments. Frankly and sincerely, the WAVE would have rejoiced to have had indisputable proof of your honesty of purpose even if it resulted in the defeat of Mr. Budd. We support Mr. Budd because we know he owes nothing to any boss on earth, and we oppose Mr. Estee because he owes everything to you, not particularly because it is *you* individually, but because we believe you are so involved that even though your mind revolts, you cannot raise a finger to relieve this community of the corruption and infamy that is gnawing at its vitals. In a great measure you must yield to the powers in the background. Yet punishment for the sins of omission or commission the public visits upon you. It is not wise to seek prominence in public life, and be answerable to the public for our actions, unless we may govern our own conduct without interference.

We know Mr. Estee to be a good-living old gentleman, devoted to his wife and family and an unsatisfied political ambition. We know he has aspired to office, particularly that of Governor, for years. We know you, in this campaign, were the first to seriously take up his candidacy, and that he owes his nomination entirely and solely to you. If elected to office Mr. Estee will have the appointment of hundreds of officials who, in turn, employ or have the appointment of thousands of deputies and assistants. Do you believe Mr. Estee will appoint your enemy to office? Is it not pretty certain that he will give you an opportunity to reward the men whom you may say were instrumental in assisting to his victory? He would be a despicable ingrate if he refused. This patronage in numbers will run up into the thousands, in dollars, into the millions, and by means of it you will lay your plans to secure control of the next Republican Convention and name the next Governor and so on, ad lib. This is what the thoughtful, honest Republican objects to, *because* you have not yet indicated that your administration, which is really of a more lasting and more powerful character than Mr. Estee's will be honest and fair. You will not eliminate the only issue upon which we have combatted either you or Mr. Estee, because your connections will not permit you to and we regret it heartily and sincerely and so do others who love good government more than party.

If Mr. Estee be elected we will not abandon all hope of some good from you. You have not altogether been the tool of the worst elements of the community. There are some nominations and some planks in both the State and Municipal tickets and platforms evincing a spirit of independence which will sooner or later bring you into trouble with the powers behind you, and may result in an open rupture. We hope so, pray so, for then we may be able to follow you. Will you permit the prophesy that before four years have rolled by, you will find the powers anxious to supplant you with another more tractable, less independent and less confidential? Unless, meantime, you have re-established yourself in the affections of the people by some action in line with that outlined in our previous letter, you will not manage the next campaign, but another, a more secretive and a more dangerous foe to the public, will be selected and you will be relegated to the background.

San Francisco should hang its head in shame if Ellert is not reelected Mayor. He is honest and capable, has been tried and found to be on the side of good government in every instance. It is the defeat of honest officers by Bosses and corporations that discourages faithful public servants.

THE population of the United States is estimated at 65 000,000. It is within conservative lines to say that their expenditure for clothing is $20 each per year. The total outlay, then, for clothing alone, is the vast sum of one billion, three hundred millions per annum. A statement of the comparative tax upon what enters into clothing levied by the McKinley Bill and the new tariff will exhibit the importance to the people of the reductions made in the expense of clothing alone. The comparison is tabulated for convenience:

McKinley Bill, ad valorem tax	278 per cent
New Tariff " " "	30 " "
McKinley, average ad valorem	125 per cent.
New Tariff " " "	35 " "

The goods and material for their manufacture under these two heads, include the good and ordinary dress goods of men, women and children, underwear and overwear, and the reduction upon them averages ninety per cent. When this reduction has become effectual and the people have experienced it and the wives and mothers of the land have shopped under it for two years, no party will dare ask that it be put in power for the purpose of putting that ninety per cent of tax back upon the annual outlay for clothing. Republican leaders have fought a change downward in the tariff because they know that they dare not change it upward again, and their one great issue is lost. The tendency of the tariff was downward after 1846, and the Whigs dropped the issue, turned up their toes and died. In 1856, a further change downward was made in the tariff and it would never have been changed upward except for the Civil War. The people submitted to an increase in taxes on the necessaries of life only because it was said to be necessary to save the Union. Mr. Morrill, author of the war tariff, put it on that ground alone. This history is of interest, as showing that when taxation is once started downward it goes on to the angle of repose and can be raised again only to meet some overmastering necessity. No such emergency as the Civil War is now in sight, and we may therefore anticipate that Federal taxation by a tariff will not again take an upward direction for a great many years.

The field of discussion of finance has been left too much to the Populists and free silver advocates. The country has about $640,000,000 of silver in standard dollars and when these circulate at all, it is upon a parity with gold. All this stock of silver dollars has been accumulated since 1878. Prior to that time, back to the beginning of the government, we had but $8,000,000 of silver in dollar coins. The Populists insist that it is due to a lack of silver dollars that wheat is so low-priced, and that if we had more silver wheat would raise again to one dollar a bushel, at and above which it ranged before 1873. Now, if the existence of eight millions of silver dollars made wheat worth a dollar a bushel, as the Populists insist, we must believe that wheat is so in sympathy with silver that its price is twelve and one-half cents a bushel for each million of silver dollars in the country, therefore with 640,000,000 of such dollars accumulated in sixteen years, wheat should bring six hundred and forty times twelve and one-half cents or eighty dollars a bushel! Can any Populist tell what flaw there is in this application of their logic? If the mere addition of silver dollars with a purchasing power of one hundred cents each to our currency, is to raise prices, why don't they raise? The Populist fancy is childish, pleased with a toy. They don't want silver at a parity with gold. They want it at a discount. They are silver monometallists, and given their way will slip the country to a silver basis, on a legal standard of value that has just half the purchasing power of our present money. These prices will seem to raise by just the amount that the purchasing power of money has fallen. If a Populist is able in health and strength to lift a hundred pound dumb-bell and by sickness his strength fails so that he can lift only half of it, he will say that the dumb-bell has doubled in weight, not that his strength has fallen off one-half as is the fact. Therefore when he has given the country a sick money which buys only one-half what a sound money buys, he insists that prices have doubled, whereas the purchasing power of his money has declined one-half. These dangerous financial theories imply disaster, and to combat them is now the most conspicuous duty that is upon intelligent citizenship.

A United States Grand Jury at Chicago has indicted the ex-President of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad, its general traffic manager, and one of the heaviest shippers ov r that system, for giving and accepting rebates in violation of the Inter-State Commerce Act.

Mr. Hart's *Argonaut* insists on torturing the Lexow Investigation into an argument in favor of Republicanism, and last week repeated its offense. Dr. Parkhurst, the leader of the crusade now going on in New York, differs somewhat positively from the *Argonaut* in respect to its partisan contention. In a recent address, delivered under the auspices of the City Vigilance League in New York City, the good man said:

"Sometimes I have been a bit disheartened, but there is not a bit of disheartenment about me to-night. There has been such a sloughing off of all outside issue that the one issue is distinct. *This is not a fight between Republicans and Democrats.* We all stand on the same platform, whatever our predelictions may be, the fight is simply Tammany and anti-Tammany. Do not let yourselves be drawn off on side issues. It is not the rich man against the poor man."

It is to be regretted that Mr. Hart cannot bring himself to battle for the cause of good government without giving away to party zeal.

THE LEXOW INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Lexow Investigating Committee is still at work laying bare the criminal and iniquitous police corruption so long prevalent in New York City. As we review the results accomplished by the indomitable Dr. Parkhurst, to whose courage and insistence the world owes this exposure and the resulting benefits, we are led to ask who shall be our Dr. Parkhurst? Has San Francisco a citizen brave enough and strong enough to enter the lists against the corruption here prevalent? The seamy edges of our local abuses are thus far all which we have been privileged to view, but it is here, here in all its glory, and intelligent investigation would uncover as criminal a condition of affairs as has been found in New York City.

The Investigating Committee has, after a long siege of perjury, broken through the defense of the police, and is obtaining direct and positive information from officers themselves. A recent witness before the committee, Officer De Gann, was a complete surprise to his inquisitors. He told the truth! He explained how he received extra compensation and set forth the manner in which his police captain exacted one-half of all such earnings and finally demanded the whole. At the fresh frankness of his testimony the audience applauded in appreciation and it is now feared by the corrupt conspirators that other officers, disgusted with themselves and their masters in crime, may come forward and reveal further iniquities.

A few days ago seven officers were arrested and charged with felony under indictments based on the testimony furnished by Augusta Thurow, one of their victims. The arrested officers consisted of one captain, two wardsmen and four sergeants. The committee has recently turned its attention to lodging house election frauds, and for this purpose has been examining the books kept by the proprietors of Bowery lodging houses to ascertain from the entries how many lodgers moved from house to house at times when they might want to register as voters for Tammany Hall. Indictments are expected against other police captains and the force is thoroughly frightened and discomfited. San Francisco cries out for a Parkhurst and a Goff. Brooklyn is to have a similar investigation and Good Government Clubs all over the Union are moving on corruption in an unbroken column, determined to expose and punish all offenders, high or low.

THE KENDAL INTERVIEW.

One hardly knows how far to credit the interview with Mrs. Kendal which recently appeared in the daily press. It is fair, however, to presume she has been correctly reported and it is quite probable and quite natural also that she should be somewhat resentful under the chilling reception accorded the 'Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The "Second Mrs. T" is an effort (advisably "effort") which Mrs. Kendal characterizes as "the greatest moral play of the age—a play which will live long after she is dead; a play that will survive long after the hills of San Francisco have been leveled to the ground." By what process the leveling is to take place is not explained but contempt for our hills must be accepted as contempt for ourselves. Mrs. Kendal further says "she considers the Mrs. Tanqueray an elevating, refining play—the greatest work she has ever done, and the greatest work of the greatest man of the age, Arthur Wing Pinero. It teaches a great lesson and shows us not what to do, but what to avoid." If the negative form of instruction is to grow in favor one may well shudder at the future of the stage. This remarkable and magnificent declaration of greatness is somewhat staggering to one who has sat through the "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," inwardly condemning the play, yet yielding to the Kendal's a full appreciation of the high ability they possess. May we be forgiven for denying true dramatic construction to the "greatest work of the greatest man of the age?" Can Mr. Pinero, or any one else for that matter, excuse a four act drama based upon a loveless, motiveless marriage of an apparently respectable man to a female who has experienced a diversity of lovers, extending from brief companionship to the more continued relations which involve "housekeeping?" Tanqueray, so far as the playright vouchsafes us glimpses of his character, loves not his ill-chosen spouse with even ordinary vigor, and the Mrs. T., an illiterate and soiled female, who dreams of nobility at her table rather than virtue, babies and charity seems equally innocent of tender affection for the Tanqueray. The playright in the opening scene, without the first attempt at an introduction, springs Mr. Tanqueray upon us, and without justification or intelligent explanation, forthwith announces his marriage, to take place the "next day," with a mysterious and unmentionable woman. No where during that or the succeeding scenes do we catch a glimpse of the motive which led the Tanqueray to this social suicide, this sacrifical and absolutely purposeless misalliance, and yet, upon this hopelessly stupid and unnatural foundation, has the greatest man of the age built his greatest work.

Mrs. Kendal also tells us "that Mrs. Tanqueray teaches a great lesson. It teaches us that the Mesdames Tanqueray are never happy; that young men cannot live what they call a man's life and then, when they want to marry a pure young girl, be happy; that girls who are firm in their innocence and purity cannot be happy, because they have no feeling of pity for their less fortunate sisters."

The first lesson, confessedly, is lost upon an audience not composed of Mesdames Tanqeray's; the second lesson is not so apparent in the play as to merit the importance Mrs. Kendal seems to attach to it, and one might tear into fragments the little of it which does crop out. The third lesson is certainly not in the play, and one may safely defy the production of the mother of an innocent and pure daughter (and this extends even unto Mrs. Kendal herself), who could contemplate with complaisancy the mere toleration of her connubial successor in the shape of a Mrs. Tanqueray, let alone encourage the indulging of a feeling of pity for the creature who sneers at virtue, ridicules decency, and has neither regret for the past nor ambition for the future. Perhaps it may be well to inculcate in the hearts and minds of our daughters a pity for their less fortunate sisters, but, heavens, Mrs. Kendal, let us draw the line at the home, at the hearthstone, where the dead mother once sat enthroned, let us not encourage our Elleans to embrace and coddle ill chosen second Mrs. Tanquerays. Ellean should have departed from the desecrated home and never returned. An independent American girl would have done so. All this discussion, the Kendals, promising never to return, their contempt for our condition, mentally, has again provoked the query, to transpose the language of actor Sullivan: "Is San Francisco a jay town?" Mrs. Kendal says on this subject: "The leading companies and managers in the East declare they will never come here again. In the past San Francisco appeared to be appreciative, but in the last two years the people have condemned everything. Now, nothing good will come here any more."

Frankly, Mrs. Kendal, we do not like "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "Sowing the Wind," Lady Windemere's Fan" and the like. A good, honest sterling play we can always appreciate if presented by clever actors, such as the Kendals, but we are not yet up to the dramas of the decadence of the class mentioned. We have not sufficient of a leisure class to appreciate the fin de siécle school. We love to be amused, however "jay" we be, that is the fact. We still venture the prediction, too, that Salvini will crowd the Baldwin, that Irving and Terry would meet with equally remunerative honors, so will Aladdin, Jr., for that matter. We are somewhat provincial out here to be sure, somewhat outré, perhaps, in many respects. True, we do not fall down and worship because London or New York worships, we have independence of judgment. What suits Berlin does not please Paris, nor does London go into raphsodies over what pleases New York. Two years ago we were appreciative, to-day we are dullards. It seems hardly possible we could so suddenly have altered our tastes or lost intelligence. The fault is not with us, if it were we might criticise Mrs. Kendal's acting, which is clever.

We referred last week to the fact that Mr. Jas. McNab, a member of the Republican State Central Committee and one of the chosen advisers of the Republican party, is at the same time the nominee for Sheriff on the ticket of another party, and is engaged in an attempt to defeat its regular nominee, not only for the office to which he himself aspires, but for other offices as well. While desirous of encouraging political independence—by every argument possible—we cannot conceive how Mr. McNab reconciles with his conscience his dual position. It is said by his friends that Colonel Burns promised him the nomination of Sheriff and then "went back on him." That having received the Non Partisan nomination he is in honor bound to continue in the fight. Then equally in honor should he withdraw from the State Central Committee of the party for whose defeat he is now conspiring. THE WAVE does not support the Democratic nominee, Mr. Whelan, because he tricked the nomination away from McDade, who was an honest public servant, and because, from all we can learn, Mr. Whelan owes his success to the Bosses to whom he has promised the patronage of his office. We believe Mr. Burns has conceded the Sheriff's office to Mr. Buckley and if they be successful in this infamous trade we will have Mr. McNab to thank for it. There is no earthly excuse for Mr. McNab's candidacy, for Ruddick is an honest man; no possibility of his election for the Boss vote in solid for Whelan and Mr. Ruddick will poll the natural vote of his party except that filched from him by Mr. McNab. A vote for McNab is a vote for Whelan. A vote for Ruddick is a vote for honest administration and the friends of Good Government must not throw their ballots away on McNab with the hopes of accomplishing the impossible. Both McNab and Ruddick are honest men; either would make a capable Sheriff. If the position were reversed we would support with all power the candidacy, McNab, but it is useless to hope for his election and it is folly to chase rainbows in this campaign.

THE world seems to have a spasm of brutality every few years. The Czar is dying and the Viennese newspapers jump on him and jeer his last agonies like Barbarians in Central Africa. His crime is that he was Czar, according to a system of Government that stretches unbroken back to Rovik more than a thousand years. When more than thirty generations of men live and die without substantial change in their government, the admission is forced that it is fitted to them, and if bad, they are not fit for a better. So one pities the rancor which rails around the pillow of a dying man, who is only what his people are, a part of a system that none have used other means than murder to change. Concurrent with this inhuman exhibition from the old world is the deeply pathetic story told by Mrs. Pollock, of the death of her husband, the United States Consul at New San Salvador. The horrid fever of the country killed him, and when the body was removed for burial the gentle natives mobbed the house, crying: "Send for the police and dump him, as they would one of us. But no, he is a Consul and must be buried with honors!" The troops had to be called out for an escort to the corpse. Fancy the feelings of a widow and children in the midst of such a scene! It is a warning to the men who are seeking Consular appointments to places where even sorrow is not respected.

WE have been asked to give our views on the judiciary ticket. Our ticket would be Temple and Henshaw for Democrats and Republicans alike. For the short term there is no choice outside of party preferences. Both Judges Van Vleet and Bridgeford are honest men. Our preference is for Judge Van Fleet, for we know him personally and can, and do, vouch for his integrity. Judges Conlon, Joachimsen and Low should be reëlected Police Judges. A vote for Wm. J. Ruddick for Sheriff is a vote in favor of an honest man.

Judge Charles T. Conlon should be reëlected Police Judge by an overwhelming majority. He is honest and fearless, has an excellent record and if faithfulness in office entitles one to public recognition Judge Conlon will not be disappointed on election day.

As between the candidates for Attorney-Generalship (Paris and Judge Fitzgerald) the friends of good government may adhere to party lines without making any mistake. Both men are honorable and either will make an efficient officer. Judge Fitzgerald has a public record which will add materially to his strength. Personally, we admire the Judge.

MR. SUTRO'S BATHS.

A Sign of the Times and a Reflection of the Popular Taste.

By WILLIS POLK.

Nature, Neptune and the Seals provided San Francisco with a place of popular amusement.

It remained for the mind of man to conceive an ideal use to which this natural pleasure ground should be converted. Mr. Sutro conceived the baths. His idea of an ampitheatre, concert hall, hanging gardens, terraces, plunge baths, cafe, museum, etc., etc., was a grand idea, a noble thought, worthy of the highest praise.

But has his ideal been realized?

Making every concession to time, feasibility, expense and natural conditions, it would seem that the opportunity afforded every scope to fancy, and that every avenue was open to success.

In the first blush of general enthusiasm over the magnificent proportions of the enterprise it would be folly to controvert the popular verdict. With one accord the people are heartfelt in the sense of obligation they owe to the promoter of this great undertaking. Instead of praise being showered on his undeserving head, instead of the plaudits of the people, instead of the complaisant commendation of persons of taste who accept the intention for the deed, Mr. Sutro is a menace to the public taste, he is the enemy of art, he is the betrayer of Nature's trust. His baths will make the seals laugh when Father Neptune opens the way for their entrance.

Of course it is impossible for us to understand a seal's impressions of Nature, but it is easily imagined how laughable will be the seal's impressions of art.

So with us, we can all understand and appreciate something of Nature, but in art, of which we know so little, it would be almost impossible for us to appreciate an ideal.

To do that thoroughly one must have always been surrounded by beautiful ideals.

Mr. Sutro is attempting to provide these ideals.

But, in studying his subject, he has been unfortunate in the selection of models.

The baths would indicate that the Oakland mole, the Mechanic's Pavilion, the Midwinter Fair and the Western Addition had been his ideals and had served as his models.

The only thing that was preserved of the original grand and noble inspiration that moved Mr. Sutro to build his baths, is the size, the magnitude and the comprehensive proportions of the interior.

Over the sad treatment of details, the poor efforts at decoration, the stupid imitation of bad examples, professional courtesy must draw the veil of charity.

It would be *ifra dignitatem* to discuss the sins of one's professional brother.

The sins are excusable by ignorance, but offences against professional decency must call forth a protest. Brazen effrontery dictated the display advertisement that Mr. Sutro's architects have indulged in, in posting their names in letters twelve inches high on the right hand side of the main entrance to the baths.

But perhaps they share Mr. Sutro's pride in the enormity of their joint offence.

The baths will serve to perpetuate debased ideals of art. They will intensify the ignorance of the populace. They will be productive of countless absurdities in imitation of details.

They could have afforded an incomparable object lesson in good architecture. They have become a receptacle of cast-off statuary and a repository of second-hand furniture.

They are worse than the Midwinter Fair.

The Fair was only temporary.

SPLASHES

THERE IS A DELICIOUS joke on Society—the best in many a year. It seems we have been entertaining an angel unawares, not the heavenly type, but a young person who once wore wings with the sylph-like grace of one to the chorus born—not only wings, indeed, but tights. And she has been received into the very bosom of the First Families, has had teas given in her honor, and dinners, has been pronounced fascinating, charming—even ravishing by the elect and, of a truth, she is but a ballet maiden. Though the fact has not been borne home of late by the broader manifestations of hospitality that once blazoned forth the generosity of California, still we are a willing people, anxious to entertain the stranger within our gates if she or he possess distinction enough to make functions in her honor creditable. Yet under the circumstances of the angel's introduction, accompanied by the distinguished young banker who presented her as his spouse according to all the rules of the game, there could be no question about her social adequacy. She wore shimmering toilets, lovely hats, and was deliciously blonde, petite, and possessed a manner that the girls, even those who ought to have known better, pronounced the culmination of aristocratic langour. And now society in the Mexican capital is on the broard grin at our entertainments in honor of the twain, and wildly anxious to know how we were so egregiously deceived.

* * *

The headquarters of the eminent financial family to which the young gentleman belongs is in Mexico—the firm being a notable one, though he is not a member. Possessed of loud and extravagant tastes, he went to London some time ago and returned with a wardrobe embracing a collection of blue and pink barred shirts, coats, vests and trousers that would make "Him" in *Vogue* blink, and collars bearing the same relation to the ordinary linen neck girdle that the Mills Building does to the Russ House. With him came the charming young person whom so many of us have been privileged to entertain, and a fellow who kept track of the young gentleman's little time in England divulged the fact that she had figured as prominently as possible at the "Empire," a London music hall. Whether the partnership so obviously existing between them has undergone the sanctification of aught in the nature of a matrimonial ceremony is something no one in Mexico seems to know. The couple were very promptly ostracized there—or the angel at least, and the 400 of the Montezuman Capital are begging to be told how we came to be taken in so painfully.

* * *

Very briefly the career of the couple runneth thus: Arriving here their name and his wardrobe caught the city, and a gentleman, who knew him in Mexico, and was, of course, quite unaware of late developments, undertook their entertainment. Being considerable of a sportsman and a splendid rider he soon made friends, and at the "shoot" at Del Monte distinguished himself by his riding. She met every one worth knowing was voted charming by the women and on their return to town was enthusiastically taken up and entertained generously. There were some people, of course, who recognized instinctively the false note of the angel's style, and apprehended dimly a mystery, but the others rushed blindly in. I cannot but think of one little tale illustrating the devotions showered on her. Charmingly gowned, she sat beside an adoring maiden at an afternoon tea in her honor, and to another girl, rather more critical, the admiring maiden kept murmuring: "Isn't she exquisite? Isn't she lovely?"

"One would think you had gone to school together, you two," remarked the critical young woman.

"We have known each other just three weeks," murmured the angel in a cool dispassionate voice. How she must have smiled at all of us.

* * *

THE RESIGNATION of A. H. Small from the directorate of the Bohemian Club recalls the very interesting contest made for his election. For some reason or other there appeared a party against his candidacy, and what a fight was waged over him. Old friends took opposite sides and swung into line with mutual enemies. Had he been firebrand, breathing the direst threats of reform, instead of a very quiet underwriter of some character and social pretension, there could not have been more feeling engendered. It was amusing. After a bitter warfare, illuminated by lightning flashes of desperately announced intentions of future opposition, he obtained the regular nomination, and in due course was elected. Appointed by the President chairman of the House Committee he found himself in rather an anamolous position, for his friends had predicted impossible things of him, and his enemies were coldly captiously critical of his every move. Between them it is not surprising he grew tired and won all the honors of peace by retiring. His successor Colonel Platt has not yet appointed.

* * *

Among eminent arrivals is Charles Fearing, who ranks as one of the most inveterate of globe-trotters. He is almost as familiar a figure in London or Paris as in New York, and as he belongs to one of the oldest and best of New York families the degree of his circulation may be realized. He has been everywhere, knows everyone, has shot bears, lions, tigers, elephants and pigeons in most places throughout the globe, and proposes to continue doing so until old age breaks in upon his stalwartness. From all appearances Father Time will have a hard task making an impression on a physique so vigorous. Fearing and Hermann Oelrichs are very old friends, and went to the Country Club last Saturday, returning Tuesday morning. Both made good bags. He departs for Japan next week.

* * *

INTERESTING GOSSIP about the movements of prominent San Franciscans drifts across the continent. The Hobarts are busy buying gowns and enjoying Gotham—the sights and sounds generally. Mrs. Catherwood had them out to the last polo game at Westchester, and gave in their honor a dinner later. Mrs. Gus. Spreckels is at the Waldorf, where she occupies the finest suite in that palatial caravansary. She, too, is buying gowns and I am told some of the loveliest creations of White, Howard and Connally, the leading dress artists of Gotham, are being made for her. She is to return in time for our own Horse Show, so, doubtless, we will be given an early opportunity of viewing them.

* * *

The De Youngs are also at the Waldorf and are enjoying their sojourn in New York by a course of opera-going and visiting of friends in general and in particular. Charles J. Yerkes, the street railroad magnate of Chicago, and Mrs. Yerkes, who is one of the handsomest of the Windy City matrons, are there with them Mrs. Catherwood gave Mrs. De Young and Mrs. Yerkes a dinner at her villa at Westchester recently, and had several prominent New York people to meet them.

* * *

The C. P. Huntingtons are almost ready to return from their Westchester country home to the old family residence at 65 Park avenue. The two million dollar palace on Fifth avenue is within an ace of completion, but Mr. Huntington says he will never live in it. They are to come to California as soon as the winter grows severe. Prince and Princess Hatzfeldt are at the Holland, but talk very positively of returning to France in the very near future.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Jennie Catherwood are to come to California soon after Christmas to remain here a few weeks. Certain affairs of the Hastings' estate still await settlement. Later on they intend spending some time in Europe. Mr. and Mrs. La Montagne when last heard of, were spending some time at the University of Pennsylvania as the guests of Mrs. Professor Keasley, née Louise Simrall.

* * *

Another returning exile is Lady Hesketh, who will pay her first visit to San Francisco after an absence of a dozen years. As Flora Sharon she was *par excellence* the belle of her period, and time, they say, has been gentle with her loveliness. Sir Thomas Hesketh has been almost an annual visitor to this Coast. He likes to be sure that the Palace Hotel is still standing.

* * *

I hear that the Count and Countess Festetics are weary of their yachting trip and are even now on their return voyage. Their stay with the Stevensons at Samoa was delightful, so they write.

* * *

The Hermann Oelrichs are being entertained at a great rate, and are becoming acquainted with the cuisine of more houses than any one who has been here in an age. For the New Yorkers, Mr. Phelan gave a big dinner in the Red Room at the Bohemian Club Tuesday night. Though the largest, it is but one of a series, for some one has the Oelrichs either to lunch or to dinner every day. There have been several dinners, more or less informal, at the Fair mansion, and one small party in honor of Mr. Fearing on Monday last.

* * *

Now, that the Chrysanthemum season is in full glow, the favorite Japanesque flower rules as the leading speciality for table decoration.

Try "DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS" for the Complexion.

Dr. R. F. Verrinder, Surgical Treatment of Diseases and Deformities of the Mouth, Jaws and Teeth. 206 Kearny Street.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

At Miss Fanny Loughborough's luncheon party on Tuesday last, the center of the large round table was covered with yellow Crysanthemums, violets being interspersed with charming color effect. Some twenty matrons and girls composed the party.

* * *

Mrs. J. A. Austin's dinner on Saturday evening was an exceedingly charming little affair. It was given in honor of Mr. Rudolph Neuman, formerly of Alaska, and with the aid of Uncle George Bromley, Louis Sloss and other convivial Bohemians, was so thoroughly enjoyable that the guests pronounced it the most successful of the many delightful dinners that Mr. and Mrs. Austin have given this season.

* * *

The Matineè Dansante at Armory Hall, Ellis street, in aid of the Woman's Exchange, next Saturday afternoon, promises to be rather more of a success than the initial indications permitted one to expect. It is true there is but little room for conjecture about an affair at which the staple amusement is dancing to the music of twin bands, and most people prefer to indulge in terpsichorean enjoyment after dinner rather than before. Still the distinguished patronage of the exchange will rally to the hall the entire 400, while the less eminent will assemble to gaze at the exalted. Then for the gourmands there is the prospect of a glowing array of Exchange cake which is said to be the best of its kind, though the statement exalts amateur above professional talent in a way quite inexcusable.

* * *

There is less than the usual development of interest in the Bohemian vs. University Clubs' baseball match this winter. It is set for November 17th, only two Saturdays hence, and so far one hears little either of practice games or of the teams. Is it safe to assume that Bohemia has but minor expectations of success and that the 'Varsity boys are victorious in advance? That is a conclusion I trust the baseball devotees of the Owl will not permit. Let us hope for a stirring match, with the interest evenly divided and a huge crowd gathered to see the game which, as usual, is for charity—the Woman's Hospital being the beneficiary and Central Park the scene.

* * *

Mrs. A. M. Parrott has opened her Sutter street residence for the season. The Floods have been at Paso Robles but are to return in the immediate future to their home at Menlo Park, coming to town iater on this month. The De Youngs are expected here soon after the election. Mr. Charles Simpkins and Miss Alice of that ilk have returned from abroad and are expected in San Francisco for the winter. The McBeans left for Southampton last week on the Havel. Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague are still at Burlingame. Mrs. Isaac Trumbo is in Salt Lake City furnishing her new home, the "Amelia Palace," which Colonel Trumbo has leased for a term of years. She is expected in San Francisco very shortly, however, for a brief visit and wlll then return for the season accompanied by Mrs. White, her mother, who is now stopping at the Trumbo's Sutter street residence.

* * *

Quite the saddest death I have heard of in a long time is that of Mrs. Al Rich, who succumbed to an attack of peretonitis on Wednesday night last. But ten days previously she became a mother, and, apparently, was fast on the road to recovery when the alarming symptoms that culuminated so fatally set in. Though every imaginable device known to the combined experience of five leading physicians was tried, everything failed and she passed away. Less than a year ago society had the pleasure of celebrating the marriage of Miss Viola Hyman to Mr. Al Rich and it was remarked then that their union was indeed a veritable love match. She was a dark beauty, with large flashing eyes and a superb figure. Robust and healthy, it is hard to believe she succumbed so easily, for I believe she was stronger than most women and had known during her life little in the way of illness. Few women had more to live for than Mrs. Rich. She and her husband were extraordinarily devoted, her father, H. W. Hyman, is worth millions and Rich's père is exceedingly wealthy. But sorrow comes to all, only this time it comes in a form terribly severe.

* * *

In the very heart of life and frivolity the death of a young woman bids us stand still and hush our voices if only for one brief day. Miss Julia Emanuel, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel, well known in this city, died at the family residence on Pacific avenue last Tuesday afternoon. She was desperately ill but a few days. Her death will be sincerely mourned by many who regarded her as a young woman of fine strength of character and lovable womanliness.

* * *

A very gorgeous display of ball costumes will undoubtely be evoked for the Concordia Club's opening ball on Thanksgiving Eve. Rumors reach me of some inimitable creations from New York and Paris—creations to make the eyes of the less fortunate water with mingled envy and admiration. There will be a fine supper afterwards, of course. By the way, it seems there is an excellent chance of a Ladies' Jinks later on in the season. A general desire expresses itself to reproduce, if possible, the affair that proved the great success of President Ackermann's administration.

* * *

No engagement in years has given occasion for so much congratulation to Society, in particular, as that of Miss Saide Lowenthal and Mr. Benno Hart. They are the recipients of endless felicitations, and are on the verge of a series of complimentary dinner and lunch parties, besides, theatre parties in abundance. Their initial reception takes place to-morrow afternoon, at Mrs. R. S. Shainwald's, at 1919 Baker street.

* * *

Though the Mason Street Synagogue has passed into brick and mortar and its components scatered far and wide, it is merely the body and not the spirit of the institution that is dead. The latter will be reincarnated somewhere in the Western Addition in as handsome an edifice as the coin in the treasury, and that which can be gathered, will erect. Several thousand dollars have already been subscribed and the auxiliary, made up of ladies and gentlemen, members of the late congregation are preparing for a big fair to be given here in the near future. Every effort will be directed at making it a huge success.

* * *

The Harmonie Jinks gathered the entire membership of that club, and individual members of various other social organizations at Harmonie headquarters over Union Square Hall, Saturday night last. The form the entertainment took was an auction sale, with Colonel Kowalsky as auctioneer. There was a catalogue, of course—a document quite unique in its literary features, which all those into whose possession it fell are liable to preserve as a memento. It was a very funny affair; all sorts and conditions of articles were offered for sale, and disposed of with many quips and cracks in the auctioneer's best style. It is unnecessary to say that the turn of events gave him numerous opportunities for the narration of stories, but I am relieved to relate he did not take any advantage of his audience.

* * *

SUCH A DISAPPOINTED audience as streamed out of the Y. M. C. A. Hall Tuesday night after the Lew Wallace lecture I have rarely been in, and it had excellent reason for resentment, because the General, as a lecturer, is almost as tedious as *The Prince of India*. I imagine the eminently respectable audience anticipated a species of incarnated chariot race, followed by invocations of the prominent characters the author of "Ben Hur" has so familiarly dallied with. But nothing of the kind was vouchsafed them. The great man appeared in conventional dress suit, his hair carefully arranged over the eastern angle of the intellectual brow, and he read a dreary and common-place commentary on life in Turkey, full of platitudes and flatulent eulogy, strikingly devoid of literary quality, and lacking absolutely the element of interest. The material facts as given might have been culled from the most ordinary guide book, and as for the style, it was vastly inferior to the Albert Sutcliffe's "Travels," which the *Chronicle* culls annually from the encyclopedia. One might pardon the arid monotony of the matter had it been delivered with vivacity of voice or gesture. But General Wallace is strictly Indianan in accent and his pronunciation is as flat as a wheaten grit. He actually calls stomach "stummick," and says "yrs" for ears. Still General Wallace will continue the literary divinity of the Philistines, and generations of the reputably intelligent will remain convinced that the chariot race in *Ben Hur* touches the top notch of fine narrative.

* * *

Quite a series of teas and luncheons engaged the attention of society yesterday afternoon. Mrs. W. H. Mills had a luncheon party at her home on Octavia street. Later, there were receptions at the residences of Mrs. David Bixler and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley. There are not in San Francisco more charming interiors than the homes of these two ladies, inasinasmuch as both for many a long year have devoted themselves to the collection of fine old furniture, old China, bric a brac, pictures and rugs and their possessions have not only value but beauty. The Pixley house contains an immense number of rooms, charmingly furnished, hung with artistic draperies and paneled with curious woods. Mrs. Bixler has some fine pieces of Chippendale and old French cabinets that would alone be worth a long excursion to see.

* * *

By the way, Colonel Trumbo is one of the closest friends the Republican gubernatorial candidate has, and rumor attributes his presence in San Francisco to a summons from Dan and Morris, asking his aid and counsel. While I am not disposed to credit all the strange stories that are offered at this shrine it would not surprise me if this were the case, for the future Senator from Utah is an artist in manipulation, and could give points to Tom Bishop. It is certain he has been in consultation with the heads of the party, whose visages already wore a look of

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relief, and I am not too daring in assuming they have profited by his suggestions.

* * *

We are not yet deprived of the distinction of entertaining Count Bouviare, though the honor is to be ours but a little longer. He is to go to Mexico, it seems, and join President Diaz's staff—in what capacity I know not. It seems some English friends of the Count's, with influential connections in the Mexican Capital, promised him during a visit they made here recently, to enlist their interest in his behalf, and he expects, daily, a call South. It will aid the community to equanimity over the forthcoming departure of this distinguished young nobleman, to remember that our loss is the gain of the Southern Republic. Mayhap the brief but distinguished career of the Count on the editorial staff of the *Chronicle* may serve as a valuable experience in the light of this new opportunity.

* * *

The Sorosis gathering at Maple Hall last Monday was more distinguished than a first-night crowd at the Baldwin. Society was represented by its most eminent factors and there was a due sprinkling of Bohemia to add flavor, shall I say? to the ensemble. Both sections listened attentively to *Runnymede* as given by Leo Cooper, whose rendering gains decidedly by repetition. I hardly think the music went as pleasantly as at the original presentation, though Mr. Riccard's singing of the Friar Tuck ballad was decidedly spirited and won as plentiful an amount of applause as one might ask for from an audience composed so largely of ladies. The verdict on Mr. Harrison's latest dramatic effort agrees with my own, that he has in *Runnymede* a play that will almost act itself—spirited, breezy and well constructed. The incidental music should certainly win Mr. Stewart's capacity as a composer a meed of recognition rather more extensive than his local fame. I believe the "Sorosis" is to meet for the future in Maple Hall. It might be as well to remember that the ventilation of that very pretty room left a good deal to be longed for on Monday last, for the atmosphere was stifling. On Monday next William Keith appears befor the club to read a paper explaining the method he has used with such a degree of success in his latest canvases.

* * *

OPINIONS differ as to which entertainment given by the boys of the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity was the greater success. Last month it was "Living Pictures," this time, however, an original Art Loan Exhibition was the leading feature. The pictures were contributed by the boys, and were both unique and clever. The subjects chosen were principally topical ones, such as the "rainy weather costume"—an excellent sketch of a young lady in this much discussed attire being one of the features. Mr. Houston's "Coeducation as I understand it," was well portrayed, being a conglomeration of of moonlight nights,—two hearts that beat as one, etc. Some of the pictures were in oils and appeared to be studies from "Life," others were caricatures, while some were decidedly of the impressionist school of work. The catalogues were very fetching, and after the entertainment the young lady guests received the pictures. Some of the girls were charmingly gowned—among them were Misses Gibbons, Coles, Mona, Crellin, and Baldwin.

* * *

The Whist Club organized by Mrs. Spiers and Mrs. Ben Morgan of Berkeley is acquiring a proficiency and popularity that on this side of the bay would be startling. The members are all married ladies who meet on alternate Saturdays at their several houses, and who play quite skillfully.

* * *

Halloween parties have been the topic of the hour this week in Berkeley and Oakland, and wild has been the search for original ideas and games for that event. Mrs. Stillman of Berkeley's affair was perhaps the gayest, but that given by the girls' fraternity, the Kaffa Phi Betas, was certainly very jolly, all entering into the spirit of the season with great verve. Miss Bertha Knox of Oakland also gave a large party to celebrate the occasion.

* * *

The Living Picture Tableaus given at Mrs. Bromwell's of Oakland in aid of St. Paul's Church, was quite a brilliant affair, both from an artistic and social view. The girls were effectively attired and Miss Maud Morrell, as a Grecian Goddess, made a most charming picture; she is a tall, well proportioned young woman and was posed superbly. Then there was Miss Bessie Wheaton in Bridal robes, dispensing lemonade with the deftness of a Hebe or the neat-handed Phylisses, which in these Democratic days only appear on the stage or in society novels. Miss Amy Requa, who figured as a flower girl, looked bewitching in an exceedingly tasteful gown.

* * *

A VERY SMART function indeed was the tea given by the Chi Phi Fraternity last Saturday afternoon in Berkeley. A string band was in attendance, and the refreshments were very elaborate. The lads were assisted in receiving by Mrs. McNutt, Mrs. Ben Morgan, Miss Belle Hutchinson, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Prather, Miss Jessie Glascock, Miss Clare Ralston and others. Karl Howard, Milton Latham, Perry Hayne, Max McNutt and Walter Magee also assisted in making the affair a success. A few days before a number of the girls called on the Chi Phis and presented them with some very ornate and gorgeous cups.

* * *

A swell luncheon from the epicurean standpoint was that given by Professor and Mrs. Thomas Bacon, of Berkeley, to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Camp at the University Club on Saturday last. The conversation was chiefly reminiscent as Mr. Bacon and Mr. Camp were classmates at Yale. After luncheon they all went to the Berkeley-Reliance football game.

* * *

It is almost so rare a thing as to be uncatalogued to have a luncheon at which the menu is absolutely forgotten through the brilliancy of the conversation. Such, I am told, was the case last Saturday in Berkeley, when the Faculty and their wives entertained the Collegiate Allumnæ in Stile's Hall. After the feast officers were elected for the coming year. Miss Anita Whitney, of Wellesley, a daughter of the late Senator Whitney, of Oakland, was chosen President, and it is confidently expected that she will bring the social element of the organization into prominence. Several eminent females from Oakland and San Francisco were present, some of whom have become quite prominent among our scientists, teachers, and litterateures as Dr. Adelaide Brown, Miss Hamlin, Miss Shinn, Mrs. Slack and Mrs. Professor Moses.

* * *

Mrs. Alexander had an euchre party on Tuesday evening. There were four tables and some very good games were played. The prizes were exeeedingly well chosen. The Barstows, Strongs, Pendletons, Walls, Mr. Forbes, Mr. Cook and Mr. Ben Taylor were among those present.

* * *

The Friday Morning Club, of Oakland, gave a very enjoyable musicale on Friday last at the Unitarian Church. Mrs. Fred Stratton is the prime mover in the institution, and its President. It is the sole social and musical club in Oakland, which has retained its popularity, though it has now been in existence for several seasons. Among the numbers given were two trios by Mesdames Carleton, Hathaway and Harries. Mrs. Stratton sang a solo very prettily. Miss Collins, who has just returned from Europe, where she has been studying music with Professor Barth for the last three years, played a piano solo. Her technique is excellent, and she has a fine conception of the correct manner of producing good tone effects. Quite a contrast in every respect was the concert given by the Oakland Conservatory. Mr. Howe, who was the pianist for the afternoon, played without rhyme, rhythm or reason.

* * *

Another San Francisco belle who will make us a visit presently is the beautiful Mrs. Brooke (born Ruth Holladay) who expects to be here some time next February. By the by, her husband is heir-apparent to a title, so that by and by California's now swelling peerage will welcome another daughter to its ranks.

* * *

Miss Bertha Knox gave a Halloween Party on Wednesday night—a very jolly affair; the usual games were played, and the young people were apparently much amused.

* * *

Miss Florine Brown had a tea on Wednesday afternoon for Miss McGrew of Honolulu. Miss McGrew is very popular among the girls and plays the violin remarkably well. She is a pupil of Sigimund Beel. The Brown house was prettily decorated, and Miss Clare Ralston and Miss Jessie Glascock, who assisted Miss Florine in receiving, looked very well. Miss Glascock wore a soft white gown which was exceedingly becoming. Many San Francisco girls were present, and Oakland and Berkeley well represented.

* * *

A literary club has been formed in Oakland and will combine instruction and amusement. The first meeting took place at Mrs. Whitney's last Saturday evening, "George Eliot" being the author discussed. The club will meet at the houses of the various members every three weeks. The Pendletons and Miss Whitney are the organizers, and if they have but half as successful a society as their "Carlyle Club" of last year they are to be congratulated.

* * *

BEHIND A RECENT betrothal announcement there lurks a charming romance that illustrates as forcibly as though it occurred in medieval times, the good old apothegm about the course of true love. She is a very beautiful young woman, the maiden in question, and he—well, his parents find in his appearance a source of admiration which is not unpardonable nor entirely without basis. But she is not an heiress, while his papa and mamma, happily and substantially dowered with dollars and cents and the capacity of keeping both, selected for him a nice maiden

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After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

The Best Suppers in Town at the Cafe Riche

whose prospects are more captivating than her contours. It is true, in the chiaroscuro of the million she is prospectively the possessor of, she should appear a veritable Venus, but an actual physical presentement, when expressed in lovely eyes, a delicious complexion and a graceful figure, exerts a fascination more potent far than the gold of Ormutz or of Ind. Despite paternal suggestion, then, he continued his courtship—wooed assiduously, and, in the long run, won.

* * *

But this is what precipitated the announcement. In the family of the young man there was a wedding—a most elaborate affair which the dailies had columns about. In order to show her disapproval of the beauteous damsel, the mother of the fond lover refused to invite her to the marriage supper. He protested, urged, had sleepless nights, refused to eat, but all without avail. The maternal relation was as firm as Gibraltar. The affair came off, the world wondered at the absence of the son's dearest friend. His face was as gloomy as if the festival were a funeral. At supper, overcome by the strain and worry, he fainted. That very same night, determined by the spectacle of his sister's happiness, he decided to be baulked no longer. So next afternoon found him at the feet of the maiden of his choice, pouring into her ear his tale of love and when she had said him Yea, straightway he took her to the paternal mansion and with a countenance full of pride and resolution, announced his engagement. Like wise people, papa and mamma realized the impossibility of further objection, bowed to defeat and permitted themselves to be captivated by the beauty of their prospective daughter-in-law. The courage and devotion of the young man have quite won the admiration of all his friends and the touch of romance about the affair sheds a luster upon him which, with all the beauty of his clothes, he never before attained.

* * *

The cry of the small boy is for cards. "Got any election cards, mister?" is the interrogation that goes up against the casual passer from every group of urchins throughout the city. It seems a craze for the collection of these reminders of insignificant identities has sprung up among the youth, and, horrors, how they do keep it up! The other evening over in Oakland an able-bodied candidate was saluted by a crowd of very small boys who eagerly demanded cards from him. He was about to reward the solicitude of one persistent kid when one of the others interrupted with a "Say, Mister, don't give any to Jimmie, there—he's got two thousand cards stacked up at home."

* * *

THE COMPETENCE of butlers is a subject that might evoke enthusiasm, if accurately understood. In most houses the duties of that functionary are mechanical merely. It is only in rare mansions they unite intelligence with the dexterous serving of entrées, roasts and creams. Then they are fit objects for odes; domestic deities, worthy of incense, fine linen and stained glass windows. Among inimitable servants the man who presides over the Hermann-Oelrichs' pantry is pronounced an admirable instance of the art of butlering. Himself a connoisseur of all the joys of living, liquid and solid, it might be expected Mr. Oelrichs would, in the course of his brilliant career as a viveur, chance upon a genius or two among those who also serve beside standing and waiting. I cannot think of a more conclusive endorsement of this servitor than that a certain eminent Society person furnished discussing the menage. The conversation had turned on dinners and wines, or rather the dangers of indulging too freely in the latter at the former.

* * *

"That's where the butler comes in," announced the Society personage. "But of all the clever men I have met, commend me though to Oelrichs' man. On my way home the other night I met a number of chaps and, well, we tried several cocktails. I was due up at the Oelrichs' place for dinner. Will you believe it, that butler only gave me one glass of champagne and kept filling me up with seltzer? Yes, sir! and I was as fit as a fiddle with the coffee. He's what I call a butler worth having—caught on without a word."

* * *

THE MYSTERIOUS YOUTH Langdon, who ran so gloriously amuck on the strength of blatant pretensions and other people's money should teach the youngsters whom he associated with to be careful of forming new friendships. It is a bit unfortunate for the University Club that its name should have been brought into the esclandre, but it happens in the best regulated institutions and thus far the 'Varsity has had but slight trouble with the adventurous ilk. To assume the youngster a scion of an infinity of rich Eastern families as he announced himself, demonstrated rather more credulity on the part of his sponsors than the law allows. He had really no letters, and today it is not known whether he has or has not a relative of position in Philadelphia as he so blatantly claimed. The first story he told placed him as the nephew of Rockfeller, the multi-millionaire of Standard Oil. Not content with that distinction Langdon announced J. J. Astor as his guardian, and had his glowing career lasted a bit longer I feel certain he would have had the Goulds and Paynes figuring prominently in his pedigree.

* * *

During his stay at the 'Varsity the youth lived sumptuously. He had champagne at dinner and was royal in his hospitality. He quite won the hearts of the younger set by having them at the *Maison Riche* to lunches, and whenever he made a borrow, the coin went for box parties at the Tivoli. There is no disputing the youngster's generosity even though his honesty is open to doubt. But there was something superb about his assurance and had he lasted but a little longer I am quite convinced he would have given the town something to talk about. In the meantime his bill at the 'Varsity has been paid by the man who introduced him there, but "the bird," as some of his friends called him, has disappeared—whence, no one seems to know.

* * *

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE for the *Argonaut's* dictum anent *The Green Carnation*, that with Oscar Wilde, marriage has meant literary failure? Surely it cannot be Jerome, who asserts with the positiveness of one possessed of a special inspiration that since relinquishing single blessedness Oscar has written nothing worth the name. Why, the modern vogue of the author of *Intentions* is entirely based on the essays, novels and plays he has written since becoming a benedict. Shortly after his interesting nuptials, *Dorian Gray* was given to the world and was denounced as suggestive of nameless vice. The series of brilliant essays, the *Decay of Lying* and the deliciously smart dialogues on art come later appearing in book form under the caption *Intentions*. *The House of Pomegranates*, a series of graceful idylls written in a style full of poetic color, a book of piquantly choice storyettes, the two plays, *Lady Windemere's Fan* and *A Woman of no Importance* came later, then *Salome*, whose unique illustrations won Aubrey Beardsley the vogue he enjoys. As for the *Green Carnation* it is so clever and smart, considered either as a parody or a performance, that Oscar is himself suspected of having written it, though since he has denied it, the author of *Dodo*, Mr. Benson, is saddled with the responsibility. In the same connection a gentleman named Hutchins is also mentioned.

* * *

A WIERD TALE is being whispered around the clubs of which I dare only publish the merest outline. It seems there are two brothers in the precincts of Bohemia who have wealth; one is beautiful, the other short and rather stout; both are genial, affable and generous. These two have a dear friend, who by rights and illustrious descent ought to be King of Ireland—but that's another Kipling. Last Saturday afternoon the brothers stole their royal friend and started in a lovely double team for San Jose by the way of Oakland. Everything went beautifully, and as there was a can of ice-water in the wagonette, the trio were happy—always happy. The royal guest whiled away the hours with recitations of "Locksley Hall" and "Fontenoy," and the stout brother described how Warren fought at Bunker Hill. Finally Haywards was passed and Mission San Jose attained. And here there was a catastrophe.

* * *

Near that pretty village resides an Irish physician of remarkable scientific attainments. His researches in the study of *Cachexia* alone are famous in Europe. He is studying the brain just now with the persistence of an Edison or a Koch, and presently will publish a treatise on his investigations which will prove of immense importance in the medical world. Meantime, he is sufficiently rich to surrender his practice to his studies. "Ah!" said the Irish Monarch as they drove toward the pretty villa of the doctor, "let us call on my excellent old friend. He was born near my own town in Kerry, and his mother's uncle was a Fitzgerald, and only twice removed from me own uncle's aunt—and the whole world knows that that means blood relationship in Kerry. Besides, he has some Scotch whiskey that came around the Cape in a Sherry cask, and which Hughes and Tom Watson say is the finest tipple they ever twisted about their tongue!"

Instantly the horses heads were turned up the lane, and presently the Pride of Ireland was introducing his twins with effusive enthusiasm to the learned and hospitable scientist. The famous sherry cask whiskey was next introduced, and its generous friendship tested to the utmost—and it was good! Oh, how very good!

An' now, gintlemin, I'll dhrive yez over to the Galliaygo vineyard, an' I'll show you through wan av the grandest cellars yez have iver clapped eyes on. And thin yez'll stop the noight here—Naw, man! I'll not hear of av ye'z lavin me this noight.

* * *

They consented at last, for the prospect seemed alluring, and in half an hour found themselves testing all sorts of ports, clarets, sherries and other California productions, ending up with five winks of forty year old brandy. That settled the business,—at least the stout brother had "got there," beyond the dreams of avarice. They lifted him into the carriage

Wardrobe Renovatory, 121 Stockton St. Tel. 1492

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

and let him sleep while they drove back to the doctor's villa, and gently laid him on a bed to slumber and perchance to dream that he had real, live wheels in his head. Then there was a nice little dinner for the hardier survivors, with "lashins" of drink. The Pride of Ireland sang "The Man from Galway," and the little doctor wept as he recalled in husky notes "The night before Larry was stretehed."

Man, man, but it was an elegant night!

Then the doctor brewed a beautiful punch, and they had it in goblets. My! my! but it was grand! Suddenly, in the midst of revelry, there was heard a most dreadful commotion. Crash! Bang! Smash! Howls, shrieks, groans, lamentations!

"Be hivins, it's me laboratory! Some thievin' villain is thryin' to desthroy me! Tare and ages! I'll have his loife."

With that the three staggered up and rushed to the rescue. They threw open the laboratory door and held up the lamp. There met their eyes a ghastly sight. The stout brother was rolling on the floor clasping to his arms a human head on which the Doctor had been operating as a scientific specimen.

"Oh, my poor brother!" he cried, "They killed him! They've killed him!"

The Doctor went to look for bromide of potassium while the Irish King put the victim to bed again.

* * *

MRS. KENDAL IS certainly to be congratulated on her courage, though it is evident her discretion is hardly a virtue to be acclaimed in song or verse. I am sure if she knew how very sensitive we are to criticism she would have abstained from lacerating our local patriotism in the vigorous way she did. If she had but known how we denounced Blanche Walsh for the disapproval she showered upon us, how the dailies went into half mourning over Lillian Russell's strictures on our taste, how we repined Jim Corbett's allusions to San Francisco as a "dead frost" town, she would have tempered her condemnation, or at least deferred it until after her departure. But she is a lady of most decided individuality, given to the expression of her sovereign disapprobation, and she wishes it to appear she speaks from the lofty point of view of one who lives on a plane we, in this benighted burg, may not dare aspire to.

* * *

The fact is the Kendal celebrity in England is rather provincial than metropolitan. They gather large audiences throughout the big interior towns of the United Kingdom and play a few weeks or so every year in London. It would be preposterous to gainsay their histrionic excellence, especially the cleverness of Mrs. Kendal, but her claims to recognition are founded rather on a social than on an artistic assumption. She is the "Matron of the Drama," the most respectable of actresses, the exponent of eminent domesticity on the stage; she gives one to understand that she moves only in the highest circles and is separated from the o polloi of the profession by the gulf of blood, breeding and superior morality. It is all this virtuous pretension, indeed, that makes so conspicuous the misfortunes of Mrs. Tanqueray. It is perfectly ridiculous that she should feel so aggrieved at the disapproval of the part expressed here, inasmuch as her interpretation of the role was criticized with far more severity in New York. Still, in certain of her strictures Mrs. Kendal is not so far wrong. For instance, would any other than a "jay" town take the slightest notice save to laugh at her comments?

* * *

TO JUDGE by the multitude of long-haired chrysanthemum bedecked youths who congregated at the Haight-street baseball grounds last Saturday afternoon, one could hardly arrive at any but the conclusion that some thing very unusual was about to happen. The antics of some twenty-two highly disreputable looking stalwarts a few minutes afterwards would certainly convince most people that this theory was correct. The occasion for the multitude's presence was the football contest between the Reliance Club of Oakland and a picked eleven from the University of California, and the game that ensued was by long odds the finest exhibition of playing that has been witnessed this winter, at least. Both teams worked hard for victory, and the fact that this is the second game between the clubs in which no decision was arrived at, proves conclusively that the teams are pretty evenly matched. From present appearances Berkeley will have a walk-over with Stanford in the big match, but the Menlo boys have a month to pick up in, and a good deal can be accomplished in that time. What they have been doing for the last couple of weeks remains to be seen in today's game, when the eleven will take another crack at the Reliances.

* * *

Among those whom knowledge enables to pronounce positively about such things, the benefit of the Fruit and Flower Mission at the California, is pronounced the most successful ever given here. The institution is one of the worthiest of local charities and such funds as come to it are appropriately employed in works of the highest mercy. On Wednesday the theatre was crowded to the doors, and with an audience whose clothes seemed like a compendium of fashion plates. Like all matineé gatherings it was composed almost exclusively of ladies. The programme was a melange of the various attractions now playing in town, with the exception of the Kendals who are not sufficiently charmed with this region to assist it. But Misses Plaisted and Salinger, Ferris Hartman and J. Raffael of the Tivoli, Miss. Josephine Sabel and Max Pettingill of the Orpheum, together with the entire Katie Emmett troupe, volunteered their services, and the performance certainly went off swingingly and swimmingly. Something like $1,000 was realized, the expenses being, thanks to Manager Friedlander, nil. He exerted himself to get up the affair, had everything, including the electricity, the programmes, and the talent, of course, contributed free, and had for his generous exertion the honor of being called before the curtain, tumultuously applauded and almost covered with flowers.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra, under the tuition of Herr Scheel, has certainly improved in a distinct way. Since he has had control visitors have been strictly excluded from rehearsals, but he thinks the ensemble sufficiently corrected now to be exposed to the eyes and ears of friends, relatives and others. So on the last Saturday in each month it is permissible, if one can obtain an invitation, to look into the Kohler & Chase Hall, on O'Farrell street, and hear the girls play. There was quite a fashionable gathering at the first of these open rehearsals, and from the manner in which the several morceaux given were rendered, I am not reflecting too savagely on the old regime in saying that the orchestra has been reanimated by the spirit of music, as well as reconstructed.

* * *

There appeared an article in the *Examiner*, some days ago, purporting to be an interview with Mrs. Buckingham on the subject of the Sanitarium at Howell Mountain, in which she described the place as a "community" organized to carry out communistic principles. It has raised a huge row up St. Helena way, and Mrs. Buckingham denies and repudiates under her own signature the entire article. The simple fact is the so-called "community" is simply a sort of country hospital where they have trained nurses and the appointments and methods such as are employed in an English Hydropathic resort. It has nothing to do with sectarianism and is run only by medical men.

What may be achieved, on behalf of a candidate, in the brief space of ten days Colonel Trumbo has done for his friend Estee. He has been an active campaigner and has devoted himself sedulously to harmonizing the various interests that the acerbeties of the campaign had created. One never knows to what extent the exertions of a single individual operates on large masses of voters, but the Colonel is eminently diplomatic in his methods and achieves by dextrous methods whtch others fail to win by the positive exertion of presumed influence. It goes for the saying Colonel Trumbo is convinced of Estee's forth-coming success. He left for Salt Lake last night to prosecute the campaign there.

* * *

The latest addition to Colonel Warfield's menage at the California is a Spanish chief, who is kept busy turning out tamales. There is no questioning his proficiency in the direction of these fascinating delicacies, and every evening a theatre party turns in the café to partake of them. They are pronounced by Colonel Kowalsky far superior to Ned Foster's famous tamales at the Midwinter Fair.

* * *

A capital portrait of a well-known capitalist who passed over to the great majority over a decade ago is on the easel in Keith's studio. It is one of the best things he has ever done and there is excellent reason for the felicitations he has received, when it is considered the work was done from a photograph. It is an admirable piece of portraiture, the treatment being notable for its solidity and power. Keith is also engaged on portraits of the late Dr. Washington Ryer and Irving M. Scott. He is sending on to New York some of his latest landscapes. Without question, he is now doing the work of his life.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

RATHER interesting the late flurry in stocks. The discovery of a quantity of ore in the 1,000-foot level of the Con.-Virginia has given an impetus to Comstock shares, and set them fluttering in a way most satisfactory to habitues of Pine street. How long the excitement will last, or to what permanent avail remains to be seen, but if the ore in sight is backed by ore to come, some optimists who have held on in spite of discouragement may make money. There is a substantial foundation for the advance, however, for the first milling has netted $200,000, which is now in the treasury. Doubtless a dividend will be paid —the first in some time. So far, I do not hear that anyone has made money, unless it be Mr. Spring of the *Report* who, from all accounts, is a most successful operator. It is alleged that he has made some $10,000 within the year, and while I don't vouch for the correctness of the sum in question, there is no doubt that his turns have been very pretty. I think this is a record no other journalist can equal in the dismal year that is winging its flight into the dead past.

* * *

NEVER IN CALIFORNIA was there such an election as this. Never were issues so confused, nor results so doubtful. The Republicans seem certain of Estee, yet the Democrats are equally sure Budd will carry the State. Both have had tremendous meetings throughout the country; both have made sensational campaigns. Poor Estee has been going it day and night, until, when he landed in town Sunday night last, he was an object for the doctor's assistance rather than for further oratorical effort. But out again into the wilds he went. As for Budd, there is no denying the ardour of his canvass or the fact that he wins votes. It may seem a bit foolish when one reads that inimitable speech of his—the same speech he has made North and South. It runs about this way.

"Boys, I'm Jim Budd, just the same Jim after I'm elected as before. When you come up to Sacramento to see me, why just come right along. No need to knock, but just open the door and say, 'are you in, Jim?'"

* * *

To the dweller on high California street or the captious critic in the Mills Building, that may sound very foolish and undignified. It might be from any one else, but not in this man. He is just Jim Budd and cannot help being free and easy and friendly. Those who think it ill becomes the candidate of a great party to speak thus should hear the yelling and the cheering that salutes this announcement. Out in the country the farmers all say: "There ain't no airs about Jim Budd. He's the man for us." I heard the storm of cheers and the cyclone of applause the sentence won him at the big Democratic meeting in Union Hall. The party has never had such a candidate. He is here in town this week addressing meetings, and if he does not go out of San Francisco with a bigger vote than any one ever got, indications are as valuable as prophecies by Colonel Burns, which are excellent as bluffs, if they go no further.

* * *

Apart though from the claims of the rivals, no one seems to know what figure the Populists will cut or what influence on the result the A. P. A. movement may have. The tremendous registration is attributed largely to both Catholics and anti-Irish who have gathered in numbers to the support of their separate causes. It is safe to believe every parishioner of the Arch-bishop will vote, as it is to be certain, every follower of J. Q. A. Henry is ready with his ballot. There are also side fights innumerable, rumors of disquieting kinds anent trading Budd and Estee for municipal votes and so on, but all that the Australian ballot neutralizes.

* * *

If Captain Freese were not so excellent a Democrat and so honest a man, if he had not been so competent an Administrator, I should hesitate before voting against O. F. Willey who is one of the best men the Republicans put forward. Candidates of his caliber are rare and I can only regret he is not out for some other office rather than opposing so reliable a public servant as Captain Freese has proved himself. So, though I believe the latter is pretty safe of election, Mr. Willey will poll a vote that will surprise everyone concerned.

* * *

In speaking of the men who should be reelected, I have said but little of William Broderick whose careful and economical administration of the Auditor's office won him the endorsement of the Non-Partisans as well as the nomination of the Democrats. Just one little item alone shows just how the Auditor's office has been run during the past two years, in copying assessment and military rolls:

1891-2	(including State raise)	$24,274 32
1892-3	" " "	23,680 51
1893-4.	" " "	**18,109 00**

BRODERICK'S TERM.

A saving of $6,165.32 as compared with.....1891-2
" " 5,671.61 " " 1892-3

* * *

Among the jurists whom I assume are pretty certain of election are Frank Dunne and Judge Levy. Both have made most energetic fights, the first animated by youth and ambition and the desire to exceed the tremendous vote he polled last year; the other determined to have his judicial administration endorsed by the people. It is safe to believe Justice Dunne will make a fair, honorable and dignified judicial officer. He has the right type of mind, and has been most carefully educated. Besides, he possesses a good knowledge of the law, and works harder than most of the lawyers on the cases that are assigned to him. In considering the candidacy of Judge Levy, it should be remembered that nothing is easier to traduce than the character of a judge. Any and every aspersion made upon his judicial integrity virtually involves an attack upon the Supreme Court, because, as is well known by the members of the bar, no judge has been oftener affirmed by that tribunal. Even the fee allowed John A. Wright in the Blythe case, concerning which invidious comment was made by the *Examiner*, was approved by the Supreme Court as just for six years management and conduct of litigation of a five million dollar estate. Prompted by malice of defeated litigants and attorneys, some harsh accusations have from time to time been made against Levy, but it is enough to say that his administration has undergone the severest scrutiny of the only Grand Jury we ever had here. Indeed, that investigation was made at his own instance, and the charges were shown to be unfounded. That he enjoys the friendship of almost the entire bar to a greater degree than any other man on the Superior Bench must be conceded. His enemies, even, make this admission. Certainly no one else dispatches more business, nor displays a greater degree of accuracy in his decisions. Notwithstanding the attacks of the *Examiner* I prophesy his election by a large majority.

* * *

THE MAYORALTY CONTEST and the shrievality fight are the two battles that have created most talk in town. It is safe to be-

All our plain and silver mounted leather goods for the fall and holiday trade have arrived. Right prices. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

Senator Leland Stanford's Vina Brandy

It's Pure!
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Distillery Office, Room 3, 819 Market Street, San Francisco

lieve Adolph Sutro will have a huge vote. In some quarters it is alleged he will divert from O'Donnell the following that has rolled up for him so many thousands these years past. I have had it from a politician of eminence that the corporations, alarmed at the strength the owner of the baths develops, propose to throw their "blocks of votes" for the quack doctor. One is at a loss to understand how these votes are controlled under the Australian ballot system. It is easy enough to say to Brown, Jones or Robinson, who receive two or three dollars a day from the Gas, the railway company or Spring Valley, "we want you to vote for Estee or James," but will Brown, Jones or Robinson, in the ballot box with his little red stamp, do as he is told? And if he does not, who is to know? Considering how much a question of individuality and independence is this matter of voting, I can hardly believe it possible to control the sufferage as was possible in days gone by when a man's ballot was made out for him at the polls and he had to put that or nothing into the box.

* * *

From my point of view the re-election of L. R. Ellert would be a wise move for the community, ensuring a fair, honorable and eminently safe administration. There will be no extremes. But the Mayor is distasteful both to the corporations and Dan Burns. Rumor accredits them with fighting him sub rosa, for he was only given the Republican nomination to detract from the Non-partisan cause. He seems therefore to fall between two stools, being too radical for the Classes and not extreme enough for the Masses who imagine a wild career of torn-up tracks as the consequences of Sutro's success. I predict that in office the latter will be as mild as a lamb.

* * *

THAT ADOLPH SUTRO should figure large in the mind's eye of the populace, presupposing the community thus endowed, is but just and right. Between his candidacy for the Mayoralty and his big baths he has stepped aggressively into the position of our leading citizen. Even Colonel Burns takes a lower niche. Though Candidate Estee be figured into the total of that potent individuality, one cannot help seeing there is a great deal of the baths, and the fact that their creator is a candidate is forced upon the perception of whomsoever visits them. Huge placards, requesting a vote for Adolph, relieve the primary tones which make the mural decorations. One might forgive these faceatiæ, however, if it were not for the soda water and ice cream depository which figures so conspicuously on the main floor. This is an ornate structure in plaster, of an airy design, surmounted by a species of cupola. On each of the four facades is a bust of Adolph, whiskers, et al., beaming down snowy approval on the passers-by.

* * *

Of course, there is no escaping the fact that Sutro is a great man, if only as an advertiser. There is something amusingly apposite about his five cent fare agitation and the inauguration of the huge institution he has built on the edge of the Pacific. In order to obtain a fractional interest on the hundreds of thousands invested there, it is desirable that the cost of transportation be forced down as low as possible. The agitation consequent upon the refusal of the old gentleman's demand gave him most eminent notoriety, and this he has discounted by running for Mayor. I am told there is every chance of his election. One could not help being amused at the spectacle of this eminent old personage standing at the weirdly ornamental doorway of the baths shaking hands with Messieurs Tom, Dick and Harry as they strolled, full of wonder, through the great structure. He was spontaneously cordial, appreciative of babies and most amiable to urchins. To hear him discourse on what he will do as Mayor discounts the imagination that ebbs and flows through the *Arabian Nights*. To achieve half he indicates the autocratic power of Czar, Alexander and Emperor William would be needful, and Adolph, on election, will find himself confronted by Mr. Herrin's water decisions, the Consolidation Act, the *Bulletin* and a Grand Jury. Tethered hand and foot he will be as powerless as Dr. Voorsanger before the Woman's Press Club.

* * *

The huge structure that Adolph Sutro has constructed cost something like half a million I am told. His original intention was to spend only a hundred thousand or so, but his ideas got away from him and there are the results. At one time during the building he was badly in need of money. It was at that period when the banks had declared an embargo on loans and refused over-drafts even to millionaires—a most pitiable and idiotic interval of financial blind staggers. When the stress was at its worst a syndicate of gentlemen interested in racing came forward and bought a section of his property south of the Park for a course. He obtained a stiff price for the land—something like $200,000, I believe, and immediately utilized it for the execution of his scheme. He sold also that property of his on the corner of Sixth and Market, which brought him an absolutely abnormal rate per front foot. Thus, at the moment of his greatest need, as has often happened before in Sutro's career, good fortune has supplied him with the means of executing his projects.

* * *

The library, which he indicates an intention of erecting at the Cliff House, he proposes to undertake as soon as some more funds accrue from his properties, or rather, as soon as his five cent railroad to the Cliff is completed. He is constantly adding new books to the collection. Indeed, but recently he purchased at a London sale some seven thousand volumes and he is negotiating now for two thousand more. It must be admitted Sutro achieves on a broad scale whatsoever he tries and it seems a pity his inconsistencies are so palpable. Like many another individual of his race, he can win our admiration by the magnitude of his achievements in one direction and disgust us by the exhibition of petty meannesses that would hardly become a pawnbroker. It is a certainty that if he had never created the Sutro Tunnel, he would have the biggest ready-made clothing store in the country.

* * *

A QUESTION OF VITAL interest just now concerns the Senatorial candidacy of M. H. de Young. If he would declare himself out of it or in for it, he would save a great amount of embarrassment and relieve the several candidates of much unnecessary inquisition. That the proprietor of the *Chronicle* would make an admirable representative is undeniable. He has it in him to do more for the Coast in a session than his predecessors have achieved throughout their terms. But there is no gainsaying the prejudice of a variety of narrow-minded and jealous individuals who would rather California suffered than see this pushing and potent newspaper man achieve his ambition. It is very certain, therefore, that he will never be sent to Washington without a struggle in comparison with which the creation of the Midwinter Fair will seem child's play. We all know his aspirations—the question is, "Does he propose to press his claims for the two-year term?" In circles claiming the merit of correct information, I am told Mr. de Young is not really figuring on selection by the next Legislature, but is laying plans for the long term two years hence. To be successful then, he must secure the election now of hold-over Senators on whose support he may count. Besides, considering the following Perkins has developed in the country, his candidacy would be as ineffective as a false alarm. This is assuming what is by no means a certainty—that the Republicans will elect in their Legislative ticket.

* * *

Among the men who should be sent to Sacramento this time is Frank Powers, a clever, active, pushing young lawyer, who was persuaded into running for the Assembly in the Forty-first District. His people are connected in several ways with the Pacific Coast Steamship Company—the Perkins corporation,—but because he has the manliness and the respect for the law to refuse to pledge himself prior to election a certain opposition has been developed against him in the district. Like Adolph Spreckels, Dr. Stanton and the business men who compose the Republican School Board, Mr. Powers should be elected, for the community should, if it desires to redeem politics from the slough of despond, support men of position who offer it their services. Besides, being a competent lawyer, conscientious and honorable withal, he cannot fail to aid legislation for the good of the community.

The Witness

There may be others, but the best Hat to be found in the city can always be found at the up-to-date Hat Store, 726 Market Street, run by Eugene Korn, who is also sole agent for the celebrated Knox Hats.

Dainty and Refreshing

PAR EXCELLENCE

"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"

For the Handkerchief, the Dressing-table and the Bath.

Murray & Lanman's

FLORIDA WATER

Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.

Ask your Druggist for the genuine Murray & Lanman's.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

OR

MAHONEY, MILLARD, AND A PARROTT.

SCENE—Senator Mahoney's bed-room in Baldwin Hotel. Life size pictures of Pope Leo XIII. and Dan Burns propped up against the wall. Copies of *Monitor*, *American Patriot* and *Examiner* lying about the floor; cage containing a bright green parrot, hanging up near window. Mahoney lying on his back in a queer posture slumbering peacefully. Parrot commences strains of "The Wearing of the Green" in a tenor key, and an expression of ecstatic joy comes over sleeper's face. Parrot suddenly stops.

PARROT (*lustily*): Hurrah for the A. P. A.! (*Slumbering Senator starts violently and clutches his scapulars convulsively; holding them tightly he dozes off. Loud knocking on the door outside.*)

PARROT: Come in, Birdie.

MILLARD (*outside*): Open the d-o-o-r-r.

(*Demoniacal laughter from parrot.*)

MILLARD (*still outside*): Alas, the Senator must have been drinking!

PARROT (*interrupts by loud and dismal groans*).

MILLARD (*excitedly*): By Burns! There must be something wrong. (*Throws his weight against door, and bolt yields.*)

ENTER MILLARD (*with a huge fur overcoat, his traditional valise and a lariat. Looks around cautiously and espies parrot. Shakes his fist at the bird, who chuckles softly; takes observation of the room, turns the Pope's picture to the wall and genuflects before Dan Burns' portrait; throws a kiss at the sleeping Senator; falls heavily into a rocker and takes up a copy of the American Patriot.*

PARROT (*suddenly*): Oh, to the devil with the A. P. A.!

MILLARD (*face becomes purple and looks apprehensively at sleeper, whose features wear a placid smile.*)

PARROT: Hello, Sam, how's Chris?

(*Millard pales and bites his finger nails.*)

PARROT: I tell you, Jerry, here's the boodle.

(*Mahoney, at the sound of the word "boodle," starts up in bed and stifles a yawn on seeing Spencer.*)

MILLARD (*cordially*): Ah, ha, Senator, feeling well, I hope?

MAHONEY: So, so, Spencer, and yerself?

MILLARD: Tolerable, Senator, tolerable, but you know——

MAHONEY (*gazing at overcoat and lariat*): Why, Spencer, where are yer goin' wid the coat?

MILLARD: I expect to take the stage for Sacramento to-day some time where I will put in a few days sleigh riding and skating to get me in trim for the election.

MAHONEY (*ignoring the reply*): You'r in good season, Spencer. I am going to make a speech to-night—the effort of my life—I want to try it on the dog—no—no—I beg pardon, I'd like to try it on you first, and have your judgment of it.

MILLARD: Why, drive ahead, I'll be glad to hear you.

MAHONEY (*tightening his pajama cord*): Now, here goes (*as though speaking*). Gentlemen and fellow citizens—

MILLARD (*interrupting*): No, no. Ladies and gentlemen.

MAHONEY (*protesting*): But there'll be no ladies there.

MILLARD: Well, go ahead.

MAHONEY (*striking attitude*): I appear before you to-night as an emblem of purity, the snow plant of Republicanism.

MILLARD: That's not bad.

MAHONEY (*proudly*): I should say not. (*Continuing speech*): This right hand of mine has never yet signed approval of an unholy bill, nor has it ever taken money for my vote as a public officer. (*Aside to Millard hastily.*) I'm left-handed, Spencer, don't be frightened. (*Resuming speech*) I stand to day as I have always stood. My record is open to the world. You all know me—

MILLARD (*interrupting*): Right here it would be a good thing to state plainly what your record is.

MAHONEY (*excitedly*): Heavens alive man, do you think I'm a fool? Damn it, I'd be beaten if I did.

MILLARD (*anxiously*): Isn't there something you can point to with pride?

MAHONEY (*querously*): Haven't I been a Republican for years? Isn't that enough? (*Angrily*) Besides, have you got a record?

MILLARD (*protesting*): I—

MAHONEY (*hotly interrupting*): I say, have you got a record?

MILLARD (*conciliating*): I was about to explain—

MAHONEY (*interrupting*): Have you got a record? Not a bit of it, you—you—(*recovering himself. Apolegetically*): But forgive me, Millard, I was carried away. Don't say a word. Now to the speech. Here I leave my record and plunge into my adversary. I cry out "Who is this man who asks your support?" I've a couple of fellows back in the gallery who will holler out "A Boodler." That's the time I go to work for to catch William's friends. See? So I commence in a nice tone of voice, kind of conciliatory, ye know: "Now, gentlemen, you must not say that. True, my opponent has been connected with some bad affairs, but that is only rumor—only rumor." That is sure to catch 'em, Spence.

MILLARD (*nods approvingly*): Very neat. I'm working that a little myself.

KNOCK AT DOOR.

PARROT: Come, in Birdie.

Mahoney blushes and covers bird cage with blanket.

PARROT (*imitating female voice*): Oh, Jerry! Don't! You're just awful!

MAHONEY (*Throws boot at parrot cage. Opens door.*)

ENTER LOU BROWN.

BROWN (*smiling cordially*): Hello, boys—see-gars?

(*Hands around cigars. Millard carefully places his cigar in his pocket to give it away to some voter.*)

MAHONEY: You look happy, Lou.

BROWN (*smiling and rolling those blue eyes of his around the room, shows Mahoney daily paper; Mahoney whistles in surprise; shakes Brown's hand in silence*): But I must be going—got to see Mike.

MAHONEY: GOOD-BY, BROWN. (*Sotto voice.*) Lucky devil. (*Turning, Mahoney eyes Millard. It suddenly occurs to him that Millard may be Governor some day*).

MILLARD (*suddenly*): Who are you going to vote for for the United States Senate?

MAHONEY: The weakest man until somebody wants Scott VERY, VERY bad.

MILLARD (*in surprise*): How about Perkins?

MAHONEY (*impressively*): You ain't in it. Don't be a clam. YOU MAY HAVE IT IN YOUR POWER TO DECIDE WHO SHALL BE THE NEXT UNITED STATES SENATOR.

MILLARD (*awe-stricken*): I may?

MAHONEY: Yes, sir! Ain't Waite dead? What's the matter with Estee dying?

MILLARD (*chuckling*): But it would be bad politics to beat Perkins—more Dr. Haven and Waite business.

MAHONEY: But he will be beaten, and Scott will beat him. See? He has no speed.

(*Knock at door.*)

MAHONEY: Come!

(*Enter small boy with box full of badges.*)

SMALL BOY: Democratic badges here, gents. Jest what ye——

PARROT: "Oh, Gawd."

MAHONEY: Git, ye brat. (*Shies cuspidor at boy; who dodges and puts his fingers to his nose at Mahoney.*)

SMALL BOY: Fooled, Fatty—try again.

(*Mahoney makes a bee line for boy, who flies incontinenbly. Parrot screams encouragement to boy and Mahoney returns, looking hot and tired, glances at time, and goes back to bed, where he is lulled to sleep by Parrot.*)

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Arthur Wing Pinero's English adaptation of Georges Ohnet's stirring drama, "The Ironmaster," has been given such finished and frequent production in this country, that a detailed dissection of its merits and motives would prove wearisome repetition at this late day. It is a vigorous, spirited study, charged with deepest human interest, alive with warmest sentiment, emotional intensity, splendid romance, and replete with color and action. The Kendal company present it to us in admirable fashion, making of the interpretation a sincerely French portrayal, translating only the language to the English forms, but otherwise imbuing it with the stateliness, romance and aristocratic atmosphere of France. The local color, the distinct Gallic flavor, the historic grandeur, the pride of rank and lineage, the stilted conventional decorum are never obscured but are depicted with faithful accuracy, artistic smoothness and finish.

Greatly is it to be deplored that Mrs. Kendal in her high-bred, dignified superiority sees fit to frown down and bitterly denounce the latest method—on the lines of refined physical culture—the road, that on the blithe bicycle, leads to successful rounded slenderness. Verily, she is in need of banting—those ample curves and heavy matronly proportions act like dead weights to the progress and finish of her Art—veritable clog wheels, hindering her histrionic course and contradicting at every turn the intelligent expression of her various, and otherwise admirable delineations. Dear Lady, take to the wheel, the dietary regimen, the Hammam Bath, or all three—do this, my dear woman, for the sake of your Art—you will then enjoy the proud consciousness of perfected achievement, and the public—aye, even the benighted, antediluvian public of San Francisco, will unreservedly admire you, and forget or mayhap forgive that incubus, that evil tree of knowledge upon which the "jay" fowl of opprobrium now perches your "Second Mrs. Tanqueray." If you vilify our criticisms, pray then heed our advice, for by subtracting the "too, too solid flesh" you add to, even multiply your artistic worth; and the rendition of your rôles, so excellent from the standpoint of histrionic ability, will be enriched by the charm and fitness of physical consistency and attractiveness.

Surely a more satisfactory Phillippe Derblay than that which Mr. Kendal offers, it has not been our good fortune to witness. He acts with reposeful force and animates the character with true dramatic dignity and impressiveness—it might justly be named his star part, eclipsing Mrs. Kendal's talents for the nonce, and leaving little to be desired in the clean-cut finished ease and the faultlessly pleasing version of a strong, fine portrayal. In facial expression and active emotional intensity, both Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are really admirable; the chiaro-oscuro of vivid representation of feeling and of fine delicate shadings symbolizing the entire gamut of sentiment and accentuating deep waves of feeling.

Mrs. Kendal's voice is a remarkable organ; now sweetly, gently caressing in tone, now deep, soulful, resonant; again, harsh, metallic, sharp, fitting its notes to the ringing changes of varying sensations. Her gestures, too, are fraught with meaning; not typical of Delsarte, that famous teacher of pantomimic elocution, but easy, spontaneous, real, sometimes exquisite in their light, poetic grace.

Marian Lee is an actress of some versatility; her wily Athenaiss sharply contrasted against her docile Ellean evidences a certain pliancy of skill; but as the designing, vindictive parvenue she is too pronounced, too lurid—is too flamboyant in costume, too abrupt in gesture, indulging in an over-emphasis of speech, a wicked steel-like glare of eye, a snakiness of look and a revolting manner of hissing out her heartlessness that draws the portrayal down to the triple-extract order of the adventuress, double-dyed and objectionable. Just a little moderation of speech and action, and a little sand-papering of sharply offensive edges, and her acting might be highly commendable, in fact, really clever.

Mr. H. Cooper Cliffe as the Duc de Bligny looks a papier maché manikin of nobility, and is in his acting as hopelessly skeletonesque as in physique; he seems passionately addicted to sombre gray gloves and dark frowns without which adjuncts he would be dramatically non est. Mr. J. F. Graham as Moulinet, a wealthy social upstart, and William Lugg as Bechelin, an old family friend and counselor, both render effective impersonations and do capital work. The piece is produced with much care and attention to detail, correct costumning and a general air of substantial stage-setting that is to be appreciated when the theatre-goer considers the distance of land and sea betwixt London and our critically condemned city—possibly, it is better than we deserve according to the jaundiced eye of these British artists, but I think we can stand it.

In the East, Charles Frohman, who is dubbed the Napoleon of the Rialto, is said to have made a remarkably clever move with another English comedy, "The New Boy." The history of this piece is peculiar. As people who are interested in theatricals know, the most pronounced success of last season was "Charley's Aunt." It tickled the public, full of rattling idiocies as it was, and is now being translated into Greek with a view to producing it in Athens! Shades of the Classics! "The New Boy" is its companion piece. "Charley's Aunt" is a play which, from a managerial standpoint possesses a peculiar value. It requires a very small cast—six or eight people—and the cost of railroad fares, hotel bills and other expenses is infinitesimal when compared with that of an ordinary dramatic company of forty or fifty people. Hence its earnings are enormous. While "Charley's Aunt" was running in this country, it became known that another comedy of similar character, "The New Boy," had been produced in London. It is played by eight people and is quite as funny as its predecessor. Of course, there was a general scramble for American rights, but after a brief struggle Mr. Frohman carried off the prize. He produced it at the Standard Theatre with an English actor in the leading role, but it failed to hit the popular taste, though the play was magnificently mounted and given by an excellent cast. Thereupon Frohman went to work quietly on the piece, made a number of changes and finally induced James T. Powers, more widely known as "Jimmy," to give up his projected starring tour and appear in the place of the Saxon. The result was remarkable. Mr. Powers has proved to be precisely the right man in the right place. It is not often in these days of stern stage management that any actor other than a first magnitude "star" is permitted to have his own way in a role and hardly ever is it done in any Frohman company, but it is understood that the freedom of the play is given to Mr. Powers. If that be true he is entitled to be rated as an actor of brains as well as grimaces, for his aggressive fun is not inartistic or a damage to the author's creation. If the play had been written for him it could not be better fitted. We San Franciscans will suspend our high-class judgment until the comedy is produced here this winter.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

There is something positively realistic about the minstrel show that is going on at the Orpheum, so strikingly real in fact, that it is only necessary to close one's eyes and imagine one's self back in the old Standard Theatre where San Francisco minstrelsy was born, and where such celebrities as Charlie Reed, Billy Emerson and other exempts kept things "a movin'." Some how or other Haverly's has a tinge of the old-time show; the "gags" are about plain enough for the gallery to appreciate. A mixed stock of songs, chosen for tastes, and a lively breakdown here and there manage to keep the audience in good humor during the performance. The tone of the specialties which follow, however, are scarcely up to the Orpheum standard. A couple of fat wits appear, and between a table, a chair and a number of bad cigars, succeed in tickling the audience without any apparent cause. How it roared when one "coon" blew a cloud of smoke into the other "coon's" nose and eyes, and when the victim resented such liberties, some of the chairs were almost upset in their owner's hysterical mirth. Then a white man and a Mongolian climb up on a trapeze, and with the aid of a long ladder, play a lofty order of see-saw for ten minutes. The Chinaman wore a most curious que which took strange fits and starts according to the state of its owner's feelings, and in one particularly precarious situation in which the latter is placed, stands upright with all the zeal of proverbially hair-raising realism.

With the exception of this and an exhibition of strength from two female Sandows, but whose awkwardness almost equals their ugliness, the burnt cork artists control the show and between songs, dances and dialogues, manage to keep the audience until the end, something rather unusual even at the Orpheum.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE CALIFORNIA.

Robert Downing, the young American tragedian, will appear at the California Theatre next week in a grand scenic production of "The Gladiator." Mr. Downing will be supported by his own company of players, which is led by Miss Eugenie Blair. During Mr. Downing's professional career he has been the recipient of much genuine praise. The press of the North, South and East have been most generous, and seemed to have settled the question, "On whose shoulders shall the mantle of McCullough fall?" Many prominent journals have accorded Mr. Downing the successorship. He is the "American tragedian." He has an active, commanding physique, honest intentions and is free and open-hearted. The part requires an actor of wonderful physique, and Mr. Downing is said to be particularly adapted to fill the requirements of these stronger heroic characters.

MOROSCO'S.

"The Operator," one of the late dramatic successes, will be seen at the Morosco's Grand Opera House Monday evening. It is expected that San Francisco will endorse the judgment of the East. Scenic and mechanical effects abound in great variety. The twin stars, Willard and William Newell, whose marvelous resemblance to each other is a source of wonder and surprise, are cast for the leading parts. Their resemblance is one of the elements of a story of fascinating strength and

interest. A ship-wreck scene of surprising beauty is seen and the audience will be thrilled by the sight of a pilot engine plunging from a trestle into the depths, while an exact fac simile is given of the interior of an operator's office. The acting company will include the best of Manager Morosco's people.

THE ORPHEUM.

Monday, November 5th, marks the grand opening of the winter vaudeville season at the Orpheum. The Big 4, consisting of Messrs. Smith, Sparks, Haley and Martin, direct from Union Square Theatre, New York; Leigrist and Lee, acrobatic comedians; Vernon Burnley, the English comedian, and Sansoni sisters, female Sandows, make up an interesting programme.

THE TIVOLI.

The new opera, "The King and the Cobbler" has been playing to crowded houses during the week, and will be repeated the coming week.

STOCKWELL'S

The Grovers have been giving us some excellent work. In their cosy little theatre and with poplar prices and a high class entertainment, our theatre goers have much cause for congratulation. "My Son-in-Law" will be taken off for "Cad, the Tom Boy" on Monday night, when the Grovers will be seen at their best.

The last week of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal at the Baldwin Theatre commences on Monday evening next. They will be seen in a revival of Tom Taylor's historical drama, "Lady Clancarty," which they will produce with appropriate scenery and magnificent costumes. That delightful comedy, "A Scrap of Paper," will also be given during the week. The Kendals' work in the latter piece is said to be most exquisite, especially that of Mrs. Kendal. In "Lady Clancarty" the full strength of the company will be shown.

Alexander Salvini is the greatest romantic actor today. His productions are the finest, and as regards the acting of the star himself little need be said, for he is without doubt the favoite romantic actor throughout the country.

The scenery of "Alladin, Jr.," is the most magnificent that has ever been seen in this country. The costumes display a wealth not only of color but of rich material, and the company is stronger than any in the past seasons.

A feature of the Auditorium is undoubtedly the programme. It is quite an elaborate and very handsomely printed book containing half-tones of the most prominent soloists, and much information generally about Herr Scheel and his orchestra. The publisher is Stephen Von Szinnyey, a well-known eastern newspaper man, who has been connected with many leading French and German dailies since his arrival here a year or so ago. He edited the *Albany Daily Herald* and *Sonntag's Journal* in Albany, with considerable financial success, and, indeed, increased very largely the circulation of both. He was also privileged to speak for the Republican party in the last presidential campaign, and, indeed, is an orator of considerable vigor and magnatism. Mr. Von Szinnyey speaks six languages, and in addition a man of excellent educrtion, taste and knowledge of the world.

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∴ SIXTH SEASON ∴ 40TH CONCERT ∴

November 3d, 1894, 3:15 P. M.

PROGRAMME

1. String Quartet in F, op. 18 . . . Beethoven
   I. Allegro con brio
   II. Adagio affetuoso ed appasionato
   III. Scherzo. Allegro molto
   IV. Allegro

The Saturday Popular Quartet

2. Songs,
   a—A Lament . . . .
   b—The Roving Pedlar . . . .
   (Old Irish songs, arranged by Villiers Stanford)
   c—Prolog } . . . . . Grieg
   d—Ragnhild }
   Nos. 1 and 3. "Reminiscences from Mountain and Fiord"
   Mr. Willis E. Bacheller
3. Quartet for Piano and Strings in E flat, op. 87 . Dvorak
   I. Allegro confuoco
   II. Lento
   III. Allegro moderato, grazioso
   IV. Finale Allegro moderato

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The Gordon Rubies

I have been asked to tell the story of the loss of Lady Gordon's rubies, and as the circumstances which at the time would have made me unwilling to do so no longer exist, I will now give you in a few words, the plain facts of the case.

I met Sir Charles and Lady Gordon on an Atlantic liner last February, and as Lady Gordon and I proved to be the best sailors among the few passengers on board we were thrown much together; then, after a little event that nearly cost Lady Gordon her life, we became very well acquainted, indeed. I had the good fortune to save her ladyship from what came near being a watery grave; and to this circumstance I was indebted for the friendship of one of the most charming women I have ever known.

It was, after all, a very simple thing—an unexpected wave, a woman's scream as she was swept across the deck, a plunge after her, an encircling arm and another clutch on an iron rail just in the nick of time—that was all; yet, owing to this incident, I found myself, less than a month after my arrival in Liverpool, one of a house party at Hyde Hall, the Gordon's estate in Devonshire. There were, besides myself, Lord and Lady Melrose, two good natured but uninteresting old people; Cyril Schuyler, a young artist of note; Miss Rives, an English girl of the conventional type; and lastly Robert Hartley, a young man of whom I knew little and wished to know less. From the first I disliked Hartley, and I was sure he had the same sentiment for me. His face was handsome and his manner faultless, but from the moment we met I knew we would be enemies. This enmity was never expressed. He was always courteous in his manner, but the very sight of the man with his keen black eyes that appeared to look into instead of at you was repugnant to me. We seemed to have agreed tacitly to keep as far from each other as possible.

My idea of English country life had been taken from novels. I found the reality differed as much from the ideal in this case as most things differ from the descriptions we read of them. The glamour of the unreal was gone, and I felt soon that the novelty scarcely compensated for common place sentiments from uninteresting persons. Miss Rives and Schuyler seemed to find each other's society so agreeable that they had no time for others, Sir Charles and Hartley were enthusiastic billiard players, and I was left to the tender mercies of Lord and Lady Melrose, who entertained me with recitals concerning the state of crops, English politics, and other subjects of which I knew nothing.

The week dragged wearily by. I was to leave on Friday morning. On Thursday night the Gordons gave a dinner and a dance. Guests were invited from the neighboring estates and even from London. That evening more nearly realized my ideas of English country life than had the previous week of monotonous existence. Lady Gordon wore a gown simple in a way that expresses the highest triumph of the dressmaker's art. She wore also the Gordon rubies that had been in the family for generations, and never before or since have I seen such superb stones. I am an admirer of beauty, but I am also a matter-of-fact American, and the thought of the many thousand pounds those glittering gems represented was persistently uppermost in my mind.

The last carriage rolled away and the household settled down to rest. It was not with any feeling of regret on either side, I believe, that Hartley and I politely bade each other good-bye. He was to leave in the morning by an early train—long before the usual hour for rising. An engagement in London made it impossible for him, he said, to go by the afternoon train with the rest of the guests.

I slept late, and on entering the breakfast-room I saw at once that something unusual had happened. Everyone was talking rapidly, excitedly. I soon learned the reason.

Lady Gordon's rubies were gone. She had left them in her jewel case on retiring; in the morning they were not there; that was all that was known.

Sir Charles had telegraphed to London for detectives who arrived during the morning and went through the usual form of questions and examinations, but nothing that could throw the slightest light on the matter was discovered.

Not a soul, guest or servant, had left the house, save one—Mr. Robert Hartley—and he was miles away before the loss was known. No one had thought of him until I recalled his departure to Sir Charles as the latter was assuring the detectives that all who passed the night beneath the roof were still in the house.

My words made a sensation all the more intense because followed by silence. Instantly the same thought crossed every mind: could it be that Hartley had stolen the rubies?

I drew Sir Charles aside. "Do you suspect this man?" I asked. "I cannot believe it," he answered, in a tone that told me he did not wish to, and yet could not put the thought from his mind.

I hesitated. Then I said: "Sir Charles, I can understand that you are unwilling to believe a guest, a friend, so treacherous; that you are unwilling to cause the arrest of this man who had accepted your hospitality and against whom you have no direct proof. The fact that he left the house the very night of the disappearance of the rubies and before their loss was discovered may be simply chance. With no stronger clew you naturally hesitate to act with the promptness necessary if you wish to recover the jewels. I tell you frankly, however, that from the first I disliked this fellow. I believed him, and I still believe him, to be a scheming, unprincipled rogue. You do not wish to put the police on his track. Are you willing to trust the matter to me? If you are, I can follow him to London by the afternoon express, track him if he leaves the country, as I believe he will do, and cause his arrest if events justify such an act.

"If they do not no harm is done and no one is the wiser. You can turn the attention of the detectives in another direction, and assure them their suspicions are ridiculous. As soon as anything definite is known I will communicate with you, and I hope to be able to show that, although Mr. Robert Hartley is a clever man, I am more than his equal."

Sir Charles had been listening intently; as I finished he grasped my hand: "How can I thank you enough for your cool and practical advice?" he said. "It shall be just as you say, and I am sure I could not place the matter in more competent hands."

At noon, as Sir Charles and I stood waiting the arrival of the carriage that was to take me to the station, Lady Gordon joined us. It was the first time she had left her room since the discovery of her loss. She had come to bid me good-bye. She seemed nervous and excited, but she played the part of the hostess with her usual grace. The carriage stopped; the door was opened by the footman.

With a smile Lady Gordon extended her hand. For a moment I grasped it warmly. Then I hurried down the steps.

I was just entering the carriage when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a voice exclaimed: "In the name of the Queen I arrest you for the theft of Lady Gordon's rubies."

I could do nothing more. The game was up.

The rubies were found on my person.

—*Kate Field's Washington.*

JUST TIME TO THINK.

A NOTE OF THE APACHE WAR.

BY TOM HALL.

There was not very much time to think. He could see the muzzles of their guns sticking out of the rocks. The little puffs of smoke that they emitted seemed as innocent as stray clouds in a summer sky. Once in a moment or so he could see the red head-band of an Apache as he aimed—that and the smoke, the rocks, and the sunlight were quite all he could see.

And he was going at a full gallop straight at them, followed by a pitiful handful of men—a handful that is called a platoon in the insignificant army of the strongest nation on the earth. In a few minutes, seconds perhaps, he would cease to exist, whatever that meant. He would be simply another young army officer carried on the papers of the regiment as "died in action." The business-like United States of America does not erect monuments to men who meet their death in mere Indian warfare.

He tried to calculate the number of seconds of life left to him. Two hundred yards was about the distance, and he was going at a good swinging gallop. But he could not remember the length of a charger's stride at the gallop to save him. It was exasperating. He had recited on that very subject at the Academy only a few months before without an error. So he tried to think of people.

And first of all he wondered whether any people were of value to the world at all? He had heard older officers say cynically that mere men were never missed by the world, no matter who they were. But it did seem wrong that he, young, strong, ambitious, and splendidly educated, should die thus in the very budding of his manhood without an achievement accomplished and without a friend satisfied. Then his mind took a queer turn, and he began to think of perhaps the very humblest of his acquaintances. He began to think of McCarthy, of his own troop, who had been left behind at the post with half a dozen others because a shiftless government had failed to supply the troop with its full quota of horses.

He had tried to teach McCarthy to read and write, even though his Captain had laughed at him, and his comrades had chaffed at him for his adolescence. But he had always felt the necessity of doing something in the way of work, and so he had undertaken McCarthy; and he feared now that perhaps even McCarthy had laughed at him, things go so strangely in this world.

Then he thought of a girl back in the East, to whom he was engaged.

His father had laughed at him when he announced the engagement, and told him that he would be engaged a dozen times in all probability before he was settled for life, and his mother had merely smiled in a knowing way, and remarked that she had heard "that she was a very nice young lady."

But he and she knew how much they were to each other.

And he remembered, too, how many delicious day dreams he had pictured for her when he was back at the Academy in the glory of his first class year, and she was one of "the ladies who come up in June" to all but himself. And he remembered how she would smile and blush and agree with him in all his plans with the delightful confidence and trust of a young girl who is experiencing young love.

He wondered whether she would remember him—always, as they had promised each other. He wondered if she would wear black for him and pray for him dead, just as she told him she prayed for him every night while living. He could see her in her white dress, slender and fair, standing in the doorway of the cloak-room, waiting for him to come and take her to the ballroom. He could almost count the roses she used to hold in her hand, and he even thought he could detect their perfume.

And then he thought of his mother—and he almost wished to cry aloud to her as he used to when he was a child waking from a bad dream, and ask her to take him in her arms. But instead he remembered that though barely of age he was a trained soldier. So he rose in his stirrups and waved his revolver over his head, crying very bravely, "Come on, boys; wade in!" just as a hideous Apache squinted along a gun-barrel and pulled a trigger—and he thought no more forever.

GYPSY "SEGUIDILLAS."

JOEL BENTON.

I.

Go, tell the moon which lies
  Upon the crown of night,
She need not shine. My sweetheart's eyes
  Will give me ample light.

II.

Sometimes her pearly tears
  For joy's excess have rolled;
And their encrystalled spheres
  I once embalmed in gold.

III.

As sadly sulks the moon
  When clouds conceal the stars,
So, mournfully, I swoon
  If aught my love debars.

IV.

When, in the evening sky,
  The glinting stars arise,
I hear her step. Her lips are nigh
  With all sweet sorceries.

V.

The queenly moon above
  Is not so fair as she;
Her rose-cheeked dimples tinged by love
  Were kisses given by me!

—*The Chap Book.*

SONNET.

My fingers oft have bound thy temples fair
  With many an amaranthine anadem;
  For thee my soul has craved the starry gem
Of night's bright arch, till some angelic ear
Has heard and answered my audacious prayer,
  And to my hands has given what mine eyes
  Sought after in the jewels of the skies,
To build a rich tiara for thy hair.
Oh, mystery of love! thy glamours seem
  To hover o'er me yet, and dwell with me.
I still can think of thee, thou vanished dream,
  Though well I know that joy must ever be
Nought but a stranger in the coming years,
Who only laughs to see my bitter tears.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

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A GREAT SPEECH.

We print herewith extract from a speech recently delivered in San Francisco, which the *Chronicle* refused to publish, the orator (who is not Mr. Perkins) being a possible opponent to Mr. De Young for the United States Senate. The beautiful and masterly manner in which party traditions are woven into local issues must appeal to all, and present that charming effect only obtainable in parti-colored braided straw and Brussells carpets. One need not tax himself too much in a mental search for the orator's identity. We withhold his name by special request:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I raise my voice to-night in behalf of that grand old party that bears upon its shining shield the lustrous and immortal names of Lincoln, Grant, Blaine, Estee and Burns—our dead but not forgotten statesmen. [Applause.]

As my eyes turn in love and devotion upon that starry emblem of liberty that proudly floats above us, my listening and attentive ear catches the voice that whispers forth from its silken folds that sacred and inspiring motto: "Liberty and Equality to All."

And, gentlemen, when I recall the iniquitous hour when Democracy hooted and shot at that sacred ensign, trampled upon and tore down that holy emblem of our liberties, and when our tired and jaded defenders returned to their Northern homes, bearing high aloft the tattered but honored standard of an undissevered union, my indignant blood boils at the thought that we may elect a Democratic County Clerk in this municipality.

Go with me, my friends, back to the battle field of deadly Appomatox [here General Dickenson fainted from heat and was carried from the hall], where shrieking shells and bursting mortars sang the requiem chant for thousands of our fellow-countrymen, when all the stillness of a pastoral sabbath was jarred and shocked with rude alarums of war and men were dying all around us, and let me ask if in this hour, on this day, at this most inauspicious time, you are prepared to elect a Democratic Coroner? [Applause.]

Gentlemen, who are our opponents? [Laughter.] Who are they, I say? [Laughter.] Echo answers, Who? [Great laughter and cries of "Good!" Good!"]

The speaker here proceeded with a number of equally witty morceaux, for which he is famous, and then proceeded as follows:

Turning now to another question, my Democratic friends want to discuss State issues. They shrink from a discussion of their iniquitous, infamous free trade heresies. They say it has nothing to do with municipal politics, but I tell you, gentlemen, and tell you with all the eloquence, with all the earnestness, and with all the fervor at my command, that if you fail to send Jerry Mahoney to the Legislature, if you fail to elect Lou Brown Secretary of State, the old rebel yell will spring to the throats of a million exultant, purse-proud, iniquitous, damnable traitors and monopolists, and you will be false to yourselves, false to your wives, false to your babies, false to your sweethearts, and false to the best woman on earth, who sits beside the singing kettle on the hearthstone waiting for the footsteps of her boy returning from the battle at the polls—returning from the battle, where he has met and overcome the same enemy he before had conquered. You will be false to her, I say—false to your wife's mother. [Applause. NOTE.—Many of the audience were moved to tears by this touching tribute.]

We have not space to give the speech in full, but reproduce the peroration as a masterpiece. The speaker said:

"Gentlemen I uplift the banner of that soldier and statesman, Col. Daniel M. Burns, the honest miner of Candelaria; I uplift the banner of Lou Brown; I uplift the banner of that master of rhetoric and sarcasm, that Napoleon of finance, Jeremiah Mahoney; I uplift the banner of that exponent of crouching and prayerful oratory, Grove L. Johnson; I uplift the banner of that famous traveler, Spencer G. Millard; I uplift the banner, sirs, that has borne Mr. Higgins and Mr. Kelly and Mr. Crimmins on to victory in a thousand well fought battles, and I—"

Here, the speaker staggered under his burden and had to be carried off the stage.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

Readers of THE WAVE who are alive to the iniquities of Bossism are urged to sign the following card and forward the same to this office to the end that their names may be registered and the cards forwarded to New York.

Membership in the new League is to be without dues.

Names are coming in from different sections of the State and as rapidly as practicable local clubs will be organized for organized effort. The movement is absolutely non-partisan and members of any political party are perfectly free to join.

The Anti-Spoils League

CARL SCHURZ, *President* WILLIAM POTTS, *Secretary*
SILAS W. BURT, *Treasurer*

Office. 51 William Street, New York

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the Spoils System from the public service, —believing that system to be unjust, un-democratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the Merit System to the farthest practicable limits under our national, state and municipal governments.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

LIBRARY NOTES

"Toinettes Phillips," by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, like "Lady Jane" and many other of the most popular books for young folks published in this country, originally appeared in *St Nicholas*. The scene of the story is laid partly in New York and partly in New Orleans, the later city being the home of the author. Mrs. Jamison s "Lady Jane" has reached a large sale, and it is not unlikely that the present book, a charming story for boys and girls, will be as well received. The illustrations are by Reginald Binch, and are decidedly clever. *(The Century Company, publishers.)*

"Artful Anticks" is a collection of humorous verse for young folks by Oliver Herford, whose contributions to *St. Nicholas*, *Life*, *Harper's Young People*, and other periodicals have won him a wide reputation as a versifier and illustrator. Grown-up folks, as well as the youngsters for whom the book is intended, will find amusement is these exceedingly clever verses and pictures. *(The Century Company, publishers.(*

"Imaginations" is the rather a curious title under which Tudor Jenks, one of the most popular story-writers of *St. Nicholas* and the author of "The Century World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls," has gathered his well-known fanciful tales. Nineteen stories in all are included, among them many of which the readers of *St. Nicholas* will recognize and enjoy again when brought to them in this permanent form. The title of the book suggests—what is indeed the fact—that although the the stories are merely fanciful, yet there is often a "notion" conveyed by the logic of events. The pictures would almost tell the stories themselves, and evidently have been drawn *con amore* by such well-known illustrators as Birch, Drake, Bensell, Dan Beard, and Oliver Herford. All of the stories are cheerful and amusing in tone, and not adapted to the Gradgrind standard. The series make one of the handsomest of Christmas books. *(The Century Company, publishers.)*

Charles F. Lummis," author of *Some Strange Corners of Our Country*, is the author of a charmingly illustrated book called *The Man Who Married the Moon*. He has lived for five years among the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, learning their language and customs, and in the long winter evenings listened to the tales the old men tell to the boys gathered about them—wonderful stories of "The Antelope Boys," "The Ants that Pushed on the Sky," "The Man Who Wouldn't Keep Sunday," "The Town of the Snake Girls," etc. These stories Mr. Lummis has written out for the boys and girls of America just as the old Indians told them. There are thirty stories altogether, not including the one that gives title to the book, and there are pictures, too,—many pictures,—of the strange people and animals about which these stories are told. *(The Century Company, publishers.)*

Another delightful book for the little ones is from the pen of no less distinguished a writer than Susan Coolidge. *Not Quite Eighteen* is a series of brief stories of bunnies and babies, of wolves and dol s and dogs, all charmingly and gracefully told, even though they are intended for children. One fairy tale tells of the "Pony That Kept the Store," another of the "Prize Girl of the Harnessing Class," whose cleverness saves the life of her good old nurse. It is such pleasant, easy, sunny writing that I can easily imagine children of larger growth doing as I did—plunging into the middle of the tales, and reading half the collection through before realizing how much older than the book time had made me. (Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.)

Penelope Prig is the title of Mr. A. G. Plympton's contribution to holiday literature. It tells of a maiden who had rather too much bringing up, and grows rather pretentious in the matter of her own goodness. But example which every copy book insists is better than precept taught her the error of her ways, and from vanity she came to be one of the sweetest and best of children, and as charitable as the day is long. There are some pretty half tones of Miss Penelope and Miss Laura Griggs, who is not so admirably brought up as the other young lady, and has rather a hard time of it, decidedly to her moral advantage though. (Roberts Bros., publishers. For sale by A. M. Robertson.)

Quite the most elaborate of the holiday volume that has come to me so far is *The Farmer's Bag*, by Clifton Johnston. It is a beautiful book, illustrated in half tones, printed with exquisite clearness and softness. Some of the sketches and pictures are as beautiful as those one finds in the most expensive editions de luxe, and one cannot forbear congratula'ing the artistic skill of the photographers who found such charming bits of real life to reproduce. As for the text, it tells all about life on a farm, the ploughing and milking, the fishing sleighing, skating. One learns, if one is very young, the appropriate way to amuse oneself in Spring, Summer, Autumn, or Winter, as the case may be, and the instruction is conveyed in a pleasant and genial way that carries one without an effort through the volume. (Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.)

ORACLE K. B.

IMPORTANT ART SALE.

Commencing on Thursday November 8th, and continuing for one week, Messrs. Easton and Eldridge will sell at auction, at Golden Gate Hall, by order of the executor of the estate of Mrs. Kate Johnson, the magnificent collection of paintings, bronze and marble statuary, diamonds and jewelry, elaborately carved furniture belonging to the late Mrs. Johnson, and seldom, if ever, have our lovers of art had such an opportunity to select from a collection so complete and so artistic. All society knew the taste ever displayed by the former owner, and no doubt the sale will be attended by the leading society people of the city. Messrs. Easton and Eldridge give assurance that every article in the sale belongs to the collection, and they invite inspection at the free exhibition on Wednesday, November 7th.

Charles A. Wetmore is now making up a shipment of a carload of Cresta Blanca wines for New York and other cities, to leave about November 7th in time to reach Eastern friends during Thanksgiving season. Freight on a single case is but fifty cents, and purchases of three cases and over go free of freight. Another car will go forward about December 1st. This is certainly an opportunity worth taking advantage of.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

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Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

This is the season for charities, and all the maids and matrons are preparing the way for a bright and happy Xmas by good deeds done for others. Among the young people a great work is being achieved both here and in Oakland, by teaching the youthful poor to sew. There are quite a number of sewing clubs in connection with Trinity Church—one that is largely attended meets every Monday afternoon. Among the good deeds done every member is obliged to donate a dollar, at least, which she herself has earned by her own individual exertions. When the sum is handed in the donor has to give an account of her *modus operandi*, and infinitely amusing and widely diversified are the ways and means described. Some of the young people having laid the old adage "that a penny saved is a penny earned" to heart thought they had complied with the demand, when by walking instead of spending car fare, or refraining from buying the hitherto accustomed candy or flowers, they had earned their money. This method, however, was declared illegitimate.

———

The Monday Mutes have not yet reorganized, but, perhaps, will do so in the future; it is whispered, however, that the "poor" did not derive much benefit from the colossal (?) efforts of the Mutes, and that the meetings were more a source of amusement to the girls than benefit to their protegées. In Oakland the various Guilds are well attended and some of the young people spend hours making all sorts of pretty conceits out of paper to sell later on in aid of the destitute. Then there is the Needle Woman's Guild each member of which provides two new garments a year, varying from two handkerchiefs to two dresses and running the gamut of every article ranging between.

Several girls visit the Almshouse and are given charge there of certain old unfortunate ones. The Fruit and Flower Mission, too, is exceedingly popular in the private hospitals, etc., and has quite a retinue of needy followers. It is delightful to think that, in spite of our various frivolities, we can still find time to perform a few of the corporal works of mercy. Among the Episcopalian and the Jewish people charity appears to be more fashionable than in the other sects. They may, perhaps, not let their left hands know what their right hands are doing, yet for the sake of example, which, not only according to copybook lore but to the accepted belief, is better than precept, it is just as well to do one's good deeds before men.

"Oh, would that God the gigtee gie us to see ourselves as ithers see us," says Burns. It is perhaps just as well that the Creator did not see fit to do so, as, according to a recent article in the *Independent* written by a Japanese, the faculty would be productive of heart-burn. He says that "To be silent and not to criticise is woman's real nature; but that the American woman is talkative, critical, and esteems social more than domestic life, etc." He goes on to say that he is grateful to Heaven for having given him a Japanese mother and a Japanese wife, and considers that as regards our moral ideals, we are infinitely inferior to the Japanese. We, however, are quite unlikely to agree with him, and though we can be compared unfavorably with the Japanese on one point, it is not, I am happy to say, a moral one.

———

Six to eight yards in width is the latest Parisian decree for skirts, and though there is yet some doubt as to whether the fullness will be confined to the back, much fear is expressed among the lovers of the beautiful that the skirt will eventually be stiffened all around. There is, however, a dire certainty with regard to hair cloth and wire in the back, and though it may not penetrate to this part of the country for some time, that we shall eventually get it in its most exaggerated form I have not the faintest doubt.

———

How exceptionally charming are the conceits for neck-wear displayed in our shop windows. The exquisite chiffon effects are delightful and so remarkably becoming to even the tailor-made girl. Lace, especially in its coarser varieties, is to be widely worn this season. Russian and Arabian laces are the most showy and effective though the happy possessors of real lace have the the widest fields to conquer. If it were possible for furs to be more popular than they were last season they will eclipse their former efforts this year for hats, bonnets, wraps, collarettes, everything simple or gaudy is to be trimmed with fur. Astrachan will, however, be queen. Waists combined with satin and cloth will be made of it and it is certainly most effective. Watered or Moire velvets are exceedingly attractive looking for mantles and wraps of all kinds are now made of this rich material. There is a new silk whose reign will be a fleety one I will prophesy. It is called "Verglas" and it has the appearance of ice in a hard frost, very cold, and to me, at least, its novelty is its sole recommendation.

———

It will be pleasant news to those who disliked the little furry animals which achieved such remarkable popularity last year as boas, that it is no longer correct to show the heads but only the tails of the small beasties. Some are quite short and display two tails; others reach to the waist and have three or more tails and paws.

———

It is no longer considered good form to have too many courses at dinner and the dinner hour is yearly becoming later, so that we shall eventually dine, like our Anglo-Saxon cousins, at 8 P. M. Cut glass is widely replaced by Bohemian and it is fashionable now to have a green hock glass for Sauterne, a frail Venetian glass for champagne, water tumblers of Bohemian ware, sherry glasses of antique English. All this variety lends color to the table and is most effective. For breakfasts and luncheon sets of China are still in vogue, but for dinner the greater the variety the more nearly one achieves correctness in style. *Vogue* says it is extremely bad form to give favors or presents of any kind at luncheons or breakfasts, or, indeed, at any private entertainment.

REFLECTOR.

———

The latest Novelties in Art and Ornaments from Paris, Berlin and Vienna, just arrived at S. & G. Gump's, 113 Geary street.

———

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And health on both,"

says the great Shakespeare, but he did not have in mind a coated tongue or torpid liver, with all the symptoms of billousness so common in this country. All this, and more, can be cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a purely vegetable compound, which restores the action of the liver, gives tone to the flagging energies of the dyspeptic's stomach, and thus enables "good digestion to wait on appetite, and health on both." By Druggists.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

We are thoroughly disgusted at the way that our churches have been turned into political wigwams by the *humble* (?) apostles of the Great Master, who are again quarreling over political favorites. The churches—Methodist, Presbyterian, Congregational, Baptist, are all political camping grounds. The traders and money changers whom the Master drove out of the temple of old were saints compared with the soul savers of our city who seem to have forgotten that the Saviour said "My house is the house of prayer." Why, we have turned them into veritable booths of election, where characters are torn even worse than at the whist clubs. Wily politicians "stuff" the preachers with all kinds of rubbish and the latter, under the impression that they are great men and posing as Solomons or Davids, are, in fact, trying to run a campaign on more corrupt principles than ever the bosses did. Why, to tell the truth our bosses in both parties have always been honorable men, but we laugh when the preachers proclaim in clarion tones "we are all honorable men." The members of the churches are indignant that the pastors should presume to take from them their high perogative of judging for themselves the character and fitness of men who are running, and as one gentleman told a crowd of his fellow church members that Mr. Dinsmore, a recent arrival, must think that men in the Presbyterian Church "sapheads" when he could come from a town in Illinois and say "vote for so and so, for I command you." And the sturdy, manly Methodists declare that no cantine living shall dictate to them as to whom they shall or shall not vote for.

All honor to Dr. Wakefield and the noble and Christian band of Episcopalians who belong to Trinity. They have kept out of the fight and the broad and grand old Rector still continues to preach Christ and Him Crucified.

The A. P. A's. would also make an Egyptian mummy grin with all their talk about patriotism when many of the most ardent of them were rank rebels during the Civil War. It did seem too bad, though, that poor Richard should have been called home so suddenly from the harmonious (?) A. P. A. meeting of Monday evening when the members were in the midst of a fierce and firey quarrel over the latest candidates that had secured the endorsement of the lodge and whose names are inscribed on the big red school house ticket. His departure spread consternation in the fold but, the business was not neglected, so now we have two A. P. A. tickets, one adorned with our great High School painted red and the other with a little red school-house. We have to be awfully careful of them or I would send you one of each, but the Papists might get a hold of them and that would never do.

We were all glad to have Mr. Norfolk come out with his paper, but surprised that while praising Mike and Edward that he should criticise their wives for being ardent politicians and good workers in this fight. While most of the wives of the candidates have not gone out to solicit votes, those two accomplished women have canvassed the county much more thoroughly than their hubbys.

BESSIE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: Well, Harry and Margaret are married. It occurred last Thursday evening, and none of us were there. What a pretty little couple they will make. I heard that the bride looked just too sweet for anything. Harry, of course, was radiant and beaming with happiness, and I don't blame him. The bridesmaids, Miss Howe and Miss Willis, of Sacramento, seemed to have been having a jolly time during their short visit here. Brother Monte came down from the dental college to take lessons from big brother. It was a very quiet affair. I don't see why he was so exclusive. They will spend their honeymoon in the north, and, I understand, will settle in Los Angeles.

As predicted, there was a jolly crowd out at the Native Sons' ball Thursday evening. We just had a splendid time. Of course, the crowd was considerably mixed, but then, as usual, we held our set together pretty well. For once the boys did really act nice. Judging the way they have been slighting us girls I had grave doubts if they could act at all decently. I do hope the Native Sons will give balls quite often during the winter as they are now our last hope.

There was a party out at Reese's last week. The paper stated that the I. O.'s were entertained. That means the younger set I supposed. But I felt awfully slighted when I saw Carrie's and Betty's names in the list of those present. If they are young enough to go in that crowd I don't see why I can't. The girls tell me they just had a jolly time out there. I understand that the old folks were away and the house was turned over to them, and they were not slow to accept. Dancing was the feature of the evening. All the I. O. boys were there with their usual fair companions with a few exceptions. I heard that the bridesmaids received a good deal of attention. Mont. P., I hear, is already a slave.

I wonder what the young reporter who was there could have meant by leaving out Georgie's name. From all I heard she was the chief entertainer. Whether this was by request I am at a loss to say. If it wasn't though, I think he acted real mean. But, then, that is just like reporters. I think from what we have seen of them they are an awfully second rate lot, and you can't do anything with them. I always did think Frank was a nice boy, but I am afraid the newspaper business has spoiled him.

The widow, I hear has been here playing quite fervently about the hearts of some of our young eligibles, but then I guess that is her way.

I have been out among the girls considerably during the week and got the aftermath of the hop at the Hughes. I came late and missed part of the event. I hear that some of the boys acted just dreadful and let the girls come alone. I don't ever mean to let them keep me away. I will just get a crowd of girls together and go, and besides, we will positively refuse to dance with those who "stag" it. There was something peculiar about the party I could not understand. Some were in full evening dress while others wore street gowns. Why, some of the boys wore their business suits! The Judge's wife, I hear, kept a sharp eye on Carrie during the evtning, but I couldn't see why. I did get a glimpse of Earnest, but he was awfully sly. I think he has turned quite handsome since he has let his beard grow.

Dr. Lawerance was there with Mary, but then big sister Betty went along. And then there were so many girls I didn't know. Major Dluicke and his handsome bride graced the assembly with their presence. I nearly died when I saw the Major dancing. It reminded me of a whirlwind. I was so afraid he was going to ask me to dance. Lloyd, of course, had occasion to do the honors. My, but what a huge collar he did wear. It has been enlarged somewhat since he has gecome a railroad magnate.

Kittie is in the city. She returned last week with Miss Hart who has been visiting her. I am awfully sorry because we were just beginning to have some of the loveliest informal teas, and then Kittie is so bright and Rosalie was so sweet and pretty that we really won't know what to do without them.

Our Polly, the heroine of a real story, is making her strong personality felt in a quiet way. She will be one of the young women who mould rather than be moulded by those who surround her. Another of our younger girls who will make a decided impression on society is Gracie. She is the opposite of Polly and will be the typical society girl who looks upon the world as something created for her amusement.

By the way, anent the Woodworth divorce, it seems I have done him rather an injustice in imputing to him all the responsibility for the estrangement. Causes of complaint apparently are not lacking on the other side, for I have it on the best authority that the filing of Mrs. Woodworth's complaint alone prevented her husband's application going in. It seems he made up his mind some time ago to have a separation and her application was based on her knowledge of this fact. The ground given is cruelty, and I am told there will be no contest. The Woodworths are among the best known and most popular people in the environment, and there is general regret that their domestic infelicities should have taken a turn so serious as to call for proceedings to the extremities of a seperation.

TRIX.

SACRAMENTO.

We girls are in a dreadful state of excitement all because of the announcement that about forty of the Stanford students are coming, and so soon. November 10th will be known as Stanford University Day, in honor of their appearance. The trip from Palo Alto and return will cost upwards of three hundred dollars. We hope their reception will be so royal and enthusiastic they will feel amply repaid for their trouble and expense. In the afternoon there will be the finest football contest ever seen here. The game will take place at Snowflake Park, and we girls intend to don our best togs and turn out en masse. Then that evening the Mandolin and Glee Clubs will give a big entertainment at the Metropolitan, which threatens to be the swellest event of the season.

The invitations are out for the Wright-Clarke nuptials, and most of us have been favored. Just think, there have been one thousand issued. I will go down and take a peep at the bride and her attendants, so I can write you all about it.

Mrs. Joe Dillman and her little daughter are paying a visit to your city. Her most intimate friend, Mrs. Dr. Nood, is also there, a guest of her mother, Mrs. Weitman.

The Kingsley Art Club has lost one of its members. Mrs. Carrie Terrill has sent in her resignation, and there are ever so many desirous of joining in her place. Speaks well for the popularity of the club, doesn't it?

Another death to announce this week. Our generally beloved Secretary of State, E. G. Waite, passed off quiet suddenly on Monday at his old home in Alameda. He had proven a most efficient officer, and done much in the way of beautifying our Capitol. Our sympathy is extended to his bereaved wife and three devoted daughters. The latter have become most popular here, and were identified with quite a little entertaining last winter.

Miss Della Coglan is shortly to be married to Mr. Kingsbury, of your city. He is the head clerk in the Lick House, I believe, so they will, no doubt, reside there.

How desperate some people show themselves to entertain. I recall to mind a little episode that occurred last winter. It is too good to keep, so I am going to tell you all about it. There was a certain man promoted to a place very near the Governor. Well, this man has a wife, who was much elated over the promotion, and this wife has social aspirations. The couple in question rent a modest and unpretentious cottage, but, nevertheless, they decided to give a big card party. A colored porter, borrowed for the occasion, paraded through the offices of the Capitol carrying a silver salver, on which were the invitations. The style was too much for the clerks, and the majority sent regrets. The China and linen used the night of the party were borrowed from a neighbor, who lived in a more pretentious house across the street. When the borrowed things were returned the neighbor breathed a sigh of relief, remarking that she hoped she would not have to divest her closet of its rarest China the next time the Secretary chose to entertain.

Mrs. Percy Ross anticipates giving a benefit concert shortly, but no definite date has been settled on.

SISTER SUE.

SACRAMENTO, October 31, 1894.

LOS ANGELES.

MY DEAR POLLY: Just imagine me enjoying the races, attending the Presbyterian Synod of Southern California and taking in the circus, all in one week. The greatest of these three events were the races. Saturday was the last day, the crowd was immense and the weather perfect. No quarrels, no accidents and every one jubilant over the fate of Silkwood. The first race of the day was won by Nellie W., owner, Dick Gird; driver, Ed. Connelly, who, by the way, came from the East to drive for Dr. K. D. Wise, but the wives of driver and owner became bitter enemies, not hesitating, frequently, to exchange uncomplimentary epithets on the grand stand, or, if journeying around the circuit together, then a favorite place was at the railroad depots. Mrs. Connelly makes great boasts over a promised horsewhipping for Mrs. Wise, and these are the little exceptions which caused the Doctor to give up a first-class driver for one not so fortunate. However, this year these ladies did not occupy seats close enough to even exchange glances.

Silkwood drew the crowd and captured the purse. The way our four hundred did flock there to see him has never before been known in Los Angeles; those who could not ride walked. Mr. C. W. R. Ford, the husband of Mrs. J. W. Robinson, drove a tally-ho, but kept the colored groom beside him. Mr. Ford did not have a label on his back to distinguish him, but it is amusing to see that the horses belonging to his wife's former husband were entered in his name. We knew he had "Ford" printed on everything on the ranch, but do not know how he owns the trotters.

The delegates from the country to the Synod accomplished a great deal in the short space of five days. The morning and evening sessions were well attended, but during the afternoons the largest majority visited the race-track, expressly to see the pavilion display of fine arts and pumpkins.

The circus was a big thing on the boards, but very small in the ring. One quiet elephant in the arena made a whole drove of trained ones on the boards; and in this proportion were all the animals.

Miss Katherine Kimball, one of our beloved singers, leaves shortly for a year's study in Europe. She was entertained by Mrs. Hugh McNeil last Tuesday afternoon. The Monday Musical Club were all present, as well as many distinguished guests, to wish her great success and safe return.

A highly sensational and adroitly planned suit has been filed by William Lamberton to recover $100,000 from our ex-Mayor and roué, John Bryson, Sr., for the alienation of his wife's affections. Mrs. Bryson brought suit and recovered a division of property from her husband, then Mrs. Lamberton began suit for divorce from her husband, who was, at the time, in Milwaukee, but at once came here.

The promised divorce for Isaac H. Polk has been granted. Mrs. Cook, afterwards Mrs. Polk, has been given the child and fifty dollars a month. This seems very stingy when he makes a thousand dollars a month as manager of the Bradbury mines. Now, several of Mr. Polk's old sweethearts have a chance to test his constancy.

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Old Editor—"Well, there's some hope for 'em when you catch 'em young; you can whip it out of 'em easier then!"—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The old Count Spolverini has had his callous heart set all aglow by the fiery glances of a bewitching young lady, and he proposes to her in the following terms: "Signorina, will you do me the honor of becoming my widow?"—*Farfalla Ciciliana.*

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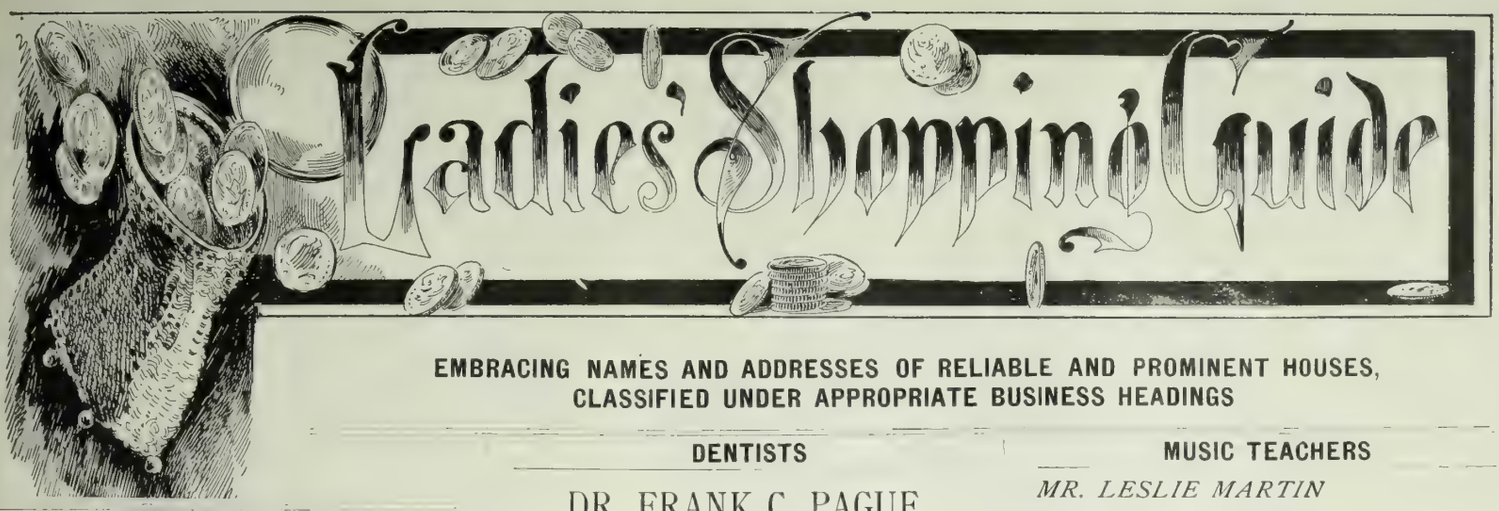

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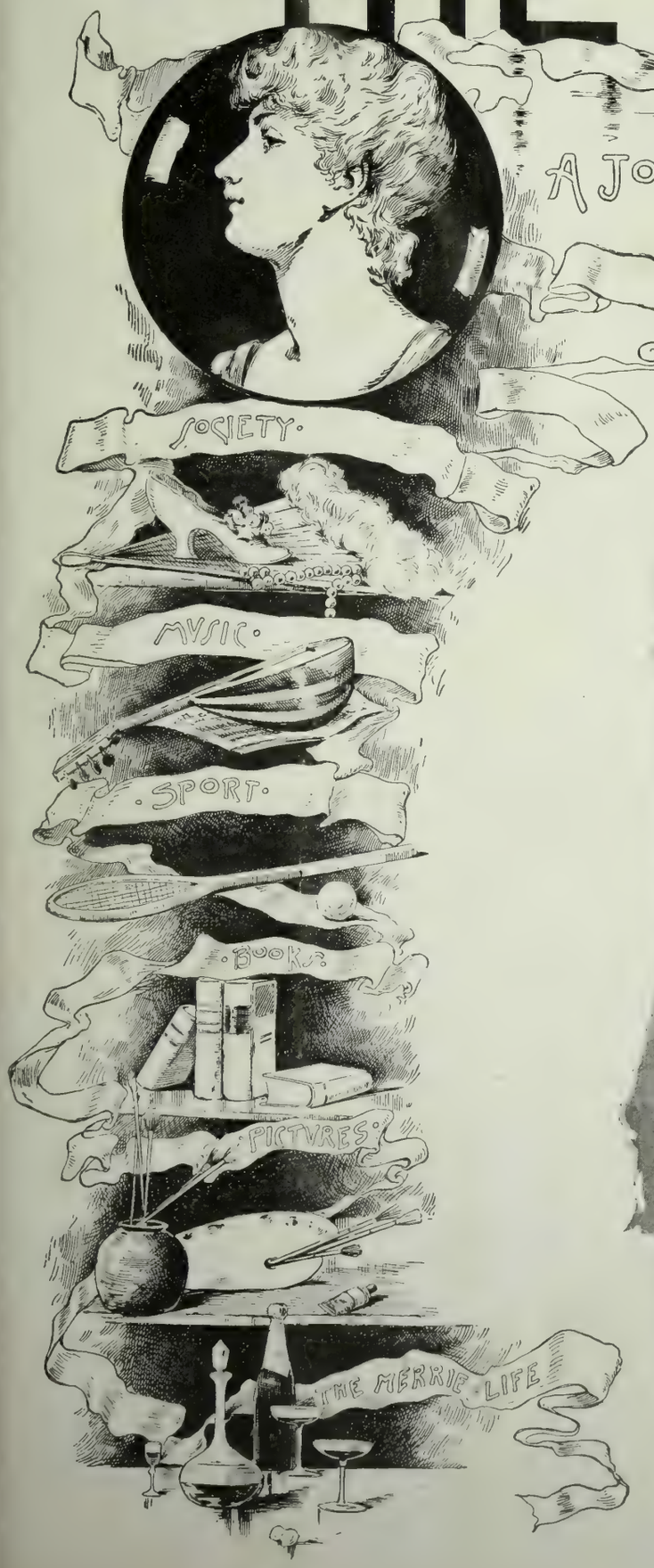
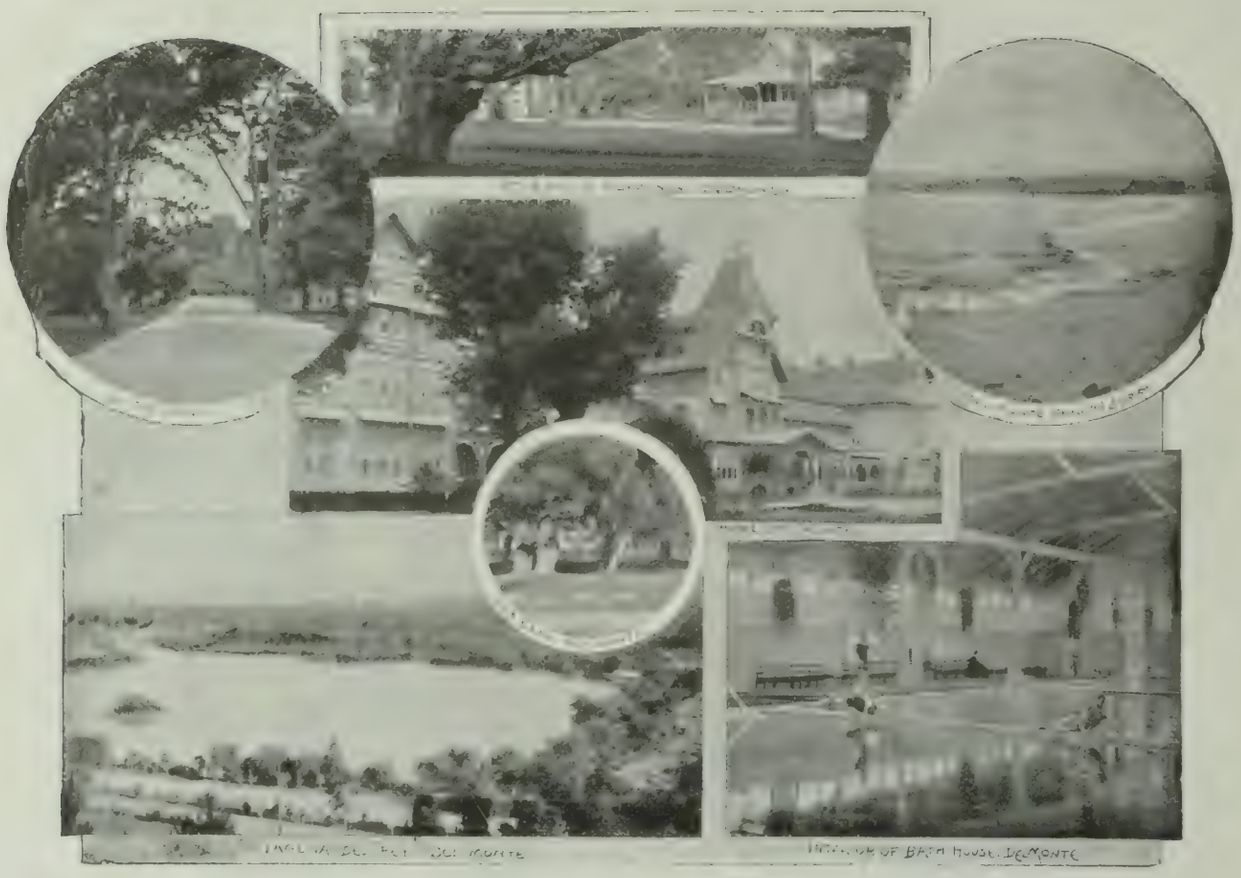


JIM—"Come in, boys!"

DAN—"Shut, shut the door, good Ja
fatigued, I said;
Tie up the knocker—say I'm sick,
dead."
—Po

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.



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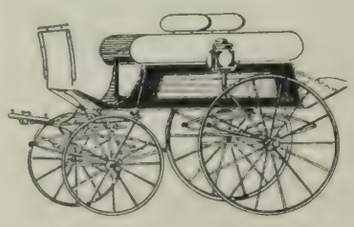

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 10, 1894

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

Unless corrupt practices prevail, Jas. H. Budd is the next Governor of the State of California. Late returns and crooked work were expected from the South, but it seems too late to fear the Southern plurality now. A recount may be demanded and false ballots stuffed in various quarters of the State, but such work would be dangerous. California believes Mr. Budd elected and looks confidently to him for an administration free from boss control and directed against every species of political corruption. He will not disappoint that expectation.

THE WAVE rejoices with the people of the State of California and congratulates the Republican party in the election of Mr. Budd. It is a victory for decency, a triumph for honest government and a stinging reprimand to all that is reprehensible in politics. Mr. Budd's election records the rebuke of rebellious Republicans against the encroachment of machine politics upon the perogatives of the citizen. It wrecks every hope of the future dominancy of the Boss if the Legislature do but half its duty.

Mr. Budd may attribute his election not to the tariff, not to the silver question, not to the national doctrines of his party, but to a desire among Republican voters to accomplish political reformation within their own ranks and ultimately in the public service. It will now be programme for the Republican tricksters to visit all the blame of this defeat upon Mr. Burns. They are doing so already, and behind his back have been discrediting him for weeks. Had Burns spurned the overtures of these inside corruptionists, these contemptible, cowardly rascals who hide but direct; had he stood out boldly alone for Mr. Estee, and thrown down the gage of battle for the people and struck vigorously for honesty, decency and reform, he would never have received a tithe of the abuse that has been his lot, and would have emerged from this campaign a victor crowned with laurels at the hands of a grateful people. He mistook the temper of this community, and made alliances for strength which were his only weakness. Had he rejected these combinations and forced these holy sneaks from their abiding places to do him battle, they would have been discredited and disgraced forever, manacled to eternal shame and whipped and scourged by the lash of public scorn and contempt. Let no man say that Burns' individuality defeated Mr. Estee. He was the only redeeming feature of the party management, but had to be sacrificed to reach those behind him.

The determination of the allied Water, Electric, Gas, and other corporations to support O'Donnell for Mayor, was one of those strokes of brilliant political sagacity which will flash occasionally through immature minds. Being novel, audacious, and mirth provoking, it takes on all the irridescent hues that charms the weakling, is hastily adopted and sprung as the coup 'd etat of a brilliant general, and brings disaster in its train as such stupidity deserves. It was worse than stupid. It was the creation of a mind that had neither breadth, length nor depth. It was born of the rule or ruin type of intellect, it was hatched and incubated among the infamous creatures who have been the curse of San Francisco politics for years, and the fruits of this blunder will be garnered in many political harvests in days to come. It was an insulting rebuke to the people; declaring to decency, "you may demand an Ellert of our conventions and force him upon the party, but you cannot elect him. We will defeat him and disgrace you and your city by electing O'Donnell."

If this plot had been sprung upon the people a week earlier Mr. Budd's majority would have been overwhelming; as it was it cost Mr. Estee many hundreds of votes, and yet Mr. Estee was in no wise to blame for it. Such shallow idiocy never originated with Burns. It was one of the inspirations of his "diplomatic connections," intimacy with whom has accomplished his destruction. It is the same political stupidity that defeated De Haven, the same fine politics that is now engaged in knifing and cutting Mr. Perkins, the only candidate for the United States Senate who approaches the popular choice, in the hope of supplanting him with Mr. Irving M. Scott.

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE.

"A GOOD name is better than riches." So says the old and solemn book. The text is often used. At the funeral of a good man, recently dead, widely mourned, it was used again. But texts are sometimes misused. The young school of ethical economics is misusing this, by making it serve as a declaration that a good name and the ownership of property cannot go together. That a good name is better than riches without it, is always true. No age nor condition can ever dull or obscure it. But that a good name and riches cannot go together is not a truth, and in no age nor under any conditions can it be true. The strong acquisition faculty of the Hebrews that was present in the gaining of flocks and herds when they were nomads, and has survived all disability and persecution, required constant curbing by their philosophers lest it become their sole motive. It was true in the Hebrew commonwealth as it is in the American commonwealth, that a man could get rich rapidly by disregard of the rights of others and forgetfulness of his own good name. But it was not true amongst those ancient people, nor is it true now that ownership of property and a good name are inconsistent with each other. For the last twenty-five years there has been in this country a movement against property. This movement is now perceptibly rapid. That its tendencies are toward vagabondage is obvious to any careful observer. The man whose honest thrift has sheltered his family and gained for them a competence has come to be regarded as a public enemy, and he stands no better in the esteem of the new social forces than the mere screw, who has unjustly coined the blood and sweat of his fellows into wealth for his own use. The time now is in which it is as much the duty of the pulpit to teach temperance and thrift, economy and honest accumulation side by side with exhortations to hold fast to a good name, as it is to reason of righteousness, temperance and the judgment to come. Every man owes it to society and civilization to honestly strive and save, to leave the helpless of his house a competence that shall keep them independent of charity.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Vox Populi, etc. The expected has happened, a little more than was expected, but it has happened, and there is a certain gratification when signs don't fail, for so many people believe in them. A party newly entrusted with power must justify the confidence placed in it. In this respect the Democratic party in Congress partially failed, and to-day it is engaged in a useful, if unpleasant, study of the consequences. It may comfort itself with the heavy testimony of the Divine love, for it has been chastened to such an extent that it receives the returns standing.

The people want stability and assurance that the legal safeguards of life, liberty and property will be maintained. President Cleveland in all respects has satisfied the popular needs and filled within the limit of the functions of his office the place and discharged the duty assigned to him. For this his party wrought upon by the Hills and Altgelds and Bryans has been running away from him. In power, charged with high responsibility and majestic duties, it has turned a limber ear to the pipings of the crowds and empirics. It insisted upon mingling its tears with honey and catching vermin from the rag, tag and bobtail of the country, and now the people have presented it with a fine comb and red precipitate. Senator Hill has been openly or silently the leader of the forces of reaction against Cleveland everywhere, and as a final *coup* retired to Babylon and the walls have fallen upon him. He has been driven into the ground up to the eyebrows as by a pile driver, and the party to-day, while not as handsome as it was, has gained a stock of common sense which it needed. The Republicans are riding over the field and trampling the fallen with a hard hoof. Ambition is swollen until it bursts

the buttons off the uniforms of the generals of divisions and the commanders of corps. But the people are there yet. They punish bad behavior without changing their views of principle. New York is to-day as Democratic as in 1892.

THE COMING ISSUE.

The defeat of Wilson in West Virginia would be deplorable. But our commercial interests are so vast and are so affected by any thorough change up or down in the tariff, that defeat waits upon the man who has to be responsible. Morrison tried it with his mild horizontal reduction and was beaten in his district. McKinley did it and went home to bite the dust in Ohio. The responsibility falls on the shoulders of the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee and he must accept it with a full knowledge of the consequences. The tariff of 1894 will not be changed. The Republicans may threaten it but they will not do it. The coming issue is that of sound money. That is the notice served by Tuesday's elections. The unfortunate *penchant* of the South for shirt tail currency, its leaning to the Populist theory that such tickets are more nourishing than milk have alarmed the people and this fight has not been abated by such spectacles as the Democratic fusions in Iowa and Nebraska with the advocates of "a more and a fittener currency." The Democratic Party must now cleanse its hands of empirical finance and re-occupy its historic position for sound money and a single measure of value, and with the helpful effect of what it has been able to do in revenue reform, the election returns of 1896 will be to it as beautiful as the feet upon the mountains of him who bringeth good tidings.

From ocean to ocean it was a frigid day for the bosses. Tammany turned down Bourke Cockran and turned up its dirty toes, and Tammany's imitators everywhere got an umbilical whack that sounded like a mule kicking a gong.

SEGREGATION OF STATE AND NATIONAL POLITICS.

During the past campaign one has been struck with the intermingling of national issues with purely State and local affairs. Except in so far as the election of Mr. Budd might have been construed as an approval, and the election of Mr. Estee a disapproval of the Cleveland administration, these national issues had no place in our gubernatorial campaign. Both Mr. Budd and Mr. Estee disapproved the Rielly funding bill yet neither could affect its passage one way or another. And so it was with tariff, with silver and a number of other questions strictly national. Many voters, no doubt, believe they contributed toward rebuking or approving the policies of the parties by casting their ballots for or against the various candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of State and so on. Truthfully speaking, national issues belonged in the gubernatorial contest merely to the extent of the possibility of a United States Senator dying and the appointment of his successor falling upon the Governor. National issues extend into the legislative contest to the extent of the election of a United States Senator. The election of Congressional candidates, of course, representated national issues.

For a long time it has been conceded by those who have made a study of municipal government that to secure an honest administration urban elections must be held separate from State and national elections. This was the judgment of the New York commission (of which Hon. Wm. M. Evarts was chairman) appointed to devise a plan for the government of cities in the State of NewYork, in 1877, and later on in 1890, the Senate committee on cities made an elaborate investigation of the government of New York and reported that one of the chief difficulties which underlies the government of cities was "the subordination of city business to the exigencies of State and national politics."

A correspondent who has been following the series of good government articles which have appeared in the WAVE, suggested some time ago as a practical plan.

First. The election of United States Senators by the people at a separate election, at which time Congressmen should also be elected. This election would be purely national as much so as a Presidential election.

Second. A separate State election.

Third. Separate County and Municipal elections all over the State upon the same day.

This correspondent argues, and with much persuasiveness, that such a plan would to a great extent eliminate the spirit of national parties from State and municipal government, and would leave the voter free to exercise his individual preference without the fear that the defeat of the local nominee of his national party would have any significance at home or abroad, other than that such nominee had been ill-chosen or that the opposition had selected a candidate of greater popularity.

THE TROLLEY SUBSTITUTE.

CHEMINTZ, in the Kingdom of Saxony, furnishes a suggestion in the matter of trolley railways, running through crowded business thoroughfares, which may bear investigation and, perhaps, adoption for Kearny street. The American Consul at Chemintz declares the system to be cheap, convenient, easily adjustable and free from much of the ugliness inseparable from the network of wires necessary for a trolley. He says: "The method of stringing or laying wires is by rosettes fastened in the woodwork or walls of the houses, from which project hooks to which the wires are attached. In case of wooden walls, huge screws are turned into the wall; in case of stone, a long, jagged iron is driven in and cemented. These are then tested with at least seven times the weight they are expected to bear." It is most important to note that the "owners, without exception, preferred to allow the use of their houses, free, to having a post on the sidewalk. The company holds signed and sealed documents from house-owners giving a year's right to use the walls for hooks, and a further agreement to give a year's notice for removal." The Consul adds that the system has been in successful operation for nearly a year, and has proven so satisfactory that no one has yet given notice to remove the hooks.

The most important objection opponents of the trolley system make is that if poles be erected on Kearny street—with their interlacing wires—they cannot help proving a dangerous obstruction in case of fire. An adoption of the Chemintz plan, which certainly merits close investigation, would remove this one objection at least.

In his report the Consul adds the information that the cars have no conductors. By doing away with them the company makes an annual saving of 44,000 marks. The fare is 10 pfennigs, or a trifle less than 2½ cents, on all routes, including transfers. "Should 150,000 persons," says the report, "evade payment in twelve months, the loss would be 15,000 marks, or a very small trifle more than one-third of the 44,000 marks saved; 450,000 persons must evade fares in the year before the company's 44,000 marks of savings in salaries are made up. Among a people who pay for food and drink in saloons, beer gardens, etc., on their honor, not 150,000, 100,000, nor even 50,000, in a year evade fares."

Persons evading payment of fares are punished in the courts and published in the newspapers. The conductorless car is a thing of the past im American cities. They were a nuisance of the most pronounced type and the American people sent up a loud protest against them. In some places in this country, through concert of action, the passengers refused to drop their nickels in the box and forced the companies to collect the fares. But, then, this is not Saxony.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

In the October number of the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. A. N. Jannaris, a Greek scholar, who has devoted his life to the study of his native language, declares that the translation of the Lord's Prayer, as printed in the authorized English version, is not correct. He discusses the subject very learnedly, and indicates with much elaboration of detail, wherein the translation differs from the original recorded in St. Matthew. The appended doxology, as is well known, is spurious. Leaving that out of consideration, and supplying the appropriate diction to give effect to the translation, the prayer would, under his treatment, read somewhat as follows:

"Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name; Thy dominion come; Thy (fixed) purpose be done; as in Heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our mere (or simple) bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtor's their's; and let us not fall into a tempter's snare, but deliver us from the evil one."

This translation avoids the words "lead us not into temptation," which have been productive of so much discussion, and which set in the teeth of the words occurring in the epistle of James, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted by God." Altogether the article furnishes quite an addition to biblical literature, but the discovery of so many alleged errors in the translation of such a brief but important connection, does not encourage renewed confidence in the literary accuracy of the remainder of the work.

THE New York *Sun* has been interesting itself in the repeal of the income tax law, and requested congressional candidates to place themselves on record—the result was overwhelmingly against the law.

EZETA and all of his men are free, and their swart faces darken the borders of Salvador, while they study ways and means, make music by the band down there and get even with the fellows who ran them out. The bloody prepotency of old Rome has survived the centuries and appears in these Latin races. Government, as administered by them in Central America, is a mimic revival of the wars of Masius and Scylla, of Cæsar and Pompey. The victor is still keeping tab of his enemies for a place on the tables of proscription, and his power is prolonged in proportion to the number of opponents he can bribe or brain. They like it. Why not let them alone? To them stability is odious. In their limited field they enjoy as much military glory as fell to Cæsar or Belisarious. They like to kill and be killed, to march and fight and loot, and their innocent amusements should not be interrupted.

A VERY clever lady was asked what she thought of the discussion now going on concerning woman's limit. "I never read it," she replied, "nor have I found a woman among my acquaintances who does."

MUGWUMP DIPLOMACY.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. —, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WAVE:

In the recent case of Antonio Ezeta and others the departure by the United States from the methods heretofore adopted by nations on demand for extradition involves, so apprehensively, not only personal liberty, but life itself, that those responsible for such action should not be permitted to escape deserved censure.

The facts, in brief, are that in April, 1894, a body of soldiers in garrison at Salvador revolted; the President of the Republic, Carlos Ezeta, abandoned his office and country and was succeeded by his brother, Antonio, who was Vice President. The latter endeavored to suppress the insurrection, but, being unsuccessful, he, in company with four officers of the army, fled to La Libertad and requested Commander Thomas of the gunboat Bennington to grant them the protection of the United States until they could take passage for Mexico. This the commander did, and made arrangements for their transfer to the steamer San Blas. At that juncture some insurgents, accompanied by the United States Consul, demanded the surrender of the refugees, which the commander refused. Thereupon the Consul protested against the transfer and the commander consented to a delay until the arrival of the next steamer, so that the Consul could communicate with his government. In the meantime the commander received instructions from the Secretary of State, directing him to detain the persons whose surrender had been demanded, which he did, and the vessel immediately departed for the United States. A stop was made en route at Acapulco, whereupon the refugees requested permission to disembark. This the commander could not permit, but referred the matter to Washington. The reply was a denial of the request.

After leaving Acapulco the boat came to anchor near the Farallone Islands and just beyond the jurisdiction of the State of California. At that point the prisoners—for such they were, since the receipt of instructions at La Libertad—were detained about a week, the department awaiting the necessary extradition papers whereon to base the warrants to be issued by the United States District Court of California. Immediately upon their reception by the Secretary and the receipt of his warrants by the United States Marshal the latter was transported to the gunboat, which was at once started for San Francisco. After crossing the marine limit, and when within the jurisdiction of the State of California, the Marshal made service of his warrants and returned thereon that the persons therein named were "found in the United States." Such a return was necessary, under the treaty with Salvador, to give the District Court jurisdiction, and, while it had the similitude of truth, it was false in law and in fact.

The detention, imprisonment and transportation of the refugees, who had been employed in the service of the Republic during the insurrection, can be explained on no other hypothesis than that the United States Consul and the Secretary of State were acting in concert to establish the insurgent government.

The fact, well known to the Secretary, that Antonio Ezeta was the lawful President of Salvador, and that the others were officers of the army, acting under his orders in suppressing the insurrection, was positive proof that they were not included in the extradition treaty. There is not a civilized or self-respecting people on earth that would intrust to their lawful servants the powers necessary for the maintenance of public order and the defense of the State against revolution, insurrection and invasion, and stipulate by treaty for the possibility of their delivery to an insurgent government to answer to it for the manner in which those powers had been exercised. That would only be to encourage treason and unnerve patriotism in its hour of peril. Such persons are never included in a treaty for extradition.

To carry this contention to its logical conclusion an illustration will suffice. If Antonio Ezeta, during the insurrection in Salvador, had proscribed certain citizens and ordered them to be shot, or if he had appropriated the cattle of one person, the coffee of another, and the jewels of a third, or had confiscated the treasure of all the other banks in Salvador, in addition to that of the "Bank of Nicaragua," as alleged, neither he nor those acting under his orders would be liable to extradition, for, during that period, such acts are not extraditable crimes within the purview of any statute or treaty. Moreover, no court, foreign or domestic, has jurisdiction of such acts nor the power to segregate them and decide one to be legal and another unlawful. As the common sense of mankind has exalted self-protection above any law or constitution, and embodied that judgment in the phrase, "self-defense is the first law of nature," so the common sense of all civilized people has decided that the defense of established government is the first law of nations, and have perpetuated it in the legal maxim *inter armes silent leges.*

The instructions to Commander Thomas were merely a *lettre de cachet*, an arbitrary warrant of imprisonment without accusation or trial, only too well known in France prior to the revolution, but which no French minister has dared issue since the fall of the Bastile, and which, until now, has been unknown to any English-speaking people since the Barons at Runnymede extorted Magna Charta from King John. With like assumption of judicial power the refugees might have been imprisoned at the Dry Tortugas, or banished to any island of the ocean. Modern history has no parallel to this case for unwarrantable, inexplicable and fatuous intervention.

At the examination of the prisoners, when Commander Thomas testified that he had received instructions to detain them, no objection was taken to the parol testimony, and no demand was made for the instructions as the best evidence. Indeed, the District Attorney requested the Court to prevent the instructions from being produced in evidence, and the Court replied that, "some means would be found to do so." When the testimony put it beyond doubt that the refugees were brought as prisoners into the United States in custody of the Commander, and that they, therefore, were not "found in the United States" in the intent and meaning of the treaty, no motion was made to require the Marshal to amend his return to conform to the facts, nor to discharge the prisoners for want of jurisdiction. Although no available action was taken to test the constitutional right of appeal and the power of the President to reverse, modify, set aside or ignore the proceedings of a Court of the United States, in a case arising under a treaty, it was asserted in argument that they were not "found in the United States" in the meaning of the treaty. The reply of counsel for Salvador was, that it did not matter how they were brought in, whether by fraud or by force; it was sufficient for jurisdiction that they were found in the United States. The fallacy of the argument was in not distinguishing between the forcible importation of persons into the United States for examination in extradition by an unauthorized and unlawful order of the executive department, and the forcible importation of persons by parties with whom the United States had no relation or cognizance. Whatever force, if any, there may be for a claim of jurisdiction in the latter case, any concert of action between the executive and judicial departments to obtain jurisdiction in extradition, in the former, would be a conspiracy to prevent by arrest under color of law, the persons so imported, from applying for the constitutional writ to show the illegality of their detention and imprisonment by the Commander of the Bennington. The refusal of disembarkation at Acapulco; the detention of the vessel beyond the jurisdiction of the State Courts; the inoperative and illegal service of warrants by concert between the two departments, and the false return; the unlawful examination, without jurisdiction, and the setting aside of the findings of a Court of the United States, as in the case of Cienfuegos, by the President, to whom the constitution has denied the exercise of any judicial power, whatever, are the inevitable sequence of their peculiar diplomatic gestation.

The artifice of the Secretary in detaining the vessel beyond the jurisdiction of the State Courts also prevented application for a writ of habeas corpus to the Courts of the United States by leading counsel for defense to presume that the vessel being beyond the marine limit was without the jurisdiction of the United States. If, however, application had been made to the Supreme Court or to the District Court for Southern California before the pretended service of warrants the writ would have been issued and the prisoners discharged. The Bennington, for that purpose, would have been regarded as territory of the United States.

This case is an admirable illustration of the wisdom which *vested* the legislative, executive and judicial powers in different departments, and thus forbade encroachment by one upon the other.

The conviction of Court and counsel that there could be no re-examination, except by the President, was fruitful of errors, and sent the case of Cienfuegos for final review to the executive department, whose diplomacy embraced the insurgents and frowned upon the lawful defenders of the established Government; nullified the grant of protection and turned a sanctuary of refuge into a prison; debarred the refugees from an asylum which the Government of Mexico would readily have conceded; detained, imprisoned and transported them within sight of the headlands of the Bay of San Francisco, but outside the jurisdic- of the State; which prevented them, by a ruse, from applying for a writ which for six hundred years has been the *right* of every person imprisoned by any government which has adopted the common law; which compassed their transfer from the unlawful custody of the commander to the colorably lawful custody of the Marshal, and which subjected them to the outrage of an examination for which the Court had neither jurisdiction of the person nor of the alleged acts.

The consuming desire to be considered rigidly upright in his intercourse with foreign nations, causes Secretary Gresham to lean backward. His judicial training, want of adaptability and lack of *savoir faire* unfit him for diplomatic service, and the Ezeta case alone is an enduring proof that his appointment was one of those political blunders which is sometimes worse than a crime.

In marked contrast, to the discreditable chicanery and stilted management of international relations by the executive department, is the magnanimous, statesmanlike and laudable action of the heroic Commander of the now historic Bennington.

M. N. MAGINNIS.

ANTI-SPOILS LEAGUE.

Readers of THE WAVE who are alive to the iniquities of Bossism are urged to sign the following card and forward the same to this office to the end that their names may be registered and the cards forwarded to New York.

Membership in the new League is to be without dues.

Names are coming in from different sections of the State and as rapidly as practicable local clubs will be organized for organized effort. The movement is absolutely non partisan and members of any political party are perfectly free to join.

The Anti-Spoils League

CARL SCHURZ, *President* WILLIAM POTTS, *Secretary*
SILAS W. BURT, *Treasurer*

Office. 54 William Street, New York

We hereby declare ourselves in favor of the complete abolition of the Spoils System from the public service, —believing that system to be unjust, un-democratic, injurious to political parties, fruitful of corruption, a burden to legislative and executive officers, and in every way opposed to the principles of good government.

We call upon all in authority to extend to the utmost the operation of the present reform laws; and by additional legislation, to carry the benefits of the Merit System to the farthest practicable limits under our national, state and municipal governments.

Name.....

Occupation.....

Address.....

SPLASHES

THESE ARE debutante days. The buds of the season are busy entertaining one another and society in general, undergoing the process of introduction to those in the swim. It is doubtless a most agreeable ordeal, seeing it consists of teas and lunches and tug parties, with dancing galore in the future, involves but little mental and not a great deal of physical exertion, and has the delicious charm of novelty. So it is no wonder that debutante days fly with joyous rapidity, and by the maiden of many winters are looked back upon as the most joyous of her existence. The coming-out festivities of the year are really more elaborate than those of last season. Though the buds of '93 had a vogue quite unexampled, still it does not seem their fond relatives spent so much money over them as the proud parents of the present crop are doing. Perhaps that was because they were such an independent and individualized set of young people, extraordinarily capable of pushing their own way and amusing themselves. Not, indeed, that there is an inadequacy herein shown by the buds of the moment, but their predecessors were the pioneers of the new social era, and had the powers and privileges that pertain to path-finders.

* * *

Are the Debutantes of '94 equal in beauty, wit, etc., to their last season's sisters? Is the question agitating those who constitute themselves the judges of that sort of thing. At the Gibbon's tea one had a fair opportunity of judging as they were well represented and apparently conscious of their importance as novelties in a social sense. Miss Mary Belle Gwin is distinctly the beauty of the Season and bears herself with an unconscious simplicity and grace which is delightfully refreshing. Miss Daisy Van Ness is quite a clever girl and though not so piquantly good form as her sister, Mrs. De Royter, is well able to hold her own in so far as conversational ability goeth. Miss Mamie Thomas is a bright, smart, clever young woman of assured manner and decided personal attractiveness. She has had the advantage of a Washington Winter, has received with Mrs. Cleveland at the White House, and can hold her own in repartee with blossoms of many more seasons than herself.

* * *

THOSE WHO have stated with so much earnestness that variety in matinée receptions is impossible should have been at the Japanese tea Miss Kate May Dillon gave at her Sutter street home on Thursday afternoon. So interesting a result was not attained without considerable effort, it is true, but novelty in the face of such competition is worth achieving. The tea proper was served in Miss Dillon's studio, a spacious room, whose walls were covered with tiny Japanese umbrellas from the handles of which hung dainty lanterns, whose light made a soft background for the richly embroidered Kimonas of a troupe of graceful dancing girls who at intervals during the afternoon, to the melodies evoked from their Samisens, performed the various dances of Chrysanthemum land. The scene was really charming and decidedly picturesque. Between times, they played tinkling oriental airs with quaint effect, while a delegation of tiny waiting girls served tea and Tokio sweet-meats, salad, sandwiches and chocolate in the daintiest service of Japanese porcelain.

* * *

To enter the studio, however, the guests passed into an ante room, the walls of which were completely covered with wisteria blooms, thence into a second apartment arranged like the interior of a tea house, decorated with plates and dishes of Latsuma and Kioto ware. In one corner an artist sat sketching. It was really charming, the entire effect, and between the music, the dancing and the quaint refreshments, the forty girls who were Miss Dillon's guests, did not tear themselves away till past six.

* * *

To commence with the reception Mrs. Boardman gave in honor of her niece, Miss Ethel Tompkins, whose plunge into social life is made this season. Not since the sad death of Mrs. Wynne has the commodious mansion at the corner of Franklin and Sacramento streets opened its doors for society. There is plenty of space for the accommodation of a large gathering, a characteristic some of the newer houses do not possess. The debutante was charmingly gowned, has the same pleasant and agreeable manners that won her sister, Miss Susie, so much popularity, and dances admirably.

* * *

Miss Gibbons, the debutante daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Gibbons, had a tea given in her own honor and that of Miss Ethel Cohen at their home on Geary and Polk streets. Miss Gibbons is a slender, graceful, attractive girl, with a bright, intelligent face and soft blonde hair. Miss Cohen is handsome in a fine way, is self-possessed of manner, and resembles in style the Eastern rather than the California type. She is to be the guest this winter of her sister Mrs. Gerrett Lansing, and will rank as one of the belles. There were some charming sets of China and silverware on the table at which the refreshments were served.

* * *

But the most elaborate of the debutante festivities was given in honor of Miss Alice Hager, the second of Mrs. Hager's daughters to enter society. She is a quiet, studious girl, who inherits no slight degree of her mother's strong mental capacity and cleverness, and though not much given to the joys of dancing and feasting, is yet prepared to be launched with the proper degree of equanimity. It was an exceedingly swell lunch, of course, the large hall, the dining and drawing rooms being adorned most effectively with huge chrysanthemums, roses and rosebuds in quantity on the tables, and pretty blossoms with silver pins for souvenirs. The guests were debutantes of this season and last, with a sprinkling of older girls.

* * *

Mrs. Pixley's calling list has both length and breadth. Judging by the crowd she gathered at her tea last Friday, she is by no means narrow in the sense of confining her friendship to those in the swim. There were several hundred women of more or less social prominence to signalize the entry into the swim of her ward, Miss Bryant, which was accomplished according to the rites appropriate to such important occasions. Of course, apart from the interest of seeing the crowd, the Pixley house is worth traveling blocks to get into. It has endless rooms and is almost as thoroughly stocked with curios as Mrs. Bixler's. A feature of the affair was the butler who ushered in and announced the guests. He seemed to imagine his functions were introductory as well as domestic, and with fatherly interest encouraged the visitors to promenade, refresh themselves and gaze at one another's gowns, according to their individual preferences.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin are home from their bridal tour and are making their home for the time being at the Dimond residence on Washington street. For their pretty new residence on Broadway they have found an infinity of pretty things in the East—the latest in chairs and curtain fabrics besides some pretty bits of porcelain and China. Miss Ida Irwin has come with them from Chicago to be Mrs. Tobin's guest throughout the Winter. The first of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Jarboe's receptions took place on Wednesday last and brought together quite a crowd of the Dimond's old set, besides many of the friends and relatives of Mr. Jarboe. The bride wore grey crepe, trimmed with ermine and looked very stately. In the evening the crowd was much larger than in the afternoon. Next Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Tobin are to be at the Dimond home with Mr. and Mrs. Jarboe, so the affair will be a species of double reception.

* * *

An engagement that cannot fail to prove of interest to society in general is that of Miss Deming and Mr. Schwan of New York. It is an excellent match from general points of view, for he is a man of wealth and standing, being a nephew of Senator Bryce of Ohio. It may be remembered that he returned to California some months ago with Will Crocker, whose guest he was in San Francisco. Miss Deming is a graceful and beautiful girl of excellent mind and possessed of no ordinary degree of sense. She enjoys the gift of a generous and agreeable disposition and Mr. Schwan is certainly to be congratulated. Miss Deming is a neice of the late Mrs. Charles Crocker.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. OELRICHS are still being entertained. The course of dinners and teas in their honor has not yet been exhausted. Indeed the terrific demonstration of hospitality we have treated them to has evinced yet no tendency at waning. There is nothing we enjoy better than displays of this kind, for at heart most Californians are wildly generous provided you afford them an adequate reason for launching out. It must be a consolation to the Orlrichs to remember they will doubtless be given opportunities enough to reciprocate the long series of dinners and theatre parties by similar entertainments to the peregrinating Californian destined next season for New York or Newport. The smartest affair given for them this week was the dinner at Blair's, Monday evening. It was intended as a reminiscence of the Orlrichs-Fair nuptials four years ago, the guests, for the most part, being participants in that ceremony. There were others, of course. A feature of the

Try "DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS" for the Complexion.

Dr. R. F. Verrinder, Surgical Treatment of Diseases and Deformities of the Mouth, Jaws and Teeth. 206 Kearny Street.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

affair was the bridal cake which occupied the place of honor. The cutting of it created considerable amusement, the gold circlet contained in its depths, going to Miss Houghton. The table decorations were yellow in tone and the dinner itself and the wines were really admirable. Mrs. and Miss Blair had to accept compliments all round on the success of their entertainment.

* * *

Miss Carroll's theatre party was undoubtedly enjoyable, especially the latter part. Andrew Martin created much amusement by his amusing criticisms of the Kendals during supper, and Miss Lizzie Carroll made a decided hit in her clever imitation of Lady Clancarty.

* * *

IT MUST have been gratifying to Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs the attention they excited as they promenaded, side by side, on Kearny street, the other day. Their recognition was as universal as though they were Royalties or members of a presidential party for half the passers-by, generally so incurious, stopped to gaze after them. Notice of this kind is testimony to the fine Democracy that prevades our community and shows we are gradually gaining that independence of sentiment which distinguishes the populace of European cities. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Oelrichs are worth gazing at, for he is one of the most prominent of New Yorkers, and one day may be Mayor or Governor—no empty honor in the Empire State. Besides, he is a very fine fellow, an athlete, a *viveur*, notable in a variety of cliques, social, political and commercial. His wife, now a millionairess, will inherit in time her share of the biggest fortune on the coast, for the ex-Senator's accumulations rank next to the Huntington and Crocker fortunes in point of millions. So the curious passers-by had excellent basis for their curiosity.

* * *

The hackney is all the talk in the horse show preparations. John Parrott has the only hackneys in San Francisco, and he is the envied of the envied. The hackney, I believe, came from Yorkshire, England, originally, and is descended from the old Cavalier days. It is supposed to do more work on the average than any steed of its kind, and as a plain roadster is unsurpassed. In New York hackneys have been popular for five years, but we are to be introduced to him for the first time next week.

* * *

In last week's issue allusion was made to certain prominent visitors who were pretty generally entertained during their stay here, and in the course of my paragraphs, statements were made which I am since credibly informed are untrue. In regretting this publication I can only say they were made on the authority of a letter from Mexico received here, and it is evident are based on a complete misapprehension of the facts. The correction is made with pleasure, as I do not commit errors intentionally, and certainly publish nothing maliciously.

* * *

Now that the campaign is over, Democratic gatherings will cease to be a feature of the California Hotel, where Chairman Gould and the leaders of the Budd party held forth. However, the chrysanthemum-haired youth of the Stanford and Berkeley football teams hold forth there of a Saturday, and may be seen in all the splendor of their manly strength and beauty. Among late additions to the guest list of the California are Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker and the George Kohns.

* * *

Never has Burlingame appeared to more verdant advantage than in these delicious November days. I am surprised there was not a larger gathering at the clubhouse on Sunday but society has shifted its center to San Francisco and the polo enthusiasts in many instances are becoming bicycle sharps. It is astonishing how the new fad has taken hold of the smart set though after a few tries on the wheel the fascination grows obvious. Apropos of Burlingame, I was in error in stating the lots there were to be disposed of at auction. Nothing of the sort is intended. The property is in Baldwin & Hammond's hands and in due course will be offered for sale at stipulated prices per lot. There has been considerable delay in commencing, due to the determination of the Sharons to have the place in the most tempting condition in so far as advantages of water supply and drainage are concerned. However, work proceeds actively and in a very brief space intending purchasers will be asked to take their pick.

* * *

ANENT MISS HEAD'S engagement it may be said the story of her betrothal is one of the few actual romances we have had for years in San Francisco. When Lieutenant Jephson first proposed—now nearly three years ago—the young lady's parents made such opposition to the match that for a while it threatened disaster. Finally a compromise was made, by the terms of which the young couple were to wait for two years, and then if they were of the same mind, they might have the parental consent, and so the course of true love has run smoothly after all.

* * *

Colonel Addison E. Head, father of the prospective bride, is certainly worth half a million dollars, though his money has been made but recently. Years ago he was a millionaire twice over—that was when he bought the old Bourne House. Stocks smashed his prospects and he would have gone by the board had not the late George Hearst come to his rescue. Hearst, Head and "Uncle" Joe Clarke were once partners in 1851, in fact, in those days they were called the three laziest men in Sierra County. All the same they knew what mining was, so when Head got into trouble in the early "eighties," Hearst came to the rescue and took him into a big ranching scheme in Arizona and New Mexico. He lived down there for years—that is for ten of them—and has recouped his fortunes. Four years ago he recovered his present house on the hill, which Hearst had steadfastly taken care of for him, holding it to prevent rapacious plunderers from exercising their will.

* * *

Mrs. Head and her daughter spent most of their time in Europe during the stress of weather. Miss Anna became a great favorite with the Bourbons and Braganzas in Spain, and if her father had given his consent, it is well known in Paris that she might have been a member of the reigning house and possessed of a splendid palace in Madrid. In 1888, Mrs. Head and her daughter were very popular there, and even were taken on a trip to Morocco, with two Princes for escorts. The expedition lasted two months and was filled with adventure. Once Miss Head was nearly drowned, fording a stream, but Prince John rescued her at the last moment. Another time their retinue deserted them in a Rifian desert, and Prince John did the cooking. It was like a fairy tale, but papa had prejudices against European alliances and wouldn't consent.

* * *

Colonel Head is the best poker player in the Southwest. Any El Paso man will tell you that. His great game there in 1886, when he stood pat on two trays and won $6,000 is still a legend. In Washington he is a great favorite among the Senators, but he nearly ruined them four years ago, when he chanced to be there on a visit. Even Colonel Tom Ochiltree confessed that he never saw such poker playing, while John Chamberlain vowed that he'd foreswear cards forever.

Look out, Mounteney!

* * *

THERE MUST be some peculiar attraction about marriage by contract that appeals especially to Oakland maidenhood. At intervals, frequent enough to be conspicuous, one hears of loving hearts joined by pen, ink and paper without the interposition of the civil or religious factors supposed to lend sanctity and permanence to the bond. In due time, of course, some curious relative hears of the subterfuge and the ceremony is then performed according to all the rules of the game, providing, of course, the tendency that led to the putting of pen to paper continues at its previous ebullience. Under the stress of the divine passion it is astonishing what the coldest of men and the most dignified of maids will do. But the age of romance is by no means over and if it were possible to know the incidents that precede the engagements announced weekly, I am sure many a story stranger than fiction would be developed, illustrating how rough is the course of true love and how hard the road it has to travel.

* * *

Considerable interest was excited in Oakland by the marriage in Fresno of a very charming young woman. True she was united to the man to whom rumor ascribed her engaged, but the ceremony had been set for the distant future and the friends of both families anticipated assisting at the nuptials. Imagine their surprise then at the suddenness of the announcement. Of course there is an explanation. It seems the twain were deeply in love, so much so that in May last when fate or the necessities of business compelled his departure for Los Angeles and consequently their separation, in order to make the assurance of each of the other doubly sure, they married themselves by contract. Not a soul suspected the performance, but in some way or other the girl's mother, during the absence of her daughter in Sacramento, learned the interesting secret. Being a woman of action, she determined to hurry affairs up, and straightway telegraphed to the young man to come up from Los Angeles. They met at Fresno, Mama, the maid and the lover. A clergyman sanctified the union according to the prevailing codes, and now every one is talking about the episode. It may be added, for the benefit of those unacquainted with the incidents, that the bride is really a beautiful young woman, and her husband a very nice fellow. As for the mother, she is a belle beyond compare.

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

SCHREIBER'S, 950-952 Market Street (Baldwin Hotel) Chocolates and Bon Bons are the Best

CARMANY'S. Fall Importations Open. The Mens' Furnisher, 25 Kearny Street.

That excessively happy young pair, Miss Loewenthal and Mr. Hart, about whose betrothal the rosy spell of romance has shed its incomparable light, are at the very heydey, the charming Spring-time of Life, and are the recipients of anti-nuptial festivities galore. On Friday evening of last week, Mr. Joseph Friedlander entertained them at the theatre through the medium of the Kendals in the drama, "All for Her," singularly appropriate to the fair guest of honor—a delicious supper at the Palace followed. On Monday evening Mr. Herman Shainwald and Miss Shainwald gave a large theatre party taking their fourteen guests to see "Lady Clancarty." A sumptuous supper, thoroughly brightened by merry wit, congeniality, music and no end of gayety was enjoyed at the home of the host and hostess on Clay street. Miss Loewenthal leaves for her Southern home on Thursday and the bridegroom follows on the wings of love and a Pullman early in January.

* * *

Miss Mary D. Bates has issued cards for an informal tea to be given as a sort of Fruit and Flower Mission Re-union, at her residence on Washington street this afternoon from four until six o'clock.

* * *

Miss Rose Walter entertained Monsieur et Madame Charles Heymann (nee Miss Rose Hart) last Thursday evening at her residence by giving a most delightful reception to about forty friends. The evening passed most rapidly and pleasantly, and proved a charming farewell to the young couple, who leave for Paris on Tuesday next.

* * *

THAT INTERESTING story about the intentions of E. F. Searles to make San Francisco his permanent home is unfortunately not founded on fact. He may come out here ere long, but in the meantime he most cleverly keeps himself in the minds of all those who possess artistic inclinations by sending art treasures for the walls of the Association mansion on California street. The latest evidence of his generosity and good taste is a splendid collection of antique casts—the very best ever seen here. There are busts of David, Jupiter, Seneca, Clytie, Plato and other old-time celebrities, besides the statues of Hercules, Diana, Venus, Juno and several more of the ancient divinities. For the edification of all those who imagine plaster statuary must necessarily resemble the figures of the Sutro reliquary at the Cliff, let me say these gifts of Mr. Searles are made according to the latest process and are to the collection of the Mayor elect as "Hyperion to a Satyr."

* * *

Mr. Searles, it appears, has gone to Europe again accompanied by Rupert Schmid. His destination is Munich and doubtless he will find there some canvasses that may find their future lodgment on Art Association walls. By the way, the new class rooms have been completed and the students established in the converted region that once figured as the Hopkins' stable. It has been turned and twisted out of all semblance to an abode of horses, and is really a most commodious, well-lighted and comfortable studio.

* * *

IT IS INDEED welcome news to the society element across the bay that the elections are over at last, for no gaiety of any description could be considered during the excitement which prevailed. In fact Oakland has appeared in almost her lenten colors for some time past, the only relaxation being the fortnightly meetings of the Deux Temps Club. In Alameda a similar funeral gloom appears to have taken possession of the community, and they have not even had a church entertainment to vary the dreary monotony. The fraternities in Berkeley are resting on their laurels and in all probability on the wings of expectation as to the identity of those who will now entertain them.

* * *

TO JUDGE by the tenacious manner in which "Our Neighbors' Whist Club" is holding on to Oakland society one would very naturally arrive at the conclusion that there must certainly be something fascinating about the game in that particular club. At the residence of Mr. F. A. Whitney, on Chestnut street, it began the sixth year of its career, and the twelve couples present passed a very enjoyable evening.

* * *

Quite an event in Oakland society was the celebration of the crystal wedding of Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Coogan at their Filbert street home last Thursday evening. The interior of their charming residence was beautifully adorned with chrysanthemums and various other flowers, and the dining-room in which supper was served was really most artistic in its decorations of hothouse plants and ferns. Among those entertained were the E. H. Kittredges, F. S. Strattons, F. I. Kendals, Le Roy G. Harveys, George D. Toys, A. C. Donnells, R. W. Gorrills and the W. Letts Olivers.

* * *

The Deux Temps Club gave another Cotillion on Saturday last. Miss Amy Requa and Mr. Silas Palmer led the German and introduced some very interesting figures. In the first figure a pole draped in many hued scarves resembling a May pole was held in the centre; each man took an end of scarf and the girls twined in and out. The colors selected were awfully fetching and harmonized delightfully with the frocks. The girls belonging to the Club have either excellent taste or sensible mothers, as their costumes are noted for their dainty simplicity. Miss Requa was charmingly gowned in cream color with a bertha of chiffon embroidered in purple pansies. The neck was cut round and a purple ribbon encircled her waist. Miss Belle Mhoon looked very lovely in a pale pink slip, over which was worn a soft dotted Swiss. Miss Ethel Kellog, who is a very tall, slender blonde, to whose delicate face vivaciaty and piquancy lend a hundred varied expressions, was simply dressed in a white dotted Swiss trimmed with lace and yellow ribbons. Miss Marguerite Jolliffe looked very well in a pretty white frock. She bids fair to rival even her handsome sister. Miss Belle Hutchinson wore pink, Miss Jessie Glascock, white Swiss and Miss Mae Tucker a much beruffled white frock. Miss Ethel Cohen was bewitching in a handsome gown of figured cream brocade.

* * *

It is really refreshing to see the absolute naive enjoyment of these young people—the club meets at eight p. m. sharp and every-one appears on time. How wonderfully unlike the Cotillions of the older girls when it was considered bad form to come early? Then there are two or three dances before the German which is limited to three figures, elaborate or otherwise, as the leader's caprice may dictate. After that a few more dances and at 10:30, there is a general donning of wraps and all wend their homeward ways. There are no decorations and no refreshments and strange to say, neither are missed; in one's first season one only desires the purely physical delight of exercise; afterwards, when one becomes languorously lanquid, cosy corners and ices, palms and exotics charm the ennuyed senses.

* * *

The engagement is announced of Mr. Frederick Stolp of Oakland, and Miss Adelaide Harlan, daughter of Mr. M. J. Harlan, of San Francisco. Mr. Stolp is reported to be a thoroughly nice fellow, and, what is even more essential from a worldly standpoint, quite wealthy. Miss Harlan is pretty and popular.

* * *

Mrs. Howard Watson Bray, of Fruitvale, receives on the Thursdays in November. Mrs. Bray is well known in Oakland; she was Miss Albrecht, who showed such marked ability as an amateur actress. Mr. Bray is a brother of Mr. Robert Bray, whose engagement to Miss Lucille Edwards has recently been announced.

* * *

The Ebell Club, which is the musical, literary and artistic organization of Oakland, is getting up a course of Monday evening lectures, beginning November 12th. Professor Arms is to hold forth mainly, his subject being "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century." The Ebell Club has large and roomy quarters on Washington, near Fourteenth street, and entertains as many celebrities as possible.

* * *

Karl Howard gave a Holloween party last Wednesday night under the chaperonage of Mrs. Wall. Since Mrs. Howard's departure some portions of the house have been closed, but there can be no question of the adequacy of the music and colonial rooms for any number of people. There was an immense fire built, chestnuts were roasted and lead was poured. Then there came a bobbing for apples, a jumping for raisins, besides, of course, the walking backwards down the steps, carrying mirrors, etc. There were about eighteen there in all, men and girls. The supper was simple and to the point, and much amusement was experienced over the apple seed fortunes of the participants. Among the girls were Miss McGrew, Miss Havens, Miss Musser, Miss Ella Wall, Miss Hutchinson and others. The men were Percy Hayne, the Hubbards, Mr. Havens, Mr. Taylor, etc.

* * *

A very large and interesting wedding was that of Frank B. Hoyt and Miss Elizabeth Van Amringe, daughter of Mrs. Cornelia Van Amringe. The ceremony took place at the Tenth Avenue Baptist Church, East Oakland. The decorations were gorgeous, tropical plants ferns and bamboo, with banks of white chrysanthemums. The bride was gowned in white India silk, profusely trimmed with old point lace. The maid of honor, Miss Belle Van Amringe, was becomingly attired in yellow.

* * *

FUNNY REMINISCENCES of *Church and Stage*, the fearful adaptation of *Magda*, which Theodore Kremer so gallantly fathered and produced at the Bush Street, are still in circulation on the Rialto. Never in the recollection of theatre-goers was there such a first night, never was there so grievous a gap between anticipation and realization. It may be remembered that the author-actor announced the ex-

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istence of a great moral purpose in his performance, and sent invitations to ministers of the various denominations to attend. A few did so—among them, Rev. Mr. Perkins, rector of the Episcopal Church in Alameda, a clergyman of liberal tendencies who has daughters by no means averse to histrionic beguilements. They accepted the request of a well-known Alameda matron to join a theater party that had the Bush Street as its destination, and occupied seats in the vicinity of the fourth orchestral row.

* * *

There was nothing but patient submission to the horrors of the first act. But as the curtain dropped there was a sigh of relief along the line and Mr. Perkins, his brow beaded with perspiration, rose and gently announced to the hostess that he and his daughters would retire. Out of compliment to him the remainder of the fifteen took up their hats and cloaks and decamped also. Nowadays, in Alamedan Episcopal circles, the subject of theatre parties is eschewed.

* * *

IT IS A POPULAR superstition that ascribes to Englishmen a special talent at dressing themselves. Their clothes are generally assumed to possess the virtue of correctness and to be chosen for their appropriateness to the hour and occasion. This is not a compliment the Englishmen composing the Kendal combination can have paid them. The costumes of the men in *Mrs. Tanqueray* were the reverse of good form. Two of Mr. T.'s friends wore immensely thick gold chains over their dress vests and one of them actually had a black silk handkerchief stuck aggressively in his bosom, the effect of which was most disillusionizing. I am quite convinced no Englishman of standing would dress as Captain Arsdale did. The interpretation of the part was singularly inadequate, for the tall, thin person who had it, looked like a contributor to *The Idler* rather than the hero of Heaven knows how many exploits in India.

* * *

Apropos of Mr. Kendal's men, one may be forgiven a remark. They are singularly effective in throwing his own histrionic capacity into relief and inefficient as exponents of their own parts. If he were a weak actor the inadequacy of his support might be comprehensible on the basis of the necessary odiousness of comparisons, but his capabilities though dwarfed by the stronger personality of Madge, are certainly not to be sneered at. It is a bit hard to pardon the drawn lines of mouth and down-hanging chin that in Tanqueray convert an expression of pained resignation into one of sullen disgust, but he has shown to advantage in other interpretations save that of the Ironmaster. It is certainly inaccurate to depict George Ohnet's hero as a mere manufacturer of pokers.

* * *

It is pleasant to learn that Mr. Frohman denies with convincing positiveness he has any intention of starring Mrs. John Martin. The story has floated into broad circulation that the heroine of the Martin trial had arranged to proceed to New York at an early date to figure as leading lady in a play based on the incidents of her career. If her departure is imminent she takes it on her own responsibility inasmuch as Mr. Frohman has neither part nor parcel in her aspirations. Indeed, he refused very indignantly the advances of Miss Madeline Pollard who desired to discount the notoriety conferred on her by the Breckenridge trial, and it is hardly to be expected he would treat Mrs. Martin, whose personality is less attractive, with greater consideration. Indeed, though she possesses a striking individuality and a facial command far beyond the ordinary there is little reason to suppose she has histrionic talent.

* * *

IT WILL interest those who have seen the plaster model of Ruport Schmidt's California Venus, to learn she is to be converted into marble, and may adorn the halls of the Art Association Building. The sculptor has enlisted the patronage of no less prominent a connoisseur than E. F. Searles, with whom he sailed for Europe recently. They are to travel together to Munich, thence Schmidt goes to Carrara to superintend the cutting of his statue. He has taken with him the clay models of several busts of noted San Franciscans, among them that of the late Senator Stanford, in which he has made a pronounced success. Another is a bust of the late Miss Marguerete Wallace which is being made from the mask taken after her sad death. It is pronounced an excellent likeness, the sculptor having caught much of the delicate grace and refined beauty of the original.

* * *

TO EITHER TALK or think of buying pictures in these impecunious days is a degree of extravagance only our millionaires can afford, and they develop no tendency towards supporting local art in any of its manifestations. Instead of dulling the fervor of our painters, however, the depression seems to have incited them to extreme efforts. Yelland and Latimer, like Keith, are doing their best work, and there is on Joullin's easel a landscape which seems to me the best he has done. He has a knack of catching the pale greys and sad greens of the sand dunes and marshes of our glorious State, and has put on canvas a bit of swamp bordered by sand hills with the bay over their edge. The color scheme is consistent and the composition is thoroughly Californian, both in tone and scene. The locality, I believe, was the Black Point neighborhood, and the painting was done in the open air. It reminds one, rather, of two landscapes Emil Carlsen did, which are in Will Crocker's gallery. Joullin is also engaged painting one of the late inmates of Cairo street, a picturesque Turk in baggy trousers, green shirt and the inevitable striped turban.

* * *

Some excellent water colors from the brush of Charles Graham are on view in Page Brown's studio in the Crocker building. They are distinguished by the ease and clearness which marks the work of this artist and catch with curious accuracy the ground tones of California coloring. There are two studies taken at Burlingame, and one very poetic bit of a sunset done in pale gold tones. There is also a capital interior—the study for an old English grill-room—intended for a hotel to be erected at San Mateo. They are all charming bits, however, and decidedly worth seeing. Graham has just returned from a short trip to Santa Barbara, in which he had the company of Page Brown. Together they visited the Catalina Islands and the charming groves and villas of Montecito. They had innumerable lunches and dinners given them, and the artistic results of the excursion, readers of *Harper's Weekly* will soon have an opportunity of admiring. Graham declares the view from the Sawyer place at Montecito and the Eaton residence as among the most picturesque bits of California he has seen.

The portrait of Miss Edith Minturn, robed as the Statue of the Republic, which adorns a recent number of *Vogue*, has set the guests at the Ames entertainment comparing the New York girl with Miss Alice Hoffman, who in the recent series of living pictures appeared in the same guise. Though local prejudices may be supposed to figure in such connections, it can be said the advantages are all in favor of the San Franciscenne, whose figure is immeasurably more imposing, as her face is more beautiful than that of Miss Minturn. Of course, the much-abused fog fights forcibly in favor of our girls, whose splendid contours are undoubtedly attributable to the atmosphere. Still, it is interesting to remember that the Hoffmans come of an excellent Albany family, and, as far as lineage goes, have really the advantage of the Minturns, who, as most people are aware, are very well known in New York.

* * *

THAT football is the fad is demonstrated by the multitude of cranks that assemble at Haight street grounds on a Saturday afternoon to witness the great matches between the long-locked college men and the bob-eared, hardy lads from the burg across the bay. Society has seen fit to recognize football as a manly game, and a delegation—slim as it is enthusiastic—goes out there of a Saturday to encourage the players and get points enough to practice in the seclusion of their backyards or well-padded spare room. However, the cranks make an exhuberant audience. A good play seldom escapes their observation, nor do they permit an error to pass unnoticed. They have squealing, cheering and stamping down to so fine a point that pandemonium reigns at frequent intervals, and to watch the antics, gestures and feats of applauding that some of our smartest indulge in would be convincing that a capacity for jubilance is certainly not a lacking characteristic of this lively town.

* * *

In the game last Saturday Stanford showed up in much better form than has been its wont this season. Its playing was really good, and the fact that the boys were defeated in no way demonstrates the inferiority of the team to that of Berkeley. Certainly they have not yet proved themselves the Berkeleyites' equal; they have suffered defeat twice at the hands of Reliance Club, which the U. C. has succeeded in tieing two games with the same team. However, the marked improvement proves conclusively the Stanford men are not lacking in the essential elements of football success. There will be three more games before Thanksgiving and during that time both Universities ought to be able to get their ptays down to such a degree of perfection as to make the big match not only exciting but interesting from an artistic point of view.

* * *

NOW THAT the Whittell mansion approaches completion the passing observer is enabled to find excellent reasons for continuing his admiration of the architectural beauty of the porch. It is indeed an eminently consistent bit of art and harmonizes charmingly with the rest of the edifice. Of course, there are carpers who make sarcastic allusions to the wooden pillars and to the economy of balusters along the sides but then they forget these are economical times and it behooves even a member of the Luning company to practice frugality. Indeed I have it on very good authority that the revenues of Mr. Whittell's fell off $5,000—being $95,000 instead of $100,000—the amount in '93. He has my profoundest sympathy for

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this important loss and I hope he will not be persuaded by impertinent critics into altering the style of the columns supporting the porch in order that they may harmonize with the style of the house.

* * *

I have ever preferred variety to harmony and it is charming to notice the fine relief Mr. Whittell obtains by setting off the Italian renaissance architecture of his house with Ionic columns whose capitals are in the style known as debased Greek. I may add that the proportions of these columns are Corinthian. No one need doubt that the mansion will win the generous admiration of the great majority and this will more than compensate Mr. Whittell for the comments of the critical minority whose opinions cut very little figure in the community anyhow, as the jumble of turrets, porches, gables and stained glass we call the Western Addition demonstrates.

* * *

IF THE PHENOMENAL luck that has hitherto characterized Mr. Haggin's mining investments extends to future enterprises he will have in the Magalia mine another Utica. Present indications, it is true, do not warrant the rosy anticipations the much advertised prospectuses set forth, but it is good to remember the new owner possesses an insight into all the arts of milling as well as extracting and has an executive ability of the first order. Even under the best auspices, however, it is questionable if the Magalia will prove another "Sheep ranch" from which he and Tevis took so many millions of dollars. Mr. Haggin, to whom the property reverted in the partial division of interests that took place between this twain some time ago, has recently abandoned work here for the pay shoot which has run a distance of 2,200 feet has recently come to an end. Most of the machinery and other material, I presume, will be utilized to develop the Magalia, though it is believed it will prove an expensive proposition—at the beginning at least.

* * *

If the facts about gold mining in California were collated there might be some interesting revelations concerning the fortunes of men now supposed to have little or nothing. I believe the sole financial turns made during the last year or so are attributable to investments in mining properties. Throughout the Sierras, and along the mother lode, active work has been going on and there will surely be a big advance in the amount of gold produced by the State when the Mining Bureau announces its figures. The output of the Utica continues phenomenally large, averaging between $150,000 to $200,000 per month—with ore for five years to come in sight. I know of several young men in situations whose incomes from properties average over $2,000—and the beauty of it is no one suspects their good fortune.

* * *

I BELIEVE, in fact know, I was first to announce that Mr. Estee was the gubernatorial choice of Mr. Burns. I am now able also to give another piece of inside political information which is quite as interesting. The Legislature is to elect a United States Senator this session, and here is the programme: A contest, I am told, will be precipitated between Perkins, De Young and one or two favorite sons, among whom votes will be judiciously distributed and the nomination held, Tantalus-like, just out of reach of all. This contest it is proposed to prolong to a respectable length to avoid the cut-and-dried appearance of jerked venison and to appear to be giving every man a chance for his alley. It has not been definitely settled whether Scott—Irving M.—will be permitted to develop much strength at first, but as his aspirations have already received the sanction of the manipulators responsible for the "raw" work of this campaign, it is pretty safe to say unless some down-town man assume the dictatorship, Mr. Scott's fight will be ditched by an open attempt to defeat Perkins. But to the inside information—it transpires that certain friends of Mr. Estee now propose to bring him forward at a critical point and attempt to rush him through with a whoop. There is no lack of opportunity here for some adroit manipulation, and I indulge the hope that no journeyman political butcher will be allowed to rob us of a show worthy of the name.

* * *

The election of Budd will change the complexion of the Board of Harbor Commissioners from Republican to Democratic. Chadbourne, who was appointed by Markham, has not yet been confirmed by the Legislature, therefore his appointment will fail, and his name will not go before the Legislature. Certainly Mr. Budd will not re-appoint him. This vacancy with that which will occur in March by the expiration of Bessett's term, gives the majority of the Board to the Democrats.

* * *

THE ATTACK upon Arthur McEwen in the *Wasp* last Saturday has been generally deplored by the newspaper fraternity in the city and country. That the incidents contained therein were merely the halucinations of a diseased imagination goes without saying. Every one knows that whatever McEwen's faults may be his integrity has never before been brought into question. Even under the most difficult conditions he has refused to lie. In fact, his life has been so single in this respect that money or any other consideration was never a temptation to him. This is what all his fellow newspaper men know and believe—save one, and that one knows it in his heart and conscience.

* * *

THE LATE Isaac Wormser left accumulations variously estimated at above and in the neighborhood of two millions. Like so many others of the great Jewish fortunes, his wealth had its origin in the rise in gold. Clever investments in real estate and corporations swelled early profits into millionaire proportions, and after that he labored not. The talent for finance runs in the family, for the Wormser brothers, after graduating into affluence through early transactions in California, went to New York and established the well-known banking house that bears their name. Still, there is not much to be said about the departed millionaire save that he was one of the most charitable of men. He was the first President and a founder of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, and in his contributions to the various institutions of the city were marked by an exceeding liberality. It is true his will does not leave any large sums for the poor, but for them he provided generously during his life-time. The whole of Mr. Wormser's vast fortune on the death of his widow reverts to his daughter, Mrs. Sussman, and to the son, Sam Wormser. Both the latter and Mr. Sussman are members of the grocery firm of Ehrmann & Co.

* * *

IN THE VARIOUS charitable institutions there are few men better known than A. Ansbacher, who has been elected president of of the Temple Emanuel, vice to the late Moses Heller. If there lives here an individual to whom the term philanthropist may be applied without exemption or proviso he is the man. He has been called the Moses Montefiore of the Pacific Coast for he devotes all his days to benevolent work and has neither thought nor interest beyond aiding the needy and the afflicted. It cannot be said Mr. Ansbacher ranks among the very wealthy. At one time a member of the firm of Ansbacher Brothers, dealers in grain and provisions, he retired with a moderate fortune, the revenues of which he utilizes in the causes of charity. He is now quite an old man—over the scriptural limit of three score and ten. Indeed, he has granddaughters in society, and grandsons too, for the matter of that, but he is hale and hearty, good for many a year of active work in the good cause he has striven so earnestly in.

* * *

The subject of charities and the connection leads one to speak also of that remarkable institution, the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, of which S. W. Levy is President. It is quite unique of its kind and the young ones are treated with a degree of consideration that has provoked the envy of the little ones in the full enjoyment of parental love and solicitude. The generosity of the Hebrew race to their poor and affected is proverbial, but it is seldom a man of Mr. Levy's parts consents to devote his time and life, indeed, to the cause of charity. He has been President of the Orphan Institution for nearly one-fourth of a century and it is safe to say he knows of and has kept track of the hundreds of little ones that in all these years have gone out into the world from the asylum. There is nothing in the nature of attention and care they have not had from him. He has obtained them situations, aided their efforts in business, has been to all of them, boys and girls alike, more than a parent, and all for what? For half a column of obituary and a zinco in the dailies when his own time cometh. At least, that will be the degree of earthly recognition meted out to his generous self abandonment.

* * *

TIBURCIO PARROTT'S death is regretted by the "old guard." He was the last but one of a group which encouraged art in the fashion which Mecaênas would approve. Twenty years ago Tiburcio Parrott, Eugene Dewey and Nat Brittian were the salvation of our artists, and of these real Bohemians to-day

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only Brittian remains. Once I aked Parrott how many bad pictures he had bought during his life, for he was just paying for one that was awfully bad. He replied.

"My boy, I have made artists paint magificent pictures by simply buying their bad ones when they were hard up. It's all well enough to bargain for a successful painting when the painter has made a hit, but my principle has been to buy the picture he has painted when he was starving and discouraged. You save his life and you make a new man of him, occasionally."

This was the secret of Parrott's nature—generous, hospitable, tender to a fault.

* * *

The young wife whom he leaves a widow was educated by him at the Convent in San José. It was the romance of his life. She was the daughter of State Comptroller Tufty, of Carson City, Nevada, and was left an orpham at a tender age. Mr. Parrott undertook her guardianship and maintained his trust with the fidelity of a father. The subsequent marriage was her wish and choice, and no union could have been more delightful in every sense of the word.

* * *

Mr. Parrott's first visit to Europe was made during the days of the second Empire and was a memorable one. He met the most brilliant men of that day and came back with reminiscences that would fill a book. He was presented to Louis Napoleon by the Duc de Morny, whose Secretary at that time was Alphonse Daudet, the great French novelist. Eugénie was then at the very acme of her beauty and Mr. Parrott was treated with all the graciousness which a youth of brilliancy and good looks could ask. He was a welcome guest at the stag hunts in Chantilly and at Versailles. He patronized art liberally and became the warm friend of Alexander Dumas, the elder. In short, his life was a romance wrought by his own good heart into continual happiness.

* * *

NOW THAT his departure is decided on, I imagine John Vance Cheney will not feel overpoweringly anxious to leave the city he has lived in so long, and the friends his agreeable individualtiy has won the regard of. As resident poet he was an institution all by himself, an excellent man to interview on all manner of literary subjects safe to be instructive and illuminating no matter how subtle the question at issue, and good at Christmas or on great occasions for odes or sonnets worthy the moment. The question—what shall we do without him?—presents itself as a query of deep importance. Of local poetry Mr. Bierce figures as the Jupiter Tonans, but has come to the rescue of only one Fourth of July. Besides he lives in Oakland. Joaquin Miller and Ina Coolbrith also dwell across the bay. Dr. C. W. Doyle, who figures prominently among songsters, lives at Santa Cruz. There is left only Mr. L. A. Robertson. Of course, Mr. Cheney has the advantage of competitive poets inasmuch as he has been one of us for an age. He knows our vagaries, he treads on none of our corns and his prestige has the hall mark of the Eastern magazine on it. He has a song or so in *The Century*, *Atlantic* or *Harper's* every month. None of the others can claim half as much.

* * *

However, it is a consolation that in a literary way we are turning the tables on Chicago. Considering the quantity of goods and chattels she ships us daily it is good to be sending the Windy City somcthing better than raisins, claret and green fruit. Of course, we are deprived of our poet and the Free Library must find a new chief, but still Chicago has had to come west for a Librarian to succeed the eminent Poole, and in Cheney, I am sure will be found an idol more adequate to the adoration of the community than 'gene Field, whose head is said to be larger than the railroad depot at St. Louis. It may not be said, I fear, that we are a highly cultured or an eminently artistic community, nor that we have much appreciation of the advantages by which we are surrounded, but I think a great many men learned to respect the capacity of Mr. Cheney, who in one way and another, by his writing and lecturing, by his influence and presence, has been a factor for the best in Philistia. He has certainly done his duty among us, and if any one does, deserves the promotion he has obtained.

* * *

THE FATE of the Press Club has about it a singular appropriateness. In the course of the years of its existence its members have "roasted" and "burned up" various individuals and sections of the community, and, in turn, their home has meeted out to it the fiery ordeal. It seems a pity some opportunity was not given of saving the most interesting of the curios, pictures and momentoes of celebrities the institution contained, but groceries go off with a swing when the match is applied, and the flames were playing round Sockless Harry's bold features and over Whitcomb Riley's rugged countenance ere you could exclaim "Robinson" or any other name utilized in such startling circumstances. As for the tags, Heaven knows what a sigh of relief went up from the impecunious and unfortunate when the news of their destruction was wafted through the various editoral rooms. It almost consoled some of the boys for the loss of the Keith, the Arabian Nights which Jimmy Coleman presented the club with ages ago, and the complete set of Bancroft's work, all of which were contained in the library. My tears are for the unexpurgated edition of the famous Oriental tales, however, for many a weary hour of waiting its glowing pages have solaced.

* * *

Considering its opportunities, the Club was not especially rich in works of art. If the men who possessed an acquaintance among the artists had but exerted themselves there is no doubt some very beautiful tributes to the efficacy of advertising could have been secured for its walls. However, perhaps the critics will exert themselves on behalf of the new quarters wherever they be—whether the vacated rooms of the Golden Gate Commandery on Post street, the premises of the Y. M. C. A. on Sutter street, the present headquarters of the Democrats at the California which Colonel Warfield has offered, the San Francisco Verein rooms over the Sutter-street market, the Eintracht floor in Pioneer building. In the meantime the Bohemian Club has extended the hospitality of its establishment to the burned out institution, and the offer has been accepted with thanks and expressions of hope that the future relations of the two Clubs may have the characteristics of cordiality, which in the past has not distinguished them. Indeed the offer is a very generous one, and, undoubtedly will evoke from the rank and file of journalism a change of sentiment towards the establishment of the Owl.

* * *

NOW THAT the war is over and Estee's defeat a certainty, I cannot but think with amusement of the absolute assurance of victory

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the Republican leaders flaunted with so much boldness. Round the Grill Room it was taken for granted that the country would confirm this verdict with huge majorities, and every report that came to hand but corroborated their certitude. Indeed, so positive of the result were they that any amount of money was offered on Estee at odds of two to one, and in the face of their assurance but few men had the courage to take them up. The truth seems to be about the way the WAVE indicated in a problematical dialogue a few weeks ago, that whosoever wanted money came to Burns with a prediction of huge returns. He was paying for good news, and there was no lack of it. Otherwise he based his conviction on the tariff issue, and hoped for a big victory on the basis of Democracy's failure. However, the rest of the ticket has done admirably, though Millard's victory is most curious.

* * *

The difficulty with Colonel Dan in this campaign has been that he forgot his role. It was but just and right two years ago that he, as the exponent of the Non-Partisan idea, should give voice to his sentiments whenever the opportunity was afforded, then, for he talked on behalf of the people. This time he allied himself with corporate interests and imagined himself called upon to be equally frank. That was a glaring error, for his connections were perfectly obvious and diplomacy was demanded from him rather than dogmatic assertion of authority. The majority, both among Republicans and Democrats, are convinced, I believe, that Burns means for the best and if he had a manager I do not doubt he would make a most acceptable leader. It remains to be seen to what extent the defeat of Estee will affect his control, for I have no doubt the responsibility therefor will be his burden. I am far more inclined to attribute it to his connections. The Colonel's method is that of Bismark and it is out of date. It is a Talleyrand that the Republican party requires at the helm.

* * *

NOW THAT it is Governor Budd, the visionaries are busy offering theories to account for his magnificent majority in San Francisco. That the A. P. A. vote went to him, re-enforcing his natural Democratic strength, is pretty generally conceded, as it is admitted that the Oregon scandal did him more good than injury. There is no question but that the exploitation of such stories reacts on the party springing them, and after this superb lesson it is safe to believe Republican managers will refrain from unearthing the skeletons from their opponent's record. In the face of the influences fighting for Estee, considering the coin expended in his behalf, together with the anti-Democratic feeling prevailing throughout the State, the Budd victory is an achievement worth all the enthusiasm it has evoked. Whatever the causes, it establishes the fact that the pioneer era is over, and that party standard bearers for the future must be young men. I have no doubt whatever, had Will Barnes won the nomination rather than M. M. Estee, the result would be much more satisfactory to Colonel Burns and his friends.

* * *

The question that demands answer most fiercely seems to be the reason of the A. P. A. preference for the Democratic candidate. It is alleged its managers found Colonel Burns coquetting with them and threw all their force to the Stockton candidate in consequence. The story goes that certain letters sent to eminent Catholics from the Republican headquarters fell into the hands of the anti-Irish organization and settled Estee. Indeed, the Napa statesman never found favor in their eyes, though it is curious the factions should have selected the same man. Though the A. P. A. ticket did not endorse any candidate for Governor, its ticket placed Budd first, followed by Estee, French and Webster, with the instructions, "Vote for one." Well, Number one had the vote. It is unquestionable, too, that all the floating restiveness at the leadership of Burns expressed itself in that huge majority. All the sore heads, all the malcontents of the Republican party in addition to its honesty and solidity, marked their ballots for Budd. His election is not only a rebuke to bossism, but to any future development of aggressiveness in the party leader, whoever he be.

* * *

However, apart from the factors and factions that conspired to win victory for the Democratic candidate there can be no doubt he polled the entire strength of his party in the face of all the efforts at making him ludicrous or detestable. He is Governor by the grace of no corporation, in spite of the lack of journalistic support and almost without monetary aid. As I indicated last week that free and easy manner of Budd's, the stories and jokes he told, instead of injuring him as his opponents predicted, really won him votes. But then his example is by no means a precedent, for there is but one Jim Budd, and what he can do is impossible to another. He is a man of extraordinary flexibility, gifted with no little histrionic capacity, and I feel sure he will surprise those who imagine a free and easy air indicates a disregard of the dignity that pertains to the chief executive of California. He will be Governor Budd in earnest.

* * *

IT WAS AMUSING, the congregation of eminent Democrats gathered in the rooms of the State Central Committee by Budd's victory. Both the great men and the small men who have been so chary of support and assistance throughout the campaign came round with their congratulations until it seemed as though Governor Jim was really under a compliment to all of them for their aid in achieving victory. The truth is, the State Central Committee has fought in the face of fearful odds. It found the collection of money almost impossible, for the sterling Democrats who are now so generous in their felicitations were then too poor to give to the cause more than a dollar or two. The actual fact is, all the money available has been $8,000—made up of some minor contributions and the candidates' assessments. It is the little knot of devoted friends and laborers that strove with Chairman Gould — Lawlor, McNab and some more—who have snatched victory out of defeat, not forgetting, of course, that Governor Jim made votes wherever he appeared.

* * *

Just what the campaign has cost the Republicans is something no one seems to know. It is said on good authority that the sum of $150,000 was expended throughout the State—put out wherever the Colonel assumed it would do most good. The Mahoney victory must have cost a small fortune and considerable gold coin was expended on behalf of Shannon, Maguire's opponent. There is no doubt but that the Burn's leg was pulled to an extraordinary extent by every one with the semblance of an excuse and that he himself will be out many thousand dollars over the campaign. That is not a new experience, for the Colonel expended of his own money some $15,000 two years ago in aid of the Non-Partisans and it is quite impossible to say how much the election and administration of Markham cost him.

* * *

THE FAILURE of W. S. Wood to secure the suffrages of his District does not detract from the value of a story he told the other evening. It seems he is a director in the Denver and Colorado railway, representing the interest of Darius Ogden Mills, who owns the majority of the stock. There was a meeting of the Board in New York which Wood attended, and whom should he meet as they emerged but Whitelaw Reid, the great man's son-in-law, in his other capacity, proprietor of the *Tribune*. It seems he had been a witness of the latter half of the proceedings and jocularly observed to Wood:

"You can't persuade me that this has been a bona fide directors' meeting."

"Why not?" exclaimed Wood. "What's the matter with it?"

"It is customary that each director of a corporation receives $10 for his services, and I saw not one of you get a cent."

"Ah!" returned Wood. "It is evident you are not accustomed to attend meetings of D. O. Mills' corporations.

Evidently the thrust was carried to the proper quarter, for at subsequent gatherings of the Board each director had his fee.

The Witness

The most noticeable feature of a well dressed man is his hat. By wearing one of the "Knox" Celebrated New York Hats, you are sure to have the proper caper. Eugene Korn, the Hatter, 726 Market Street, Sole Agent.

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The Second Mrs. Jagberry.

BY ARTHUR BING POTRERO.

TO THE EDITOR: Mrs. Kendal declares that "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" the greatest work of the greatest man of the age, teaches us not what to do but what to avoid. I am quite certain The Second Mrs. Jagberry does the same thing and to paraphrase Madame Kendal, I will say the following play teaches a great lesson. It teaches us that ministers of religion cannot marry a wanton and live in happiness with her unless she reforms. It teaches us that a pure Christian girl cannot be happy unless she takes such women into her society and drawing-room. It teaches us that young men cannot live on this earth and be happy particularly if the pastor of his church insists on appropriating all the vice of the community.

A. B. POTRERO.

ACT I.

SCENE. Guild Room of St. John's Episcopal Church; ladies of Guild busily engaged sewing for the poor and making up parcels of food to be distributed among the sick. General conversation on matters of Christian interest.

ENTER REV. MR. KINDLY.

MR. KINDLY (*with quiet pleasantness*): Good morning, ladies.

OMNES (*cheerily*): Oh, good morning, Mr. Kindly.

MR. K.: My friends, I am about to be married.

OMNES: Oh!

MR. K.: Yes, I have determined upon it.

OMNES (*deeply interested*): May we know to whom?

MR. K. (*enigmatically*): That is a mystery.

OMNES (*delighted*): Oh, how nice!

MR. K. (*sadly*): Tell your husbands goodbye for me. They will never recognize me again.

OMNES: Oh, why?

MR. K. (*firmly*): That must be a secret until the morrow.

EXEUENT MEMBERS OF GUILD LEAVING ONE OLD LADY PRESENT—FRIEND OF CURATE'S MOTHER.

OLD LADY: And who are you to marry, George?

MR. K. (*reluctantly*): I must tell you, I suppose. The truth is I am to marry Delilah Potiphar Scarlet Gum.

OLD LADY (*exclaims*): Oh, sir!

MR. K. (*sternly*): Not a word—I must.

OLD LADY: Why sir, she is—

MR. K. (*interrupting dramatically*): To be my wife!!

CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE. Home of Mr. and Mrs. Kindly.

MR. KINDLY (*tipping over champagne bottles as he throws open the sitting-room windows. Chairs upset, strong odor of tobacco, playing-cards about floor*): I do not like this life! I wonder why the Church Guild refuse to meet in my house. They should be kind to Delilah.

ENTER MISS PRUNELLA CHARM (*a wealthy but very charitable young lady*).

MISS CHARM (*tripping on champagne corks*): Oh, Mr. Kindly!

MR. KINDLY (*with some sternness*): You are a stranger here! Have you not realized it is your duty to be kind to Delilah, if you would be a Christian?

MISS CHARM (*penitently*): Perhaps I should.

MR. KINDLY (*in sanctified tones*): Try to; try to for my sake (*placing hand over eyes*). She yearns for the drawing-room—the smile of society.

MISS CHARM (*weeps softly*).

ENTER DELILAH.

DELILAH (*purring softly*): Ah, Miss Charm. Glad you have come here at last, but you forget—my day at Home is Monday.

MISS CHARM (*humbly*): Yes, I know that, but I had to see Mr. Kindly about some charity work.

DELILAH (*wildly at a Mrs. Tanqueray*): Ha! ha! Oh, the devil!! Ha! ha! had to see the curate!! Avaunt hussy! Out! Leave the house! Quit my right! Go!! (*Points a menacing forefinger at Miss Charm, who rushes out hurriedly*).

DELILAH (*sobbing*): Ah, why does she not love me?

CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE. Same as Act II.

MR. KINDLY (*to Mrs. K. who is reading Police Gazette over her coffee*): The Charm girl is to be married.

DELILAH (*scornfully*): Indeed, who'd have *her?*

CURATE: She is to be wedded to Montague Montmorenncy.

DELILAH (*faints, but revives quickly as Mr. K. fans her with Christian Weekly*): It must not be (*excitedly*). It must not be! He was once——

MR. KINDLY (*placing his hand over her mouth*): Enough. Enough. My darling.

DELILAH (*still sobbing*): Yes, he gave me this ring (*waves a large Rhinestone frantically in the air*).

TABLEAU.
CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—Same as last Act.

DELILAH (*weariedly*): Oh, this life is awful—customers dropping away—prayers for every meal. I have a sick headache from drink, and feel awful.

ENTER MISS CHARM.

DELILAH (*lovingly*): Oh, kiss me. Oh, love me (*approaches Miss Charm*).

MISS CHARM (*approaches with open arms, but suddenly feels dizzy and draws back*).

DELILAH (*vigorously*): You hussy! You beast! You! you! you! (*Drops dead from heart failure*).

MISS CHARM (*standing over the corpse*): Oh, if I had only been but a little tender and gentle with her. Alas!

CURTAIN.

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AUCTIONEERS

Not only have the Kendals made a superb production of "Lady Clancarty" but something more to the purpose; they present us with a most notable and beautiful performance of that sterling historic romance. It is a delight to find these artists escaped from the fetid and mephitic atmosphere of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" to breathe awhile in the pure, strong, bracing and edifying ether of noble character and lofty sentiment, reminding us that the realism of the virtues is quite as human, and infinitely worthier the service of art like theirs, than is the realism of licentiousness and the vices of debasement and of criminal failure. Tom Taylor's p ay is wholesome, clean, and of exalted purpose; it deals as fascinatingly, as interestingly with the emotions, the ambitions, the craft, the duplicity and the obliquity of character, as may any play that pretends to analyze a society which an author has studied from the seamy side. It is a splendidly virile, warm-blooded, but honest-blooded, free from immoral taint, spirited, ingenious, dramatic, the product of a brilliant intelligence—such a drama as one witnesses with a glow of pride, and quits with the consciousness of elevated sentiment. For the time being, every man in the audience thrills with the courage, the candor, the manliness of Donough Macarthy; and every woman feels a prevading sense of loyalty, devotion and heroic virtue equal to the spirit that animates and makes beautiful the Lady Clancarty. A forceful play based on history and clothed in romance, graced with the blessing of pure enduring love, and with, two noble unselfish characters to win the affections of an audience, the story has in its human touch all the elements that go to please a people of varied culture.

The Lady Clancarty of Mrs. Kendal is an ideal of lofty womanhood, in which dignity of mind is balanced by graciousness and tenderness of heart. She defines the spirit of the character with a beauty and truth that quite divert us from the fact that the original was a woman of fewer years, and makes us indifferent to the maturity of figure by charming us with the ardent quality of a noble love and a sublime devotion. The artiste is so much superior to the woman sometimes that we willingly dispense with the lithe buoyancy of youth to enjoy the higher perfection of truth in the expression of the essential character that but slightly suffers from the touch of years. We have seen younger women in the role, and one or two of acknowledged beauty, but we have never witnessed an interpretation so consistent with its spirit and significance as that with which Mrs. Kendal delights and deeply moves us. No more exquisitely fine and impressive acting of the part in the chamber scene can be desired, and to the grace, tenderness and feminine yielding, Mrs. Kendal adds a quality of spontaneous sincerity, earnestness and impulse that complete a picture of rare naturalness. She is strong, firm, and in direct sympathy with the animus of the telling events, and with the fullest meaning of the character she portrays. Her firm intelligence and clear appreciation of point and probable expansion give an elasticity to her performance not inevitably admissible in her dramatic conception of all roles. She is big and white, imposing and very handsome, and borrows queenliness from other methods than her own. Her gowns are dreams of magnificence—such precious fabrics, antique design and gorgeously royal raiment have not been seen among all the wonders of stage ladies' frocks, and they are immensely complimentary to the Kendal outlines, complexion and bearing.

For scenic splendor and correctness, costly costuming and artistic conception "Lady Clancarty" is perhaps the best thing that has ever been done by the Kendals on this side of the water.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendal have parts which are laid along conventional dramat c lines, and which require conscientious and studious effort, rather than any attempt at character analysis, as in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."

Mr. Kendal may justly be credited with a most capital characterization of Donough Macarthy. His Irish brogue, though, is of intermittent occurrence, disappearing and reappearing with spasmodic unevenness, marring an otherwise delightful bit of work, for his impersonation is marked by intensity as well as by an agreeable lightness so befitting a character as sunny of heart as it is valiant of mind.

The other members of the company wear their handsome court clothes becomingly and sum up but fragmentary talent among them all, though Miss Nellie Campbell plays the romping, perverse Lady Betty Noel with plenty of go and sparkle, always looking charmingly picturesque.

The third and strongest act, Lady Clancarty's bed-chamber is handsomely appointed. The massive, antiquely brocaded "four poster," the shadowy tapestries and quaint fittings are ruined artistically by the introduction of a very modern set of red plush furniture, savoring of the installment plan—a surprising anachronism in the midst of otherwise perfectly historic furnishings. Aside from this blunder the color scheme throughout the piece is in admirable harmony.

Tom Taylor's stately lines can hardly be put into better keeping and the revival is successful and picturesque enough to be enjoyed and kept in pleasant remembrance.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

MUSIC.

With last Saturday's concert the series of Carr-Beel Saturday Popular concerts came to a finale, at least, for this year. The closing performance of the season did not by any means go to show a laggard interest—just the reverse. All the feminine music lovers, and, by the way, without them there would be a seven years' musical famine, were upholding our musicians as usual. A local feminine audience, be it said, is like the British public, hard to rouse but faithful in its adherance and serious if not almost devout. The Carr-Beel Saturday Popular concerts have continued seasons enough to be many and promise enduring as long as the principals choose to give them. Thoroughly as has the personality of the players grown familiar there appears no sign of fickle wavering towards a cool acceptance of their efforts. Mr. Beel and Mr. Heine are well poised in a serene and happily appreciative atmosphere of grateful personality, in the light of solo playing. Always the same friendliness and enthusiasm ripples round at the sight of Mrs. Carnichael Carr, so much so that a once visible anxiety to please has become a quiet output of her powers. This general feeling of confidence in these three players is perhaps the greatest sign of a settling down to the ordinary attitude of respect felt in other communities and betokens a real desire to support music in a civilized way. A rather unreasonable habit of mind for a long time held sway here and while it prevailed every performer was presumed to do nothing but to the best of his or her power. Of course, ideally speaking, this ought to be the outcome, but as all things are invisibly at fault in this real world where "it isn't all beer and skittles" and "more kicks than half pence" are distributed, such interest making things as moods and tenses have to be considered.

In these Saturday popular concerts the heat and burthen of the day has, as hitherto, been borne by Messrs. Beel and Heine, while Mrs. Carr's part only needed the same quantity of solo work done by them to have been the most exacting. Nothing aggressively striking as to merit in the way of extraneous aid saw the light during the season. As usual, the singing and singers fell in every way below the rank of their associates—some of it talented but amateurish, more of it ordinary in the first degree, and a little unspeakable, made up the varieties submitted to the public. However, now, more than ever, voices are in order, tenth rate singing is excused providing the singer has able bodied lungs, wide mouth and throat cavities, and consequently a full vibration of tone. It would be a novelty to hear some genuinely agreeable singing instead of the dumb driven voicing of good things, reminding one so painfully of the laboring trombones in the Scheel orchestra.

To make the programmes of a good order and palatable to the average taste must be a tormenting task, and without repeating themselves or giving themselves up to unqualified classics, the results are usually interesting and at least in good taste. Novelties dot the course at irregular intervals, and usually become a part of the repertoire. After the New Year these performances are to be taken up again, and if the fair house of Saturday is an augury the future season will be as successful as any, perhaps more so.

Music at the Auditorium continues to gather its lovers in a full quiver. There is plenty of tune and more rythm served out for the groundlings who usually predominate, not quite as many encores, perhaps, as during the first enthusiasm, and it is evidently the care of the management to repeat numbers shown any sort of appreciation. These are given nightly with unblemished monotony, just as Franz Hell always trolled "Si vous n'avez rien à me dire," and "Behut dich Gott" with eternal regularity. Symphony nights bring a more brilliant assemblage together and some dressing up of the programme, which, however, does not deter the agonies of local composers from jostling works by celebrities past and present. So far Hoffmann's Frithjof Symphony ranks as the best playing Herr Scheel's present band has honored us with. Not that it was unimaginably perfect, or roused the house to a sublime ecstasy, but that a fair, average power to express the conductor's signs was arrived at. It only requires that the band should be heard in its present condition for some time longer to become thoroughly familiar and comfortable on its possible virtues and probable failures, for excepting a touch of precision so much rehearsing and playing together make almost inevitable, the quality of the orchestra remains as it was on the opening night. With the band Mr. Bauer had last year for his Symphony concerts, the present combination of string and wind does not compare. As those concerts were given in the

afternoons only, and at long distances apart, it was possible to have our best local players whose evenings are held permanently sacred to the services of the Tivoli and the theatres. One regrets the impossibility of having Scheel's conducting and Bauer orchestra combined. In its palmiest glory at the Fair the material of the Vienna Prater band did not equal the agglomeration of talentgathered for those Friday afternoon concerts at the Tivoli, but comparisons are unseemly as to the conducting. Mr. Bauer was an energetic business man with musical training and capacity and not to be confounded with an artistic musician.

Schumann's only Concerto has been the happiest piece of work done in solo work. Mr. Bendix expressed it with liberality and intelligence above what we are to expect of local pianists. Weber's concertstuck Lisztized and played by Mr. Diercke had not these recommendations. Worn and tattered in itself, the piece never possessed any heart or real technical brilliance, tawdry appeggi and cheap scale passages galore has made it grateful to mindless pianists. Mr. Diercke gave nothing to the conception, and carried away more tones than Weber and Liszt intended. Done by Liszt as Schumann described it the composition, of course, acquired heroic proportions, but the difference between Liszt and an ordinary pianist is easily to be guessed.

Taking place this afternoon, the last of Mr. H. J. Stewart's organ recitals, with a particularly good programme, promises especial interest.

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Before breakfast Bromo-Seltzer acts as a bracer. Trial bottle, 10 cents.

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When you have a headache, a heartache, and all the rest of it, think of the comfort, the absolute luxury of one of these Invalid Tables. The top may be raised or lowered to any height —push the base under the bed and you are "at table." Price, $8.00, only at California Furniture Company, 117 Geary Street.

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AMUSEMENT NOTES.

STOCKWELL'S

Stockwell's theatre is gaining in popularity and the Grover's have drawn large audiences all the week in the amusing play "Cad, the Tomboy."

CALIFORNIA

Robert Downing and Eugenia Blair will present that charming old play, "Ingomar," next week at the California. Sheridan and Fanny Davenport were the last to produce "Ingomar" in San Francisco, and the recollection of their work in that production is a green spot in the memory of theatre-goers.

SHINDLER CONCERT

Miss Caroline Shindler will give a grand concert at Golden Gate Hall on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst. Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Miss Mary Morse, Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mr. Alexander Melvin will assist.

MOROSCO'S

The Newells have been doing a good business at Morosco's in the "Operator." For the coming week the management announce the "Land of the Living," which will receive its first production in America. The play will be staged with great care and every detail carefully perfected.

THE TIVOLI

"Jupiter" at the Tivoli continued in favor during all the week and has caught the popular fancy. It will be continued during the coming week.

ORPHEUM.

The Big Four, who were unavoidable detained on their way from the East, will positively appear on Monday night. The rest of the programme is unusually interesting.

"Mirandy," said Farmer Corntossel, "they hain't no use o' talkin'. Something hez got ter be did."

"What's the matter with ye?"

"This here country is goin' ter rack an' ruin. An' i'ts gotter be stopped."

His wife looked at him with an expression of mournful reproach.

"Is the pigs fed?"

"N-no."

"Is the kindlin' split?"

"Not yet."

"Cows milked?"

"No."

"Well, it's a purty safe thing ter ten' ter yer own business fust an' the Nation's afterward. They's lots er better men than you thet manages ter git on right well in thet way."—*New York Mercury.*

HORACE, V, 15.

[To NEÆRA.]

'Twas night, and in a sky serene
The moon, midst many a lesser light,
Was shining o'er the peaceful scene,
When you, O Neæra, about to slight
The godhead of the deities,
Took all the oaths I could dictate,
And closer than the ivy lies
Upon the oak, its lofty mate,
You held me in your pliant arms,
And vowed, whilst wolves should harry sheep,
And whilst Orion, that gives alarm
To sailors, stirs the wintry deep,
And whilst Apollo's unshorn locks
Should wave upon the breezé, our love
Should mutual be and know no shocks.
Neæra, you shall deeply move
You heart some day with vain regret;
For if there be in Flaccus aught
Of manhood left, he will not let
His pride such burden bear, untaught
That you should following eves assign
To some more favored rival swain;
And angered, he, will then incline
To find some maid who'll not disdain
To share his love; his mind is bent—
Though unfeigned sorrow pierce your heart,
Nor will his constancy relent—
Against the charms that made him smart,
But now avail not. As for you,
More favored one, whoe'er you be,
Who now strut proudly as you woo,
And gloat upon my misery;
Rich though you be in flocks and lands;
And though Pactolus' fabled stream
Should flow to you in golden sands;
Although Pythagoras' strange dream
Is clear unraveled to your mind;
Although Nireus you excel
In beauty, yet, alas, you'll find
Her charms to others she will sell;
But I in turn shall laugh in scorn,
Whilst you her love inconstant mourn.

—GEORGE PRUSSIA.

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Friday . . . . . FRENCH MARRIAGE and DAVID GARRICK
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"What do you want to be, Freddie, when you are a man?"

Freddie—I think 'twould be awful nice to be an orphan.—*Inter-Ocean.*

Little Golden Rod

A RESCUE AND ITS SEQUENCE

She made a picture to delight the eyes of gods and men as she stood poised on a narrow ledge of rock some twenty feet above the level stretch of sandy beach. Above and around her great bunches and clusters of her favorite flower, of which she had already secured a goodly supply, nodded their graceful, yellow heads in the brisk salt breeze from the sea. She had gained her pretty nickname—Little Golden-rod—from the people of the little Maine hamlet by her devotion, evidenced from her childhood, to the beautiful blossoms she was even now engaged in plucking. While they were in bloom she was never without a cluster of them at her bosom or in her belt.

The slim, girlish figure, about the graceful lines of which the neat, gray draperies were tantalizingly blown; the blue eyes, mischievous and full of latent laughter; the rippling brown hair, swept here, there and everywhere by the saucy autumn wind; the delicate oval face, as brown as a berry from exposure to the sun; the slender hands, guiltless of gloves and as richly brown as the face; the fetching ankle and foot—all these things contributed to the forcibility of an *ensemble* that, as I say, was calculated to charm the hearts of gods and men.

At least, so though Jack Endicott, idler and epicure, of New York, and at present on a vacation entirely unnecessary, so far as his physical health was concerned; for he abruptly reined up his big sorrel mare in her rather lumbering canter through the damp sand, and stood stock still, gazing steadily, almost rudely, in fact, as any country bumpkin might have done, at the exquisite apparition, glued, as it seemed from his point of view, to the very face of the nearly perpendicular rock.

Their discovery of each other was almost instantaneous. When the girl saw him poised in his saddle, staring stupidly at her, the brown cheeks reddened, and she turned her head away with a resolute effort to appear unconcerned. The effort was a failure. She looked around and stole a sly glance at him from beneath drooped lashes—the eternal feminine—as Goethe would say—the eternal feminine inability to take its eyes off that which is masculine and comely.

Jack spoke first. "I beg your pardon," he ventured, gallantly lifting his hat and allowing the breeze to play pranks with the fetching blonde curls on his forehead, "but can you tell me whether I can reach the hotel at Dingleport by this beach path? I came up by the road on the cliff, you know." And to his shame, be it said, the rascal knew very well that he could not.

"No, sir," answered the maiden, in shy contralto tones, that sounded impossibly deep and mellow for that slender frame. "Half a mile further the sea comes directly up to the rocks. You must return the way you came."

"Thank you," rejoined the young man, musically. He wheeled his mare, for a glance into the pure blue eyes above him convinced him that any effort to prolong the conversation would be construed as a grevious insult. And Jack Endicott, man-of-the-world as he was in every sense that the term implies, had never in his life committed the barbarism of affronting a good woman.

But Dame Fortune is eccentric. As he was in the act of bowing his adieu, he heard a queer little, half-smothered cry of dismay, and, looking over his shoulder, perceived that the maiden had lost her foooting, and was slipping none too slowly down the face of the cliff, succeeding in only partially checking her downfall by vain clutches at the plants of golden-rod that, fickle things, came promptly out by the roots as fast as she grasped them.

She was, of course, in no danger of her life, but there was an ugly descent to the sand of some ten feet of bare and quite perpendicular rock, over which she must eventually pass. In an instant Endicott was off his horse, and none too soon, for he was just in time to get beneath and catch this delicious morsel of femininity in his strong arms as she came tumbling over the miniature precipice. She was plucky, too, for she did not cry out.

"Rather undignified," laughed Jack, "but"——

He paused abruptly, for the dear little thing had commenced to sob and shed tears. "Are you hurt?" he asked in alarm.

"N—no," she stammered (and Jack, *blasé* and indifferent to all the emotions as he prided himself on being, instantly vowed to himself that he had never seen anything sweeter in his life than that tear-stained little face), "but look at my frock in tatters—and—look at m—m—my hands!"

She had been holding these members behind her, and now thrust them out for his inspection. And a lump rose in Jack's throat, for they were torn and bleeding from rough contact with the rock. The poor child was actually crying from mere pain, as a baby might. Very tenderly, he took his handkerchief and wiped the blood away. After which, quite unnecessarily, he kissed the tips of the brown fingers. "I'm an idiot!" he exclaimed; "If you had not seen me you would not have fallen."

She resented the imputation. "Don't flatter yourself, Sir Knight," she cried, saucily, her smile breaking through her tears like a rainbow; "do you think you are so handsome that one *must* look at you? But, oh! what a be-eautiful horse you have!" And forgetting the pain, she ran forward and kissed the docile animal on her sleek, velvety nose.

If there was any remnant of Jack's heart this divine vision had not already won, it was her's now. Jack loved his mare as he had never yet loved a woman, though he had sworn his undying affection to many. This little damsel, half young lady, half gypsy, seemed to him now the very incarnation of the vaguely-fancied ideal that he had been vainly seeking through the later years of his bachelorhood.

"Come," he said, "we will go back together; but you are hurt, you poor child—you must ride and I shall walk." And before she could protest, he had clasped her lightly about the waist and swung her into the saddle, sidewise, facing him. In order to keep her there, as the mare walked along, it was necessary for him to rest his arm lightly across the animal's back beside her. He insisted, moreover, on examining from time to time the poor wounded hands and doctoring them with the quite useless handkerchief. And as he gazed into the blue eyes that smiled down at him, and recognized the infinite purity that spoke to him from their innocent depths, Mr. Jack Endicott, case-hardened man-of-the-world, *bon vivant*, unbeliever and cynic, who had in the last year or so actually learned to love, next to his horse, a good dinner better than anything else in the world, found himself inwardly muttering some sort of a prayer—a prayer for his departed youth and its comparative moral cleanliness; a prayer for a return of boyish gentleness and innocence that, were they his, would enable this dainty maiden to remain in his presence indefinitely without peril of contamination.

They progressed in this way for a mile or more, she chatting gaily to him of herself and her home life. Her name was Ruth, she told him, Ruth Delorme, and since her mother's death, ten years before, she had lived all alone with her old father, a retired Presbyterian minister, in a little cottage among the hills over yonder. And with every sentence of her delicious girlish chatter, and with every smile of her red lips, through which the white teeth sparkled like tiny ivory tablets, Endicott vowed to himself that he would cultivate this little wayside flower, and—well, the future would doubtless take care of itself.

But his roseate reflections were checked suddenly by a cry of dismay from his fair charge. Her face had grown very white and she was pointing ahead with a finger that trembled slightly:

"Look there!" she said, quietly.

Endicott looked and realized the situation. Some three quarters of a mile ahead there jutted out from the cliff a long promontory of black, slippery rock, impossible to climb, and around which they must pass in order to reach the open beach beyond. In the pleasure of this unlooked-for companionship he had not thought of the tide, which was now rushing shorewards with the rapidity of a mill-race. In a few minutes the very ground on which they stood would be covered. The cliff to their left was quite perpendicular, and its base at full tide, as the water-mark showed, would be submerged to a depth of ten feet or thereabouts. There was but one hope of salvation—to race for the promontory and round it in time.

The mare, with quick equine instinct, had already scented the danger, and was impatiently pawing the sand. Without a word, Endicott, himself pale as a sheet, turned the girl in the saddle and vaulted up behind her. He placed her on the pommel in front of him and reaching his arms around her, grasped the bridle. For the first time in months the beautiful mare felt the spur. She bounded forward as though shot from a catapult. The race for life was on.

The girl's hair streamed into Endicott's face, and even in that deadly peril he found himself revelling in its exquisite perfume. A wild exhilaration swept over him as the noble beast went thundering over the sands. The booming of the waves sounded to him like some chorus of angels sung in honor of his happiness. For the girl, terrified, but bravely silent, was clasping him close with her strong young arms, and he felt indifferent to the result, so that they might die so. The very danger stimulated his senses like strong wine.

Faster and faster they flew. The mare was fetlock deep in water now, and was scattering showers of it over them at every giant stride. She needed no spurring. She knew what was required of her both for her riders' sakes and her own. With steaming flanks and flaring nostrils she galloped on. The end of the promontory was only a hundred yards away now, but the waves were already dashing against it. Ruth gave a quick glance ahead, loosened her hold, and almost slipped from the animal's back, gasping: "Save yourself! She cannot do it."

Something between an oath and a sob came from Endicott's white lips. If there had been one thing needed to weld his heart to this girl's for life, her attempt to sacrifice herself for him would have supplied it. He let go the bridle and dragged her back into his arms. As he did so, the gallant mare was swept off her feet, but thoroughbred to the last gasp, commenced to swim around the narrow point of the promontory. Endicott slipped from her back and holding the half-fainting girl in her place with his right arm, swam lustily with his left. With her burden thus lightened, the noble animal made progress slowly but surely, and, though man and beast were forced several times, by no means ungently, against the rock, eventually rounded the point. When she gained her feet again, Endicott walked beside her to the beach. He lifted the girl from the saddle and both of them sank to the ground. The mare, exhausted but still game, stood sniffing curiously at their limp and almost lifeless bodies.

Half an hour afterward Endicott, leading his mare, and with his fair companion walking, in a very bedraggled condition, beside him, passed in front of the little wicket-gate that led to the Rev. Dr. Felix Delorme's cottage. Before they reached it, she had said to him, with a tremble in the deep contralto voice: "I shall never forget you—never! never! never!"

Endicott's heart leaped, but all he answered was: "You should thank the horse, little girl—not me."

* * * * * * *

They were seated at the modest supper table, Endicott having allowed himself to accept the grateful old gentleman's invitation to remain. He was a striking figure, this grave, old, retired minister of the gospel, with his stern, bushy eyebrows and long, white beard. Presently it occurred to him to ask his visitor his name.

"My name is Endicott," answered the young man promptly.

The aged clergyman's brow darkened. "And your first name?" he added, jerkily.

"John."

"John Walter Endicott?"

"Yes."

"Then, sir," declared the old man, rising to his feet, his face pale with repressed passion, "I thank you again—thank you fervently and gratefully, as a father should, for saving my girl's life, but you cannot sit at my table nor remain in my house."

Jack rose, blushing hotly. "Papa!" exclaimed Ruth in dismay.

"Silence, my dear," commanded her father, "I regret it deeply, sir," he added, turning to the young man, who waved him back proudly, saying: "Pray do not trouble yourself to apologize, sir. What I did for your daughter was a trifle, but if it entitles me to an explanation of this strange conduct of yours I shall feel excessively grateful."

The old clergyman looked at him sternly, as he asked with cold and deliberate emphasis: "Do you remember Martha Wainwright?

Endicott paled in his turn and bowed his head. "I understand," he said simply. Then he glanced swiftly at Ruth, and walking around the table to where she sat, lifted her hand reverentially to his lips and kissed it. Her father frowned but stood there, motionless. A minute afterward the guest was gone, and the rataplan of his good mare's hoofs echoed down the dusty road.

Ruth knelt at her window till late that night, gazing out at the moonlit hills and the infinite sky beyond. There was a wistful, almost hungry look in her big, blue eyes, and every now and then she leaned down and kissed the wounded hands that the stranger had cared for so tenderly.

* * * * * * *

After one of the most wretched weeks he could remember having spent in all his life, Mr. Jack Endicott found himself in the vicinity of the Rev. Dr. Delorme's house—quite against his will, as it seemed, for he had resolutely tried to keep away. Simple pride demanded as much, although he quite realized that if he were never to see this dainty little blossom of the Maine wilds any more, he should be miserable for the rest of his days.

He was not surprised when he saw her walking slowly toward him over the little lawn as he stood in the shadow of the giant elms. It seemed quite natural that she should come to him.

She was dressed all in white, and looked very fragile and ghost-like in the moonlight. "Why did you come?" she asked softly, as he took the two unresisting hands—quite healed now, by the way—in his own and bent to kiss them. "I knew you *would* come, though. My heart told me so. But it is wrong—very wrong. You must go away." The brown face was turned up to him appealingly.

Endicott placed his hands lightly on her shoulders and whispered slowly and softly: "Dear, I love you. In all my life I have never really loved till now. Come away and be my wife. Whatever I *have* been, I'll make *your* life a joy forever and ever."

Into the blue eyes flashed the light of a joy unutterable. But it faded away quickly, and the ready tears welled slowly into them. "I cannot," she answered, and

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the slender hands were lifted to cover the burning face.

"And why not?" demanded Endicott; "you love me—yes, you do, or you would not be here."

"Listen, dear," begged the girl, clinging to him and weeping softly. "If we had died together, that day in the sea, *before I knew*, I should not have cared. I should have been glad to die with you—and the brave old horse. But papa told me it all. It is true, is it not, about that—that other?"

"Yes," answered Endicott, mechanically, "but she"—he paused. He would not sully this child's ears with a man's excuses.

"Where is she now?" she asked, timidly.

"I do not know."

"She sang in papa's choir, you know," she went on, brushing away her tears. "That is why he is so fond of her. Dear—dear Mister Jack, I love you so that I know how *she* must feel. Listen. You must find her and marry her. Will you not?" And the tiny red mouth quivered piteously.

"Perhaps she might not wish to marry me," he said, stupidly enough.

"Will you ask her—for my sake?"

"If I find her—yes."

"Thank you," she said simply. "Now I must go in. Listen a minute. Till you came I loved nothing but my papa and my flowers. They call me Little Golden-rod." Her voice broke pitifully, as she drew a bunch of the yellow blossoms from her belt. "Take these, dear Mister Jack, and keep them always, for me, and remember that I wished you to be brave and true, and do your duty—I can never see you again till you do—although it broke my heart to ask you to." For one instant her arms were wreathed about his neck and her lips rested on his. Then she tore herself away from his embrace and ran like a deer into the cottage.

Endicott walked the four miles back to his hotel in a sort of dream. He even forgot to smoke, and at intervals real tears dripped slowly down his rather hardened cheeks. In his hand he carried the bright yellow bouquet given him by "Little Golden-rod."

* * * * *

After two years of foreign travel Endicott was rather glad to get back to New York. He had searched quite conscientiously at times for traces of Martha Wainwright, his partner in the misstep that had soured and blackened his youth. It was in vain, however. She had disappeared absolutely.

Never for one solitary day or night had he forgotten the dainty child down there on the rocky Maine coast. And his dearest treasure was contained in a little silver casket—an odorous heap of dust, poor remnant of a withered bunch of golden-rod.

To-night, as he lounged into the opera house, still in the glad flush of his release from the steamer five hours before, he felt elated, he did not know why. He presently found himself enjoying the surprise manifested by friends and acquaintances on seeing him there after his long absence.

But before long the face of Mr. Jack Endicott grew ashen white. A woman was on the stage singing—singing like an angel, or a whole choir of them—and in the bold, aggressive, blonde beauty of the singer, the young man lived through a rather unpleasant dream again. He saw an old farm house and an old fashioned New England church. A panorama of sultry days and nights, of prayers, of passion, of remorse, of bitter regrets, ran through his mind with meteoric speed. He shuddered. The woman on the stage, at whom the people were now casting bouquets and thundering their plaudits, had brought the picture up.

Feeling rather faint and weak, the young man sought the lobby. As an attendant was helping him into his coat, an usher brought him a card bearing the name of Mrs. Van Cuyler Cross, a very clever woman—quite a leader in her way—and on the back of the card was pencilled a peremptory command to join her party.

Glad of anything in the way of a diversion, Endicott followed the usher that had brought the card. In the box were Mrs. Van Cuyler Cross, her husband and daughter, and—Ruth Delorme.

Formal greetings over, Endicott had time to study the glorious beauty of the now fully developed girl he had known two years before as "Little Golden-rod," and who, it seemed, was enjoying her first winter in New York as the guest of Miss Katherine Cross. She was in half mourning for her father, who had died a year before, as he afterward learned, and the snowy whiteness of her neck and shoulders shone out in glorious contrast with the black silk and lace. The cheeks had lost some of their delicate brown, but there were the same blue eyes, trustful and tender, and the same sensitive mouth. She kept her head turned away from him during the next act, and Jack thought the little curling tendrils of brown hair at the nape of her neck the sweetest sight he had ever seen in his life.

Just before the party rose to go, Jack took a careless glance at his programme, where the cast of the singers was printed. He saw something there that made his face flush with joy.

He accepted his hostess' invitation to supper, and just before leaving the Cross mansion, found himself alone for a moment with Ruth in the great dim hallway. He gazed at her face thirstily for a moment, and clasped her in his arms. She struggled to free herself, and gasped: "Where is Martha Wainwright?"

"You heard her sing to-night," he answered, kissing her, "the large blonde woman."

"But I told you you must marry her," she murmured, resisting his embrace less strongly.

"I can't," he laughed back, "the fat tenor is her husband."

"I have your bunch of golden-rod at home," vouchsafed Jack, some minutes later, "but it is in dust."

She drew from her bosom a dried and withered bit of something. "I kept one spray of the bunch for myself," she answered. "For two years it has rested—*here*."

And she placed her hand over her heart.

—*Town Topics.*

ROGER MAGEE ON THE PALE PLEASURES OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

The Earl of Westmeath is in town and his Lordship is also in demand. There is a mounted contest for his company. Rightly he belongs to the Irish group—for is he not a Nugent, and are not the Nugents one of the proudest Irish families that ever fought the Sassenach? However, this time Daniel O'Connell and Bernard Chrich have been bereft of an Irish Lord. Time was, God save us! when Dan wore spats and checked tweeds, and carried his wisp of a stick in the Bannagher style, but now he's become a granger in Mill Valley and Jimmy Coleman whispered to me that next week Dan would be a landlord! Merciful powers! What a downfall!

I told it next minute to Roger Magee and Crowner Hughes and Dr. O'Brien. We were all sitting at breakfast in the Frenchman's. Just then Jerry Lynch came in.

"Garcong?" he said, "apportez moi ung petite tasse de consommé —Je suis mal à teté!"

"How dare you! How dare you!" says Roger.

"What's that?" asks Jerry, pulling up a chair.

"How dare you employ your table d'hote French and your cigar-box Spanish, and your hand-organ Italian in the presence of reputable citizens. Tell him you want soup, man, and don't disguise your mother tongue!"

"I have just come," answered Jerry, politely ignoring Roger's impetuosity, "from a most delightful séance with Lord Westmeath."

"Is his Lordship in town?" asked O'Connell, starting with surprise.

"Indeed he is! And, furthermore, he's a most affable and courteous gentleman."

"Yes," said O'Connell, "he's a Nugent, and his family is closely allied to that of the Marquis of Clanricarde—the Burkes—and every one knows that the Burkes have had the honor of marrying into the O'Connell family."

"Go on! Go on!" exclaimed Roger fiercely; "he's only a 'far down,' and I'll bet he's an A. P. A!"

"Roger," said Dan, severely, "don't bring your religion into politics when speaking of the nobility. I shall, myself, take pleasure in calling on Lord Westmeath this afternoon; besides that, I shall put him up at the Bohemian Club."

"I offered to do that myself," hastily interrupted Jerry, "but just then, Dick Tobin came along and carried him off to breakfast. I should like to have extended all the courtesies to him, but under the circumstances it was unavoidable."

"Lost! Lost!" exclaimed O'Connell with mock heroism in his despair.

"Tut! tut!" cried Roger, "why do all of you want to be associating with Burke's peerage and French counts. Why, Dan O'Connell the other day, saw you trapsing round the cocktail route to Frank Cartan's with Prince Poniatowski and the Count de Beauvière in tow. And you looked all the world like an English duke. Why, man, I am ashamed of you. I met Tom Kelly and he said he couldn't tell your title, but he knew your companions were addressing you as: "Your Royal Highness,' and all such stuff. You ought to get five years in the House of Lords for such conduct, sir!"

"Roger, you are prejudiced," put in Lynch, "you have never enjoyed that pure delight which association with the aristocracy brings to any man. It elevates his mind into a more refined and ineffable atmosphere, and raises the tone of both his conversation and manners. Now, I visited Del Monte last Sunday in company with a most select coterie, and there I met an Italian Duke, who was traveling incognito around the world, and I assure you that he was the most elegant and refined gentleman I have ever met."

"He was travelling incognito, was he?"

"Yes, Roger, that is often the custom of noble personages when they visit foreign parts. It saves them annoyance from the curious vulgar."

"And helps them do up hotel keepers, you mean," retorted Roger. "Well, and did your Maccaroni Duke get away with your watch and chain?"

"Roger! Roger!" answered Jerry in a pained tone, "do not impute those low and unrefined things to the nobility! No, we spent several happy hours together, and I had the extreme pleasure and honor to do his Serene Highness a trifling favor. You know it is against the rule for the hotel to cash checques."

"Well, and now I suppose you expect to get your money back in the sweet bye-and-bye?"

"Oh, no, I informed his Serene Highness that I should preserve his checque as a memento to the delightful occasion."

"Jerry, I'm startled with amazement! For Heaven's sake can suckers be caught as quick as that? Why, man, I'll wax my mustache and put on a dancing-master's airs, and go to Del Monte myself this very week, and I'll whisper that I'm traveling as plain Magee, but that in reality I'm King of Greece. Why, man, it's a grand idea for making a fortune. I can write my autograph all day to the tune of thousands! Don't give the scheme away to any one else, for I want a monopoly."

"Roger," said Lynch, "you're scheme wouldn't succeed. You lack that inexpressible air of *savoir vivre*, which is so necessary to success in the *haut monde;* you are wanting in *noblesse oblige;* you have not the tastes of the *gourmet*, but those of the *gourmong;* and lastly, and fatally, you are not versed in the refined and *recherché* pleasures *au courrong* among *la nobilité* and *le cremes de cremes*."

"A fig for your pleasures of aristocracy—it's tommy rot! Pleasures, indeed! Why, man, the aristocracy have got no pleasures. They go to a theatre and talk all through the play, to the contempt and impatience of an entire audience; they lol-lol and prance-prance in a ballroom, and call a cotillion 'dawncing, don't yer know'; they throw rubber balls at themselves and the spectators in the blazing sun, and think they are enjoying lawn tennis; they sit round a dark parlor in the afternoon when they ought to be at work and eat lolypops and guzzle weak tea—why, man, a punch like Dr. O'Toole can brew or toddy as I can compose would go to their numbskull heads and paralyze them! No, sir, don't talk to me of the pleasures of aristocracy! they're a hollow sham. The aristocracy yawns if they're up a twinkle over midnight; they know not the joys of gayety and the sounds of revelry by night. They have never heard Dr. Buckley sing 'Planxty Kelly,' or Dr. O'Shaughnessy warble the noble melody of 'John O'Reilly the Active'; they know not the meaning of the word carousal nor the manly enjoyment of settling a bit of a difference with a friend. Their pleasures are weak, sir—weak and feeble, and I'll have none of them! I keep away from them fiercely and religiously!"

Just then George R. B. Hayes joined the circle, and turning to Roger after the usual hearty welcome, said something in a low aside to him.

"Mr. De Young, did you say?" answered Roger, eagerly.

"Yes, and it's in honor of Hermann Oelrich. It's to be at the Palace and on Thursday night."

"Full dress, I suppose?"

"Yes, of course."

"Well, tell Harry de Young that I accept the invitation with the greatest pleasure."

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LIBRARY NOTES

The curious differences between the methods in which various authors go about the telling of their stories suggest the reflection that adhesion to some particular model might result happily for their readers. Of course it is hard to say what model should be selected to gain the best results. Indeed, a novel like a human being owes much of its charms to its individuality. The declaration of a system of plot, attack and character development might be hailed with indignation by earnest seekers after originality. They would claim their genius, inspiration, or whatever the motive force of their pens be, trammeled and circumscribed by fixed principles without bearing or application to their own efforts. They might go so far as to admit the value of the model, call it classic, admirable of its kind, free from inconsistency, succinct of treatment and yet demand freedom of expression, the right to materialize themselves according to their personal inspirations. The great difficulty is the majority of story writers fail to recognize architectural principles in erecting the scaffolding of their tales. They insert wings and flying buttresses in places where conciseness, plain lines and simple treatment, are necessary, and while the intelligent reader may have no difficulty in realizing the idea of the literary bungler, he cannot help realizing how the existence of a model would relieve the situation. To day every man or woman who writes is unto himself law and gospel, and while this freedom is conducive to and doubtless productive of originality it certainly does not aid the cause of art.

Some months ago the critical periodicals set the English world reading *A Yellow Aster*. Ascribed to the style and treatment of the writer were the fine qualities of strength and originality, and her theme was supposed to aid in teaching the lesson of the moment. She was a new voice. The causes of appreciation alter, doubtless, with environments, but it seemed to most readers on this side of the Atlantic that, considered either structurally or intellectually, there was little to commend about the book, and a great deal to condemn. Encouraged by the vogue the novel won "Iota"— Mrs. Caffyn's nomme de guerre — plunges back into fiction and gives us in *Children of Circumstances* a verbal labyrinth that might defy the tested powers of Theseus. There is the vague glimmering of a central idea smothered in a mist of words. It is not difficult to realize this writer imagines herself possessed of a mission, and sternly enough she is writing up to that rather than to any conception of the art of story weaving. So her book is a tract in dialogue, a wearisome exposition of a system of saving fallen women by song, prayer and late suppers. To an incompetent observer the feasibility of the plan does not seem significant, but it must have assumed singular adequacy for Iota, or why the interminable chapters about Margaret Deering, Mr. and Mrs. Hyde, Rica and Caroline Brett. They are as stilted and unparalleled a set of puppets as I have ever followed, and I cannot think of a solitary reason for recommending the story save to my bitterest enemy. The heroine, a young person of extraordinary fascination and curious distinctiveness of character, falls in love and is loved by Geoffrey Hyde, whose important characteristic is an inability at appreciating the great love of his wife. She is pale, silent and beautifully patient and true, and about the time he realizes her adequacy she lies down on a sofa and dies, deploring previously that she groweth thin. But in the early chapters she interferes between her husband and Margaret Deering, which does not prevent them slipping off to London together. Here the purity and goodness of the girl's nature asserts themselves. She says to him, "Return, I command you," and off he goes. And she—she engages herself in singing hymns in a voice indescribably beautiful to the fallen, serving them also suppers at the home of a good old person named Bent. Of course, it is a sad life she leads, but in the long run, and a long run it is, she is promoted to the place of successor to Mrs. Hyde, and is busy even now, doubtless, receiving assurances of unalterable and unaltered fidelity—a condition of affairs that lasts quite often as long as two months.

* * *

There is no falling off, I am relieved to notice, in the quality of Mr. Crockett's fiction. His latest book *The Lilac Sunbonnet* is a pure, graceful and charming love story with few of the elements of tragedy therein. In the wooing of Winsome Charteris by Ralph Pedin there are just difficulties enough to show the veracity of the dear old saying about the course of true love. The sentiment which unites them is one that bursts into being at first sight, for he, a young divinity student prior to his arrival in Galloway, has never cared for maid, and she, though beautiful and courted by the available young men of the county, has hitherto been a stranger to the divine passion. It must be admitted, however, she is a young delightful person and it is easy to imagine her at the tubs that lovely morning with Loch Grannoch basking in alternate blue and white as cloud and sky mirrored themselves upon its glossy surface. Besides, there is a "wimpling lane that slides as silently away from the sleeping loch as though it were eloping and feared an angry parent"—surely a lane quite individual in style and indeginous to that part of Scotland. Against that background she appear, sa tall, shapely young woman, her arms bare, "swinging her pails with the compensatory sway of bosom, body and that strong outward flex of the elbow which kept the brimming cans in safety by her side." In addition she has fair hair, crisping and tendrilling over her brow, swept back in loose and flossy circlets, and escaping, scattering and waving over her shoulders. Her face, long, oval, a statuesque nose and eyes like two blue waves when they rise just far enough to catch a sparkle of light on their crests. Besides this she wore a blue sprig on her light summer gown and a lilac sunbonnet. That was the first impression she made on Ralph, and a chapter or two later he is under her charm, she responding deliciously to his courting and all charmingly idyllic—their wooing being aided by delightful moonlight walks in the woods of Dullarg. It is a pleasant, poetic story, this, full of finely graphic descriptive bits and touched with real sentiment. After the strained emotion and morbid impulse of much latter-day fiction, a wholesome, honest love story like this has the glow and freshness of a breath of country air to the half-stifled dweller in purfumed boudoirs.

BOOKS RECEIVED

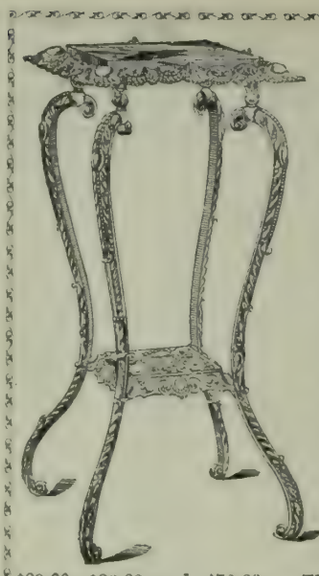
"The Lilac Sunbonnet," by S. R. Crockett. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale Wm. Doxey.

"The God in the Car," by Anthony Hope. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale A. M. Robertson.

Children of Circumstances," by Iota. D. Appleton & Co., publishes. For sale A. M. Robertson.

Figg—"Did I understand you to say that Impecune was meeting his bills nowadays?"

Fogg—"Yep; on every corner."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*



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Little Miss Mugg—"Dr. De Fashion is often at our house, but I never see him at yours."

Little Miss Freckles—"We don't owe him anything."—*Good News.*

THE CLASS OF FASHION

Do you know what an "Emergency" lecture is? I dare say not, unless you belong to the ranks of the "initiated." Nevertheless, it is the very last and latest fad, and long may it continue to be so. Ere discoursing further, perhaps I had better describe what "It" is.

You know how often, when away from town and far from medical aid, our small brothers, sisters or cousins are apt to cut, bruise, burn or otherwise injure themselves, and how necessary it is to know what to do to relieve their sufferings. Most of us faint at the sight of blood, in fact, until recent years it was considered "unfeminine" not to, but since the era of co-education has set in we have changed all that, and every intelligent female is desirous of acquiring practical knowledge. Some of the girls having expressed a wish to learn the art of dressing wounds and bandaging, persuaded Dr. Shiels to give "Emergency" talks every Saturday morning, and if the size of the audience is a proof of their popularity, I fancy he will be obliged to admit that his seed has not fallen on stony soil.

The lectures are decidedly interesting, and Dr. Shiels gives practical illustrations of how to stitch, wash and bandage wounds, burns and sprains. Dr. Adelaide Brown also gives lectures of a similar nature in aid of the Kindergarten, and Dr. Adele Solomons will begin a course of lectures on "Our Internal Economy, and how to take care of it," on alternate Wednesdays.

You asked my advice about winter hats. Well, I went to every milliners' in town and at last found some most charming chapeaux at Miss Connor's, Geary street. She has a very large stock of imported hats, some of which were simply dreams of delight. An exquisite confection was in black felt on the Gainsborough shape with drooping ostrich plumes. Another that I admired immensely was a flat sort of hat with a broadish brim made of black velvet and a network of silver spangles laid on the brim; dainty French rosettes in bluet cream and olive with some exquisite plumes completed this fetching hat. A truly French-looking one was in brown felt turned up at the sides and peaked in front; this had curling cock feathers falling backwards over the hair, and on either sides was an ostrich rosette; in front was a heavily jetted cock's plume, satin ribbon was gracefu ly interwoven with the plumes. Some of the bonnets were too dear for expression. They were all made with a jet frame and bluet or majenta or pink velvet drawn through in the most *chic* fashion; then some had aigrettes in the same color as the velvet, others roses or holyhocks in varied hues. A very unique hat was in toque shape with a border of mink, then mink was charmingly introduced in the trimming. The hat was in brown which is the ultra-fashionable hue this year. Another green hat with a broadish brim, which was also edged with fur, captured my errant fancy; it had majenta flowers in velvet and was quite unusual in shape.

All the shop windows are displaying their winter wraps, and I noticed a number of very charming ulsters. I often wonder this garment does not acquire popularity, it is so essentially useful and remarkably becoming and can cover such a multitude of sartorial sins on occasions. The capes are full and round. A very pretty one in Charles X style is in velvet, heavily trimmed with ermine. It has four capes and falls almost to the knees. A very handsome velvet jacket trimmed with passementerie and jet I admired immensely. Feathers formed the collar and bordered the front of the jacket; on either side were two lines of heavy jet trimming, one encircling the shoulders, the other falling below the end of the jacket in a handsome tassel. The jackets are not so long and are very full behind; a pretty one was in fawn covert casting with broard, strapped seams, double-breasted front and square reveres. Sleeves are fuller than ever.

Little girls up to three and four years of age are dressed in single white frocks with baby waists and full sleeves. The skirts just reach the knee. They are much trimmed with insertions and lace with baby ribbons. For children of five and six gay colored cashmeres are chosen in American-Beauty bluet and Nile green and Dresden China figured silks. Guimpes of French nainsook trimmed with insertion are invariably worn. The little belted waist of cashmere is cut half low and has elbow sleeves trimmed with velvet.

A lovely evening gown is of cream white Breges lace, mousseline de soie and velvet. The skirt has a silk foundation and the front is covered with a wide tablier of lace, the back is of accordion-plaited mousseline de soie. A double bertha of lace falls over an accordion-plaited bodice, while a belted corselet of white velvet, heavily embroidered with gold spangles fits the figure in cuirass fashion. The evening dresses of last season may be utilized this year by adding new backs of mousseline de soie to the skirts. A smart reception frock with a picturesque Louis XIV. collar is of yellow silk and golden brown velvet. The skirt of silk is bordered with three dainty ruffles edged with lace. The coat is of velvet, trimmed with gold passementerie and falling to the knee. It opens on a vest of blue silk, that is trimmed in a similar fashion. The elbow sleeves of the velvet terminate in flaring silk cuffs and lace ruffles, headed by a velvet drapery. An ample fichu of yellow chiffon edged with lace is draped over the shoulders.

A very pretty collarette is made of variegated chiffon—a stock collar over pale blue silk, falling from that a honiton lace collar about a quarter of a yard wide, edged with a deep frill of pale rose chiffon embroidered with a narrow border of small flower. The new bodices displayed are simply lovely. The accordion-plaited ones trimmed with insertion are very chic.

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Between his finger and his thumb
Now takes, and talks to you a spell
As if you were his closest chum.
—*New York Press.*

Jack and Gill went up the hill,
For water, so we hear,
But the state they wandered home in
Would indicate 'twas beer.
—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly:—The reaction has set in since the races in the form of a strictly orthodox Episcopal Convocation with receptions for the Bishop in all the churches and a grand reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Clarke. Side by side with this came the Republican Convention, neatly planned and deftly handled. Mr. E. A. Meserve was chairman and is very jubilant over the fact that all the candidates for whom he has given his support were nominated. Frank Rader is Mr. Meserve's choice for Mayor, but he is only one out of seven now in the field for the same office. Mr. Charlie Deering, who has been employed by the Los Angeles Lighting Company, was very unfortunate. He went to the convention with Mr. W. B. Kline's consent, but did not appear at his desk as early as expected and when he did found only a request to hand over the key. The girls are sympathizing with Charley and we intend to see the time when Mr. Kline will regret this hasty and uncalled for dismissal. Upon the heels of the convention has appeared the greatest of all society fads—whist. Living whist, dancing whist and scientific whist. Great improvements are being made in this game and it is even earning money for the churches. An entertainment is given to-night in the Church of the Unity. Now see if we don't get up a whist carnival, or a parade or perhaps a la fiesta.

Mrs. Joe Cook is now our society and musical reporter on the *Herald*. Quite a plucky woman, when her husband's financial affairs becomes embarassed and she no longer can room at the Westminster or dine at the Hollenbeck, to take a modest flat in The Colonial and pay a servant and take to literary work. Real work, where she will see more patronizing airs from her former society friends (who want their name in the paper) in one week than she could suspect in a year. Many of these friends will condole with her because she is no longer "in our set."

Dr. Walter Lindley has finally located in Los Angeles again. He looks fat and well nourished still from his three years' stay at the Reform School. Now, he is beginning very economically, keeping his horse at home and having his office and residence in same place.

Two weddings have quite surprised us, one for following the decease of a husband, the other because it came suddenly on the heels of a broken engagement. The bride in this case was Miss Laura Chauvin and the might have been groom is Mr. Crouley, but the real one was Mr. Hutchinson. The other bride was Mrs. Sophia Carey, a six weeks' old relicit of Thomas Carey, and the groom was Mr. George Bluett.

Mrs. Plater, with her neice (Miss Carrie Waddilove), and Miss Mary Banning, who, by the way, is to shortly marry a Santa Barbara rancher, are now in San Francisco. They are all ladies of such elegant taste in dress that we are waiting to see the styles return with them.

"Our Private Livery" at Edgmont, Mrs. Ford's city residence, is doing a rushing business just now. Why, I have seen some members of the family in six different carriages in one week. They keep everything from a four-in-hand to a two-quarter buggy. Actually, Mr. Ford does not think of riding in a three-quarter buggy. Mrs. Ford's daughters ride in a combination vehicle that resembles a mail coach, their constant companion being Jay E. Hunter, an accomplished young gentleman and a great catch for somebody's daughter.

Mrs. John Bradbury has recently appeared behind two coal black horses, with black driver and black harness, dressed in black and wearing a black hat. Her husband has persuaded her to give up all gay colors in dress. Lovely Madame Bradbury must notice this becoming change with considerable pleasure and I am sure will yet be proud of her once childish acting daughter-in-law.

Yours, as ever,

Becky Sharp.

SACRAMENTO.

Another of our society maidens has been captured by an Easterner. This time, an exclusive New Yorker, in the person of Mr. Schwan, has won the heart of the sweet-faced Mamie Deming. We all expected Mamie would make a good match, for as a protege of Mrs. Crocker's, her chances in the matrimonial market were naturally numerous.

What do you think the Professor of Music has gone and done? I actually gasped for breath when I heard it, and so will you. He has become a bold, black-faced minstrel, and will appear in your city with the Haverly's. He has, undoubtedly, a fine stage presence, and with that voice and his past career, is apt to prove a novelty. Then, as the holidays approach, one is apt to enjoy a novelty.

The Musical Club had its first meeting Saturday. Mrs. Weinstock's house was crowded with members. The day was a glorious one, so every one turned out in her best bib and tucker. Susie Lawton, who will be with us all Winter, sang a delightful solo, but Mamie's accompaniment was played so loud, that Susie was not heard to the best advantage. We were somewhat disappointed that Mr. Neale didn't do his little flute solo. There was some trouble about the renting of the piano, I believe. It seems the committee had promised to rent it from Mr. Neale, but didn't, so the latter, child-like, got mad and wouldn't play. The club has lost one of its active members in the person of Mrs. Neale. However, her name is down as an associate member, and I am sure she will be prevailed upon to lend her aid and talent. The next musical afternoon will be held at Mrs. Hawley's and a fine programme is promised.

Mrs. Cy. Hubbard gave an informal musicale a few evenings since, but only a few of us were invited.

We all fear that the death of Mrs. Snook will close the H. G. Smith household for a period of mourning. The Frank Millers have also suffered a recent bereavement in the death of their baby boy. The Wright-Clark nuptials will take place November 14th. Mr. Kingsbury and Miss Coglan will also be married at noon of the same day. The latter wedding will be very private.

Miss Florence McKune is back among her old friends again, after an extended trip East. It has been rumored for many months that our stalwart ex-Mayor would become a benedict. The lady in question is a middle-aged blonde, who cometh from up country.

If Mr. Colgan is elected, Frank Swain will be sure of his position, and he and Miss Huff will be married early in the winter. In my next I will tell you a little story of political strife. The parties concerned you know well, so be patient until then.

Sister Sue.

Sacramento, November 7, 1894.

SAN JOSE.

The Turn Verein Hall has been the scene of more than one squabble during the week. The Floral Society was jealous of the greatness of Mrs. Charles D. Wright and the Pratt Home ladies were indignant at the Catholic ladies, whom they accuse of being lazy and indifferent workers. To tell the truth the earnest and sincere members of the Catholic Ladies' Society did not take an active part as many of them did not wish to work hand in hand with ladies whose husbands and sons and brothers were out fighting Papists. A few of the Aid Society were there morning, noon and night, but only those who have never had entree to the best Catholic circles and are ambitious to be recognized by even their sworn enemies. Mrs. Yoell, Mrs. Tormey, the Misses Friants or Rylands would not work with Mesdames McDonald, McCracken, Barker or Russell. The collection of "Living Pictures," comprising members of the Murphy family, was a drawing card one evening and was much enjoyed by their large circle of relatives.

Mrs. Finigan's corner was very attractive and here Miss Murphy and Miss Dollie Finigan were considered the belles. You ought to have seen the ladies in Japanese robes. They were anything but attractive and could the Mikako have been here he would have been disgusted at the ugly, aged and graceless maids and matrons who tried to pose as his obedient subjects. Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Finigan are to be congratulated on the successful way they managed the affair.

Miss Lizzie Carroll was one of the prettiest girls at the show during the week and her cousin, Miss Virgie McAran, made a good second.

Will send you lots of news next week.

Bessie.

Cool weather's coming fast this way,
And will be with us in a trice;
The iceman then will bring each day
A larger cake of ice.
—*New York Press.*

These be the days that bring to me
A melancholy shock;
The frost is on the pumpkin;
My overcoat in hock.
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Oh, Nature's getting giddy now,
As sure as you are born;
With rouge upon the autumn leaves
And tassels on the corn.
—*Washington Star.*

Author—"Why do you persist in abusing my book? I have been told by many people that it is an exceeding rare work."

Critic—"Exactly. So rare that it needed roasting."
—*Truth*

She—"How fearful it must be for a great singer to know she has lost her voice."

He—"It's much more torturing when she doesn't know it."—*Tit-Bits.*

After his first lecturing tour in this country, the late Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Proctor, the widow of the poet "Barry Cornwall," and mother of Adelaide Proctor. Mrs. Proctor, who was then eighty years old, in giving Mr. Arnold a cup of tea asked him:

"And what did they say about you in America?"

"Well," replied the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they added that my clothes did not fit me."

"Well, now," retorted the old lady, "I think they were mistaken about the clothes."—*New York Mail and Express.*

A BALLADE OF DAWN.

"Placida notte, e verecondo raggio
Della cadente luna."

The wan east quivers and a chilling breeze
Comes trembling o'er the earth; the silence lies
Oppressively on all things, and the trees
Don ever-changing shapes while night-time dies;
From off the river feathery mists arise
And clothe the shivering earth with garments rare,
Changed things that seemed like uncouth monsters glare
Where late the moon-light cast a charmed glow.
The stars grow faint and fade into the air,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

To-night has been a night of nights; great seas
Of tremulous moonlight, pouring from the skies
Enchanted all the earth and made surcease
Of restlessness, and stilled each vague surmise.
Its beauty charmed away earth's laboring sighs,
And brought nepenthe for its sharp despair.
Strange shadows hurried o'er the meadows, where
The wavering mist now billows to and fro.
Alas! the night is gone that was so far,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

And with the night hath fled the golden ease
That filled my heart beneath the myriad eyes
Of midnight. Day is near, and beauty flees
Beneath her naked squalor. Now the cries
Of birds are heard, who know that in some wise
Another day must yield the wonted share
Of hard-earned food. And all the beasts prepare
To fight for niggard gifts their lives bestow.
Day's murmurs stir them in their nightly lair,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

Yet this is but a symbol; everywhere
Could man find peace if his weak heart would dare
To search; the very dawn is joyful, though
Its breath seems chilled with day and toil, and care,
And in the west the weary moon hangs low.

—*Hugh McCulloch, Jr.*

AT THE END OF THE CENTURY.

A feeling that I cannot understand,
Palely impalpable; elusively
It fades away, and inconclusively
I stand upon these banks of shifting sand.

A mere emotion thrilling heart, not mind;
Strangely reposeful. Uninquiringly
My soul accepts the fact untiringly,
Seeking for naught impossible to find.

The wonder has passed out of it, and now
Quietly content, the lapsing world slips by me;
I simply feel the facts by which they try me,
Searching for nothing there beneath that brow.

Oh, harsh, harsh words! All crude and unsufficing,
Wholly inapt, adust, inadequate
To let the light out here—to ope the gate
Between the world and me and this enticing!

A feeling I care not to understand,
Palely impalpable; elusively
It fades away, and inconclusively
I stand upon these banks of shifting sand.

—Michener.

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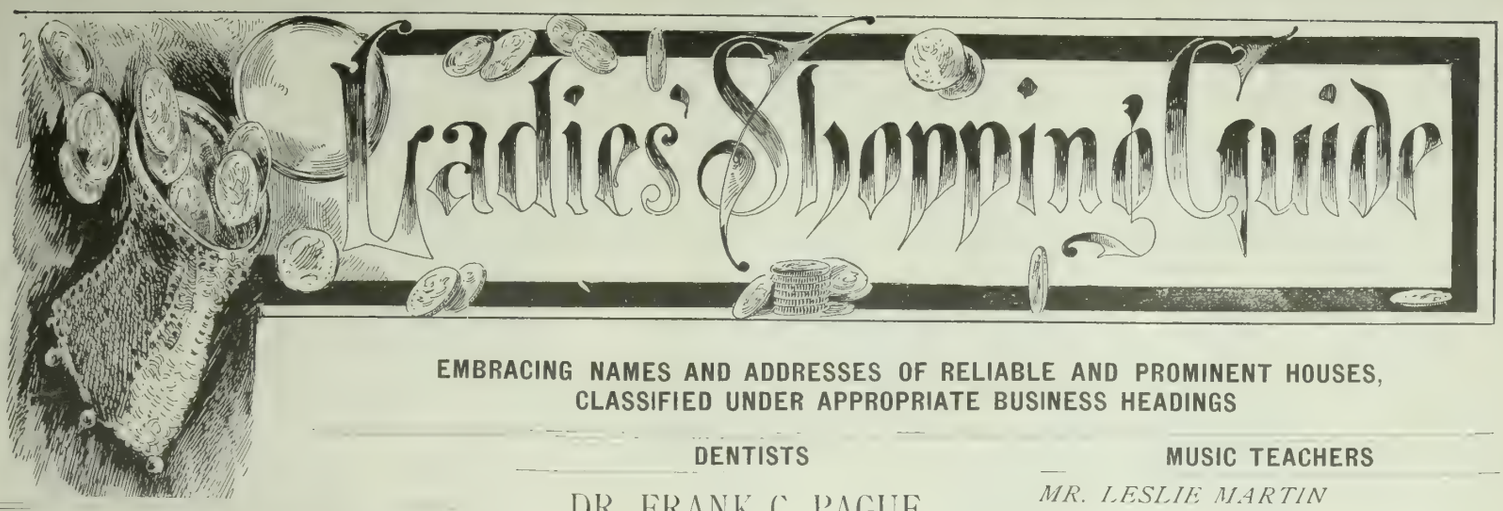

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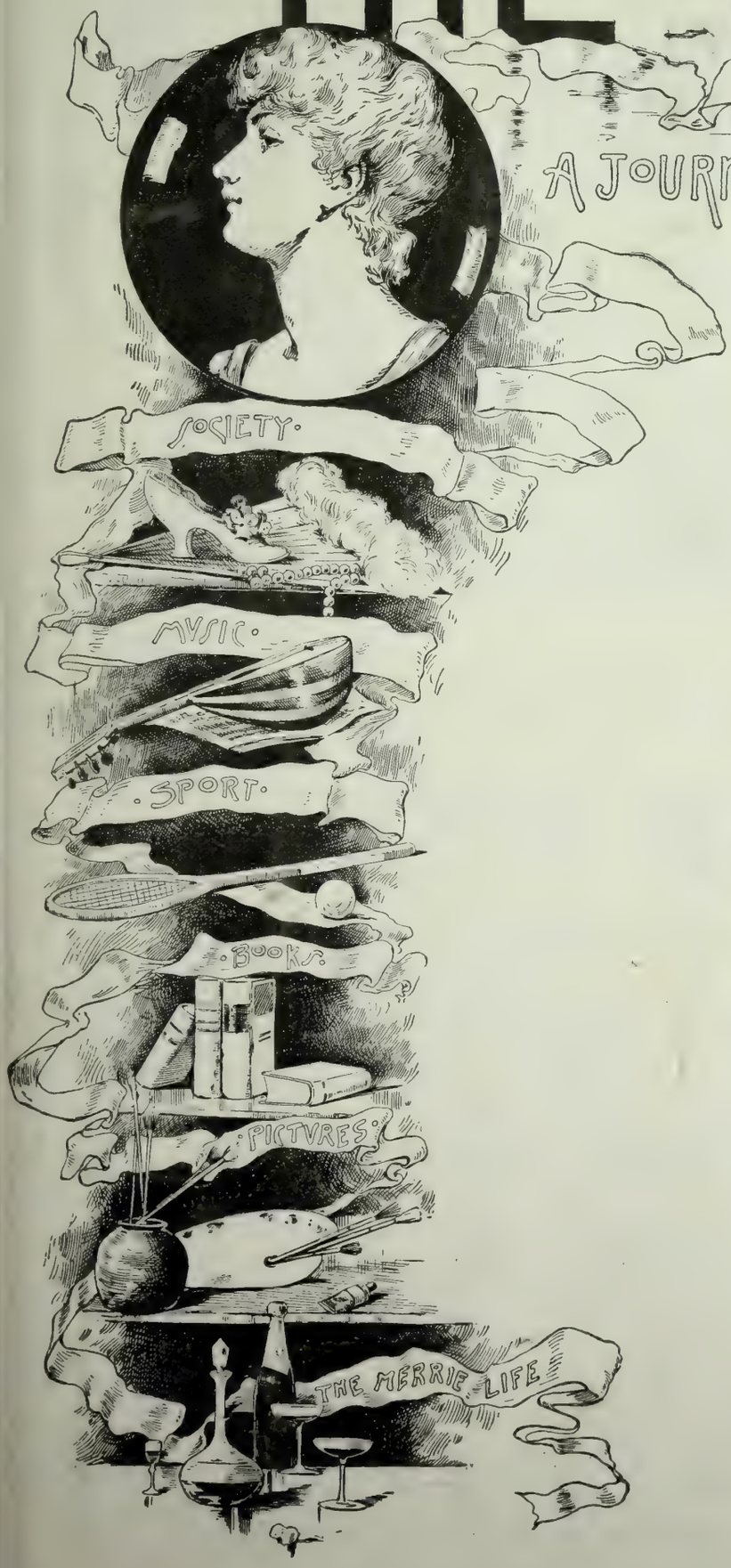

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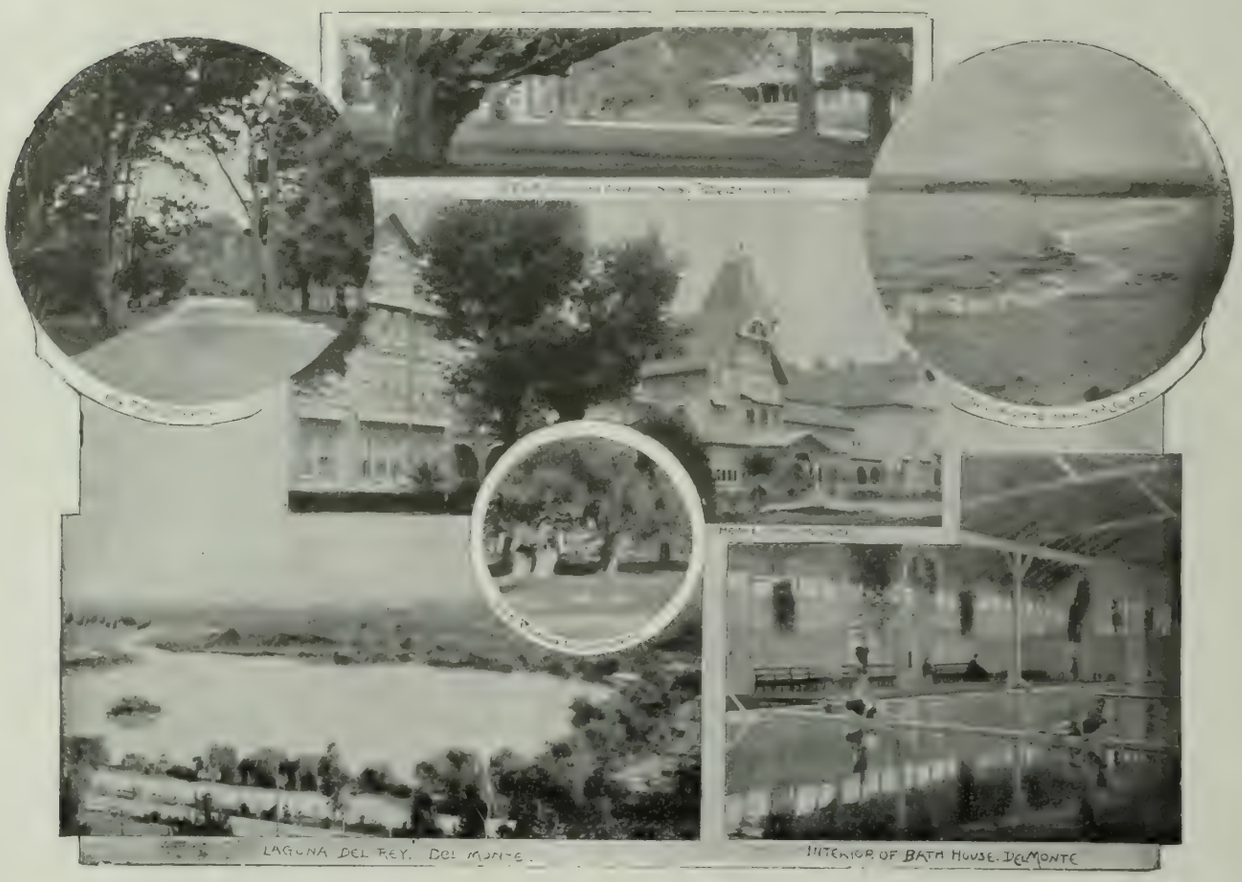

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

Of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

H. A. Williams and Wm. M. Bryson, Co-partners as William Brown & Co, Plaintiffs, vs John H. Leslie, G. F. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint being filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John H. Leslie, F. G. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons —if served within this City and County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover from you the sum of $2083.38 alleged to be due from you to Plaintiffs for goods, wares and Merchandise heretofore and within two years last past sold and delivered to you by Plaintiff assignors as is fully set forth in the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred for particulars, and for costs of suit, and interest from April 21st 1892.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum of $2,083.38, interest and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord, our thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

M. C. HALEY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. J. HENEY, Deputy Clerk.

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When a retired railroad magnate started in the gents' furnishing goods business it seemed second nature to him to announce a great run on ties.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

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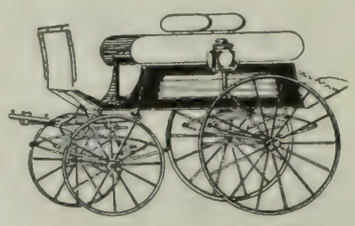

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 20. San Francisco, November 17th, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 17, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE STUFFED PROPHET.

Public interest has been aroused to a high pitch by the investigation into the alleged harboring of political stuffers at the Baldwin Hotel in the interest of Senator Mahoney and others. This has led our artist to depict the friend of the *Argonaut* in a most striking position, which seems to illustrate the precise situation.

UPON what hypothesis can Romie Hart's *Argonaut* explain its attitude, politically, during the campaign? It supported Mr. Estee in its heavy morosity of manner, and urged its readers to vote for him, but now that Mr. Estee is defeated, with much frankness of manner, it declares that "the *Argonaut* has hitherto refrained from saying anything against Mr. Estee's candidacy. Weak as we deemed the nomination to be, we thought it better to be silent for the sake of the ticket." This is party fealty with a vengeance. The *Argonaut* also endorsed Senator Jeremiah Mahoney. Senator Mahoney was elected. In God's name what would Mr. Hart have to say if Mr. Mahoney had been defeated? This is the same Senator Mahoney who figured conspicuously in the "Faylor combine," the same Senator Mahoney whose name is now prominently before Judge Wallace in the matter of packing the Baldwin Hotel with stuffers, ambitious to vote early and often and illegally "for the sake of the ticket." Bad as the *Argonaut* knew his nomination to be, it must be presumed Mr. Hart "remained silent for the sake of the ticket." Out upon such cowardly and despicable journalism.

In another paragraph this able political mentor says: "For a number of weeks the *Argonaut* has been persistently telling its Republican readers that voting for Non-Partisan and other independent tickets in this city meant voting for Democrats," and adds, "It seems odd that level-headed men in this community should go on year after year being hoodwinked by this stale sham. Our warnings are coming true." Considering that Mr. Hart made up a Non-Partisan ticket of his own, for which he requested his readers to vote, there is something refreshing to all this. Among other candidates Mr. Hart endorsed Mr. McNab, the regular Non-Partisan nominee for Sheriff, and so, upon his own confession, lent strength to the election of a Democrat charged with affiliations with Mr. Rainey and Mr. Buckley. We would gladly bury the past and make no mention of the eccentricities of the *Argonaut's* politics, were it not that it is bringing its irrational arguments to bear upon the Senatorial contest which is to come up in the Legislature in January. In this connection Mr. Hart says, "We hope there will be no lack of candidates, that an opportunity for choice may exist." This is either political ignorance or political depravity pure and simple. When Mr. Hart gulps down a State ticket which includes Mahoneys and calls it an "honest ticket" we may excuse him for his party zeal; when he supports candidates whom he afterwards abuses when defeated, we may recognize the man who sinks his personal disapproval of boss dictation "for the good of the ticket;" when, after election, he advises us of the dangers of Non-Partisanships which he has himself commended in particular instances, we must attribute this inconsistency to his personal friendships; but when he advises action, within his own party lines, which means the surrendering of the selection of a United States Senator to political manipulators, he cannot excuse this position on the score of party fealty, or "good of the ticket," but forces the suspicion that he is one of the conspirators himself. Perhaps Mr. Hart is the man who defeated Judge DeHaven, who advised the election of O'Donnell to defeat Ellert or Sutro; perhaps he is the mysterious manipulator responsible for the "raw" political work which has marked this campaign, and upon whose identity the city is widely speculating?

"No lack of candidates" means plenty of candidates, and this is what the political manipulators are using a fine tooth comb upon the State to accomplish. There is a determination in the camp of Mr. De Young and in camp of Mr. Stow to defeat Mr. Perkins, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Perkins has received the endorsement of many of the counties of this State, and possesses, to a greater extent than any other man, the natural, popular support for the office. His enemies to-day are seeking to divide that strength among as many "favorite sons" as possible, have even suggested that Judge De Haven allows himself to be used as a tool, for the purpose of weakening his candidacy. People who make any pretensions to political knowledge understand that to defeat the popular choice, and leave the door open to manipulators "no lack of candidates" is the first desideratum. And this is the end to which the *Argonaut* painfully labors.

CREDIT for the success of Mr. Budd is largely due to Messrs. Gould, McNab, Lawlor and Coogan. The three first-named yielded to his cause constant, intelligent and active service. Messrs. Nouges and Clunie are not only entitled to the thanks of Mr. Budd, but of the entire community for the work they are doing before Judge Wallace in the matter of exposing the wholesale election frauds perpetrated during the campaign. Let them not stop until they have landed in jail the principals to this infamous proceeding, as well as the degraded wretches who have been their creatures.

Of what avail now is the public augur? He who once gravely scanned the political horizon and cast the horoscope for aspiring man—who analyzed the public mind, balanced the claims of candidates to public favor with nice precision, and with that even justice which the legends of our forefathers accord the scales of the blind goddess, encouraged future hope or blasted present aspirations, seems to have passed out of existence with the advent of the Australian ballot. Time was when one might safely hazzard guesses on elections, and lay sheckels on one's judgment. That day has passed. The returns from our late rubber stamp controversy contradict all theories, annihilate surmise and leaves prescient politicians buried in the debris of their prophesies. One may even safely question the existence of an anti-railroad sentiment—the bugaboo of California politics. Some months ago Mr. McEwen declared that nineteen out of every twenty men in California were aching for a chance to swat the corporation just for the fun of the thing. But Mr. McEwen can no longer prophesy for this community. The ballots do not bear him out. True, Maguire and Budd and Sutro were elected; true, too, their campaigns, or at least the campaigns of Maguire and Sutro, were wholly made on anti-railroad issues, but what of Morehouse, Beckman, Johnson and the rest who have been openly and repeatedly charged, ad nauseam, with railroad affiliations? Perhaps Mr. McEwen will reply that every well-defined anti railroad candidate was elected, but having been humbugged with pretenders so long, the voter took no interest in the less outspoken aspirants. But will the people have no anti-railroad candidate unless he be noisy and blatant? The Traffic Association, the presumptive representative of organized opposition to the corporation, made up a slate of Railroad Commissioners, which it kindly directed the people to support if they desired relief from oppressive fares and freights; but the oppressed citizen rebuked this apparent kindness by refusing to be relieved of the unjust burdens of which editorial writers make such loud complaint, and elected the very men they were told not to elect. How does Mr. McEwen explain this?

In the history of this State, San Joaquin

County has always been written down as the home of hatred of corporations. The denizens of that county, of the entire San Joaquin Valley for that matter, have been pictured to us as the embodiment of all that was fierce in antipathy to railroads, spending half their time in vigorously loathing the Southern Pacific Company, anathemizing its owners and laying awake during the hot Summer nights, when sleep would not be wooed, inventing new and horrible punishments to inflict upon the "octapus." Now, it appears this is all a mistake, is all a phantom, or, if it exists at all, is only manifested in a friendly verdict in petit jury cases, where a neighbor's cow has been run over by the juggernaut. Beside the overmastering animosity we have had held up to our gaze by editorial writers, the true feeling, evidenced by the election, is as a gentle gust of wind ruffling for the moment the placid waters of a mountain lake. The Democratic nominee for Railroad Commissioner from the San Joaquin district was endorsed by the Traffic Association as an individual to be relied upon to reduce railroad rates and perform other equally necessary public duties.

As a consequence he was ignominiously defeated.

In the first district Beckman, Republican, defeated Larue, an open opponent of the railroad, by several thousand, while Estee, the head of the same ticket, obtained but a few hundred plurality. The members of the State Board of Equalization charged with railroad affiliations were equally successful. The candidates who were endorsed by what was known as the corporation ticket for members of the Board of Supervisors were seated with handsome majorities by the same voters who elected the anti-railroad Sutro, Mayor, by the largest majority ever accorded a candidate for the same office in this city. The Legislative candidates charged with railroad affiliations were selected almost to a man. Will Mr. McEwen still claim that nineteen out of every twenty Californians hate this company and are anxious for an opportunity to strike a blow which will destroy it?

Now let us build the Nicaragua Canal. It will give the country a needed diversion from politics and change the current of the World's commerce. When it floats ships so many problems of internal transportation will be settled that issues now generated in them will evaporate. California has perhaps a greater stake in this canal than any other single state, and therefore should appear at the front in the matter.

One of the worst tendencies of the times, and one, too, which calls for most severe criticism, is the practice which is becoming too frequent among men of nominal reputation for honesty, lending their names to adventurers for a consideration and thus floating swindling schemes of the most far-reaching character, which but for their endorsement would fail and fall harmless.

For many years the earnings of the poor, ignorant and credulous have contributed rich streams of gold to the pockets of managers of so-called mutual assessment insurance and endowment associations. The dupes have been induced by bold, reckless and utterly false statements, to accept gilded and handsomely engraved instruments which purported to be policies of insurance and certificates of membership combined, wherein they were promised in from four to ten years several thousand dollars in consideration of as many hundreds to be paid as membership dues, fees and assessments. The plan and practice has been to levy small and infrequent assessments at first, and after the holder of the instrument had already paid in more than he or she could afford to lose, to increase the exactions either in amount or in frequency, or both, until the victim was completely impoverished and ruined. In many cases, after foreclosures of mortgages given to raise money to meet the exactions of the managers, the contracts were forfeited and all the payments were a clear loss to the holders, and a clear gain to the managers and insiders. Such schemes have been adjudged illegal by the Courts. It is strange, in this enlightened age, that so many persons should be deluded into accepting these so-called certificates and policies, so fair to look upon and yet so sure to turn to ashes in the hands of widows and orphans. Nearly all such schemes claim to be incorporated, and yet the Courts of our own and other States have frequently decided that no insurance company or association other than fraternal can be legally incorporated without a capital stock. It has also been recently decided by Judge Seawell, of the Superior Court of San Francisco, in the case of Bertha Meyer vs. A. W. Bishop and others, that such so-called policies are absolutely void as contracts and that all money paid upon them can be recovered back from the pretended incorporators and directors.

A mutual life insurance, and one of the most plausible and also most successful floated in San Francisco, was the Home Benefit Life Association. When, in the summer of 1893, the financial panic caused many to quit paying assessments and dues, and as a consequence the perquisites were not sufficient to induce its promoters to continue their connection with the institution, when failure was in the air and danger approached, they quietly abandoned it and turned those who had continued paying dues and assessments over to the mercies of an "Eastern Company." The latter was reported to have made a consolidation of the Home Benefit scheme and the Mutual Benefit Life Association, another institution of the same character. These steps were evidently taken to accomplish the burial of the concern without too offensive a smell and to get rid of the dupes and victims in an easy and quiet way after the connection of the old management should be forgotten. The last promoters, none of whom are members, but all of whom are to all appearances mere intruders, managed to get an adjucation of insolvency, and turned $5,000 in the hands of the State Treasurer, some books and papers and office furniture over to the Sheriff. A few of the books of the association are in the Sheriff's hands, while others, among them the book of by-laws and a book containing a record of the proceedings of the so-called Board of Directors, are reported to be in New York. It is to be hoped that no stone will be left unturned to fix the responsibility for the management or mismanagement of this institution. Widows and orphans have been left without money, and the policy upon which they have rested for support upon the death of the bread-winner has proven a weak reed. Hundreds of persons scattered all over California and other States are entitled to join in an action to recover, and they should not hesitate to make an effort to secure what is their right. An action recently brought by Attorney T. C. Spelling is a step in the right direction.

The disappearance of the Democratic party is cheerfully prophesied by politicians who convince themselves that there ought to be only one party, and that one their's. Such vaticinations are nursed by a short memory. In 1882 Mr. Cleveland was elected Governor of New York by a majority of 192,000. He beat Folger who was a man known for the uprightness of his public and personal character. But those who supposed that the result meant only our party in New York were undeceived six years later when that State gave its electoral vote to a Republican President by about 50,000 majority. Mr. Morton has now a majority 42,000 less than Mr. Cleveland had, and the majority of 1882 stands like all the great events in Mr. Cleveland's public career, without a rival and unapproachable.

In 1844 the Democratic war cry was "Polk and Dallas and the tariff of '42." But when the party won and looked the tariff of '42 officially in the face it did not like the personal appearance of that measure and proceeded to substitute it with the Walker tariff of 1846. Then the Whigs cried calamity and let slip the dogs of war. They got the country so well scared that in 1848 they elected Taylor and swept up the Democracy as completely as they did on the 6th inst. Taking power March 4th, 1849, they looked the Walker tariff officially in the face, and let it alone! They did not dare change it. The tariff issue therefore disappeared from politics and in 1852 the Whig party disappeared also, and has been seen since only in the dreams of a few old men. The party that had dared to do right in tariff legislation and suffer defeat as an unjust punishment was swept into power in 1852, again in 1856 and would have continued except for the incidents which led up to the Civil War. The people must think of something and must put their thoughts into political motion. When the Whigs dropped the tariff issue and died with it, the only great question in sight was the extension of slavery. They did not like the Democratic position on that issue and proceeded to show their dislike at the polls, so that we remained in the wilderness until 1884. It was a far cry between victories, that twenty-eight years from 1856 to 1884, but the Democracy never failed to come up the scratch, and get knocked out twenty-eight rounds in succession. Now it has passed a tariff which approaches the law of '46. Again the opposition has scraped itself with a potsherd and howled and the result of '48 has followed. But it will not touch our tariff legislation. It will take Congress on the 4th of next March and will give the Wilson bill a wide berth. Before that date, our Congress should put into the tariff free iron and coal and when the campaign of 1896 comes we will have 1852 over again. Put this down in your books. The tariff question is again out of politics to stay out until some convulsion like the Civil War brings it back again. The currency question comes now into focus. The battle of the standards is on. The Democratic party must stand against a slump to a silver standard; it must raise its voice loudly for sound money, and it will have put upon it the duty of stable adjustment of our currency and if it do this it will have continuing vitality.

COMMUNICATION.

The Ballot Box—A Lesson of the Late Election.

Editor of the Wave:—It does not require strong language to make the people of San Francisco realize that the condition of our City Government is simply disgraceful. Everybody believes that it is tainted with bribery and corruption in many of its departments. Those who are honest among its officials (with a few exceptions) seem to the public to be overwhelmed by the forces of evil if they are not themselves dishonest. Those who take a determined stand against every form of crooked work are certainly a small minority. Apparently they dare not

make an aggressive fight against the enemies of good government, because by doing so they will bring upon themselves endless annoyance and trouble and also lose the political support of an element in our community which has been powerful enough to defeat many candidates who opposed it. This vicious element makes a "big bluff" before and after elections, works incessantly and actively. It is not to be expected that an ambitious politician will throw away the support of this working element, when the rest of the community is inactive and apathetic.

The citizens of San Francisco have a right to expect every public officer to be daring, unyielding and pugnacious in fighting the corrupting element which has been running things "to the detriment of good government and good morals. And yet when the good citizens take so little interest in our municipal affairs that their influence does not extend beyond their own threshold they have little reason to complain of bad government. *If they will not show more public spirit than has been displayed in the past they should forever hold their peace" about political corruption and mismanagement.* It is disgusting to hear men preaching for reform and purity who make no effort toward securing the nomination and endorsement of good reliable candidates and do nothing to insure an honest ballot and count for those whom they can endorse. They abandon the election booths to the manipulations of the bosses and their hirelings, just as they permit the officials after they are elected to be subjected to surroundings that are distasteful to honorable men.

To illustrate the methods of many who complain of corruption, let me recite an experience and lesson from the last campaign. The Union for Practical Progress, at its regular monthly meeting, (the last Tuesday in October), appointed a committee of five on the "Ballot Box." The union is composed of adherents to every political party and of various religious denominations. It welcomes into its membership, without initiation fees or dues, any one who desires to aid in the purification of politics, or the improvement of the moral and temporal welfare of the community. This fact has been quite extensively advertised among the leaders of the different religious organizations. Mass meetings have been held at which many of the ministers of this city have spoken. They generally are willing to address a large and enthusiastic audience and devote a great deal of time to the weekly Sunday evening discourses on "Pure Politics," and kindred subjects, *but like their listeners, with this their work ceases.*

The Committee of the Union for Practical Progress on the Ballot Box immediately began practical work. Copies of the Election Laws were already on hand for distribution, and the members of the society were individually asked to volunteer to carefully watch the polls and the canvassing of the votes. We did not intend to "let the Boss run things, and then make a kick about it afterwards," but we set to work to see that the ballots were properly cast and fairly counted.

Personal letters were addressed to many ministers requesting that they send us five reliable men each, to act as volunteer watchers in the interest of good government. One would think that any patriotic citizen who could use his time or influence for the welfare of his country and city would do so at a critical time. If one does not embrace an opportunity to see that justice is done, he certainly ought to take his medicine without a murmur if he is wronged. The daily press has been full of warnings of contemplated fraud, yet not one of the eloquent divines responded to our request. Yet these men, or others of the same professions, will howl with the rest about fraud at the polls. To sincere believers of religious teachings it is discouraging that the work of the leaders is limited to denouncing wrong committed instead of assisting in preventing these wrongs at every opportunity. The success and approval given to Dr. Parkhurst, at New York, might be well imitated here in San Francisco.

Another astonishing evidence of short-sightedness in a quarter least expected was brought to the notice of our committee. The largest mercantile establishments are often called upon and often subscribe to funds for the unemployed, the cleaning of streets and other commendable schemes for the improvement of the condition of the city and its people. The managers of these business blocks know, or at least, to a man believe, that the funds which are annually collected from them by means of taxes are amply sufficient to provide for most thorough street cleaning and for our worthy unemployed, if these funds were economically and properly used. And yet these same firms, as a rule, could not or would not do anything to prevent wholesale fraud, intended to throw the votes cast for good men upon the tally sheets for bad. The same firms, *after the election is over*, and reports of cheating are abundant, declare they will spend thousands of dollars for a recount. My purpose in this is only to call the attention of the public and the business community to the stupid methods employed by those to whose interest it is that the affairs of San Francisco's government should be honestly managed and to show that by organization and a little effort upon the part of even a small number, more can be accomplished in the right direction than can be undone by the whole community. How many of these merchants who have contributed to the good work of the Merchants' Association ever attend a meeting of our Board of Supervisors, our Board of Education or Harbor Commissioners unless they have some personal interest in the proceedings? Very few of our business men attend any of these meetings, *but the protective association of heelers is there in full force.* Their petitions and misrepresentations go unchallenged. As was said at the beginning it is hardly to be expected that the officials will withstand these corrupting influences. The question is:

How can these conditions be changed? It is easy to find the flaws and faults, but to suggest a remedy is a more difficult matter. The remedy is already provided, and we have demonstrated by the effective and thorough work of the "watchers" placed in more than one hundred precincts, where most needed, that it is easier and cheaper to prevent corruption and fraud then to ferret it out when once perpetrated, to undo it and to punish the perpetrators.

Despite its limited means and small numbers the committee appointed by the Union for Practical Progress secured many good, reliable volunteers whose work will speak for them; and regardless of the many rumors to the contrary, and even though from appearances "the tough" element was prepared to count honest men out, we are confident that their purposes were largely nipped in the bud by the faithful men who sat day and night beside the inspectors in the worst precincts of our city. We have already received written reports from over fifty precincts. As vouchers for the character of work done by these watchers, here are copies of two reports. The first is a sample of those classed as "good reports," which form a very large majority of the whole lot, while the second letter quoted below is a fair sample of the "bad reports:"

San Francisco, Cal., November 8, 1894.

J. Reynolds, Esq., of "*Union for Practical Progress.*"

Dear Sir: Pursuant to your instructions, I carefully watched the count of votes of Municipal ticket in Precinct and District, and remained until the final returns were entered. The inspector gave me every facility to overlook the work done, and I am satisfied that the count was fairly conducted, with the exception of the tally of Freeholders which was loosely made, as in two instances to my knowledge ballots containing votes for sixteen Freeholders were allowed to stand and counted, notwithstanding my protest.

Complaint might be made of the amount of alcohol consumed in the booth by the clerks, resulting in the inebriation of some of them, and incapacitating them from work, and leading to many careless mistakes and erasures. Respectfully yours,

---

[There was a box on the table for contributions, and several dollars subscribed were spent in whisky and beer.]

To J. M. Reynolds, *Chairman of the Committee for the "Union for Practical Progress."*

Dear Sir: I will state what I saw while watching at the — Precinct of — District. Several times I saw they sent only one clerk to assist the illiterate voter. At 5:30 after the closing of the polls one young man came in through the window and was allowed to cast his ballot in spite of the protest of the watchers. I saw votes for McNab counted for Whelan. I saw votes for Young counted for Moulder, and of the Supervisors, votes for Klein counted for King and votes called for McBride and Lester when there were no votes for them.

I am willing to swear that the above report is correct.

Volunteer watcher for the "Union for Practical Progress."

The general plan of operations adopted by the committee in dealing with the polls and canvass, it seems to me, should be carried out by reform organizations in other branches of their work. That is, we should aim to prevent bribery, fraud and corruption, instead of spending time and energy in trying to find out what wrong has been done and punishing the criminals. The same treatment could well be applied to the different departments of our municipality. The Union for Practical Progress will, undoubtedly, preserve the written reports of the earnest workers who prevented an immense amount of fraud by their watchful presence at the polls, and will use these reports to impress and urge upon the Board of Election Commissioners just before the next election the careful selection of more reliable men for judges, inspectors and clerks. At this last election, in many of the down-town districts the Registrar placed a most disreputable set to handle and count the ballots. It was only the fearless, determined and persistent watching on the part of our volunteers and other watchers that prevented, to a great extent, the carrying out of the boss' orders. And though we have in our possession written evidence of fraud on the part of the officers of certain precincts we are assured by the larger number of reports that the work done by the volunteer watchers has made the last election much more honored than former ones.

Our work will not stop with this. We shall see to it in the future that a better class of men are selected, who will not require so much watching. In this way and at the primaries, the boss' wings can be effectually clipped.

There is other important work on foot for the Union for Practical Progress. Its attention is not confined to the subject of this paper, the Ballot Box; but its force will be felt in many other ways, of which the public will learn later. Regarding these matters, however, time and space forbid me to speak at this writing.

With a sincere appreciation of the Wave's advocacy of reform and good government, I remain,

Yours truly,

JOHN M. REYNOLDS.
Chairman of Committee on Ballot Box,
Union for Practical Progress.

THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

The Executive Committee of the San Francisco Branch of the National Union for Practical Progress wishing, to obtain an expression of opinion from every one interested in the elevation and improvement of our nation and our fellowmen, requests those whose notice may be given to this item, to fill out the blank printed below and mail it to the local secretary.

The Union aims to unite the moral forces of every community. It welcomes as members all who desire to assist in the elevation and improvement of mankind. It does not recognize any class distinctions, nor creed differences, nor nationality, nor sex; on the contrary, it hopes to induce every sincere lover of good government and fellowman to unite for the welfare of all. It needs no comment to explain that if the moral forces were united their power for good would be irresistible. This is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress. It is hoped that men and women in every profession will recognize the possibilities and probability of accomplishing an immense amount of good by this unity of effort.

The following topics will be taken up, discussed, and standing committees will be appointed for practical work upon each subject. 1st. Child Labor. 2d. Prison Reform. 3d. Municipal Reform. 4th. The Ballot Box. 5th. How Best to Combat Political Corruption. 6th. The Abolition of War. 7th. Charity, Organized and Unorganized. 8th. Gambling. 9th. Enforcement of Law.

The Union for Practical Progress asks those who desire to join in its work to kindly send their address to Mr. John M. Wallis, 2425 Post street, with the following blank filled out:

SAN FRANCISCO

Union for Practical Progress

C. C. Terrill, President. J. M. Wallis, Secretary.

Regular meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month at

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE, 16 Post St.

.....1894.

To the Secretary
Union for Practical Progress.
J. M. WALLIS,
2425 Post St., San Francisco.

Dear Sir:--I would be pleased to aid in the work of the Union for Practical Progress.

I am most interested in the subject of.....

.....

and shall be pleased to devote some time to the furtherance of reform.

Name.....

Address.....

SPLASHES

NOW THAT the sections and families which constitute Society proper, have organized for themselves two dancing clubs—the Monday night and Friday night—is it not about time some enterprising young man arranged entertainments for those whom disinclination, lack of opportunity, or of introductions keeps out of that charmed circle? It is really but a few hundred people who make the membership of the Cotillion Club and they, on great occasions, gather from the suburbs, from Mare Island and other exterior regions. Besides, they have provided for their edification countless private affairs at Western Addition Mansions. For them there are debutantes and dinner dances and entertainments of the kind that get into the papers with verbal decorations from repertorial pens. But for the thousands of nice young men and good looking girls who don't belong to indiscriminate social clubs and whose orbs don't impinge on swell circles, here is a void and an opportunity, so I trust some one will be clever enough to come forward with a plan of campaign.

* * *

There existed some years back an organization, the Club of '90 composed of a dozen or so girls. Throughout that season they gave dances at their homes really jolly and interesting affairs, that brought together an agreeable and companionable set of young people who knew thoroughly how to enjoy themselves and were not especially concerned if figured in or out of the 400. In every great city there must and should be several large circles moving with comparative independence of one another. Here there are but two, the set which Mr. Greenway represents and Jewish Society as a whole, for it, of course, has its own cliques and sections. The sole opportunities for terpsichorean expression all the others have is the hotel hop and the church social. Though many of its characteristics were objectionable, the parties at the Palace engineered by the unfortunate Chambliss, subserved a purpose, for they brought out a number of young women whose respectability was as unquestionable as their good looks and whose capacity for enjoyment had not the bloom taken off it by experiences of countless teas and parties. I am told of a "Cotillion of One Hundred" now in process of organization. It seems to me, however, the task should be undertaken by some young people comparatively well known, otherwise success will hardly smile upon the venture. Besides, the auspices are better if the dances are given in homes rather than in halls.

* * *

A DISTINCT plurality of girls at the first hop of the Monday Night Club—why, I know not. Nothing of greater moment was on the tapis. Society certainly did not turn out for "Ingomar," and the elderly of both sexes, alone, attended the Johnson sale. There must have been a dozen more maidens than men there, and with the exception of Greenway, Sheldon, Will Heath and one or two more, the sterner sex was represented by a series of exceedingly young gentlemen whose dancing was more industrious than good. However, some charming, new gowns made their appearance—indeed it was the first formal opportunity the debutantes have had of appearing in full battle array. It cannot truly be said, however, that they all appeared to the best advantage for the season with its succession of teas, receptions, the luncheons, dinners and theatre parties, has kept the buds on "the go" day and night, and a few look as pale as though they had undergone the ravages of an entire winter. However, endurance cometh with satiety, though it appears as if there would be enough movement before Lent to tire even the most inveterate of butterflies.

* * *

A CERTAIN special interest distinct from the social prominence of bride and groom attached to the wedding of Superintendent Jack Wright and Miss Laura Clarke. They are Sacramentans, identified thoroughly with the State Capital, natives thereof, too, I believe, and, according to the laws of the game the ceremony that united them should have been performed within hail of the dome. But their change of base had the effect of gathering at Trinity the large and influential section of San Francisco Society that once had its home in Sacramento and on that account it was a reunion of extraordinary interest. It is much easier for a dweller in the capital to come to the metropolis than for our elderly capitalists and their better-halves to cross the two ferries and dare the horrors of the Golden Eagle, so most of the suburban friends of both the Wrights and the Clarkes came to town for the wedding, which, in a way, accounts for the number of unfamiliar faces in the church Wednesday evening. Considering how many fortunes had their foundations laid in the valley, it is not altogether astonishing we have so large a colony of old Sacramentans here. Of course, all the railroad people hail from there, besides the Gallatins, Carrolls, Carolans, Van Fleets, Houghtons and dozens more whose names I don't recall. But most of them were at Trinity looking, certainly, unpatriotic in the matter of clothes. I am sure most of the gowns the women wore were put together here.

* * *

If the shade had no special consecration to nuptials one might speak of the wedding as a "white one," for the maids were all costumed in heavy white silk, including even the tall, queenly-looking maid of honor, Miss Etta Birdsall. Of course, the uniformity of effect was successful, but my own impression is that a better effect is obtainable with pale pink, blue or yellow as a more striking background for the inevitable ivory of the bride's gown and veil. Apropos of Miss Birdsall, it is rather amusing, the error of the Sacramentans. They have had her the object of Mr. Wright's attentions and sentiments, whereas she was the safe deposit vault, confidante and messenger of love between him and Miss Clarke. The ceremony was performed according to Walk—a very efficacious style, by the way. There was but one innovation of particular note, that of an aria taking the place of the wedding march, the unfamiliar notes of which so astonished the sexton that he could hardly be persuaded to open the doors for the bridal possession. Then followed a supper and reception at the home of Mrs. A. S. Baldwin at 2231 Washington street, where friends and relations were given an opportunity of filicitating bride and groom. Both looked so particularly happy, however, that conventional congratulations were really superfluous.

* * *

DURING THE WEEK teas were given by Mrs. Gibbon for her daughter, by Miss McKinstry, Miss Smedburg and by the Jarboes and Tobins, who held their second reception Wednesday evening. At the Gibbon's house there was really a crush, and approaching the hostess was only made through a bevy of buds and matrons who were assisting her to do the honors. Miss McKinstry invites men and girls for different hours during the afternoon, and secures continual change in the physical surroundings. Besides, she brings together the people most anxious to meet one another. The Younger musicale, Thursday, was a brilliant success, socially quite as much as in a musical way. As at the Gibbon affair the solitary drawback was the size of the gathering, which rendered it rather difficult to pass from one room into the next. The raison d'etre of the gathering was a song recital by Mr. Willis Bacheller, together with violin and piano solos by Sigmund Beel and Mrs. Carr. Pretty programmes, containing the words of the song, made souvenirs of the entertainment. Quite the prettiest girl there was Miss Tucker of Oakland, who in a simple white muslin gown looked really charming. Her good looks having borne quite forcibly the fact that it is fortunate the debutantes from over the bay so seldom make incursions here. They have one or two decided beauties in their ranks.

* * *

The second reception of the Jarboes gathered at their home on Washington street Wednesday afternoon a number of formal callers, besides the large circle of the Dimond's friends. Mr. and Mrs. Joe Tobin, having just returned from the East, assisted in the reception. There was a general revival of congratulations and an exchange of the reminiscences of travel pardonable on all first occasions after return.

* * *

The matinée dansante of the Woman's Exchange occurred without especially ruffling the dove cotes. It was distinctly society in its auspices and arrangements, and from that point of view, at least, was more of a success than its immediate predecessors. Members of the active set coöperated at the various booths, and the debutantes were shown to advantage against a background of very pretty decorations. As usual, Mrs. Oelrich and Miss Fair came in for the lion's share of attention.

* * *

A recently announced engagement is that of Professor W. O. Leuschner, of Berkeley, and Miss Ida Denicke, daughter of E. A. Denicke, the brewing millionaire who lives in the conspicuous mansion on the corner of Sacramento and Mason streets. Another betrothal is that of Miss Julia Conner and Robert H. Bennet.

* * *

Miss Anna Hunt, who married Mr. Moroney the other evening, besides being an exceedingly piquant and pretty brunette, is very decidedly an heiress. She is a daughter of the late Hunt of the Moore, Hunt Firm and the family residence is at 1713 Geary street. The cere-

Try "DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS" for the Complexion.

R. F. Verrinder, M. D., D. D. S., Oral Surgeon, 206 Kearny St. Succ'r. to Drs. Winter & Winter, Dentists.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

mony was celebrated at the Dominican Church.

* * *

Mrs. Louisa Greenwald, her son and daughter, returned last week after a year's jaunt abroad. They are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss. Miss Alice Greenwald is a debutante of no small figure (financially), but besides the sterling charm of great wealth, she possesses other attractions and will be brilliantly launched socially this winter by her sister, Mrs. Leon Sloss.

* * *

Mrs. I. Lowenberg received a crowded roomful of club-women yesterday from three until five o'clock at her hospitable home on Van Ness avenue. The hostess is a lady of advanced theories, President of the Philomath, and decidedly up-to-date in ideas on progress and mental expansion. All the women's clubs were nobly represented, and conversation was erudite in the extreme. Nervines were unsparingly served, bromo-seltzer taking the lead.

* * *

It is pretty well decided that the Huntingtons will not be out here until February. This is contrary to expectation, as the President of the Southern Pacific had anticipated spending Christmas on the Coast. On their return in May it is expected that they will move into their Fifth avenue mansion which is now on the verge of completion. No one but the family has ever viewed the inside of it. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington go East next week.

* * *

Mrs. Clara Catherwood is still at her Westchester Cottage, but expects to be out here before the end of November, rather earlier than she expected. Affairs in connection with the Hasting's estate call her to the Coast. She has been entertaining a number of San Francisco and New York people there and has thoroughly enjoyed the season. Mrs. La Montague and Miss Catherwood were to have taken part in a bicycle race with Mrs. Hariman and Miss Duncan at the Country Club sports, but the weather was unpropitious and the course too much cut up for that event.

* * *

Baron Ueclytritz is now in New York and goes round a great deal. He is the "Seven Foot Baron" and they dare to have almost as much fun with him as some of the girls did here. He is a member of Mrs. Paran Steven's cortege and she takes him everywhere she can persuade him to go.

* * *

One hardly associates Springs and Summer Resorts with this season of the year. But California and Byron Springs are exceptions to all accepted theories and practices. Fred E. Whitney, the court commissioner from Alameda County, Geo. Haas, of San Francisco, H. J. Alexander, of the San Jose *Mercury* and Lieutenant R. C. Croxton, U. S. A., Benicia, and a number of other guests are at Byron enjoying the baths, the excellent massage and curative waters. Colonel Burns was for some time reported to be at the springs recuperating from the late campaign, but I am credibly informed he got no further than the Hammam.

* * *

The Ethical Association is properly organized and proposes to devote itself to illuminating the more dangerous features of our local uncivilization. Much there is to be done in this connection and though I'm doubtful if wrongs are righted by lectures, as an educational influence their value cannot be gainsaid. On Tuesday evening next Prof. Edward A. Ross, of Stanford, gives a talk on The Social Planet at Golden Gate Hall. There should be a good audience, for in addition to the interest of the subject, admission is free.

* * *

JOHN BONNER'S TALK on Napoleon on Monday promises to be in a measure a social event. Mr. Bonner is known in social circles, and the interest in Napoleonia seems to be general among the Four Hundred here as elsewhere. There is a prospect of a fine house—of a larger audience, in fact, than Golden Gate Hall will comfortably hold. Those who have bought tickets will probably get more for their money than the people who went to hear Wallace explain why he had written the "Prince of India," which no judicious man would have done. Mr. Bonner, who was educated in France, and has written a good deal about Napoleon in the course of a long journalistic career, has turned the mass of new material on the subject of the great Frenchman to account, and proposes to place it at the service of his audience on Monday. His talk will not be a lecture, in the true sense of that term; he proposes to avoid dull and dry details of campaigns and politics, and to give, in their stead, a series of flashing word pictures of dramatic and romantic events in the picturesque way of which he has shown himself to be a master.

* * *

WALTER HOBART'S prowess as a rider was tested at the Westchester Country Club Meet, in which he rode a very fast pony, "Comanche," that once belonged to Fred Gebhardt. He did not repeat his remarkable success there, however, for he arrived rather late and took part in but a single race—one in which each rider was required to saddle and bridle his own horse before starting. There was a tremendous rush, and it is quite possible Walter might have come in first, but for the fact that in his hurry he did not tighten sufficiently his girths. The result was that half way round, the saddle slipped, and the San Franciscan had to pull in to fix it. However, he rode very gamely, and came in fourth. Comanche is rather big for a polo pony, and on that ground Hobart found it very difficult to get a match. He, Will Byrne and young McNear were Mrs. Catherwood's guests over the races and certainly had a very jolly time.

* * *

AT THE CONCORDIA CLUB Ball on Thanksgiving eve I am told quite a constellation of debutantes will make their bow to Society. One hears a good deal of agreeable anticipation over the event which is expected to open the season with due ceremony. After it, should come a series of minor events—dances, dinners, receptions in the usual succession. As for the Club's programme of festivities this winter it seems to depend on the composition of the Entertainment Committee. During past years the work has fallen on the shoulders of one or two men who think it is time the others should join in the labor. A vigorous effort is being made to persuade Charles Ackerman to take a hand in the affairs of the Club, and with his participation everything in the entertainment way is possible. There will doubtless be a series of jinks similar to those that made his presidential administration so very popular.

* * *

The event this evening is the initial hop of the Calliopean Club. The affair will be restricted almost completely to the membership of the organization, for only a very few invitations have been sent out. There will be a few debutantes and, of a certainty, all the prettiest girls, both of the Concordia and Verein sets. The young men of the Calliopean have always exhibited decided discretion in the matter of good looks.

* * *

The event of to-day, undoubtedly, is the baseball game between the Bohemian and University Clubs, to be played at the Haight street grounds, not at Central Park as was originally intended. The change of location is due to the expectation of a big crowd, for innumerable tickets have been sold and a great deal of interest developed over the affair in the several social organizations. The Woman's Hospital is the beneficiary. Both teams have been practicing hard, and though the result is said to look pretty sure for the 'Varsity, Bohemia has some competent men who, undoubtedly, will be heard from to advantage.

* * *

THERE IS mourning among the Burlingame contingent and sorrow in the 'Varsity Club section over the failure of Henry. To the ordinary mind, the name Henry conveys but little—less even than that of Leon, but to the jeunesse doré they are personages who fill niches of no minor significance in the daily trovail and figure most eminently as purveyors of liquid refreshment. There is a tendency about young California men to make some saloon or other a species of minor headquarters. Here they go for lunch perhaps or for an afternoon cocktail, or for the early morning gin-fizz. On the way up to the 'Varsity or the Bohemian Clubs they drop in and see one another there, exchange gossip, greeting or plans for the night. For a long time the California Hotel Bar was frequented by the lawn tennis and racing crowd, but when the McDonoughs sold out their interest to Colonel Warfield, and Henry and Leon, identified with the other institution, leased *The Mills*, then all transfered themselves to the Montgomery establishment and you found them gathered there every noon and afternoon discussing the races, football, polo and all the other accessories of fashionable masculine existence. I cannot believe their custom was unprofitable for it seems they spent enough money, but there is the fact, the place is in the Sheriff's hands and strange to say the establishments around don't seem to desire Henry's custom. They say there is no little hoodoo about the jeunesse doré.

* * *

Now that the "Arts and Crafts" has emerged into active life with a President and Secretary, in the persons of John Vance Cheney and Bruce Porter, it should lose no time in developing the purpose of its creation. There is much to be done here in the way of art guidance, and the new organization is the proper body to do it. For instance, there is the Park Museum, which Mr. De Young busies himself about. Surely he and the city could not do better than have the aid of this body of experts in arranging the details of the collection and settling the manner of its arrangement. Besides it will be an excellent opportunity for the *Arts and Crafts* to emerge into public view, making its initial bow with all the honors of war. In the meantime the organization is arranging

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for a dinner to its president at the California Hotel some evening next week—an entertainment that will partake both of a celebration and a farewell. The spread will be an excellent one, and I am sure there will be no lack of congratulatory and testamentary eloquence. It is a pity Cheney drops out as he was an available detail in the assets of the organization.

* * *

IT IS ALMOST upon us—the Horse Show. Only eleven days more until the Pavilion opens its doors on the most notable display of "cracks" ever gathered under a single roof. It may sound invidious to call the covering of the big barn on Larkin street a single roof, for considering the annexes, there are several, but the term serves the purpose. Actually four hundred entries are on the lists, and though we are not to see over three hundred horses they would make a colossal drove if gathered processionwise and driven through the streets. Indeed, it is difficult finding stalls for such an equine congregation, and quite a number must be housed outside. There need be no doubt of the brilliancy of the show. Nearly all the boxes are taken; the exhibition enclosure is to be larger than that in the Madison Square Gardens, scene of the New York show. The space is some two hundred feet in length by seventy broad, an advantage in the latter measurement of at least thirty feet over the arena of the Circus Maximus. Around this huge oblong will be a space for promenaders, then the boxes, and behind, individual seats for spectators. The arrangements are all on a broad scale as befits the magnitude of the enterprise.

* * *

From the social point of view there is nothing that can prevent the Horse Show being the event of the Fall season. The boxes have all been taken by representative people, and so general is the interest and so excellent the auspices there cannot fail to be crowds of fashionables there every evening. Already one hears from the establishments of leading modistes the hum of preparation. But the opportunity for displaying fine toilettes is inimitable, and, I believe, evening dress is en regle. It is so in New York, and why not in the Pacific Coast metropolis? I imagine the difficulty will be greater persuading the men into swallow tails than the women into dinner gowns, but the edict seems to have gone forth that good form demands it, and the matter may then be regarded then as settled. Burlingame and the 'Varsity Club will, undoubtedly, set the example. Of one thing there is a certainty—those who want to see horses will have to appear in the morning or afternoon. There are to be no repetitions but continual change of programme. One evening, drags; another, private carriages; a third, brakes, and so on. Among the drivers of smart rigs there has been developed something that resembles excitement. They are busy getting their equipages into condition, and I prophesy a display of swell turn-outs that will surprise those who imagine us behind hand in that direction. For instance, little has been said about the fine coach that George Newhall has had built at Kimball's, Chicago. His team is a splendid one, composed of horses reared on the Newhall ranch. He has them in excellent condition, and will surely make a strong bid for the cup.

* * *

Charles Baldwin's coach from Brewster's has not yet arrived, but he has found a smart team of hackneys which are now in excellent trim. Joe Grant has a fine Brewster brake and is satisfied on the horse subject. Theodore Kearney, Walter Hobart, Talbot Clifton and E. J. Baldwin have, also, coaches and will, of course, participate in the parade, which, with such components, can hardly fail to be notable. But they are the heavy-weight performers. Newhall, Kearney, J. A. Donahoe and Hobart are given to tandem driving and have "toppy" traps. There are also a variety of private rigs—broughams, coupés, carriages, buggies. Indeed, it would surprise any one unacquainted with the interest the Show has excited, to know of the overhauling being done for all the stables in town. Never was there such a brushing up of rigs, such a refitting of coachmen and footmen. In considering the spectacular phase the more exciting features of jumping need not be lost sight of. A contingent of polo ponies from Burlingame is promised and a display of that interesting game, as practiced there, will be given as near as the exigencies of space will admit. In addition there will be pen jumping and individual displays of horsemanship that cannot fail to prove interesting.

* * *

Though the entering list is closed, nothing prevents notable horses from being exhibited. For instance, Mr. Haggin's string is not in for competition, nor will Ormonde be if Mr. MacDonough desires to show the great sire. Though the auspices seem against a competent representation of Palo Alto stock, Mrs. Stanford may yet be prevailed on to send up the Orloff trotters besides some of the notable stallions. In their absence, however, visitors to the show may see Salvator, who holds the mile running record; Tenny, the great racer that was matched against him; Firenzi, the most famous of mares, Bessie J., her great competitor; Algona and Flying Jib, who paced a mile inside of two minutes; Directum, the greatest trotting stallion, W. W. Foote, holding the 2-year pacing record; Rey El Santa Anita, the Derby winner; the great Sir Modred, Darebin, Rey de Carreras and many more equally notable. The Horse Show opens, formally, with a luncheon given by the President to the Directors and a few invited guests, on the 28th. The doors will be thrown open every morning at 9:30, and the affair will be going all day and until eleven at night.

* * *

THE WEDDING of Miss De Wolf and Mr. Howard Shedley gathered their intimate friends and several sections of society in general to the Brooklyn Presbyterian Church on Monday evening. Of course, Brooklyn is an interesting region all to itself, but then it occasionally overlaps its borders and overflows into Oakland and Berkeley, as the case may be. However, the celebration was quite an important one. The church had adornments of pink and while chrysanthemums. There were two tots in Kate Greenaway frocks leading the bridal procession. The bridsmaids were in white corded silk; the maid of honor, Miss Hibbed, in a lovely gown of yellow crepe. Altogether it was a smart affair and showed Brooklyn to be up to all the wrinkles of swell wedding ceremonies, which is appropriate and interesting.

* * *

Two decidedly swagger young women from Washington are being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Paris Kilbourn. They are the Misses Hiller, daughters of General Hiller of the National capital and are prepared for an enjoyable time on the Coast. Already have the attractions of Del Monte been borne in upon them and I believe they are to be introduced to Society in general during the next few weeks. Both are tall maidens and have a repertoire of exceedingly smart gowns which their fine figures show off to advantage.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Stone gave a dinner to twenty young people Monday night last at the San Leandro Club House. The girls were all this Season's debutantes and were chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. George McNear. The Club House was charmingly decorated and some of the girls succeeded in looking very fetching. On the same evening, Mrs. Harrison Clay, who was pretty Nannie Prather, gave an exceedingly jolly driving party. The night was delightful, the moon full and the young people sang, told funny stories and had a most agreeable time.

* * *

The Star King Fraternity had a reception last Friday evening for Miss Ina Griffin at the Unitarian Church. Miss Griffin who was formally a pupil of Mrs. John Vance Cheney has been studying in Berlin for the last five years under Raif. This was her first appearance before an Oakland audience. The greater portion of the evening was devoted to music and the selections by Mr. Bul and Mr. Arthur Fort were received with much enthusiasm.

* * *

The Fair held on Thursday, the fifteenth instant, in aid of St. Paul's Church was a great success both from a financial and social standpoint. A number of the debutantes had tables some of which were decidedly pretty. The Misses Randall of Piedmont had a tissue paper table which was much admired; they had any number of dainty shades, candlesticks, bonbon boxes and other caprices in every color of the rainbow. The Episcopalian portion of Oakland was well represented and Miss Requa, Miss Wheaton and Miss Florine Brown looked charming in their new Autumn frocks.

* * *

Mrs. Isaac Requa, of Piedmont, has inaugurated a cooking class under the supervision of Miss Morrison. The debutantes all belong, and are deeply interested in solving the mysteries of the culinary art. Their costumes are very smart and coquettish, consisting of plain black frocks, white aprons and caps. Among those who appear to show the greatest talent are Miss Selby, Miss Glasscock and Miss Palmer. It is quite amusing to see them kneading flour, buttering tins and burning their pretty fingers in their efforts to learn as rapidly as possible. Let us hope they will succeed in broiling steak and cooking chops, two things which even our best trained servants rarely succeed in doing to perfection.

* * *

On Saturday last the McNears invited a number of friends to take a trip to Port Costa by water. It was a very successful affair; the boys remained all night on the boat, while the girls were entertained in the McNear cottage. Miss McDougal, of Mare Island, the Magees, McKees and Tuckers were there, and all expressed the greatest enthusiasm over their trip.

* * *

IT IS A PITY the community did not rise to so important an occasion as the Kendals. Advisedly, I speak of them as an "occasion." They are given to regarding themselves as an opportunity and imagine they spread culture as the Apostles did the light of

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the Redeemer. We failed to appreciate our chance this time, alas, and never again are we to be vouchsafed the privilege of hearing them at two dollars per head. This is unfortunate. Of course, there was a great deal of pleasure to be had out of Mrs. Kendal's detail work which quite exhausted the improbabilities and Willie's masterly immobility so imperturbably British in its solemn dignity. His superb capacity at carrying a part by the mere force of his presence had its best illustration in the *Ironmaster*, in which his imitation of a poker aroused some little resentment. Considering the range of parts the "Matron of the Drama" rendered here, I cannot but agree with her own verdict that by far the cleverest and most consistent piece of acting she gives us is *Mrs. Tanqueray*, just as in Claire, in George Ohnet's romantic drama, she is at her worst.

* * *

Here are two brutal tales incidental to the latter presentation that have their brutality as their excuse. There are occasions when the quality does not lack the saving glamour of humor and these are among them. It may be remembered that in the last act of the "Ironmaster," Claire rushing between the duelists, receives the bullet of the Duke in her arm. A prominent attorney accosted by Manager Bouvier with an interrogation as to how he liked the show, replied that he had but one criticism.

"And that is?" asked Bouvier.

The other replied: "That duel ought to have taken place in the first act, and Mrs. Kendal should have been shot in the mouth."

"Ah," returned Bouvier. That is almost as bad as the man, who went out after the first act. The doorkeeper stopped him with a——

"Hold on, mister, you've got to have a return check, or you can't come back."

The fellow glared half a second at him, and then growled:

"Look here, now, if you see me trying to get in here again, you keep me out. I don't want a return check."

* * *

A VERY ONE-SIDED, uninteresting game of football decided the championship at the grounds last Saturday afternoon. In order to spare the first eleven, which is in rather a crippled condition, Mr. Gill sent over a crude team of untrained men to try conclusions with the big fellows from Oakland, and the usual consequences ensued. The Reliance Club now holds the championship for the season, and it has won the honor fairly and squarely. In the game last Saturday the players showed up in their usual form, and played in precisely the same manner as they do when matched against their equals. They scored repeatedly, and closed with something like thirty against their opponent's zero. The University eleven did as much as could be expected under the circumstances, and the fact that they failed to score only demonstrated that the best men of the University are necessary to cope with the Reliance. No one anticipated a victory, nor, I am sure, did any one imagine they would be beaten so ignominiously, but they did their level best and failed. Mr. Gill showed excellent judgment in reserving the big eleven at the expense of the championship. More interest will be taken in the Thanksgiving game than in a dozen off matches, but, for my part, I think the Berkeley boys have rather a cinch. However, appearances are very often deceptive, and Stanford is keeping unusually quiet—besides, they have Camp.

* * *

EDWARD MURPHY, the gifted and eccentric correspondent of the *Examiner* in Corea, has forsworn his allegience to Her Gracious Majesty, Queen of Great Britain, Defender of the Faith, etc. This is what came over by the mails on the Belgic. It seems that Murphy, with twenty other correspondents, was detained in Yokohama by the Government, and found himself kicking his heels against the hotel chairs till life was a burden. As a foreigner he could not accompany the Japanese transports to Corea and the seat of war. Eddie sat himself down and reasoned it out:

"I'm an Irishman, begad! I've got no country. I'm the natural inimy av the Sassenach. I've got no patriotism in me. I'd bethray ould Vic at the drop of a hat. I'll turn Jap!—begad, an' I'll do it now!

* * *

So off he went to a new found friend, Prince Yoshima, of the ancient race, and related to the Mikado. Forthwith adoption papers were sworn out, and in an hour Eddie was gathered into the Yoshima family, as a step-son, with all the privileges of a full blown citizen, and that's how he managed to get away to the Port Arthur siege ahead of his fellows. He will be heard from presently, but his name is no more Murphy, all the same—it's Yoshima. I wonder what title goes with it?

* * *

THERE IS DUE congratulations to the Press Club over acquiring such capital rooms as those in the Thurlow Block. The situation is eminently central and extremely convenient, and the arrangements made will give ample accomodation in far better shape than the old quarters afforded. The old billiard room, scene of many a brilliant cue contest, will be the Jinks Hall. Willis Polk is to prescribe the decorations and tones for the series of apartments, and I don't doubt they will be the most artistic of their kind in town. However, the choice of quarters compels journalism to partake of the hospitality of Bohemia a little longer, for December will be well under way ere the club may move. In the meantime the two institutions manage to live in harmony under the same roof. There have been, so far, no startling differences of opinion, though it is evident the Pressmen and the Bohemians know each other but slightly. As to Mr. Polk's plans, the elaborateness of the adornments will depend on the sum realized at the benefit Sunday. If the day is fine and half the community go out to Sutro's depend on it several thousands will be raised. If not, then the hangings, etc., will be severely classic, which, of course, means simple. By the way, Keith promises to replace the picture from his easel destroyed in the blaze by another and later expression of his art. I cannot but think the club will be the gainer, for our leading artist, in the last few years, has improved marvellously.

* * *

HALF A DECADE ago there strove on the Editorial staff of *The Call* a constellation of highly competent beer drinkers. Incidentally they attended "assignments," reported meetings, wrote-up murders and interviewed celebrities, but beer was really their main object in life and I cannot think of even one blue evening on which they went to bed sober. By the rest of the staff they were specifically alluded to as "tanks," "tubs," "vats" and other endearingly descriptive terms which they bore with uncomplaining placidity. The scene of their evening rendezvous was a corner grocery out on McAllister street, with whose proprietor, a little German, himself possessed of a sympathetic thirst, they had the friendliest relations and an undiminished credit. As often happens, the two relations proved incompatible, for the journalists, taking advantage of their host's good nature, drank without paying until collectively they owed about $150. Ere he could collect the amount, the gentle Teuton departed for the region of nectar and ambrosia and his executors found among his papers no trace of the account. This was five years ago. Quite recently, overhauling the books and documents of the estate, the missing statement was found giving names and totals with painful exactness. The solitary member of the bright original band, after a long period of absence and sobriety had returned to journalism and was back again on the *Call*. To him they went to collect the amount. It bore the legend "Tommy Johnson, $55 for beer, due the estate of Chris Drecker"—or some other such name. Confronted with it the surviving journalist turned up his nose contemptuously and said:

"Guess you'd better send me in an itemized statement of that. I don't know anything about it."

I fear they will have to unearth the ghost of the saloon keeper to make that bill out.

* * *

OVER THE appointment of Colonel Forsyth to the vacant Brigadier-Generalship there is disappointment both at Angel Island and at the Presidio. We had two highly available candidates for the post in Shafter, whom I believe is senior Colonel, and Graham who felt in himself a special fitness to preside over the nation's troops. But the lightning got no further west than San Antonio, where Forsyth happens to be at just now, and henceforth he will be General. I am sorry for our disappointed aspirants, especially Shafter, whom journalism could more readily spare than Graham. That worthy is good for an army sensation at least once every year—a consideration of moment in these post-election days. Besides he furnishes conversation for the Lieutenants and Captains, who congregate at the Cosmos and Bohemian clubs. But our Colonels are not alone disappointed, for General Ruger has been eclipsed by the promotion of McCook to the Major-Generalship. It is true that some ten months hence the latter retires from the service, but even that hardly sweetens the set-back. However, when he does commence to climb it will not be long ere he is in New York, for Schofield goes out early next year leaving Miles in command of the army.

* * *

The new Brigadier, by the way, is the person General Miles court-martialed after the Wounded Knee episode of the recent Indian trouble. He was then accused of exhibiting an incapacity, which was disastrous in its consequences and though the verdict was in his favor the general sense was he had not exhibited proper discretion. It may be assumed Forsyth owes his appointment to Washington influences. He lived for a long time there as Sheridan's Chief-of-Staff and naturally made friends in influential quarters. He is not regarded generally as a good soldier, but he certainly has the gift of popularity.

* * *

CHARITY, OR pure Philistinism—which prompted the prices at the Johnson sale? That excellent woman either builded better than she knew, or, in expressing her own peculiar order of taste, plumbed accurately the artistic sensibilities of the community. I wish to correct the impression the dailies have been at so much pains to disseminate, that the

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art treasures (so-called) she had gathered at so much expense have literally been slaughtered or have brought prices infinitely below their value. On the contrary, connoisseurs and artists are in wonder and despair over the results of this auction. It illustrates in a manner at once fearful and wonderful "where we are at" æsthetically and affords humiliating evidence of our unutterable "jayness." No one will deny the possession of an unimpeachable order of virtues to the late Mrs. Johnson. She was a genuinely charitable woman but neither her education, early surroundings nor temperament fitted her for the collection of objets d'art. She rejoiced in a capacity for purchasing rugs, pictures and curios, but it was half accident or wholly luck that made her possessor of anything worth the having. For such men as Haseltine, for unscrupulous Turks, for itinerant rug-vendors, she was a consolation and a joy, for she paid what they asked and bought the worst things they had.

* * *

As for her pictures—with certain conspicuous exceptions they were atrocious. She lacked utterly a conception of what is clever, competent or interesting in art and her collection surprised one by absence of fine examples or fine subjects. One of the Humphrey Moores is good, the Dupres was certainly a bargain though much too large for a private residence, but the others—any artist will give assurance that the prices bid were far in advance of their actual market value. Of course, I don't mean to say Mrs. Johnson did not pay roundly for her ownership, but then it must be remembered she gave Kahler $17,000 for that huge cat picture of his and was governed in art by personal rather than aesthetic predelictions. The bargains of the collection, undoubtedly were the several canvases by Keith, which brought prices pitifully inadequate to their actual value. But Keith, though one of the leading landscape artists of the country, is a Californian and our nouveaux riches shudder at the idea of expending their hard-won American dollars on aught produced locally. They want a European hall mark ere there is any allusion to purchasing and even then there must pervade the occasion the atmosphere of conspicuousness, the excitement of the auction. The old commercial spirit is abroad among us and all you need do is cry "bargains" and you have California street, Pacific avenue and Dr. Voorsanger's flock bidding against one another as though the competition were for corner lots.

* * *

No doubt, indeed, that among the very expensive Japanese curios and in the instance of a few pieces of statuary and furniture some real catches were made. It is positive, however, most of the Venetian furniture fetched preposterous prices, and that the rugs went miles beyond their auction value. A very second-rate tiger skin, on Saturday night last, was run up to $240; a bear rug went for $160—seventyfive per cent above their worth. Then, the Venetian sideboards, of which by the way there were twelve, in designs the most conventional, fetched monumental prices—great, heavy, ugly things that they were. Chairs that Mr. Cole will sell you for $12 and $15 brought $20 to $40. The iron chandeliers went off at retail figures. The jewelry, Colonel Andrews insists, was no gift at the prices it commanded. The fine collection of watches were sold a trifle lower in proportion, but still commanded solid rates. The big wardrobe, carved by one Bianchi, had the subtle elegance of a folding-bed, and though some one procured it at a price far below the valuation, it is not an article of furniture any one of refined feeling would care to associate with daily. It is not generally realized that this Venetian imitation of antique furniture is turned out in that City of the Sea by the carload, and is painfully common throughout Europe. The oak or walnut that appears on the outside is nearly always veneer, and the carving fits into the doors in a most commonplace way. So to those who imagine the possession of real antiques is expressed by an accumulation of Venetian stuff, I say, beware.

* * *

TO a great many people busy lately in deploring the poverty of the community and the general tightness of money, the prices realized at Mrs. Johnson's sale must seem surprising. The phenomenon is explicable on the assumption that our wealthy classes have not even bought corner lots lately and that the banks are full of their money. Besides, the popular understanding has been that the collection was going abegging. As the sale of Bohemian glass and other swell articles at the late Midwinter Fair conspicuously proved, we have coin here in quantity for luxuries, but it is for necessities we are really destitute. The people who bought third-rate examples of fourth-rate art, have let lie for months in an art furnishing establishment on Sutter street, a graceful Chippendale sideboard; here, too, are chairs artistically carved in solid woods. At another place, lower down, they have been imploring representatives of the First Families to relieve them of beautiful, old oak tables and really good cabinets. In the same period Vickery has shown a collection of drawings by one of the cleverest of Parisians, without disposing of any; Keith is painting one masterpiece after another; and they remain in his studio. But then we are an unconventional community and love to be bewildered, deluded, bamboozled. That is what always happened to Mrs. Johnson, and it is surely the good cause that is helping out the sale of her potpourri of vases, Venetian sideboards and weak pictures. But, dreadful thought, had they been veritable antiques, or fine examples, perhaps, none of us would have wanted them.

* * *

Here is a detail of the sale that did not get into the dailies. There was a group of ladies standing on the walk in front of the hall filling the air with chatter of imagined bargains. Awaiting to be carted off a nude marble Venus stood near them. It glistened beautifully in the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, and I could see nothing peculiarly out of the way in the manner in which a passing street Arab stopped, looked at the figure intensely for a moment, and then threw his little arms about it and kissed it passionately. But the on-looking ladies shrieked at the desecration, grew visibly pink, and turned away.

* * *

SO THERE really is one of our artists not carried away by impressionism or any other ism. Chris Jorgensen, in his tasteful exhibition at Vickery's, is the same sympathetic translator of Nature, excepting some added depths and warmth, that he has been these many years. No rage for storming the heights of the impossible possesses him. All the Italian bits are serene and proclaim themselves faithful to the time, place and mood, and the technique is not at pains to overreach itself. Water color is *the* medium to convey those simultaneous effects of crisp sunlight, damp and steamy shadows bewilderingly common in the far-off Italian lands, which Mr. Jorgensen has caught with the "prehensile artistic eye." That indefinable thing, the picturesque, lives in a well-articulated sketch, "On the Road to Monte Allagro," and "The Afterglows" has a touch of the combined palpitating tremor and quiet the sun leaves behind him like a concluding fringe. Again the ever fair San Giorgio is done with a warmth and feeling to make one once more realize the love of artists for imperial Venice.

* * *

BICYCLING continues the furor. There are scores of men and girls out at the Cyclerie every afternoon. The pursuit seems to challenge popularity with teas and receptions, which are occurring in unwonted numbers. The assiduity of certain fair and dark maidens has converted them into fast and fearless riders, and the ensemble of the wheeling is more graceful besides infinitely more dexterous than that of three weeks ago. There are now a score of girls who think nothing of a fast run out to the Cliff and home. It cannot be said, however, that the costume with all the piquancy of its Alpine hat, buttoned leggins and close-fitting tunic, sets off to the greatest advantage the contours of our maidens. That drawback, however, the exhilaration of rapid riding more than counterbalances. At the moonlight meet Monday evening, in the Park, a very jolly time was had. The weather was perfect, the night only sufficiently cool to render the exercise enticing. The riders set off in twos for the beach, and afterwards gathered for a down-town supper. All the clever riders in town turned out, matrons and maids, and an agreeable experience was the consequence.

* * *

GORGEOUSLY DECORATED was the handsome home of the Sigma Nu Fraternity, at Stanford University, last Friday evening, the occasion being a reception given by the members of the Chapter to their numerous friends and admirers. This being the first affair given by the "Frat." since the erection of its present quarters, it was looked forward to with no little expectancy by the swagger set of the college, and though no one ever dreamed of it being anything like a failure, still the success which crowned the young entertainers' efforts were certainly flattering, and in all probability another event will follow very shortly.

* * *

The four reception rooms opening through wide folding doors, one into each other, proved an ideal pleasure arena for the eighty or more devotees of Terpsichore who occupied the floor until the early hours of the morning.

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The Misses Robinson, the Misses Montgomery and Miss Ethel Cooke of this city, and Miss Crane, of Stockton, were present and proved formidable rivals of the acknowledged Stanford belles. The patronesses were Mrs. Nicewonger of Stockton, Mrs. Luke Robinson and Mrs. Montgomery of San Francisco, Mrs. Braly and Mrs. Jordan of Palo Alto.

* * *

THE QUESTION I have heard reiterated most frequently since the electoral result ceased to be doubtful is—What beat Levy? It is generally admitted that a stronger, more ardent fight was made for no man, and, before the campaign closed, success was conceded him by opponents. Of course, the others had the Non-Partisan indorsements and, as the result showed, that turned the tables in their favor. It was really the religious controversy though, that after the candidacy of Merzbach, figured most positively in his defeat. Levy made certain of a large Catholic vote, for he stands well with the members of that church, and to his friends who suggested canvassing south of Market street, he proclaimed he had that region solid. The chances ran strongly in favor of his receiving its entire vote but for the A. P. A. movement which induced any number of Irishmen to "plump" for Coffey. The result was he did not poll by many thousands his natural party strength. Indeed, the figures show that in the precincts the least was anticipated by his friends he did best. For instance, Tom Williams swung him the entire Race-course vote, purely out of personal friendship. There is no doubt but that Merzbach divided the Jewish vote and that, really, for the first time Levy did not poll its entire strength. Beside the *Examiner* fight, which aided rather than hurt him, Rudolph, Herold and Joseph Nougues, for personal reasons, opposed his candidacy with all the vigor they knew, and I have no doubt aided in the majority of his opponents. Another potent factor in Levy's defeat was the plumping of fifteen hundred German saloon keepers for , who had for years been their attorney.

* * *

Whether it was the dinner that W. W. Foote gave Governor Budd that precipitated the attack of gout which the *Chronicle* described so lovingly the other morning, or some other dinner, I cannot decide, but the adequacy of that especial meal is beyond all cavil. Mr. Foote's comfortable residence on Brush street was adorned with the favorite flower of the Hon. Jim, the color of which I decline to state, and a very jolly lot of people were gathered to meet him. Of course, everyone was very happy over the Stocktonian's victory, and success to his administration was drunk in bumpers. There were several toasts and both host and guest of honor made bright speeches.

* * *

ONE CANNOT help feeling sorry for poor Jefferson James, relegated into political obscurity with so merciless a rebound. The difficulty with the old gentleman is not so much the idiosyncracies of his grammar as it is an inability to realize his inadequacy to a public situation. Like Dan Burns, M. H. de Young, and several other men of original power, he needs a manager. Had he found some competent agent to handle his fight, his consummate ignorance of etymology might have been turned to his credit and he set out as a rugged child of the people, rich if honest and down on the corporations. These considerations don't detract in any degree from an episode I was a silent witness of. James and William Broderick were tripping down the City Hall steps at noon a few days prior to election. Behind them followed a miscellaneous and very ragged gathering of urchins who kept up a continual, "Give us an election card, mister? Say, give us an election card?" The great man, his face glowing with pleasure, threw them out all his pasteboards, announcing, when the supply was exhausted, "I ain't got no more." This monumental sentence crushed through the ambient air three times, until Broderick touched the candidate's arm, and a whispered colloquy ensued. Then Mr. James turned round, his face a degree redder than its natural hue, and said:

"Boys, I have no more cards."

That was a rapid lesson in Lindley Murray.

* * *

ANY NUMBER of intelligent people are trying to figure effect and cause out of Budd's success in the face of the Republican victory. Of a truth the Colonel has achieved everything but Estee, and a thousand theories are presented to explain. That the A. P. A. vote figured in the result is generally conceded, but so far the reason of its favor has not been stated. Here is the story, however: No one at Republican headquarters could guess the numerical strength of the factions, and Burns, in order to conciliate the Irish, had certain prominent Republican Hibernians send out to all their co-relegionists a circular in which Estee's impatience of bigotry, his sympathy with Catholicism and his contempt for the A. P. A. movement were set out with precision. The names of ex-Judge Cooney, Dr. Gibbon, Thomas Desmond and E. T. Donnelly signed to the document invested it with authority. Though every precaution was taken to keep the scheme quiet, a copy of the circular fell into the hands of a prominent Democrat, who instantly recognized the opportunity and acted upon it. Presses were set at work printing thousands of these deadly endorsements, and two days prior to election every A. P. A. man in the city and throughout the Valley had a copy. There was possible but one result—they voted for Budd. As for the story that the new Governor is a member of the Anti-Irish League, there is not a word of truth in it. The libel was circulated at the beginning of the campaign and most vigorously investigated. The rolls of all the Stockton and Sacramento lodges were scanned without discerning a trace of his name, so he was pronounced all right in that quarter.

* * *

Budd goes into office comparatively free of pledges. One or two secretaryships he will probably give to personal friends, and Mr. Jeter doubtless, will be awarded a good place, but the field is clear, and he can devote the offices to strengthening the party's organization. I don't think the long range of defeated Democrats need expect consolatory honors at the hands of the new Governor, for he is liable to believe they have had a run for their money, and consequently all that is due them. The identity of his private secretary has not been decided, and though one is sure to hear of innumerable candidates and of influential backing, I am strongly inclined to believe Budd will act on his own judgment in making appointments, and will be guided by services rendered in the battle just won, rather than personal affiliations with his friends. He is determined on making a record, and though he is the type of man that makes errors, they will obviously be of good intention, and will win rather than lose him popularity.

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Another interesting phase of the gubernatorial controversy is the claim of the Buckley-Rainey contingent to have figured vigorously in Budd's victory. It is known a combination was formed by Burns, with Buckley and Rainey early in the campaign at a time the Democrats did not believe themselves possessed of a fighting chance. As these manipulators will admit, they were virtually pushed into prominence by the absence of leaders and found themselves before they knew it, in a fair way to regain their former ascendancy with prospective patronage to build up their organization. Their bargain with Burns, however, included the election of Estee and the corporation ticket as served out, had the Republican candidate's name on it besides O'Donnell's for Mayor, Whelan for Sheriff and Curry for County Clerk, etc.—as the dailies published at the time. This they agreed to pass round among their own people, the railroad employees and others in general who might be expected to stand in. The story goes that the numbers were changed so as to give Budd the votes meant for Estee and in one or two other instances to suit the private desires of the Democratic bosses. It is known positively that plans grievously miscarried for Burns and his people were confident of carrying San Francisco by two thousand, but to what extent the *B.-R.* combination is to be credited with the happy consequence, is something I leave to the Colonel.

* * *

NO ONE in the State is more surprised over defeat—not even Estee—than Thomas J. Geary. He did not doubt for a moment the certainty of his return to the halls of Congress. He assured his colleagues of the inevitableness of re-election. To the State Central Committee he wrote describing the triumphs of his progress and yet, after all, the majority was against him. The verdict may be considered a judgment of providence or a cataclysm, but it will prove to the next Congressman the danger of using his own judgment in a vital issue. So confident was Geary that when the Committee offered him the services of ex-Judge Maguire, he wrote urging that the member from the Fourth be sent elsewhere if there existed a greater need for his services. Poor Thomas J. However, Maguire went and manfully stumped the mountain fastnesses of the First. Here is a story he has brought home. Addressing an audience of sterling Democrats in Shasta County he recapitulated with eulogy and enthusiasm the industry and energy of Geary in Washington. He spoke of his cleverness at debate, his smartness at repartee, his knowledge of affairs.

* * *

"It is true," he added, "Mr. Geary made a mistake—an error of judgment—that, on the tariff issue he voted wrong, but he was right on all other questions, and it is not fair he should be punished for that one fault. Gentlemen, if you had a gun, a favorite weapon, that shot fair and straight, and gave you good service, would you break it over your knee because it missed fire once? No, sirs, you would not."

At this stage in the proceedings, there arose in the audience a tall, old man—there must have been six and a half feet of him clad in blue denim with huge grease spots on it. He stroked a long, gray beard and waved a reach of arm that would make Peter Jackson die of envy.

"Jedge," he said, "I hearn that gun story before. But look ahere, now—supposin' you had a gun you was customed to kill rabbits, and quail and larks with an' one day you was out a huntin' and a big bear sort of jumped up unexpected, an' supposin that gun missed fire then, wouldn't you smash the durned thing? I know I would."

There was a cheer from the gathering as the denim-clothed Granger subsided, and after that Maguire could not get a word in for Geary. It seems there are more Cleveland Democrats in California than most people dream of.

* * *

THERE WAS no especial reason why Mr. Jones should have been Supervisor save doubtless he desired that form of distinction or imagined himself possessed of statemanslike qualities that would find their proper sphere in the City Hall. He obtained the nomination however, and was exhibited on the Republican ticket together with the mercantile personages and others whom Mr. Spreckels pursuaded into the fight. Unfortunately for his aspirations Mr. Jones was defeated—a consequence which may illustrate to forthcoming candidates how very carefully they must govern their conduct in the era prior to election. In his private capacity Mr. Jones presides over the H. S. Crocker Printing Department and I am sure, is a valuable adjunct to that institution. He has under him an assortment of typesetters of all sorts and conditions of nationalities—among them Episcopalians, Methodists and Hebrews. On the evening preceding the last day of Atonement, two youths, Elzas by name, asked permission to be absent on account of the festival. The story goes that he answered, "If you have got to have holidays you'd better quit." They expostulated but to no purpose. Well, they were absent and in a day or two every member of the congregations of Rabbies Nieto, Levy, Voorsanger and the rest, were properly indignant over the outrage. Since then they, the co-religionists of the Elzas boys, have had eyes peeled for the foreman and they made an elemental fight against his supervisorial ambition. Millionaire merchants deserted the Concordia and took the trouble to electioneer south of Market street. They told the story wherever an audience was obtainable and that is the main reason why Mr. Jones is not a Supervisor—that and the fact perhaps that he had no connection with a single liquor establishment.

* * *

EVERY ONE, that is, any one who knows inside politics, declares that Fourth and Townsend street has never before been so inaptly represented or made to suffer from such a multitude of political blunders since its organization. Who is responsible one may only surmise and yet I venture to assert the blame will never be fairly fixed. One need not go back to the pre-convention blunders, or cite for illustration the candidates elected who have been antagonized and cut adrift. Coming down to recent errors, the endorsement of O'Donnell was simply suicidal; it cut all ways and deepest the wrong way. The man who originated this idea should be rewarded with some mark of distinction. It was a calamitous inspiration and the boast "that things are not being done as they used to be," is very clearly apparent. The mind that considered it cunning on the eve of election to reduce fares to the Cliff House as a means of defeating Sutro presents a charming side of human nature at which one stares in open mouth astonishment, and wonder what new hand is at work. Some of the blunders involving men in and out of high places will not bear repeating in print. These are discussed in the clubs, on the street, and furnish amusing gossip for politicians down town.

* * *

From the standpoint of a railroad manipulator, one of the greatest blunders arose in the matter of Congressmen. Maguire, a Democrat, was bound to succeed himself. That was a foregone conclusion. If elected alone, he would represent Democracy, speak for it, and act for it. All his utterances would be hostile to railroad interests, his whisperings to the President and his example to and influence among the Democratic Congressmen would be anti-railroad. Good manipulation demanded an antidote in the shape of a Democratic Congressman with views at variance with Maguire's, but the political blunderer failed to deliver the goods. A weak but very transparent effort seems to have been made to this end, but it was ill chosen, and a bungling piece of work. How disgusting these antics must be to Mr. Huntington one may readily imagine. I expect Burns will be blamed for everything though he had nothing to do with any of it so far as I can ascertain.

* * *

A funny bit of stage gossip comes from Morosco's about the scenery which is utilized by the Newell Brothers in their production of "The Operator." The play had its last staging in New Orleans, and from there the material was shipped via the Sunset. Weighed in the Crescent City the scales announced two thousand four hundred pounds and freight charges were paid on that total. It seems the machines at Fourth and Townsend streets have a different adjustment, for when weighed at this end the balance registered three thousand five hundred. The Newells would give something to know how the extra eleven hundred pounds were gathered in and have not found out yet. It seems credible that some one had blundered.

The Witness

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WRAGGLE'S REST

A TALE OF THE TIMES

SCENE.—Mahoney's chamber. Very gorgeous night-dress thrown carelessly over foot of bed. Pictures of Millard before and after election on the wall. Photograph of Estee heavily draped in black on bureau. Mahoney clad in a polka-dot dressing-gown is seated talking to Millard, who is lying on the floor making a hackamore. Parrot perched on the back of Mahoney's chair engaged in chewing hotel receipts.

MAHONEY: Well, Spencer, we got there in spite of them.

MILLARD: That's what we did, Jerry.

MAHONEY: Now, old man, all you have to do is just to follow *me*. I'll lead you on; I'll get you in—

MILLARD (*interrupting*): Jail?

MAHONEY: Bosh man (*dropping his voice*). I want to confide to you, Spencer. You know I'm elected by a large majority.

(*Parrot chuckles.*)

MILLARD (*eyeing the bird askance*): Yes, Jerry.

MAHONEY: Well, you see I was supported by the *Argonaut*.

MILLARD: The who?

MAHONEY (*impatiently*): The *Argonaut*, man—Romie Hart's paper.

MILLARD: Never heard of it.

MAHONEY: Well, Hart is a particular friend of mine, and if ye seen last week's issue ye could not have missed the bit where Mr. Hart said he hoped there would be no lack of candidates for the United States Senate.

MILLARD (*contemptuously*): What's that got to do with you?

MAHONEY: Don't you see it, man. It's a play for me?

MILLARD (*incredulously*): A play for you?

MAHONEY: Don't you see through it yet? I'm going to be a candidate for the United States Senate myself.

MILLARD (*in tones of astonishment*): You, man? Why, you were born in Ireland.

MAHONEY: Bosh! That won't hurt.

(*Parrot interrupts by commencing the strains of "The Night that Larry was Stretched."*)

MILLARD (*angrily*): Why don't you choke that bird?

MAHONEY (*gazing at parrot*): It's a too good a songster.

MILLARD: Songster, rather man eater.

MAHONEY: Never mind the bird, Spencer. Now tell me, how did ye get the A. P. A. to endorse ye? You know they——

[KNOCK AT DOOR.]

MAHONEY (*creeps under the bed excitedly*): Say I'm out, man! For God's sake, say I'm out!

MILLARD (*shaking his head mournfully, opens the door.*)

ENTER WEARY WRAGGLES with a half filled sack of coal on his back.

PARROT (*eyeing stranger*): For Gawd's sake, Mag.

WRAGGLES (*dropping sack on floor, extends his hand to Millard*): Why, hello, Kansas, where's the boss (hic), the Senator? Shay, old man, don't turn (hic) away from me like that (hic). I'se been hunting for me room in the 'otel 'ere for the past hour, see! My number is 1999. Went to the room (hic) and tried to get in, but it's a linen closet. Dusty Rodes, me pardner, registered to live in a bathroom in this hotel, and Billy Brakebeam is supposed to be sleeping away like a tourist in a niche with a plaster figger. Say, where's Jerry?

MAHONEY (*head protruding from bed*): Now you skip, Wraggles.

WRAGGLES: Ho! ho! hiding from the Bobbies, or may-be you're hunting for your collar button? Now say, Jerry.

MAHONEY: Now, none of that, you skip or you'll be up before Judge Wallace. Skip.

WRAGGLES: No dimes?

MAHONEY: I haven't a cent change. Now go.

WRAGGLES: I want money. I must have it.

MAHONEY (*appealing to Millard*): Have you any change? I haven't a cent with me.

MILLARD (*handing Wraggles a bright copper cent which Wraggles mistakes for a five*): I have.

Wraggles bows hurried thanks and rushes for the door.

MAHONEY: Now, Spencer, about those committees. You have got me slated for the Committee on Corporations and the Judiciary. I want to be chairman of each.

MILLARD: Senator, you know if I should consult my personal choice I would select you, but——

MAHONEY: Look here, Spensy, who have you been talking to?

MILLARD (*reluctantly*): They tell me down in the Crocker Building that all the corporations are kicking about you.

MAHONEY (*anxiously*): About me, Spencer? Why, what have I done?

MILLARD: They tell me you are too inventive when you get to Sacramento. That you are always showing them how to get away from cinch bills which they never heard of until you tell about them.

MAHONEY: Oh, what ingratitude! Oh, my! Did Mr. Jaynes say that? Is that what Mr. Crocker says? Oh, what ingratitude—

ENTER WEARY WRAGGLES AND DUSTY ROADES.

WRAGGLES (*with tomato can filled with beer*): Talk about ingratitude.

MILLARD (*alarmed*): Bless me, he has a can of dynamite!

MAHONEY (*in alarm*): No?

WRAGGLES: No—beer. Me and Dusty (*introducing him*), this is Dusty Rhodes, pardners, me and Dusty's been reading in the *Examiner* about the investigation before Judge Wallace and we've come here to eat our lunch and discuss the situation, haven't we, Dusty?

DUSTY—Sure.

Mahoney looks at Millard hoplessly. Wraggles steps to the bureau and combs out his whiskers with the Senator's silver-mounted comb. Dusty puts his finger in the parrot's cage to filch a cracker to eat with his beer. Bird clutches Dusty's finger who sets up a wild howl, and swings parrot and cage wildly about room. Millard, Mahoney and Wraggles spring out of the window, hurry down the fire escape, followed by Dusty with the bird cage still clinging to his finger. He is promptly arrested by Sergeant Wittman, while the Lieutenant-Governor and Senator-elect, adjourn to shake dice for refreshments.

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Into this convicted western camp of the Philistines, the English actress, Miss Olga Nethersole, is not booked to enter, and as the critics of the wise and effete East have, with characteristic diversity of opinion, labelled her variously, great. crude, talented, ordinary. odd, commonplace, intense, and unnatural, one may argue that this emotional actress, still in her very plastic years and puzzling these learned judges of the drama and its exponents, may hold in her magnetic frame and handsome face, the weapons—possibly yet unskilled and unsharpened—that will flash into histrionic triumph and carry at their point the victory of that splendid empire—the expressions of the emotions, and the sublime art that is oft-times grander than nature. Like the seven surgeons who disagreed in the diagnosis, and thus winged the soul of the sufferer to eternity, even so may the seven dramatic judges similary differ on the artistic symptoms of this actress, and she may soar above the commonplace into the realms of the gifted few, among the exclusive, the small favored family fathered by genius and mothered by art. That she is of too original a personality to neutralize her powers into the gray, colorless, uniform ranks of the usual, is already conceded; and her career will merit the interest that will be bestowed upon it, in its transitional stages of development. Nous verrons.

It is said that Miss Nethersole came to America for apparently the same reason that some of our ambitious actresses go abroad. In London, she won the support, during her seven years of public work, of several influential dramatic connoisseurs whose eulogiums found their way to this side. But there was a managerial determination to relegate her to "adventuress" parts because she proved successful in several of that kind, and she rebelled against this. She hired a theatre herself and produced in it "The Transgressor," the maiden dramatic exploit of a bank clerk—a most infelicitous selection it proved to be. Indeed, it is said, the demerits of the play, as well as its shortcomings in style, rhetoric, dialogue and interest were most obvious, and dimmed the effulgency of the star's success, a matter keenly regretted.

With a courage, strengthened by the convictions of talent, she played "Camille"—a bold move—for the general outlines of the part of Camille have been established so firmly by a long series of precedents, that it is not easy even for a practiced actress to get out of the beaten tracks; but, beyond question, this comparative novice interpreted it with an originality entirely distinct from mere personal individuality, and her fine portrayal, clever in its very faults, dissipated any doubts that existed as to her genuine dramatic ability. This is an achievement promising greater things, and I predict that Olga Nethersole will become signally celebrated.

I doubt if ever the turgidly grandiloquent lines of "Ingomar" have been called upon to do such noble battle and to contend for their power as vigorously and heroically as when tossed about in the pugilistic fists of the Robert Downing tribe. It was a noble combat. Alack! the American yelled triumphantly above the German Bellinghausen, and the ponderous lines lay panting beneath the huge unclassic hoof of the Downing—for that worthy gave his blonde mane a hero-like jerk, swelled his Greek column of a neck, heaved a deep-chested "Heave-Ho!" and proclaimed himself victor—or was it a victorious defeat? Those poor, harassed, maltreated lines, how they suffered; what a desperate struggle they engaged in to assert themselves. A sensitive spectator could distinctly feel their beauty and power as they gasped and wriggled, were trampled upon, mouthed, chewed, distorted, knocked down, bobbed up, battled and hit back, until little remained of them. Now and then, by some magic chance, the fine words rose superior to the sorry instrument in whose keeping they were. Really, it was pitiful to witness the anxious, fretful, slaughtered state of these pretty lines. The cruelty to them seemed almost physical, and it is no exaggeration to say I heard their wounded cry! Fortunately, the lines are injected with generous quantities of beef and iron. Lacking this strength they would have expired ere the grand finale. Out of the wreck of ranting and dramatic fireworks there remained but a battered, charred skeleton to tell the mournful tale of that which might have been.

The barbarians, of whom Ingomar is the biggest, loudest and most handsomely draped, as well becomes a chieftain wearing the largest tiger's skin—these wretches are the most barbarous barbarians ever unbarbered. They must belong to the Bogie-Man race, and send small shivers down one's civilized back. What length and breadth of beards and gleaming wild eyes! A symposium of horribles, routing the weird imaginations of a Poe or a Stevenson, compared to whose grotesque realities the delirium tremens visions must needs be a seraphic dream. What puzzles my infant brain is the answer to the query, "How do they cultivate those husky, blatantly, beery voices?"—these sandaled, togaed, brawny heroes of the heavy legitimate. They bellow and roar like the sea in a tempest or a wild Dakotan blizzard. Each one is a chorus of bass voices in solo, and the wings ring and resound with a noise which is not sweetly jocund. Possibly an organ of this clamorous note is the first requisite demanded of an applicant for the Legitimate; this and a brawny, red, right arm may be testimonials absolutely demanded, or the aspirant is relegated to the obscure ranks of farce comedy or society drama, and where the mighty toga gives way to the meek clawhammer.

At a spectacular entertainment years ago I saw a massive Gambrinus essay the part of Ingomar and the thought struck me he may have been Robert Downing in some prehistoric, prehistrionic form. That beard of his, though, does the barbarian proud (from an aesthetic point of view). Never before have I seen so civilized a hirsute appendage on any out-and-out-savage. This whisker is a perfect Vandyke, neatly trimmed, pointed and worthy an eight o'clock patrician diner at Delmonico's. As for the wig, so bonny and poetic, and the bang fixed in the style which the beauteous Langtry made modish some five years ago—really such a chevelure never adorned a barbarian head before. Divested of tiger's skin and sandals and donning dress suit, Robert could then and there have led a cotillion. When this lion-hearted Samson meets his Delilah and is shorn of beard and blonde locks, the subtraction is flattering as the man has strong, rugged features and a certain imposing personality—excessive brawn is always majestic and the power of a big physique is greater than that of the Press. Downing is a robust actor of no particular school but his own; his gestures are heavily mechanical, his facial expressions nil and artistic finish is undiscovered country to him.

Eugenie Blair is a handsome woman—surely that adjective is praise enough for any woman, but I forgot Miss Blair is an actress. She is the most charmingly modern Parthenia I have ever seen; her gown is pure Jennesse Miller, classically Grecian about the hem; her coiffure is 1894, waved, blondined, parted and love-locked in the most approved fashion of the fin de siécle girl a la Gibson in "Life." She is weak, weak as milk and water, dramatically; her best lines are swallowed up naively, or are smothered in the garlands of roses she is ever and anon coyly entwining. Flesh, that middle-aged enemy of slender, classic outline, has crept upon her and acted like a brake upon the fawn-like grace of the youthful Greek maid. There was a little scene betwixt "Ingomar" and "Parthenia" about a frailly feminine basket, which, after much manœuvering and silly by-play the massive brave consented to carry, while the seductive maid flaunted helmet, shield and spear, pointing the way. It looked much like unto the subjugation of that Tyrant Man, now so fashionable in drawing-room and newspaper. Was this the emancipation theory in embryo?

Polydor, the villianous miser, was enacted by a tediously fatiguing person who suffered from attacks of fever and ague. He reached the climax by a splendid attack of palsy—really, quite neatly original. The two most exquisite scenes were intelligently omitted—their absence was truly artistic. Aside from these few faults, what was left of the drama was good; the shields were positively brilliant and the players so persistently, energetically happy in their peculiarly earnest fashion that one felt like saying, "Run along good people and amuse yourselves."

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

MUSIC.

Murmurs of ecstasy mixed with a few painful comments follow in the successful wake of the Scheel Concerts. Drawing very well as usual the venture's opulent existence has quelled that gushing fount of prophecy spouting so high of disaster, unpaid salaries and greater attachments which arose at the dawning of the idea. An accepted fact, the concerts have their regular audiences just in the same measure as the Tivoli has. Fain to accept other regulation things it seems are these audiences, and hence go up the murmurs not of ecstasy. The encore habit in a pestiferous exuberance is encouraged to replete itself. For the sake of one standard piece buried amid over-popular treasures in the final depths of the programme in the second part, an enthsiast is made to go through all the tortures of unwilling durance whilst the procession of encores lumbers by. These encores, too, are not all the fancy paints them in novelty. A hazy memory insists upon their been ranked in the cloister of chestnuthood, or rather what ought to be a cloister. As the prices of admission have not vied with Adelina Patti Opera Seasons, where the encore habit is almost a decent uplifting of the voice of justice considering the extortion, it would be something of an added grace if Herr Scheel refused sometimes to succumb to the pious frenzy.

Madame Marchesi has reared for herself an imposingly authoritative voice on questions of singing and Miss Gertrude Auld has come

back here with a full permission to use it in her own favor. Every one knew Miss Auld as a singer of delicate ability, talented in making those fine traceries with the head tones so peculiarly agreeable to the Marchesi school of singers so that with the teaching of such a celebrity added to it, her power of being remarkable ought to bring us to the verge of surprise. Independent of any foreign experience and ponderous names, the musical public will be glad to welcome Miss Auld again at her concert soon to be given. Apropos of Marchesi, one of our best songstresses who studied with that astute instructress some time since, is authority for a story anent that lady's dislike for analysis. In running through a light piece, for the most part coquettish and of a gay tone, Marchesi made corrections, ordering the lower tones to be sung with the intonation of a blatant trumpeter. Besides singing with natural freedom and having studied for years before encountering la Marchesi, the songstress was exploiting as with the ideas of other personages famed in Parisian arena of the vocal art and felt qualified to ask a wherefore. Being for the nonce every inch a countess and taking a pose of unimaginable distinction, the offended high priestess merely vouchsafed in an heroic tone, "That is the Marchesi Method."

Blind Tom, his eccentricities of talent and general wierdness, have come in for their sufficient commons of nine days' wonder. There is nothing particularly exhilarating from a strictly musical point of view in the exhibition given. As a curiosity, however, the poor fellow is distinctly remarkable. Of his facility in reading sound and imitating every species of noise with the piano and his vocal and nasal organs there was enough evidence and of several other kinds of freakishness as well. It is rather a delicate question to decide whether the drain on one's sympathies is repaid by the phenomenal exhibition or not. Hardly, in the nature of an ovation, still the applause, interest and enthusiasm were enough to warm Blind Tom into a fine frenzy of self-applause in each of the three concerts.

An embarrassment of concerts clangored and clashed on Thursday evening. There was the Loring, the First Sweedish Ladies' Quartette Concert, the usual Scheel Concert and the Illustrated Musical Lecture given by Mr. Edgar S. Kelly. At this period of the season three events generally do throng upon each other, still some better management might spread them more reasonably. It is not possible in this issue to speak of them or of the Friday Night Symphony Concert.

LESLEY MARTIN.

SOCIETY

Don't get the idea that Byron is a hospital visited only by bed-ridden invalids.

The walks, drives and dining room always present an array of bright costumes and brighter faces.

Society people find it a most pleasant place to rest and recuperate after a hard week's round of gayety.

The trip there—3 hours—is just long enough not to be tiresome.

Business men will find the telegraphic connection a great convenience.

AT

BYRON HOT SPRINGS

Contra Costa Co., Calif.

C. R. MASON, - - - Manager.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

THE NEW BOY

A much talked about funny play called *The New Boy* is to be at the California Theatre on Monday evening. It is the sensation of the theatrical world. It is a wholesome, health-prolonging, rollicking play. It is full of love-making, dark-eyed flirtation and other demonstrations of a bursting heart that make the people roar with laughter. A wild, headstrong boy in school paralyzes the professor and paints things red. He is arrested for stealing apples, kicked and cuffed by the bullies of the school and a thousand men would not imagine this boy as the husband of the tall, handsome matron of the school whom the doctor is trying to marry, but he is. And when the disclosure is made at the end of the play, the scene that follows is beyond description. The play is running in New York, London and other great cities, and even in far-away Australia it is the hit of plays. If you are a bad man, see the play and you will reform. If you are a good man, see this play and you will stop foreclosing mortgages and selling the property of helpless widows and children. There will be a special matinee on Thanksgiving afternoon.

HAVERLY'S MASTODONS.

This great minstrel organization will open for a season at the Alcazar Theatre under the personal direction of Col. J. H. Haverly, who will present his new Mastodons to the public with a Minstrel Entertainment that will surpass any and all of his past efforts. The company is a strong one. Among the new features will be burlesques of the most popular operas, among which will be Il' Trovotore. The prices during the engagement will be of the most popular. Fifty cents for all seats down stairs and the balcony twenty-five cents.

THE ORPHEUM.

Herr F. A. Heinhaus, widely known throughout Europe as a lightning calculating marvel, has been brought all the way from Berlin by Manager Walter of the Orpheum. With fare from Europe to San Francisco paid, in addition to a large salary, it is evident that Mr. Heinhaus is an attraction of more than ordinary magnitude. He states on his programme that he will extract the square or cube root of rational numbers consisting of nine digits, giving the exact remainder and the root as soon as the last figure of the number is placed on the blackboard by any person in the audience. He will also raise any number of three digits to the second, third or fourth power as quickly as the question is put him. He also can tell the day of the week on which any date may fall in either past, present or future centuries, a task which to ordinary reckoners would take some considerable time with pen or pencil. These are only a few of the intellectual feats performed by Mr. Heinhaus.

Sadi Alfarabi, sensational Russ equilibrist, the Big Four, Cornalla Bros., Los Mayos troupe, Ernest Young and other strong attractions are announced on the programme for Monday evening.

THE TIVOLI

Lecoq's charming opera, "Manola," will be presented to the Tivoli patrons next week. "The Mascot" is in preparation, and the management promises for the Christmas holidays to outdo previous seasons. "Manola" is to be cleverly staged, and promises to be another success.

MOROSCO'S

Mr. Martin J. Dixon's dramatization of Mark Twain's famous story, "Tom Sawyer," will receive its initial representation in this city at Morosco's Grand Opera House on Monday evening, Nov. 19. Tom and his friend, Huckleberry Finn, and Boggs the grocer, and all Twain's droll characters will be represented by the full strength of the Morosco company. The management also promises some clever specialty features to be introduced during the action of the play.

The "Chaperone," a three-act comedy presented in Oakland last Thursday evening by the pupils of Mrs. Carrie Fross-Snyder, was a complete success. A ladies' orchestra of fourteen pieces, under the direction of Mrs. Ambia G. Benjamin, furnished the music.

Alexander Salvini's repertoire this season contains no less than a dozen different plays. He opens his engagement in this city with his magnificent production of Dumas' romantic drama, "The Three Guardsmen," in which he appears in his famous impersonation of the gallant D'Artagnan. In this play Salvini is seen at his best. His portrayal of the famous musketeer is the finest seen in late years. The first week of his engagement will be given over to "The Three Guardsmen," and also to a superb production of Victor Hugo's great play "Ruy Blas," in which he appears in a distinctly different character to any San Francisco has yet seen him in. Besides these two plays he will present during his engagement "Don Cæsar de Bazan," "L'Ami Fritz," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Child of Naples," "The Duke's Motto," and other strong dramas, all beautifully mounted and acted by an excellent company of players.

"Aladdin, Jr," is beyond doubt one of the most costly productions thus far given in this country, even by the American Extravaganza Company. The company embraces the best obtainable talent for this peculiar form of entertainment, including four comedians, two of the best premiere danseuses known to the stage and a corps de ballet of eighty and a chorus of one hundred.

AMUSEMENTS

CALIFORNIA THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & CO. .....Lessees
S. H. FRIEDLANDER .....Manager

Weeks of November 19th and 26th

Every Evening, including Sunday : : : Matinee Saturday
Special Matinee on Thanksgiving Afternoon.

WHAT? WHY, **THE NEW BOY,**
OF COURSE.

THE Supreme Laugh-maker of the Age, consisting of 3 acts of uproarious mirth, and a grand hurrah!

After seeing this play, EVERY MOTHER will agree that her own boy is an angel in disguise, compared with

FREDDY BOULDER, The NEW BOY.

FROHMAN'S COMPANY.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.....Proprietor and Manager

LAST NIGHTS! Third and Last Week.

Roaring Success. The Operatic Extravaganza,

"JUPITER"

Monday, Nov. 19th. **MANOLA.**

POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall

Week of Monday, November 19th

A Grand Vaudeville Bill

HERR HEINHAUS

The celebrated European Lightning Calculator, imported direct from Berlin for the Orpheum. He can solve the most difficult problems at a glance.

SADI ALFARBI, Russian Equilibristic Marvel.
THE BIG FOUR, Cornalla Bros
LES MAYOS TROUPE, ERNEST YOUNG and A Magnificent Company.

Saturday and Sunday Matinees

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World

WALTER MOROSCO.....Sole Lessee and Manager

Last Performances of

LAND OF THE LIVING

Monday Evening, November 19th.
Martin J. Dixon's version of
Mark Twain's famous

TOM SAWYER.

Evening Prices: Orchestra, 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c, Family Circle and Gallery, 10c, Mezzanine Boxes, $1, Proscenium Boxes, extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices:* 10c, 15c, and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

RUNNING RACES! RUNNING RACES!

California Jockey Club Races

WINTER MEETING

Bay District Track

COMMENCING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894

Races Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine.

Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P. M. sharp. McAllister and Geary Street cars pass the gate.

JOHN BONNER'S TALK ON NAPOLEON,
AT GOLDEN GATE HALL.

On Monday . . . . . November 19
AT 8 P. M.

A few word pictures of the drama and romance of the life of NAPOLEON THE GREAT will be given by

JOHN BONNER
Author of History of France, History of Spain, Etc.

Admission . . . . . Fifty Cents.

Tickets for sale at Sherman & Clay's, at the bookstores and at the door.

When I am King

BY HENRY HARLAND.

"Qu'y faire, mon Dieu, qu'y faire?"

I had wandered into a tangle of slummy streets, and began to think it time to inquire my way back to the hotel; then, turning a corner, I came out upon the quays. At one hand there was the open night, with the dim forms of many ships, and stars hanging in a web of masts and cordage; at the other the garish illumination of a row of public houses, *Au bonheur du Matelot, Café de la Marine, Brasserie des Quatre Vents*, and so forth; rowdy-looking shops enough, designed for the entertainment of the forecastle. But they seemed to promise something in the nature of local color, and I entered the *Brasserie de Quatre Vents.*

It proved to be a *brasserie-à-femmes;* you were waited upon by ladies lavishly rouged and in regardless toilets, who would sit with you and chat and partake of refreshments at your expense. The front part of the room was filled with tables, where half a hundred customers, talking at the top of their voices, raised a horrid din—sailors, soldiers, a few who might be clerks or tradesmen, and an occasional workman in his blouse. Beyond there was a cleared space reserved for dancing, occupied by a dozen couples clumsily toeing it; and on a platform, at the far end, a man pounded a piano. All this in an atmosphere hot as a furnace blast and poisonous with the fumes of gas, the smells of bad tobacco, of musk, alcohol and humanity.

The musician faced away from the company, so that only his shoulders and the back of his grey head were visible, bent over his key-board. It was sad to see a grey head in that situation, and one wondered what had brought it there, with what story of vice or weakness or evil fortune. Though his instrument was harsh, he had to bang it violently to be heard above the roar of conversation. The man played with a kind of cleverness, and with certain fugitive suggestions of good style. He had once studied an art, and had hopes and aspirations, who now, in his age, was to come to serve the revels of a set of drunken sailors, in a disreputable tavern, where they danced with prostitutes. I don't know why, but from the first he drew my attention; and I left my handmaid to count her charms neglected, while I sat and watched him, speculating about him in a melancholy way, with a sort of vicarious shame. But presently something happened to make me forget him—something of his own. A dance had ended, and after a breathing spell he began to play an interlude. It was an instance of how tunes, like perfumes, have the power to wake sleeping memories. The tune he was playing now, simple and dreamy like a lullaby, and strangely at variance with the surroundings, whisked me off in a twinkling from the actual—ten, fifteen years backward—to my student life in Paris, and set me to thinking, as I had not thought for many a long day, of my hero, friend and comrade, Edmund Pair; for it was a tune of Pair's composition, a melody he had written to a nursery rhyme, and used to sing a good deal, half in fun, half in earnest, to his lady-love, Godelinette:

"Lavender's blue, diddle-diddle,
Lavender's green;
When I am king, diddle-diddle,
You shall be queen."

It is certain he meant very seriously that if he ever came into his kingdom, Godelinette should be queen. The song had been printed, but, so far as I knew, had never had much vogue; it seemed an odd chance that this evening, in a French seaport town where I was passing a single night, I should stray by hazard into a sailors' pot-house and hear it again. Edmund Pair lived in the Latin Quarter when I did, but he was no longer a mere student. He had published a good many songs; articles had been written about him in the newspapers; and at his rooms you would meet the men who had "arrived"—actors, painters, musicians, authors and now and then a politician—who thus recognized him as more or less one of himself. Everybody liked him; everybody said, "He is splendidly gifted; he will go far." A few of us already addressed him, half playfully, perhaps, as *Cher maître.* He was three or four years older than I—eight or nine and twenty to my twenty-five—and I was still in the schools, but for all that we were great chums. Quite apart from his special talent, he was a remarkable man—amusing in talk, good looking, generous, affectionate. He had read; he had traveled; he had hobbed and nobbed with all sorts and conditions of people. He had wit, imagination, humor, and a voice that made whatever he said cordial to the ear. For myself I admired him, enjoyed him, loved him, with equal fervor; he had all my hero-worship and the lion's share of my friendship; perhaps I was vain as well as glad to be distinguished by this intimacy. We used to spend two or three evenings a week together, at his place or at mine or over the table of a café, talking till the small hours—Elysiac sessions, at which we smoked more cigarettes and emptied more *bocks* than I should care to count. On Sundays and holidays we would take long walks arm-in-arm on the Bois, or, accompanied by Godelinette, go to Viroflay or Fontainebleau, lunch in the open, bedeck our hats with wild flowers, and romp like children. He was tall and slender, with dark waving hair, a delicate acquiline profile, a clear brown skin and gray eyes, alert, intelligent, kindly. I fancy the Boulevard St. Michel, flooded with sunshine, broken here and there by long crisp shadows; trams and omnibuses toiling up the hill, tooting their horns; students and *etudiantes* sauntering gaily backwards and forwards on the *trottoir*; an odor of asphalt, of caporal tobacco; myself one of the multitude on the terrace of a café; and Edmund and Godelinette coming to join me—he with his swinging stride, a gesture of salutation, a laughing face; she in the freshest of bright-colored spring toilets; I fancy this, and it seems an adventure of the Golden Age. Then we would drink our *aperitifs*, our Turin bitter, perhaps our absinthe and go off to dine together in the garden at Lavenue's.

Godelinette was a child of the people, but Pair had done wonders by way of civilizing her. She had learned English and prattled it with an accent so quaint and sprightly as to give point to her otherwise perhaps somewhat commonplace observations. She was fond of reading; she could play a little; she was an excellent housewife, and generally a very good-natured and quite presentable little person. She was Parisian and adaptable. To meet her you would never have suspected her origin; you would have found it hard to believe that she had been the wife of a drunken tailor who used to beat her. One January night, four or five years before, Pair had surprised this gentleman publicly pummelling her in the Rue Gay-Lussac. He hastened to remonstrate; and the husband went off, hiccoughing of his outraged rights, and calling the universe to witness that he would have the law of the meddling stranger. Pair picked the girl up (she was scarcely eighteen then and had only been married a sixmonth) he picked her up from where she had fallen half fainting on the pavement, carried her to his lodgings, which were near at hand, and sent for a doctor. In his manuscript-littered study for rather more than nine weeks she lay on a bed of fever, the consequence of blows, exhaustion and exposure. When she got well there was no talk of her leaving. Pair couldn't let her go back to her tailor; he couldn't turn her into the streets. Besides, during the months that he had nursed her, he had somehow conceived a great tenderness for her; it made his heart burn with grief and anger to think of what she had suffered in the past, and he yearned to sustain and protect and comfort her for the future. This, perhaps, was no more than natural; but what rather upset the calculations of his friends, she, towards whom he had established himself in the relation of a benefactor, bore him, instead of a grudge therefor, a passionate gratitude and affection. So, Pair said, they were only waiting till her tailor should drink himself to death, to get married; and, meanwhile, he exacted for her all the respect that would have been due to his wife; and everybody called her by his name. She was a pretty little thing, very daintily formed, with tiny hands and feet and big gipsyish brown eyes, and very delicate, very fragile—she looked as if anything might carry her off. Her name, Godeleine, seemed much too grand and mediæval for so small and actual a person, and Pair turned it into Godelinette.

We all said, "He is splendidly gifted; he will do great things." He had studied at Cambridge and at Leipsic before coming to Paris. He was learned, enlightened and extremely modern. He was a hard worker. We said he would do great things; but I thought in those days, and, indeed, I still think—and, what is more to the purpose, men who were themselves musicians and composers, men whose names are known, were before me in thinking—that he had already done great things, that the songs he had already published were achievements. They seemed to us original in conception, accomplished and felicitous in treatment; they were full of melody and movement, full of harmonic surprises; they had style and they had "go." One would have imagined they must please at once the cultivated and the general public. I could never understand why they weren't popular. They would be printed; they would be praised at length, and under distinguished signatures, in the reviews; they would enjoy an unusual success of approbation; but, they wouldn't *sell* and they wouldn't get themselves sung at concerts. If they had been too good, if they had been over the heads of people—but they weren't. Plenty of work quite as good, quite as modern, yet no whit more tuneful or interesting, was making its authors rich. We couldn't understand it, we had to conclude it was a fluke, a question of chance, of accident. Pair was still a very young man; he must go on knocking, and some day—to-morrow, next week, next year, but some day certainly—the door of public favor would be opened to him. Meanwhile his position was by no means an unenviable one, goodness knows. To have your orbit in the art world of Paris, and to be recognized there as a star; to be written about in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*; to possess the friendship of the masters, to know that they believe in you, to hear them prophecy: "He will do great things"—all that is something, even if your wares don't "take on" in the market-place.

"It's a good job, though, that I haven't got to live by them," Pair said; and there indeed he touched a salient point. His people were dead; his father had been a younger son; he had no money of his own. But his father's elder brother, a squire in Hampshire, made him a rather liberal allowance, something like six hundred a year, I believe, which was opulence in the Latin Quarter. Now, the Squire had been aware of Pair's relation with Godelinette from its inception, and had not disapproved. On his visits to Paris he had dined with them, given them dinners, and treated her with the utmost complaisance. But when, one fine morning, her tailor died, and my quixotic friend announced his intention of marrying her, *dans les délais légaux*, the Squire protested. I think I read the whole correspondence, and I remember that in the beginning the elder man took the tone of paradox and banter. "Behave dishonorably, my dear fellow. I have winked at your mistress heretofore, because boys will be boys, but it is the *man* who marries. And, anyhow, a woman is so much more interesting in a false position." But he soon became serious, presently furious, and when the marriage was an accomplished fact, cut off the funds.

"Never mind, my dear," said Pair, "we will go to England and seek our fortune. We will write the songs of the people, and let who will make the laws. We will grow rich and famous, and

"'When I am king, diddle-diddle,
You shall be queen.'"

So they went to London to seek their fortune and that was the last I ever saw of them, nearly the last I heard. I had two letters from Pair written within a month of their hegira—gossipy, light-hearted letters, describing the people they were meeting, reporting Godelinette's quaint observations upon England and English things, explaining his hopes, his intentions all very confidently—and then I had no more. I wrote again, and still again, till, getting no answer, of course, I ceased to write. I was hurt and puzzled, but in the Spring we should meet in London and could have it out. When the Spring came, however, my plans were altered; I had to go to America. I went by way of Havre, expecting to stay six weeks and was gone six years.

On my return to England, I said to people, "You have a brilliant young composer named Pair; can you put me in the way of procuring his address?" The fortune he had come to seek he would surely have found. He would be a known man. But people looked blank and declared that they had never heard of him. I applied to music publishers with the same result. I wrote to his uncle in Hampshire; the Squire did not reply. When I reached Paris, I inquired of our friends there. They was as ignorant as I. "He must be dead," I concluded. "If he had lived, it is impossible we should not have heard of him," and I wondered what had become of Godelinette.

Then another eight or ten years passed, and now, in a watering-place at Bordeaux, an obscure old pianist was playing Pair's setting of "Lavender's Blue," and stirring a hundred bitter-sweet, far-away memories of my friend. It was as if fifteen years were erased from my life. The face of Godelinette was palpable before me—pale, with its sad little smile, its bright, appealing eyes. Edmund might have been smoking across the table. I could hear his voice. I could have put out my hand and touched him, and all round me were the streets, the lights, the smells, the busy youthful *va-et-vient* of the Latin Quarter, and in my heart the yearning, half joy and all despair and anguish with which we think of the old days when we were young, of how real and dear they were, of how irrevocable they are.

And then the music stopped, the *Brasserie des Quatre Vents* became a glaring reality, and the painted female sipping eau-de-vie at my elbow remarked plaintively, "Tu n'es pas rigolo, toi, Vieux-tu faire une valse?"

"I must speak to your musician," I said, "excuse me."

He had played a bit of Pair's music. It was one chance in a thousand, but I wanted to ask him whether he could tell me anything about the composer. So I penetrated to the bottom of the shop and approached his platform. He was bending over some sheets of music, making his next selection, doubtless.

"I beg your pardon———," I began.

He turned towards me. You will not be surprised—I was looking into Pair's own face.

You will not be surprised, but you will imagine what it was for me. Oh, yes, I recognized him instantly. There could be no mistake. And he recognized me, for he flushed, and winced and started back.

I suppose for a little while we were both of us speechless and motionless, while our hearts stopped beating.

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS
FOR SICK HEADACHE
FOR BILIOUSNESS . .
FOR COSTIVENESS . .

Bye and bye, I think I said—something had to be said to break the situation—I think I said, "It's you, Edmund?" I remember he fumbled with a sheet of music and kept his eyes bent on it and muttered something inarticulate. Then there was another speechless, helpless suspension. He continued to fumble his music without looking up. At last I remember saying, through a sort of sickness and giddiness, "Let us get out of here, where we can talk."

"I can't leave yet. I've got another dance," he answered.

"Well, I'll wait," said I.

I sat down near him and waited, trying to create some kind of order out of the chaos in my mind, and half automatically watching and considering him as he played his dance—Edmud Pair playing a dance for prostitutes and drunken sailors. He was not greatly changed. There were the same grey eyes, deep-set and wide apart, under the same broad forehead; the same fine nose and chin, the same sensitive mouth. The whole face was pretty much the same only thinner perhaps, and with a look of apathy, of inanimation, that was quite foreign to my recollection of it. His hair had turned quite white, but otherwise he appeared no older than his years. His figure, tall, slender and well-knit, retained its vigor and its distinction. Though he wore a shabby brown Norfolk jacket, and his beard was two days old, you could in no circumstances have taken him for anything but a gentleman. I waited anxiously for the time when we should be alone—anxiously, yet with a sort of terror. I was burning to understand, and yet I shrank from doing so. If to conjecture even vaguely what experience had brought him to this, what dark things suffered or done, had been melancholy when he was a nameless old musician, now it was appalling, and I dreaded the explanation that I longed to hear.

At last he struck his final chord and rose from the piano. Then he turned to me and said, composedly enough, "Well, I'm ready." He apparently had, in some measure, pulled himself together. In the street he took my arm. "Let's walk is this direction," he said, leading off, "towards the Christian Quarter of the town." And in a moment he went on: "This has been an odd meeting. What brings you to Bordeaux?"

I explained that I was on my way to Biarritz, stopping for the night between two trains.

"Then it's all the more surprising that you should have stumbled into the *Brasserie des Quatre Vents.* You've altered very slightly. The world wags well with you? You look prosperous."

I cried out some incoherent protest. Afterwards I said, "You know what I want to hear. What does this mean?"

He laughed nervously. "Oh, the meaning's clear enough. It speaks for itself."

"I don't understand," said I.

"I'm pianist to the *Brasserie des Quatre Vents.* You saw me in the discharge of my duties."

"I don't understand," I repeated helplessly.

"And yet the inference in plain. What could have brought a man to such a pass save drink or evil courses?"

"Oh, don't trifle," I implored him.

"I'm not trifling. That's the worst of it. For I don't drink, and I'm not conscious of having pursued any especially evil courses."

"Well?" I questioned, "Well?"

"The fact of the matter simply is that I'm what they call a failure. I never came off."

"I don't understand," I repeated for a third time.

"No more do I, if you come to that. It's the will of Heaven, I suppose. Anyhow, it can't puzzle you more than it puzzles me. It seems contrary to the whole logic of circumstances, but it's the fact."

Thus far he had spoken listlessly, with a sort of bitter levity, an affectation of indifference; but, after a little silence, his mood appeared to change. His hand upon my arm tightened its grasp and he began to speak rapidly, feelingly.

"Do you realize that it is nearly fifteen years since we have seen each other? The history of those fifteen years, so far as I am concerned, has been the history of a single, uninterrupted *déveine,* one continuous run of ill-luck against every probability of the game, against every effort I could make to play my cards effectively. When I started out, one might have thought I had the best of chances. I had studied hard; I worked hard. I surely had as much general intelligence, as much special knowledge, as much apparent talent as my competitors. And the stuff I produced seemed good to you, to my friends and not wholly bad to me. It was musicianly, it was melodious, it was sincere. The critics all praised it, but—it never took on! The public wouldn't have it. What did it lack? I don't know. At last I couldn't even get it published—invisible ink! And I had a wife to support.

He paused for a minute, then: "You see," he said, "we made the mistake, when we were young, of believing, against wise authority, that it *was* in mortals to command success, that he could command it who deserved it. We believed that the race would be to the swift, the battle to the strong. That a man was responsible for his own destiny; that he'd get what he merited. We believed that honest labour couldn't go unrewarded. An immense mistake. Success is an affair of temperament like faith, like love, like the colour of your hair. Oh, the old story about industry, resolution and no vices! I was industrious, I was resolute, and I had no more than the common share of vices. But I had the unsuccessful temperament and here I am. If my motives had been ignoble—but I can't see that they were. I wanted to earn a decent living. I wanted to justify my existence by doing something worthy of the world's acceptance, but the stars in their courses fought against me. I have tried hard to convince myself that the music I wrote was rubbish. It had its faults, no doubt. It wasn't great. It wasn't epock-making. But as music goes nowadays it was jolly good. It was a jolly sight better than the average."

"Oh, that is certain, that is certain," I exclaimed as he paused again.

"Well, anyhow, it didn't sell, and at last I couldn't even get it published, so then I tried to find other work. I tried everything. I tried to teach harmony and the theory of composition. I couldn't get pupils. So few people want to study that sort of thing and there were good masters already in the place. If I had known how to play, indeed! But I was never better than a fifth-rate executant. I had never gone in for that, my 'lay' was composition. I couldn't give piano lessons. I couldn't play in public, unless in a *gargotte* like the hole we have just left. Oh, I tried everything. I tried to get musical criticism to do for the newspapers. Surely, I was competent to do musical criticism. But no, they wouldn't employ me. I had ill luck, ill luck, ill luck—nothing but ill luck, defeat, disappointment. Was it the will of Heaven? I wondered what unforgivable sin I had committed to be punished so. Do you know what it is to like to work and pray and wait day after day and watch day after day come and go and bring you nothing? Oh, I tasted the whole heart-sickness of hope deferred. Giant Despair was my constant bed fellow."

"But—with your connections—" I began.

"Oh, my connections!" he cried. "There was the rub. London is the cruelest town in Europe. For sheer cold blood and heartlessness give Londoners the palm. I had connections enough for the first month or so, and then people found out that things didn't concern them. They found out some things that were true, and they imagined other things that were false. They wouldn't have my wife; they told the most infamous lies about her; and I wouldn't have *them.* Could I be civil to people who insulted and slandered her? I had no connections in London, except with the under world. I got down to copying parts for theatrical orchestras, and working twelve hours a day, earned about thirty shillings a week."

"You might have come back to Paris."

"And fared worse. I couldn't have earned thirty pence in Paris. Mind you, the only trade I had learned was that of a musical composer, and I couldn't compose music that people would buy. I should have starved as a copyist in Paris, where copyists are more numerous and worse paid. Teach there? But to one competent master of harmony in London there are ten in Paris. No, it was a hopeless case."

"It is incomprehensible—incomprehensible," said I.

"But wait—wait till you've heard the end. One would think I had had enough—not so! One would think my cup of bitterness was full—no fear! There was a stronger cup still a-brewing for me. When Fortune takes a grudge against a man she never lets up. She exacts the uttermost farthing. I was pretty badly off, but I had one treasure left—I had Godelinette. I used to think she was my compensation. I would say to myself, 'A fellow can't have all blessings. How can you expect others when you've got her!' And I would accuse myself of ingratitude for complaining of my unsuccess. Then she fell ill. My God! how I watched over her—prayed over her! It seemed impossible. I could not believe that she would be taken from me. Yet, Harry, do you know what that poor child was thinking? Do you know what her dying thoughts were—her wishes? Throughout her long painful illness she was thinking that she was an obstacle in my way, a weight upon me; that if it weren't for her I should get on, have friends, a position; that it would be a good thing for me if she should die, and she was hoping in her poor little heart that she wouldn't get well! Oh, I know it! I knew it! And you see me here alive. She let herself die for my sake, as if I could care for anything without her! That's what brought us here, to France, to Bordeaux—her illness. The doctors said she must pass the Spring out of England, away from March winds, in the south; and I begged and borrowed money enough to take her. And we were on our way to Arcachon; but when we reached Bordeaux she was too ill to continue the journey, and she died—here."

We walked on for some distance in silence; then he added: "That was four years ago. You wonder why I live to tell you of it, why I haven't cut my throat! I don't know whether it's cowardice or conscientious scruples. It seems rather inconsequent to say I believe in a God, doesn't it? That I believe one's life is not one's own to make an end of? Anyhow, here I am, keeping body and soul together as a musician to a brasserie-a-femmes. I can't go back to England—I can't leave Bordeaux—she's buried here. I've hunted high and low for work and found it nowhere, save in the brasserie-a-femmes. With that and a little copying now and then I managed to pay my way."

"But your uncle?" I asked.

"Do you think I would touch a penny of his money?" Pair retorted almost fiercely. "It was he who began it. My wife let herself die. It was virtual suicide. It was he who created the situation that drove her into it."

"You are his heir, though, aren't you?"

"No, the estates are not entailed."

We had arrived at the door of my hotel. "Well, good night and *bon voyage,*" he said.

"You needn't wish me *bon voyage,*" I answered. "Of course, I am not leaving Bordeaux for the present."

"Oh, yes, you are. You are going on to Biarritz to-morrow morning, as you intended."

And herewith began a long and painful struggle. I could persuade him to accept no help of any sort from me. "What I can't do for myself," he declared, "I'll do without. My dear fellow, all that you propose is contrary to the laws of nature. One man can't keep another. It is an impossible relation. And I won't be kept. I won't be a burden. Besides, to tell you the truth, I've got past caring. The situation you find me in seems terrible to you; to me it is no worse than another. You see, I'm hardened; I've got past caring."

"At any rate," I insisted, "I shan't go on to Biarritz. I'll spend my holiday here, and we can see each other every day. What time shall we meet to-morrow?"

"No, no, I can't meet you again. Don't ask me to; you mean it kindly, I know, but you're mistaken. It's done me good to talk it all out to you, but I can't meet you again. I've got no heart for friendship, and—you remind me too keenly of many things."

"But if I come to the *brasserie* to-morrow night?"

"Oh, if you do that, you'll oblige me to throw up my employment there and hide from you. You must promise not to come again—you must respect my wishes."

"You are cruel, you know."

"Perhaps, perhaps. But I think I'm only reasonable. Anyhow, good bye."

He shook my hand hurriedly, and moved off. What could I do? I stood looking after him till he had vanished in the night, with a miserable, baffled recognition of my helplessness to help him.

—*The Yellow Book.*

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"OVER THE TEA CUPS"

"The Autocrat" in his finest flights of fancy never conceived of such exquisite adjuncts to the fascinating "Five O'clock" as are the modern tea tables. There is a suggestion of the charm of one pattern in this pretty sketch. See the little second shelf with its brass rail, intended just to hold the cups? That's a novelty. This is the time for teas; then it is the time for tea tables too.

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LIBRARY NOTES

It is not Mrs. Atherton's best work that appears in the series and stories published under the catching title *Before the Gringo Came*. Though she has brilliantly utilized old Monterey as a background and culled characters and incidents from the early history of Alta California, her effects are too garish and theatrical for the subject which requires for its proper illumination, a more subdued, restrained form of narrative. No one will gainsay to the *Pearls of Loreto* the quality of romantic interest, but the episodes are really too strained for artistic effect. It is also a splendid picture that of the races at Monterey and the figures of De La Vega and Ysabel Herrera stand out glowingly from the background of Caballeros in their silver embroidered raiment and beautiful women in mantillas and rebosos. The stormy wooing of the the Los Angelan has irritable fire in it and the dialogue between them is full of a passionate glow.

But the Pearl excursion spoils the versimilitude of the tale, and the deadly tragedy of the climax is too violent for the ensemble. It is a fault of mechanism, a too vigorous straining after the dramatic that detracts from the artistic beauty of the story. *The Ears of Twenty Americans* is a picturesque narrative of the days of Commodore Sloat and Consul Thomas O. Larkin, with a clever characterization—that of Doña Eustaquia, and some charming pictures of Monterey. To my mind, the best stories in the series are *The Conquest of Doña Jacoba*—really an excellent bit of literary work worthy of rank with the series of unconventional analytic studies, which are easily the cleverest things Mrs. Atherton has ever done, and *La Perdita*, a brief dramatic sketch, with the value of a prose pastel. In its way, the tale of *Doña Jacoba* is as good a bit of old California as has ever been done, and illustrates a phase of the pastoral life of the olden days that we all know about, but that is seldom written of.

Stories of Indian life naturally challenge the memory with reminiscences of Rudyard Kipling *The Potters' Thumb* has the characteristic of honest portrayal of the phases of Anglo-Indian life, together with glimpses of the ways and doings of the natives, but there is lacking the brilliant illuminating power of the Kipling style, and the dramatic conciseness of his narrative. It is a pungent, highly-spiced literary dish he has accustomed our palates to, and aught of Hindostan in another key is ungrateful. No one will deny to Mrs. Steele the credit of conscientiousness and industry, but *Mrs. Boyton* is not a very successful effort though of considerable length, and *Chandri* is an effort rather than an attainment. Rather a relief after this elongated volume, is the latest series of Dr. Doyle's stories.

Round the Red Lamp. Though they do not fascinate one with unexpected revelations as the Sherlock Holmes series did, they are certainly admirably told tales, simple yet dramatic; no straining after effect, and inimitably brief. The best stories, to my mind, are *A Straggler of '15*, which reads like a bit out of Quiller Couch, and *The Third Generation* is a dark bit of tragedy that hangs in the memory like a pall. *Lady Sannox* is another powerful episode the casual reader is not liable to forget.

Princess Julia Colonna, who figures a heroine in *A Monk of the Apennines*, by Ernest Eckstein, is exceptionally beautiful, and loves with a love that is rare and fine, the passionate and enthusiastic young father Bernarde. It must be admitted it is rather an unhappy kind of book, for all concerned have an exceedingly bad time. Still success in all their projects might have been much more dangerous in the long run, for I cannot, without several shudders, imagine the gentle young musician being untrue to his vows. But about the love of the charming Princess there is no uncertainty, no beating about the bush. With refreshing frankness she confesses it, and he, restrained by the precepts of his order, is forbidden to express to her how she has entwined herself with every fiber of his being. Rather a pretty story, this tale of the monk, permeated with quite an idyllic charm, a delicate verbal coloring, indeed. It seems a pity the wicked Prince Colonna could not have been defeated by the noble Scaurus Turrini, but that was not to be, I suppose, though, it would have been more romantic had Father Bernarde perished beside his Julia.

In Anthony Hope's last book, *The God in the Car*, there is a singularly magnetic gentleman named Willie Ruston, whose object in life seems that of unconciously setting the rest of the dramatis personæ by the ears. If the several heroes and heroines possessed romantic or fascinating qualities one might forgive Ruston the disturbances he creates, but they are singulary inadequate to the space afforded for their exploitation, and say and do little to justify their existence in so many pages. Those who recall the strength and freedom of *The Prison of Zenda* will find in this latter book few of the elements which won recognition for that brilliant novel. What splendid action and glow of narrative there was in that exciting conflict, and what a change to Mrs. Dennison, Adèle Ferrers, the Seminghams and Willie Ruston. It is neither a worthy nor an interesting motive for a long story, this study of the love of an ambitious married woman for an extraordinary forcible man whose sole inspiration is the creation of a kingdom in Africa. His characteristics might be sketched from those of Cecil Rhodes, the potent head of the South African Company. But there is none of the cleverness and vivacity that made the charm of *A Change of Air* or the inimitable *Prison*, so on the whole, the book is a sad disappointment.

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Round the Red Lamp," by A. Conan Doyle. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

"Before the Gringo Come," by Gertrude Atherton. J. Selwin Tait & Sons, publishers.

"The God in the Car," by Anthony Hope. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm. Doxey.

Fine Haviland Porcelain Tableware just received from Limborge, France, at S. & G. Gump's Art Store, 113 Geary street.

If one drinks beer it is important to select the very best, and the very best can only be found in the brews of the famous Bartholomay Brewing Co. of Rochester, New York. "Fine Standard" and "Knickerbocker" brands possess exquisite properties and are the favorites among connoisseurs. Purity and healthfulness have ever been the aim of these manufacturers, which with their palatable virtues have made these brews the favorites among high class consumers and have supplanted the popular beers of a few years ago. Messrs. Wm. Wolff & Co. of 327 and 329 Market Street, have secured the sole agency for the company and are fast disposing of their initial shipment.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

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THE CLASS OF FASHION

Experience teaches us that, when in Society, courtesy and good breeding are quite inexpedient, unseemly and improper. The rudeness of women to one another in every department in life has become so much a part of their creed that it passes unnoticed. Politeness is quite old-fashioned and out of date. We expect chivalry and good breeding from men but are surprised to find it among the members of our own sex. Do girls realize how abominably rude they really are? One meets a girl in her own home and thinks what a sweet, amiable, lovable being she is; encounter the same individual at a Tea, she bounces in, makes impertinent comments on her neighbors, snubs her friends and acts in every way like a parvenu. We rarely, if ever, see a girl who treats her female relatives with any courtesy. I fancy that would be considered committing a solicism.

All this goes to prove what a thin veneer this fin de siécle civilization really is, and that our manners are like our health and morals, in their decadence. When we find a man who treats us with becoming courtesy we immediately say he has the manners of a gentleman of the "old school." When we see a polite woman, as we occasionally do in her first season, we remark, "How very young she is!"

Christmas, with its usual stock of novelties, has donned its seven-leagued boots, and those amongst us who still believe that procrastination gathers no moss (a recent adaptation of two well-known proverbs) are laying in their stock before the dealers put on their holiday prices. Lamps and candelabra are approaching the zenith of their popularity, and are among acceptable Christmas offerings, so perhaps it is expedient to offer some hints as to pretty shades.

The fashionable shape is either that of an umbrella or a half globe, the latter, perhaps, being more popular, if anything, and chiefly used in the ballet skirt style made of tulle. The frame is first covered with net or silk, then the tulle is gathered in an indefinite number of superimposed and graduated frills or skirts and tightly sewed on. All except the lower skirts spring from the top, but graduated so that each pleated skirt falls below the other. Paper shades are becoming each year prettier and more elaborate and are, comparatively speaking, inexpensive. Those made of old rose paper with a few hollyhocks as decorations, are exceedingly soft in tone and have a double advantage, as their light effects lend a clearness to the skill that is most desirable. In fact the number of fancies made of paper are simply marvelous.

Take an ordinary white candlestick and you can convert it into a most charming rose by a dexterous handling and gathering of paper.

Collars are always desirable gifts, I mean the pretty chiffon and lace ones that we are affecting this year. A dainty one is the Nile green chiffon and guipure lace. The upper part is of lace headed by a standing collar covered with a ruche of chiffon. Sewed underneath with the ends brought up and caught to front of standing collar is a double flounce of chiffon. Two rosettes of yellow velvet ribbon stud the standing collar.

Let us banish from the house dull browns, drabs and blacks, and wear some pretty bright warm color. In winter when rain, fogs and sleet prevail without, nothing gives a more cosy and warm appearance to a house than to see the womankind clad in gaudy raiment. Let us then have geranium reds, rich cardinals, turquoise blues and warm purples for our house frocks. A pretty morning dress for a matron is of a red woolen material with a small dot. The skirt is round and clears the ground (me hate trains in the morning, and they are certainly not suggestive of trips kitchenward and duties housewifely). There is a Watteau pleat at the back, a quilted petticoat of powder blue satin. Sleeves of material with gauntlet cuffs, collar of lace arranged in deep points both back and front, a high standing collar lined with fur. A narrow band of fur outlines gown, collar and cuffs.

A very smart theatre bodice is of light butter-colored lace over the same colored silk. A belt of turquoise or bluet velvet, from which spring four braces; two of these are fastened with large bows on the shoulders; the other two are drawn up the front and are partially veiled by a lace cascade. The sleeves are very large with bows in the center, and a high standing collar of the velvet. This may be worn with any dark colored skirt.

The smarter tailor frocks are braided extensively by hand. Braid passementerie is put on in points gradually stopping at the foot of the gown. Some tailors have very dexterous workers. Robert H. Mansfield does some exquisite braiding on his tailor gowns. I saw a very pretty one in black serge, with a basque stopping at the waist. A vest of powder blue cloth was inserted and hussar frogs in black braid set down the front, orthodox barrel buttons fastening the exact center. All round the waist and down the seams was extensively braided. Another rather swell method of trimming a tailor gown is to apply bands of fur edging down the seams and along the foot of the skirt. Military frogging is also very fashionable.

Silk petticoats, which are the only possible petticoats for street wear, white skirts being confined entirely to indoor use, have many pleasing features this year. Those with the back breadth formed in godets, with lining of hair-cloth will find favor with the woman who has attempted to wear a gown stiffly interlined with canvas; the weight, she is apt to conclude, is suicidal. For dressier petticoats are brocaded silks and satins, the ruffles covered with French lace or edged with Valenciennes. Silk underskirts have a woolen lining for warmth. A very dainty one in pink silk with two rows of white insertion was lined with Nile green albatross cloth.

Night-dresses in white Nainsook are now fastened invisibly on the shoulder and at the side. A charming one had round yoke of Swiss embroidery, each row separated with tiny tucks. Through the top row of insertion a pale pink ribbon was run which tied in a big bow in the back. A tiny lace frill thickly gathered finished the neck and reveres. The reveres extended from either side of the yoke over the sleeves. The sleeves, which were very full, had a wide ruffle extending from the elbow to the waist.

There is a novelty in silks that is eminently fetching. It has the appearance of English crepe cloth with the softest texture, and is in the most delicate shades of blues, pinks and ambers. It would make exquisite evening dresses.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly: The political excitement prevailing this week is more than noticeable. Dr. J. C. Choat, a Democrat and a gay young bachelor, seems to be the choice for Coroner. The doctor always has been a great favorite among the young ladies and considered an ideal catch by the parents. I have in mind now two families, who tried to make more of the docter socially than they ever did professionally. One of them has two young ladies of marriageable ages, and here he was really called in professionally, to vaccinate the baby. The father pronounced the vaccination a success, but did not consider the doctor very friendly. In the other family a niece resides, who enjoyed the calls made upon her uncle.

Dr. Temple, "The Boy Phenomenon," has had crowded houses at the Los Angeles Theatre for three nights. He is still at the hotel making some supposed wonderful cures. No need to be either deaf or blind if you have sufficient faith.

General Lew Wallace is also with us to detract some of these lame old veterans from "The Boy Phenomenon." He will deliver two lectures concerning his books. After these he will be fêted and received, and given a free pass to Santa Monica and the Soldiers' Home.

Many of our tourists, as well as Angelesus, will be happy to dine to-night at the Hollenbeck restaurant, which has been closed for repairs, and has opened up with new frescoes and plenty of paint. Business is so rushing that they now employ two lady cashiers, one of these being the bright and independent daughter of Dr. Boynton, who has decided to follow in her aunt's footsteps and make something of herself. Miss Nellie Boynton, aunt of Miss Maud, won distinction and renown as a musical teacher, and after following her profession became the second wife of Mr. William Lacey, and still retains her position in society and lives in the "Colonial Flats," and receives the calls of old friends notwithstanding.

Last Sunday the Unity Church was all stirred up over the sermon on "Christ in the Public Schools." One lady solaced herself by going into hysterics, another went to the minister and demanded of him his reasons for preaching such a sermon just before election.

Mrs. Joseph Wolfskill, who has spent the past four years in Redondo has come to town for the winter, and has fitted out the old adobe homestead in the cosiest of styles. It is here where guests learn real genuine hospitality and comfort.

Miss Lulu Glassell has just married De Barth Shorb, Jr., and gone to Philadelphia to be with him during the remainder of his college course. There is nothing after all like the company of your own young husband.

Mr. Ed. Crandall and Mrs. C. Thomson will be shortly married. Mrs. Thomson's trousseau is elegance itself, and we think Mr. Crandall is greatly to be congratulated, capturing such a noble, beautiful and highly cultured lady.

Dr. Delamo and wife left this week for Europe and Mr. H. W. Hellman and wife returned from their European trip. We are delighted to welcome Mr. Hellman back, and see him at his desk once more in the bank.

Sincerely yours,

Becky Sharp.

SAN JOSE.

The battle is over and we have won. Only one candidate that we worked for has been defeated. Our victory is complete and again we are happy. True we were compelled to join forces with the Papists but by doing so we beat Nick Bowden's big brother and elected Bert. The Catholics that Mr. Bowden seemed so sure of went over to Mr. Herrington under the promise, I am told, that a young man named Bradley should have a deputyship. Billy wouldn't have him around the office and his refusal proved a splendid card for us. I tell you, we feel good over this victory. You see, Bowden, while conceded to be an able man, is inclined to be too imperious in his manner and we wanted to bring down such ill-founded pride.

It was too bad that we lost Sammy. He was our ideal American. Strong enough in his faith to put A. P. A. upon his political cards, we felt sure that he would win. But old Mr. Ryland, forgetting his own early history, took the field and did as much as money and influence could do to elect Mr. Pfister.

Our friend Vic, too, is in trouble. You see he was ready to sacrifice everything for Bollinger and during the campaign all his energies were exerted with that end in view. On top of this comes the doubt as to whether the old officers may not hold over for two more years. Of course, Vic has never been accused of knowing any law, he's too good a politician for that; but now both friends and enemies are quarrelling because he didn't have some lawyer examine and report upon the question before election. So now poor Vic must bear the double odium of conviction and defeat, for Bollinger was badly beaten. George, I think, feels defeat less than his champion. The latter worked day and night; he enlisted the help of Padres, had prayers said, and orisons offered at mass and vespers, and fairly stormed the Golden City with supplications for George's success. But 'twas in vain. We wanted Lyndon and we got him.

Perhaps, however, the most disappointed man was our Barney, who looked forward to taking a seat in the Senate of the United States, and directed all his efforts to that end. He made a hard fight but the Legislators are of opposite political faith, so he must stay at home. I feel it more on account of Mrs. Murphy. She is loved here and honored by all, and I'm sure as either Senator's or Governor's wife she'd hold the warmest place in all hearts.

The Campbells have moved into their new house and 'tis said now keep a servant. I do not believe there are any love matches here nor would you if you could see the manœuvres and traps of mammas who have daughters to marry off. Why, the young men tell me they are drawn into the matrimonial net almost unconsciously and are left no chance to back out. Once in a while one has the backbone to withdraw, but it is seldom, and that is one reason why so many of our married men almost live at the club, while their wives are enjoying their own company at home or flirting with some youngster who thinks himself honored by the attention of Mrs. So-and-So.

The concert Thursday night, given by the members of the Saturday Morning Musical Club, was much enjoyed by those honored with invitations. Mrs. Pascoe, as usual, was at the head of affairs and did all she could to make the entertainment very exclusive. Some of the plebians got in, however, and now the President is wondering who sent them invitations. Harmony (?) is one of the principal studies of the club and their Saturday morning meetings are always very harmonious.

Bessie.

SACRAMENTO.

The Stanford boys owned the town last Saturday. Their approach from the depot was heralded with horns and the din of cow bells. They evidently thought our village quite rural, but then, one couldn't blame them for that. The football game was awful, our boys weren't in it for a minute. The entertainment at the Metropolitan that evening filled the house with a fashionable audience. Even if we weren't impressed with the musical programme, we certainly were delighted with the appearance of the students. The length of their hair appalled us somewhat, but, as a whole, they looked quite sweet. Such a relief from our home products, one is inclined to denote the latter as jays. The local newspapers have been creating quite a stir, in trying to bring a supposed dead school teacher back to life. Josie was a well-known personage. Her escapades caused many a gossip's tongue to wag faster, and certainly her influence with the Board of Education was a notorious fact. One day Josie left for Paris, and shortly after her arrival, news was wired of her death. The facts were so indefinite that most people looked upon it as a fake. The latest from Josie is, she has been seen in Colorado with an old admirer. I wonder what next?

The Johnsons are going to Congress. Not only pa, but the whole family, including the cousins and aunts. Ma and daughter did some electioneering, but the way they did it was a trifle ordinary. They tracked the wife of their opponents around the town. When the former would stop to speak to one of her friends the J.'s would invariably interrupt, and gliding forward would thrust one of Grover's cards forward. It is to be hoped their manner will improve before they venture to Washington, as representative citizens of the Capitol of our glorious State.

The Haverly Minstrels were here Monday night and played to a crowded house. Many in the audience were disappointed, as the Professor did not appear. He must have feared the gallery gods, as he remained in your city to join the troupe later on.

The Eugene Crouches anticipate a trip to the East. Aunt Margaret sent a check with the request of a visit. Her kindness to her reltaives is phenomenal.

The musicale and recital in aid of St. Paul's Church took place last evening. The inevitable Cohn, Kidder, Crocker trio sang "The Bridge." It was kind of them, to be sure, but can't they learn something new?

Stella Chase Ainsworth was the drawing card, but she proved wearisome after the first couple of recitals. The audience strove to appear appreciative, but failed dismally. When the pretty widow stepped out to do the whistling act, we gasped and listened to "Sweet Marie." The minister realized enough to pay for the gas. Too bad, wasn't it? And his wedding day is approaching, too.

Gertie Carley who has just returned from a three years' musical course in Paris, will give a concert next Monday. This is to be the first of a series of four. The others will take place in different parts of the State, as Gertie hopes to realize enough to return to Paris to continue her studies.

Sister Sue.

November 14, 1894.

FRESNO.

Dear Wave: We all did have such a splendid time at the chrysanthemum fete at the Bowery Tuesday evening. These annual affairs, given by the ladies of the Episcopal Church, are always brilliant social successes, and they have a good crowd of society people. Indeed, the crowd was the chief hindrance to enjoyment, but then we didn't let that trouble us. The older people *would* insist upon having their chairs as near the middle of the floor as possible. I think it was a shame for the boys to let so many of us girls go alone, but they knew we would not miss it, so saved their pocket money. Of course, we were all there. George Roeding was the life of the party. He just inspired the boys so that they criticised themselves to a degree that was really surprising. George had the pretty Temperance Colony school marm by his side. It's no wonder he was vivacious!

Stony seemed to be very selfish in his dancing honors. He is a fine dancer, but I don't see why he devoted almost his entire programme to Rose and Daisy. A good many of the old folks could not withstand, and joined in the fun as in "ye olden tymes." Judge Nourse and wife danced with as much grace as would have done credit to many a younger pair. Miss Brown, who is the guest of Mrs. Miller, received considerable attention from the boys. In fact, some of the girls were quite jealous and looked daggers. Charley Reige and Tomaso Lynch wore their street suits. Do you consider that good form? I don't. But then, perhaps, these dress suits are not now tangible. We had *such* a hard winter. Our Tennessean beauty was there, in pink this time, and all her usual glory. Dr. Lawrence, Earnest and Frank and Co., of course, were also present.

Oh, Dear Wave, we're all in tears. The handsome Reese residence, east of the city, was burned down last week, and nothing was saved but the charming widow and the girls. This loss of the house would not have been so bad, but papa Reese was also beaten at the election. Of course, there was no end of sympathy extended to the girls, especially by some of our young men. We have one consolation, though, for I hear they are going to move to town which will make calling to the devotees less expensive.

Poor Georgie has been forced to wear her ankle in a cast lately. It all happened on one of those horrid bicycles. By some accident she fell off and severely sprained her ankle. Our gallant Dr. D. had the pleasure of being called in, as the family physician, so I am afraid to predict that she will be out shortly.

The hop at Hughes' Friday evening was quite a nice affair. They are much more pleasant than those public dances. They are more exclusive and much more dignified. About the same crowd, with but a few exceptions, were there. Of course, we missed Kittie dreadfully. But she is in the city with pretty Rosalie, and we are all wondering if she is ever coming back, or if some stronger attraction than charming Fresno possesses enchains her to the city by the Golden Gate.

Lee Gray left Thursday for New York to get married. My, but what a farewell the boys gave him! I heard it was a royal banquet. When I heard of it I wished with all my soul that I had been a boy. But what girl has never uttered such a foolish prayer? There was only about a select dozen present, and they did not "go home 'till morning."

Well, Harry is married and gone. The ceremony was very quiet. I don't see why it should have been so. From what I have heard, Harry did not leave the best of impressions behind in his set. Some of the boys, I have heard are extremely angry. I can't hardly blame them, either, for getting out of sorts especially after giving him such a nice present. From what I could gather, without being too inquisitive, Harry invited the boys to participate in a farewell soiree the night before the wedding, as none of the fellows were to be present. They accepted his invitation. Then they found out afterward they were expected to pay for the fun.

I thought it awfully out of place for brother Mont. to bring the two bridesmaids to the Native Sons' ball immediately after the wedding. They have been receiving so much attention during their short stay here, though, that they evidently were averse to losing any possible enjoyment.

Speaking of the ball reminds me of the number of chaperons that came along. I suppose it was meant as a hint to the boys to let them know that their girls were not to be left home.

I have just heard from one of the girls that our young attorney, Clarence, has been paying considerable attention to Daisy of late. What a queer departure. I think he is awfully cute with his sideburns.

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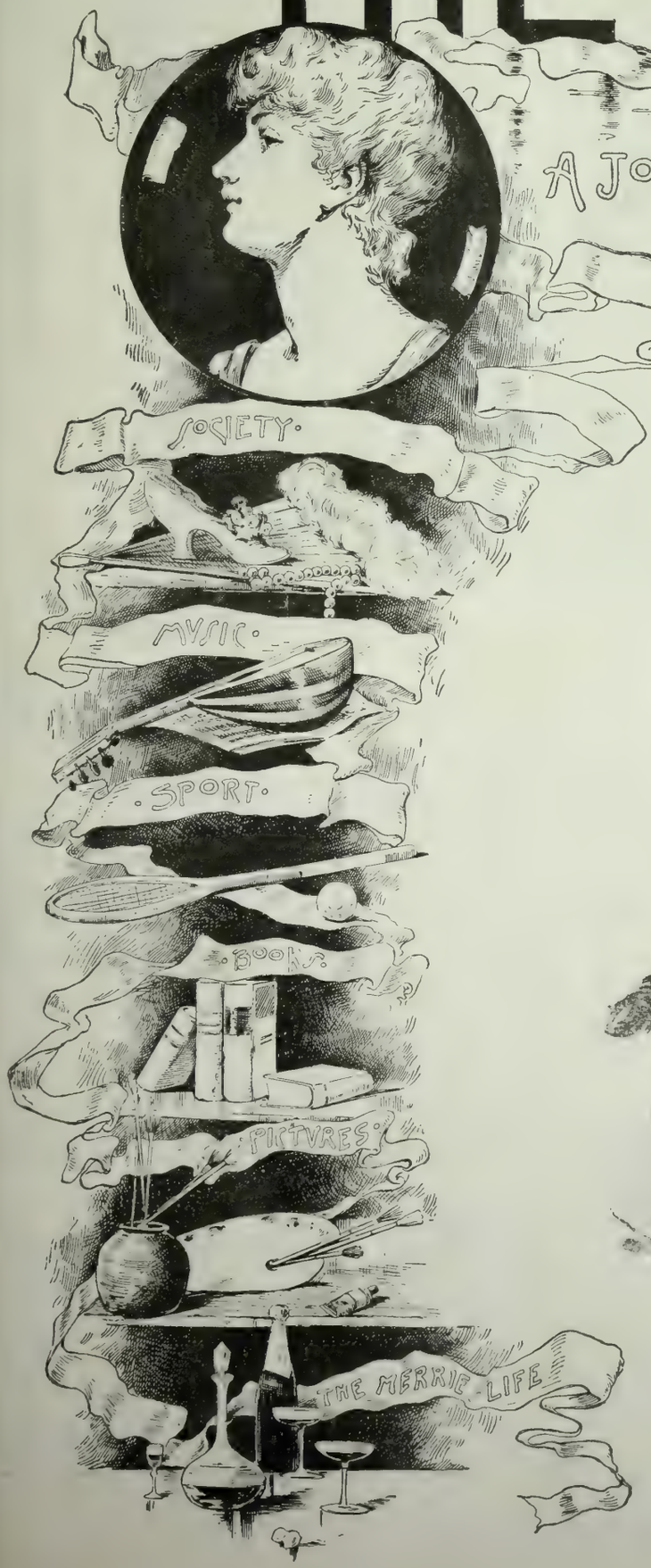

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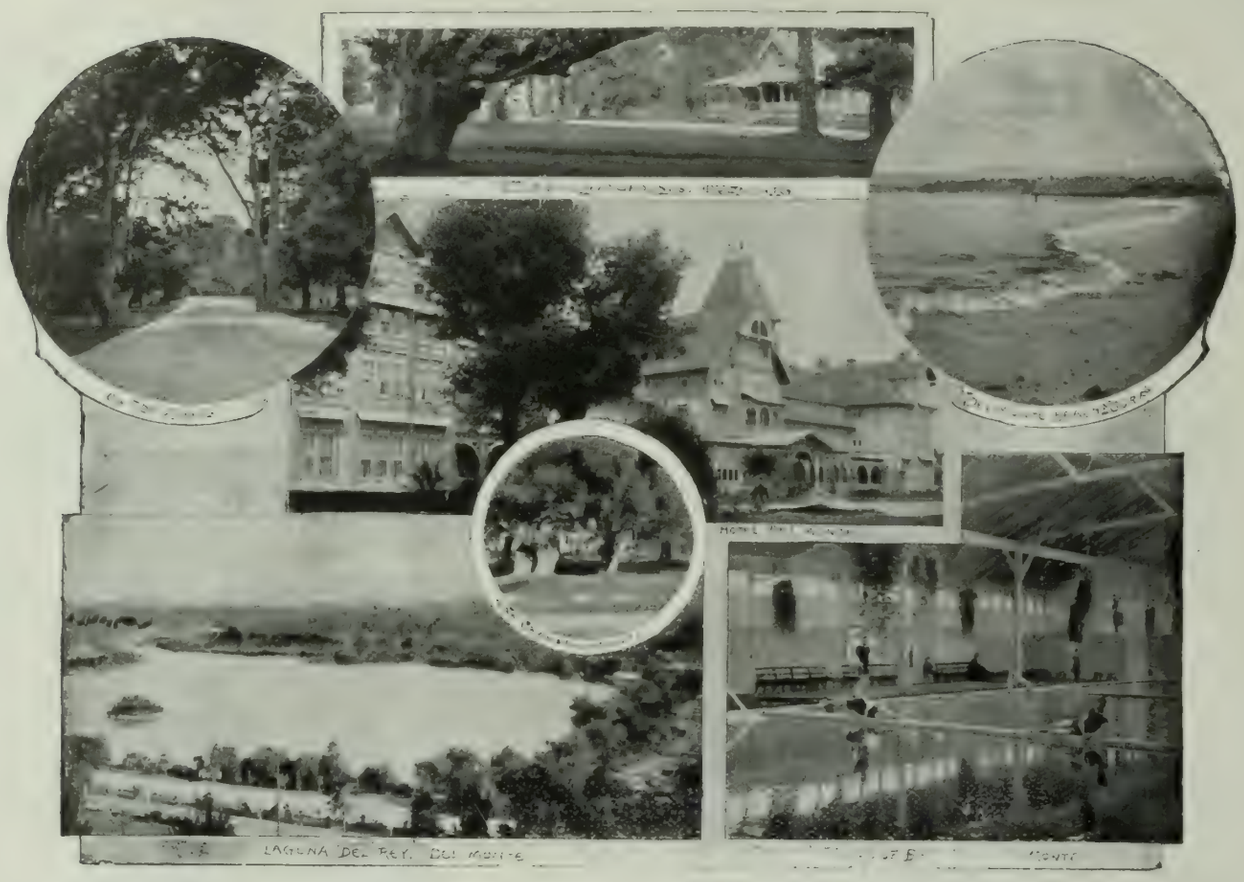

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H. A. Williams and Wm. M. Bryson, Co-partners as William Brown & Co, Plaintiffs, vs John H. Leslie, G. F. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint being filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John H. Leslie, F. G. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co. Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons —if served within this City and County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover from you the sum of $2083.38 alleged to be due from you to Plaintiffs for goods, wares and Merchandise heretofore and within two years last past sold and delivered to you by Plaintiff assignors as is fully set forth in the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred for particulars, and for costs of suit, and interest from April 21st 1892.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum of $2,083.38, interest and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord, our thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

M. C. HALEY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. J. HENEY, Deputy Clerk.

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Bay District Track

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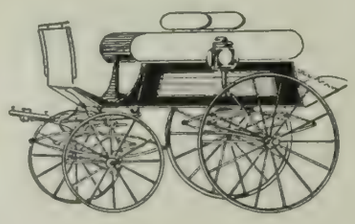

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THE WAVE

Vol. XIII. No. 21. San Francisco, November 24th, 1894. 10 Cents.

THE WAVE

A SOCIETY, LITERARY AND POLITICAL JOURNAL

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 24, 1894

THE WAVE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

SOCIETY AND THE HORSE.

Of course, the cartoon is apropos of the Horse Show next week. It is the subject we are all talking and thinking about, and from indications we are not to be disappointed. The deep interest society has developed in the Horse is concurrent with the foundation of Burlingame, the starting of pony races and the inaugration of polo. I am sure that even the rise of the bicycle will not abate the equine passion, which is a worthy one of its kind, and deserving of all encouragement.

We are now having it dinned into our ears by the Republican press that Democratic government is synonymous with hard times, reduced wages, wide-spread idleness and stalking poverty, and that the late election was a mandate from the people decreeing the doom of Democracy and poverty, and protesting against tariff legislation which had not been in operation sixty days. All of this is very encouraging for Republicans and equally disheartening to Democrats wedded to the doctrines of their national party. Theorists are most credulous concerning that which confirms theory, while they are shrugging skeptics as to flatly contradictory facts. We deny the "mandate," and charge the defeat of Democracy to a deep-laid plot among wealthy Republican employers of labor. It is a fact that Democratic rule and business stagnation have existed contemporaneously, but it is equally true that Europe, Australia and a number of South American countries (the latter to the verge of bankruptcy) have been likewise pinched by the distressing poverty of the times, and it is within the range of possibilities that a protection policy is somewhere receiving condemnation for local distress as it did in England in the early forties. It is fundamental that protection coupled with the cost of physical importation yields to the home manufacturer a beneficent margin of advantage in the home market. For the sake of this argument, or rather for the sake of avoiding argument, let us admit that protection has encouraged our infant industries, that it has been the elixir which has set the current of prosperity coursing through the arteries of trade, set spindles and shuttles humming merrily, and brought wealth and smiling industry in its train.

Under the Republican protective doctrine the proprietor of an "American Industry" has grown rich. He is a Republican, logically, naturally, as a combined matter of self-interest and gratitude. Free trade is a heresy that horrifies him. It means, he thinks,—yes, knows—an end to unconscionable profits, the dissipation of the American trust. It means that the product of the American craftsman shall be placed upon the same footing as the craftsman himself and this means disaster to high profits and that, to him, is disaster to the Nation. From his point of view it must be stopped and to that end the manufacturers of the country waged a bitter but futile warfare against the Democratic measure, the Wilson Bill. "Hard times and Democracy" became their cry. To bring the lesson home with force, the large Republican employers of men among manufacturers and big business trusts entered into a deep-laid conspiracy to force protection willy nilly. A general reduction of wages was ordered in all the corporations concerned in the plot. Following out this scheme a cutlery manufacturing company in Southington, Conn., issued the following circular as early as Dec. 29, 1893 and inclosed a copy in the pay envelope of each employee:

"Owing to the prospects of the Wilson Tariff Bill becoming a law and removing the duty on cutlery, we are compelled to reduce the price of labor on January 1."

The Atwater Manufacturing Company, of Connecticut, and numerous other concerns in the plot gave similar notifications and made similar reductions. Employees of the Clarke Thread Mills in Newark, Harrison and Kearney, N. J., were notified that they must agitate against the Wilson Bill or suffer. They agitated as directed. The mill hands of Rhode Island and Massachusetts were taxed ten cents each to meet the expenses of delegates sent to Washington to work against the bill ostensibly as their representatives. Carpet mills throughout the country were closed down and thousands left without means of subsistence, the cause assigned by the manufacturers being the probable passage of the Wilson Bill. The American Manufacturing Company at Greenpoint notified their employees that a reduction of wages would be necessary in consequence of the removal of duty on bagging. Seven hundred men at Greenpoint were affected by this reduction as well as many others employed in branch concerns at St. Louis and Charleston. In Yonkers, New York, three thousand workmen in the hatting and carpet industries were threatened by their employers with a forty per cent reduction of wages if the Wilson Bill became a law. Nine hundred workingmen were thrown out of employment at the Falls of Schuylkill, Pa., in the blanket and cloth industries alone. They were told this reduction in force was made necessary by the Wilson Bill. Eighteen hundred hands employed by the American Waltham Watch Company were cut ten per cent in wages, the Wilson Bill being the cause assigned. It would be merely cumulative to go over the entire list of Republican manufacturers and owners of protected American industries who used this device to force their employees to vote to defeat the Democratic party, although the Wilson Bill in many instances affected the manufacturer to a very slight extent, and in some cases not at all. The unity of action, the cut and dried programme, all bear unmistakable ear-marks of a preconcerted political move to frighten the American workingmen into supporting the Republican party, and having succeeded in the State elections, are now restoring their wages and hoodwinking them into the belief that further Republican dominancy would do them further benefit. The movement is a shrewd piece of politics, and the Republican managers have not neglected any of the advantages offered by the tendencies of the times, the financial condition of the world and localized its causes. From this view of the case the "avalanche," "whirlwind," "mandate," or whatever else the overwhelming defeat of the Democracy may be termed, wears a different aspect. Given the thousands of manufacturers made rich under Republican rule, who employ millions of laborers, over whom they have the power of either denying employment or reducing the recompense for such employment, and wielded as a unit, it becomes an irresitable power until—until when? Until the American laborer has been educated to understand the situation as well as his employer does. Democracy was stunned by this defeat, so suddenly and mysteriously did it come upon it. Mankind is always more deeply affected by demonstrations which spring from hidden causes, but once the cause is divulged astonishment grows only at our previous concern. The power of such political control as a justifiable weapon for protection against the encroachments of adverse legislation should not be dismissed until one prods inquiry to ascertain the motive.

The following letter issued by a prominent drug manufacturing house and published in the New York *Herald* with the accompanying interviews throw some light upon the subject:

SEABURY & JOHNSON, Nos. 59, 61 MAIDEN LANE,
NEW YORK, November 10, 1894.

FIRST GUN FOR THE WAGE-EARNER.

To Our Employés: A reduction in wages took place in 1893. Soon after the election in 1892 of President Cleveland, the apostle of theories and misery, the nation was plunged into commercial and financial depression. Bankruptcy was the order of the day. Two years' experience under the present administration has cured the people of their commercial heresies and delusions.

True to American genius—splendidly illustrated by Abraham Lincoln when he stated that "you can fool all the people some of the time, some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time"—the people soon tired of the luxurious experiment, and on November 6, 1894, arose in their might and peacefully with their ballots changed the political complexion of the House of Representatives, and, indeed, the entire government of the States, giving the party of patriotism, protection and prosperity a clear majority, thereby ensuring a return of those beneficent policies that have made our country the greatest nation on earth. Public confidence will be restored as if by magic, and as a natural sequence

there will be a general revival of trade and commerce.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." Under the provisions of the Wilson Bill, which will be cremated with funeral honors, it will for a time be impossible for every industry to so quickly respond to the situation. To commemorate those glorious victories of the people, and also as a remembrance of my semi-centennial birthday, which takes place on November 10th, we take great pleasure in announcing to you that your former salaries will be restored, beginning the week from November 12th, until further notice. Yours very respectfully,

GEORGE J. SEABURY, President.

SEABURY & JOHNSON.

A reporter of the New York *Herald*, detailed to investigate the affair, says:

I went to Maiden Lane yesterday to ascertain if the members of the firm, which manufactures medical, surgical and antiseptic specialties and is one of the best known firms in the United States, would explain why they had sent out that circular. George J. Seabury, who is known to be a strong Republican, is the president of the company. He was absent. George W. Hopping, the treasurer, was in the office, and I put my question to him.

"Explanation?" replied Mr. Hopping. "The letter explains itself. It says: 'Public confidence will be restored as if by magic, and as a natural sequence there will be a general revival of trade and commerce.' The company has done this in acticipaion of an increase of business."

DID NOT WANT TO BE INTERVIEWED.

"And because of the Republican success at the polls?" I suggested.

Mr. Hopping laughed and said he did not want to be interviewed.

"Do you believe that the Wilson Bill will be repealed by a Republican Congress?" I asked.

"That is the idea," responded Mr. Hopping, and he quoted Campbell's Shakespearian line in the circular: "Coming events cast their shadows before," and the further statement of the circular that "under the provisions of the Wilson Bill, which will be cremated with funeral honors."

"What reduction in wages did you make in 1893?" I asked Mr. Hopping.

"From ten, fifteen to twenty per cent," answered that gentleman, "and now salaries will be restored to what they were before."

I asked Mr. Hopping if his business did not derive some benefit from the Wilson Bill, and he replied that neither the McKinley nor the Wilson Bill made much difference to them. Then Mr. Hopping made the astonishing statement that during the panic they bought more cotton goods—cotton is used in plasters, it will be remembered—than they had done before or since.

I met a gentleman connected with another big drug firm—the gentleman, in fact, who sent the letter to the *Herald*—who said:

"I was talking this morning with a partner in a big printing house, who told me that in consequence of the Republican victory of November 6th his house was going to start up on full time. '*What,*' I exclaimed, '*do you mean to say that you have kept the wages of your employees down for political reasons?*' '*Certainly,*' he replied, '*we wanted them to vote the Republican ticket, and they have done it.*'

"*You will find,*" continued the gentleman, "*that that kind of thing has been done extensively in New York City, as well as everywhere else in the country. What the manufacturers want is the restoration of the McKinley Bill.*"

Viewing these disclosures the Republican victories are very simple of explanation. It was the work of the combined manufacturers of America threatening their employees with dismissal or reductions unless they voted the Republican ticket. If the national issue had been the abolishing of trusts, the amendment of our emigration laws, two movements which would result in increased demand for labor and increased compensation for laborers, the manufacturers might with equal reason, and no doubt would, use the same weapon to defeat those measures.

Under our form of government the individual man is active, the aggregate mass inert. Evil and criminal methods of accumulating money, especially if assimitable to the forms of legitimate business are boldly advertised and practiced in comparative safety. Cupidity cloaked in, or connected with respectability and mounted upon a pedestal of former success may ride roughshod over underlings and devour poor and credulous thousands without the fear, much less the danger of official interference or espionage. There has been much published and spoken of those gigantic failures, the Pacific and People's Home Savings Banks; but a succinct account of how they were set on foot, capitalized on air, and false pretenses used as snares to entrap the dollars of thoughtless and too confiding people of all classes and conditions, and how they ended in a saturnalia of fraud and crime has never been given.

The Pacific Bank was never incorporated as a commercial bank. The institution, the name of which was changed to that of the Pacific Bank, was a Savings and Loan Society, but saving and making conservative investments for depositors was too slow a business for the founders, and when the McDonalds came into control, some time in the seventies, they wholly altered the character of the business without reincorporating or acquiring any new corporate powers. Their control and conduct of the bank was characterized by flagrant and open violations of the law, warranting the forfeiture of the bank's charter and the punishment, by fine or imprisonment, of the officers, and yet so inefficient and worthless were the Bank Commissioners and Attorneys-General, and so indulgent and acquiescent the patrons of the bank, that ever since the accession of the McDonald regime, and until its collapse, it usurped and exercised all the franchises of banks which had met the more stringent requirements of law, and complied with the onerous conditions imposed upon commercial banks. And how were those usurptions employed? The property and bonds of the bank were used, not as a trust fund, but as a private machine for supplying the inside management and their intimates with an abundant suply of ready cash to float outside speculations. There seems to have been a reasonable conservatism so far as can be judged by surface indications, during the first decade of the McDonald reign, but the advent of the "boom" marked the falling away from the just and safe rules and practices of banking, and the institution launched upon the dangerous sea of speculation. It was at this period that large investments were made by the McDonalds, Sherman and other outsiders, in outside lands in Southern California, and in the stocks and bonds of wildcat corporations. With the subsidence of the boom, and the shrinkage in values in the year 1888; the bank began to flounder and resorted to inflation of vouchers, to falsification of books and to the substitution of false and fabricated promises in lieu of cash. It was at that early date rotten to the core and should have been reported to the Attorney-General and have gone into liquidation. Had the Bank Commissioners possessed the slightest respect for the interests of the public and their oaths of office, had they any object in life except to draw down their salaries, thousands of innocent and confiding persons would have been saved from the ruin which overtook them in the collapse in 1893. But evil practices had so calloused the consciences of the management that they decided to set new money traps and bolster up their failing fortunes, though the chances were many to one that it would result in the deception and robbery of workingmen and small traders. So they organized the People's Home Savings Bank as an adjunct to the Pacific Bank. Here was the initial point of a scheme of grand larceny on a petty scale, and of petty larceny on a grand scale. The law, with a tender solicitude for the thrifty and prudential, requires of Savings Banks special safeguards for the protection of depositors and carefully limits their powers. Among the provisions of Section 574 of the Civil Code, is sub division 6 which reads as follows:

"No (such) corporation must purchase or convey bonds, security or evidences of indebtedness, public or private, except bonds of the United States, of the State of California, and of the Counties, Cities, or Cities and Counties, or Towns of the State of California, unless such corporation has a capital stock, or reserve fund paid in of not less than Three Hundred Thousand Dollars."

In direct violation of this law, with an open disregard of the existence and presence of a high salaried Bank Commission, the People's Home Savings Bank conducted its business as a Savings and Loan Society, advertised and proclaimed its solidity far and wide without ever providing so much as $50,000 of fully paid up capital stock or any reserve fund whatever. Certificates for hundreds and thousands of shares were issued without the payment of a dollar and worthless promises accepted in lieu of cash. All this passed under the eyes of the Bank Commissioners and of the Attorney-General, whose duty it was to enforce compliance with these salutary requirements, and, in default of compliance, to close the bank. But not only were the depositors deprived of the security required by law, but their deposits were employed by the insiders in collusion with their friends to carry on wild private speculations in the stocks of other corporations in breach of trust and direct violation of the provisions above quoted. These statements are not random or speculative. The reports of the Bank Commissioners for all the years of the bank's existence contain as items the worthless stocks and bonds in which the funds were invested in excess of its powers. In addition to this, the books contain the records of numerous gross misappropriations running through the whole period, so palpable and so plain, as to lie within comprehension of the merest tyro at bookkeeping. The People's Home, imitating its malodorous progenitor, engaged in commercial banking without the semblance of legal authority, which notorious and flagrant violation of the statue was overlooked or winked at by Attorney-General Hart, who, when the collapse came, was found to be a heavy debtor to the Pacific and People's Home. It would be unfair and unjust to lay at the door of the McDonald's all the misdeeds of these banks. In an evil hour R. H. McDonald, Jr., and Frank V. McDonald were persuaded by appeals to vanity and self-interest to take the first step in the broad way of malversation and to lay violent hands upon funds which were not their own. Possibly this ill-advised step was taken to relieve the pressing wants of their false friends; if so it may be pleaded as a mitigation of criminal intent, but that step having been taken the McDonalds found themselves in the hands and at the mercy of as remorseless, unscrupulous and insatiable set of creatures as ever scuttled a ship or cut a throat. It is unnecessary to call names. The public already know the names of the vampires and financial harpies who have reveled in and fattened upon the spoils filched from a deluded patronage.

Past dangers should beget present prudence. Present prudence demands a most careful and thorough investigation of the banks of this State, lest another Pacific or another People's Home Savings Bank, masquerading as a bulwark of financial strength may precipitate a panic at some less propitious hour and ruin thousands of confiding victims. Before long Governor-elect Budd will have the appointment of a new Board of Bank Commissioners. When this time comes let him bear in mind the short-comings of previous Commissioners and have an eye to the fitness of his appointees to offices which so much have in hand the wel-

fare of thousands of our thrifty and toiling fellow-citizens.

Executive Usurpation of Power

BORROWING MONEY WITHOUT AUTHORITY.

There is a report which seems to be well authenticated that the President proposes borrowing one hundred million dollars in gold coin to replenish the fund provided by the Act of 1875 for the redemption of the greenback bills of credit.

This Act was the sequel of a conspiracy of foreign and native bankers with their agents in Congress to procure the payment of United States bonds in gold coin. That Act was a violation of the Constitution and of the statute regulating the value of money coined by the United States in making a distinction, while the statute was in force, between gold and silver coin after all distinction had been obliterated by coinage of the metals into money and the value thereof regulated, and made a tender in payment of debts as provided by the Constitution.

The success of the scheme emboldened the conspirators to demonetize silver coin by fraudulently striking the premium for its coinage from the statute in 1873 and filling the measure of financial iniquity and corrupt bargaining in 1875. By the Act of 1875 the greenback bills of credit which the Supreme Court has decided to be constitutional only as a war measure and consequently would not be lawful if issued in time of peace, were, in order to avoid the passage of an Act for an additional issue, made re-issuable after payment.

This artifice and the making of the untaxable bills, nearly the whole of which issue was controlled by the syndicate, payable in gold coin was the cunning infancy of the conspiracy. The result of those Acts was the demonetization of silver by nearly all the nations of Europe and their adoption of the English single standard. As a consequence there was paralysis in all branches of business, failures, poverty and inexpressible distress. This catastrophe which has fallen upon the people of all civilized nations is directly traceable to the conspiracy of the representatives of the banking and bond-holding class to purchase financial legislation through their agents in Congress.

That the greedy and cruel Shylocks have overreached themselves is, however, evident. Having, in effect, stricken out one-half of the money of the world, they now find but a restricted use for that which they possess, which, upon consideration, is not at all marvelous.

Imagine, if you please, the wheat crop of 1895 in all wheat-growing countries to promise an abundant yield and that a blight has come upon it in the night and destroyed one-half of the growing grain. There can be no doubt that the price of wheat would advance, as only a comparatively limited class of persons could purchase. An immense number of wheat consumers would be compelled to substitute a cheaper food, and as they abandoned its use the price would fall until it approximated somewhat to the cheaper substance. This disaster would, however, be only temporary, for nature, with its fervent heat, genial rain and fruitful soils, would again fill the granaries with golden sheaves.

What the supposed blight would have accomplished is just what has happened to the financial conspirators. The enhanced price of gold coin is on the downward grade. In all manufacturing industries the number of employees has been reduced, the merchant keeps his stock within the narrowest limit, the railroad magnate, although rails are low, will not lay track, the farmer dismisses his help and performs additional labor, and the unemployed claim charitable aid or stint themselves to the point of starvation. Consequently there is no demand for the gold coin of the banker, which lays idle in his vaults, and will lay there until he, realizing the folly of his overreaching greed and his inability to change or control the law of economics, clamors for the restoration of silver coin to its ancient legal status.

In the meantime the hands of the conspirators, who control still, as they have for thirty years, the treasury of the United States, have not lost their cunning. Shut off from individual demands by forced economy and the exercise of common sense, they still find a bonanza in the one and only possible spot of earth—the treasury of the United States. Only a few months since they loaned $50,000,000 of gold coin to the United States on interest-bearing bonds, when the vaults of the treasury were bursting with lawful tender silver coin.

It is now reported that the President is about to contract for a loan of $100,000,000 in gold coin to sustain the credit of the United States and maintain the parity of gold and silver coin.

With whom, pray, is the credit of the United States to be maintained? With the money-lenders, who constantly threaten it by their conspiracy against the lawful silver coinage?

The right to regulate the value of money, or which is the same thing, to equalize it, is *vested* in Congress, and were it not that the Supreme Court, is notoriously the fortress of the money power, the financial clowns at Washington would long since have been compelled to abandon that device for replenishing the gold fund at the expense of the people. Where does the President find authority to borrow money on the credit of the United States for any purpose whatever? Where does he find authority to regulate the value of money, or, as he puts it, to maintain the parity of gold and silver coin? Certainly not in the Constitution.

"All legislative powers herein granted *shall be vested* in a Congress, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." Con. U. S., Art. I., Sec. 1.

"The Congress shall have power to issue money on the credit of the United States." Con. U. S., Art. I., Sec. 8

"The Congress shall have power to coin money, regulate the value thereof, and of foreign coin." Con. U. S., Art. I., Sec. 8.

The powers which the Constitution has vested in Congress cannot be delegated by any form of law ever devised by the wit of man, nor are they conceivably divestable except by reference to the States or people for amendment as provided therein. To borrow money on the credit of the United States is, in the meaning of the Constitution, a power in Congress to contract with the lender by an Act defining the amount to be borrowed, fixing the rate of interest, specifying the time of payment and providing for the issuance of the evidences of the debt, etc.

The contract is the Act of Congress, the President being limited to signing or rejecting the bill. If Congress can delegate to the Executive, as attempted in the Act of 1875, the power to borrow money on the credit of the United States on the pretext of replenishing a fund, so it may delegate to him the power to lay and collect duties and taxes to supply the deficiency of an appropriation for the payment of a debt of the United States, or it may delegate the power to dispose of the terrritory or other property belonging to the United States, to increase the number of vessels of the navy, or to support the army, or to declare war in a certain contingency, exercise exclusive jurisdiction over the District of Columbia. There is not a constitutional legist in the United States, unless retained to present the lie as truth and the truth as a lie, who will aver that the President can be delegated, or can assume, without a violation of the Constitution, the exercise of any legislative power which the Constitution has vested in Congress.

Can a better cause be assigned for the overwhelming defeat of the Democratic party than the obsequiousness of the President to the financial conspirators, to his unconstitutional assumption of the power of Congress to borrow money on the credit of the United States, of his unconstitutional assumption of the legislative power to regulate the value of money and for the failure of the Democratic members to present his unexampled encroachment upon the powers which the Constitution had vested in their department of Government.

If the party is not to have short shrift and quick burial it must at the next session rebuke the Executive whose dictatorial assumptions have dishonored it and give proof of its inflexible determination to have the Federal Government administered hereafter in the letter and spirit of the Constitution. There should be no hesitation on the part of Democratic members in serving notice upon the President that any measures taken by him to borrow money on the credit of the United States will be resented by presenting articles for his impeachment, and they should record their opposition to the payment of interest upon the $50,000,000 heretofore contracted for in violation of the Constitution. Nothing could be more acceptable to the great majority of the people than a demand that the practice of paying debts in gold coin which are not so specified be abandoned, and that an act be passed making it unlawful to contract for payment of a debt in specific coin. That alone would again bring gold and silver coin to parity, without international agreement, and dissipate the industrial paralysis which has caused such widespread suffering and discontent.

The re-issue of the greenbacks, the creation of the fund for their redemption and the provision for maintaining it will be better understood when it is stated that the object was to retain $360,000,000 of paper in circulation and exclude the same amount of silver coin. They were made payable in gold coin to prevent a demand for their redemption.

Being untaxable by the States and concertible they were more desirable for deposit than the coined money, moreover, they were chiefly in the possession of those who had devised the method of perpetuating them as current money. This was the crowning infamy of the financial junto which, under the direction of John Sherman, had diverted for a quarter of a century after the war the attention of the people to the animosities engendered by it while the Treasury was being plundered by legislation and the conspirators enriched.

M. N. MAGINNIS.

THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

The Executive Committee of the San Francisco Branch of the National Union for Practical Progress wishing, to obtain an expression of opinion from every one interested in the elevation and improvement of our nation and our fellowmen, requests those whose notice may be given to this item, to fill out the blank printed below and mail it to the local secretary.

The Union aims to unite the moral forces of every community. It welcomes as members all who desire to assist in the elevation and improvement of mankind. It does not recognize any class distinctions, nor creed differences, nor nationality, nor sex; on the contrary, it hopes to induce every sincere lover of good government and fellowman to unite for the welfare of all. It needs no comment to explain that if the moral forces were united their power for good would be irresistible. This is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress. It is hoped that men and women in every profession will recognize the possibilities and probability of accomplishing an immense amount of good by this unity of effort.

The following topics will be taken up, discussed, and standing committees will be appointed for practical work upon each subject. 1st. Child Labor. 2d. Prison Reform. 3d. Municipal Reform. 4th. The Ballot Box. 5th. How Best to Combat Political Corruption. 6th. The Abolition of War. 7th. Charity, Organized and Unorganized. 8th. Gambling. 9th. Enforcement of Law.

The Union for Practical Progress asks those who desire to join in its work to kindly send their address to Mr. John M. Wallis, 2425 Post street, with the following blank filled out :

SAN FRANCISCO

Union for Practical Progress

C. C. TERRILL, President. J. M. WALLIS, Secretary.

Regular meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month at

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE, 16 Post St.

.....1894.

To the Secretary
Union for Practical Progress.
J. M. WALLIS,
2425 Post St., San Francisco.

DEAR SIR:--I would be pleased to aid in the work of the Union for Practical Progress.

I am most interested in the subject of.....

.....

and shall be pleased to devote some time to the furtherance of reform.

Name.....

Address.....

Secretaries California Branches, Union for Practical Progress :

Claire S. Robinson, Alameda, California.
Rev. E. B. Payne, Berkeley, "
Caroline Morris, Los Gatos, "
W. G. B. Pierce, Pomona, "
E. R. Watson, Santa Ana, "
Mrs. C. H. Hurlbut, Santa Barbara, "

SPLASHES

SOCIETY AS IT defines itself at fashionable affairs, at dinners, teas, receptions and cotillions was fully represented at the charity baseball match on Saturday last. There were solid contingents from the contending clubs, besides a dozen or less of Pacific-Union men. It cannot be said, however, there was manifested that turbulent enthusiasm, which was the feature of these contests a few years ago. Then, the fight for supremacy was waged between the two Post-street clubs, and representative members of both wielded the bat with feverish energy or fielded with that wild-eyed enthusiasm which was infinitely more interesting to the audience than the flawless perfection of professional skill. Now, in Bohemia, the team is selected from the younger and more athletic men, while the 'Varsity opposes to them a handful of smart young players fresh from college, whose limbs retain the elasticity of juvenility. As for the Pacific-Union, is it advancing years or successive defeats that has set the seal of disappointment on further participation?—or increasing avoirdupois, perhaps. However, it was not a bad game on Saturday—a bit too good, indeed, to be funny. Still there were countless chrysanthemums and loads of pretty girls, and a drag or two. The grand stand at the Haight-street grounds was quite comfortably loaded up, but the bleachers were bare, and one heard considerably less noise than in former years.

* * *

A good looking young gentleman, rather noted for his successes among the fair sex, told me with extreme positiveness he had never seen so many really pretty girls together as were gathered at the Olympic Club show the other evening. It is not the ultra exclusive element that is attracted to these athletic exhibitions for the institution makes no claim to be strictly fashionable, therefore the city, south and north, is under contribution for beauties, and beauties there were in abundance, a practical testimonial to the dear old saying about the brave and the fair. Such a huge crush as there was prevented one getting the individual effects of the series of stunning young women, among whom the characteristics of the California type are being admirably maintained, splendid contours, bright, rather than fine complexions, an abundance of vitality, rather than of vivacity. The programme, quite an extensive one, was executed very cleverly, especially the acrobatics. One of the features of the evening was the presentation to the ex-president, Henry Crocker, of a handsome piece of silver. George Knight made the speech.

* * *

CIVILIZATION is gaining ground among us. Inconceivable as it may sound, being prefaced by no warning notes of exclamation, a plurality of the calling male element commences to appreciate the necessity of appropriate tailoring, and has begun to appear at afternoon functions in frock coat and silk hat, according to the dictates of *Him*. There cannot be the slightest shadow of a question about the criminality of presenting one's self in another form of attire, but I am a bit surprised it has taken so long for the intellects of the jeunesse dorè to grasp the impropriety of appearing before society in sac suits. There was a fascinating gentleman here last season whose vogue was quite extensive in several families of importance. He had a pleasingly familiar way that passed for the graceful ease of one to the haute monde born, and he adorned his figure for afternoon teas in trousers of the pale pigeon-blue variety and long wooly sac coats. A bunch of violets invariably decorated his buttonhole, and he was spoken of as "elegant." But he was only one of a variety of sinners, and it is refreshing to notice that it gradually becomes almost fashionable to be correct.

* * *

Apropos of clothes, I learn that the freak frock coat has been called in, and the garment succeeding it is in comparison extremely short, ending about at the knee and branching out like a ballerina's skirts. The young gentlemen I saw on Pacific avenue last Sunday in coats extending into the regions of their calves should remember these have been out of fashion several weeks in London, and that it is necessary for them to reinvest. The latest London "Derby" hat, I regret to say, bears a most painful resemblance to a fried egg, being low in the crown and broad, terrifically broad i' th' brim. If the style continues running to such painful extremes, our more advanced young men will, of painful necessity, be compelled to revert to the chin elastic to keep on their head gear.

* * *

IT IS RARE that one meets so many men at a tea as were at the Jolliffe's on Sunday last. The male attendance at afternoon functions is, as a rule, not large, but on the Sabbath, the industrious permit themselves the relaxation of attention to social duties and make their rounds with brief moments at many mansions. But there was a startling array of club men at this especial tea, which made it quite notable. The affair was in honor of Mrs. Hermann Oelrich, but served also as a species of housewarming, it being the first gathering in the charming Elizabethan villa on Pacific avenue. The interior is certainly in harmony with the facade, the style of the rooms and the coloring being most effective and at the same time quaintly original.

* * *

At the tea Mrs. Gus Spreckles displayed one of the very fetching gowns she has just brought from New York with her. A plain black satin skirt, startling in the novelty of its cut, so flaring about the feet that it suggested sailor trousers, and a white silk bodice, draped in black iridescent beaded chiffon, with girdle fastenings of large shine-stone hooks and eyes. The effect perfectly stunning. Apropos of clothes, Mrs. Will Crocker, who has just returned from abroad, tells us that, as yet, we have no conception of large sleeves. In fact, the Paris modistes are making them so exaggerated that she could hardly reconcile herself to adopting them on her new gowns.

* * *

The Gerstle residence on Van Ness avenue will be hospitably thrown open on Tuesday evening, November 27th, to the strains of dance music, the chatter of belles and beaux, the flutter of hearts and programmes. Nearly two hundred invitations have been circulated for the ball, which marks, with due éclat, the ceremonious commencement of really swagger winter gayeties, preceding, as it does, the two large functions at the Verein and Concordia Clubs. Half a hundred married couples will lend stability and dignity to the youthful frivolity of the younger and less serious set. Handsome new creations in satins and chiffons will be on view, and the success of the ball is a foregone conclusion, under these elaborately favorable circumstances.

* * *

The completion of the new club building for the Verein is about accomplished. The decorators have put the last artistic touches to the interior, and to-night will see the new abode ablaze with incandescent lights and peopled with interested admiring members with their sweethearts, sisters and wives. Just an informal reception in the shape of a housewarming, some music and a buffet supper. The really grand inaugural will take place on New Year's eve, with the usual formal and brilliant ball.

* * *

There is genuine regret expressed over the death of Mrs. H. H. Scott, who, after a painful and lingering illness, passed away on Thursday night last. She was a bright and genial woman, whose loss will be sincerely felt, not only by her sons and daughters, but by a large circle of friends. Mrs. Scott was a sister of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and of C. P. Robinson, and her death will retire from active participation in the season's gaieties a large circle of relations, among them the Robinsons Van Wycks, Thorntons, Crittendens and Mercadoes.

* * *

The friends of the Bissells have received invitations to the wedding of Miss Elise Bissell and Mr. Paul Broker Robinson, which will be celebrated on the evening of the 27th at Trinity Church, Asheville, North Carolina. Miss Elise will be remembered as a very beautiful young girl, slender, blonde, with an exquisitely delicate complexion and large, blue eyes. She gave promise of surpassing in good looks her elder sister, Miss Julia, who is now living in England.

* * *

Into what ecstasies the dailies have gone over the Howard-Poett wedding. It seems an appropriate feature of journalism, nowadays, to give all the details and particulars of a fashionable marriage weeks before it occurs, and then to keep alluding to it in interesting recapitulatory paragraphs of about equal length and breadth. The rival written on the subject of society may possess an interest for residents on Tennessee or Utah streets, but can not possibly be considered readable by men and women of ordinary intelligence. Even from the news point of view there is no earthly sense in expanding into a column material which should be stated in a paragraph. The particular importance of the nuptials in question arise from the identity of the bride, who is the daughter of Alfred Poett, a wealthy Santa Barbaran, and the groom, who is the son of the late George Howard, capitalist and leading citizen, whose house is one of the show places of San Mateo. The ceremony was performed at the villa of Mrs. H. B. Williams, at Burlingame, by Archbishop Rior-

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don, in the presence of the club set, several members of which assisted as ushers. Of the bridesmaids Miss Florence Mills looked really charming, and, without question, is one of the prettiest girls in society.

* * *

The date of the Jephson-Head wedding has not yet been announced, though I believe it is set for early in the future. I am told they propose to live in California and may go ranching, Mr. Jephson having a taste as well as a talent in that direction. In the meantime he is to lecture before the Geographical Society on the evening of December 4th, his subject being "Our March Through the African Forest." He has an attractive personality, has lived an interesting life and should be worth hearing. He ought to have a good audience.

* * *

IT SEEMS a pity the romantic tale about General Ezeta and Mrs. Paxton had no better basis than the imagination of the writer. Of course, a good story is a good story in these dull, past-election days, but faking is decidedly an objectionable feature of journalistic endeavor, and a mild degree of investigation must have demonstrated the falsity of the yarn. From certain points of view it is considered unwise to injure a romantic tale by undue analysis, but after all, the backbone of journalistic reputation is accuracy, and it is certainly objectionable to manufacture material out of whole cloth. Mrs. Paxton is a very charming and accomplished woman, and General Ezeta might reasonably be offered congratulations if the story were true, but they never even met. Thus sky-high goeth another garish yarn.

* * *

THE INITIAL DINNER of the Guild of Arts and Crafts at the California Hotel, while devised out of compliment to John Vance Cheney, who, on Saturday, leaves for Chicago, was really an inaugural gathering of the organization. The attendance was smaller than was anticipated, due, doubtless, to the raging epidemic of colds, but was decidedly representative, and what is better, enthusiastic about the future of the Guild. Professor Moses had the chair, with the guest of the evening, who happens also to be president of the new institution, at his right, with Irving M. Scott, Horace Platt, Charles Graham and some other invited guests beside them. The feature of the evening, decidedly was the talking which, of its kind, was very good. Stating the objects of the Arts and Crafts to be coöperation for the artistic well-being of the community, Professor Moses, in a few strong and sincere sentences, defined the situation and what might be accomplished. The voice of the Guild on subjects it was concerned with, should be that of the highest authority among us, and must carry weight even to the minds of the Philistines. In particular he alluded to the loss of the President who, going out of this region of individualism into that whose power and prosperity represented the highest achievement of coöperation, would be afforded a vivid contrast in consequences.

* * *

Mr. Cheney's speech had a fine earnestness and poetic value, and was really a graceful bit of oratory, though it partook rather of the nature of an exhortation. As the farewell utterance of a man of high intelligence, who has lived among us eighteen years, it was notable conveying his impression of the community's lack of artistic ideals, of its contempt for culture. The gift of strong talk belongs also to Irving M. Scott, whose message to the organization was one of encouragement and hope. Horace Platt made a graceful speech about the guest of the evening. Page Brown, Douglas Tilden, Willis Polk and Charles Graham were also heard from—the latter contributing also some of those amusing and whimsical dialect songs which he does to such clever advantage.

* * *

THERE WAS an over-abundance of the male element at the Calliopean Club ball in Golden Gate Hall Saturday night. Just how it happened I don't know, but there were present about a dozen more men than maids. As the main object of the club's gatherings is to subserve the enjoyment of their girl friends, perhaps, this was an advantage, for certainly there were no wall-flowers, and to judge by appearances every one had the jolliest time imaginable. The Calliopean is an organization of young men, and its balls are specially privileged, inasmuch as they gather at them the freshest, brightest and prettiest girls in town, especially the debutantes. There is ever about their affairs an agreeable absence of all formal stiffness. Every one comes for enjoyment, and they have it. In the gathering on Saturday night there were many new faces, owing possibly to the number of buds and visitors. Among the latter is Miss Kohl, the daughter of Dr. Kohl, a prominent Chicago physician, who is here for the winter. Her face is of an unfamiliar type, interesting and attractive, without veritable beauty, though she is handsome and of a fine figure. The most piquantly pretty girl in the room was a debutante, Miss Blanche Coblentz, a decidedly French type, a slim, graceful maiden, with laughing eyes and a manner decidedly chic and provoking. Miss Sadie Hecht, among the younger girls was, perhaps, the belle, though her gown accentuated the delicate beauty of her face and the slender grace of her figure. Miss Greenebaum, who is one of the handsomest girls of her set, was also there looking her best.

* * *

Miss Schwitzer, one of last season's buds, was charmingly gowned in the piquant way she affects. Of the debutantes, Miss Sachs had a large share of the general attention. She is a petite maiden with very beautiful, dark eyes and a fine complexion which the pink tones of her gown showed off to advantage. Miss Gertie Napthaly, a daughter of Joseph Napthaly, the well-known attorney, made her debut, also. She is a tall, dark, handsome young woman of fine figure and some certainty of style. The other debutantes are Miss Edna Davis, a daughter of Ansley Davis, a petite maiden with bright, engaging manners. Miss Mabel Gerst, a very pretty girl, tall and slender. She is a grand daughter of Mr. Anspacher, and the daughter of Gerrison Gerst. Miss Alma Levinson, a sister of Dr. Charles G. Levinson, is tall and slender, also, and is a decidedly fine dancer. One of the most striking looking girls in the crowd was a niece of Mayor Steinman, of Sacramento, Miss Mabel Steinman. Her style is picturesque, tall, with fine eyes and olive tones; she dances like a bayadere. Another attractive girl is Miss Moise, from Sumpter, South Carolina. She is a graceful and vivacious maiden with the most charming Southern accent imaginable. There were quite a number of others there of whom it would be easy to find something to say. On the whole, perhaps, the average of good looks was hardly so high as at the last Calliopean gathering, though the affair was really one of the jolliest in its annals. The supper, by Ludwig, was especially enjoyable and jolly.

* * *

THOUGH THE Friday Night Bowling Annex of the Concordia Club has not, so far this winter, gone in for the little private reunions that made so agreeable a feature of last winter's festivities, it will doubtless have some affairs very soon. Matrimony has rather depleted the membership, it must be remembered, for the club is down now to about sixteen out of the original twenty-two, and of the organizers only four or five are left. Never was there such an institution for marrying and giving in marriage as this club. For thirteen important nuptials it has supplied either bride or groom. In every instance the victims of Cupid and Hymen retired to give way for new men or girls, and to figure on its list was regarded by many young people as a fair first step towards settlement in life. It can be imagined, therefore, that competition for the vacancies was pronounced. Now all the other bowling clubs are gone by the board. The Monday Night, the Tuesday Evenings, the Bachelors, etc., have all ceased their exertions, but the Friday Night continues, though it is some weeks since it had an engagement.

* * *

BECAUSE of the hundred dollar assessment levied on the members of the Concordia Club it is not necessary to doubt the prosperity of that institution. On the contrary, it is testimony to a spirit of independence existing there that is rare in social institutions. Like several other clubs the Concordia has a floating debt, due to the heavy cost of its building on Van Ness avenue, which, by the way, is one of the most æsthetically furnished and handsomely appointed club houses in the country. After the bonds had all been issued some $30,000 remained outstanding, and it was to reduce this that the dues were increased from $8.50 to $10 per month. However, that was a bit too slow for the directors, who had $20,000 still to pay, and the suggestion was made that a subscription be opened and the members contribute as much as they could afford. At an informal meeting the idea was discussed, and Levi Strauss headed the list with $1,000, Dave Neustadter followed with $500, and all the other millionaires contributed in proportion. Of course, the others came in with smaller amounts ranging from $25 up. It appears a perfectly normal proposition, and has occurred at the Cosmos and would have happened at the Bohemian Club had they taken the Wenban building. But it did not suit an active minority of Concordians, who argued that the basis of their intercourse within the institution was social equality, but that this feeling would be lost if one or two men felt themselves greater benefactors than the rest. If money was needed let all subscribe on an even basis; if not they would have to resign. It happened they were determined in their view, and the Club had to take their way. The result is this assessment, which wipes out the debt and leave all amours propres intact.

* * *

THE MOST popular subject in town is the Horse Show. Every one talks it. Before the spell of its approach teas and receptions, even the last luncheon to Mrs. Oelrich, lose their interest. For it all the new gowns are being built, the hum of preparation is by no means confined to the Pavilion, but resounds in all the dressmakeries, carriage establishments, livery institutions and private stables throughout the town. Really the community begins to develope an excitement over the event, and it is safe to presume that fervid feeling will

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express itself in a huge gathering on the opening day. To what I have already said about the equine components there is little to be added, and one fact is certain, that if the New York show eclipses ours as a spectacle, here are the finest horses in the world, and such an array of important performers may be seen nowhere else. So in that regard we are unrivaled.

* * *

The Show opens Wednesday morning as early as possible without any undue ceremony. There is to be a formal inspection by Governor Markham, assisted by his Colonels, and supplemented by General Graham and a detachment of captains and lieutenants from the Presidio. Under the guidance of President Crocker they are to look over the horses, the stables, the ring, etc., and then he entertains them, the judges and directors, at a luncheon in the cafe. In the evening, of course, the show will be most brilliant. The fiat hath gone forth that full dress must prevail, both for men and women. Of course, at a swell evening entertainment there should be no question of the appropriate garments, but here in the matter of clothes we are apt to be derelict. The rule is—evening dress after the candles are lit every night, not excepting Sunday. The ancient rule that made the frock, the black tie, and the white vest the correct garb for Sabbath eve has gone out with the decline of fashionable church going. It was founded on the pleasing assumption that men were liable to go to church after dinner. This is a suspicion, however, that no longer carries weight.

* * *

NEVER IN THE SOCIAL annals of Oakland have debutantes been received with the degree of enthusiasm that has fallen to the lot of this season's buds. The girls of former seasons have been just as pretty and some equally popular, but still they have not had gaieties hurled at their feet. Perhaps, however, they have not shown themselves competent to wrestle with the wiles of older or better versed maidens, as the buds of '94 have. There is no gainsaying the cleverness exhibited in the episode of the Deux Temps Club—for instance, when the younger maidens simply routed their older sisters. However, it may be that gaieties are every day on the increase, just as is the case in San Francisco. The latest affair for the buds, however, was the dinner given by Mrs. Orestes Pierce last Saturday evening to several of the members of the Deux Temps Club. Later on all went to the cotillion, which was led by Miss Ethel Cohen and Mr. Powers. They did not display any marked ingenuity in the figures, which were rather on the "march" order, though the "Apron" figure was considered very amusing by the participants. The girls wore the regulation Swiss gowns, the most effective being Miss Amy Requa's, which was white mull over a pale blue silk slip. Miss Cohen was robed in cream. The Swiss frocks so widely worn by girls this season are very dainty and youthful on the debutantes or small fair girls, but when the older maidens on the "Daughter of the Gods" order don them the effect is suggestive of cheap starched simplicity and laundried scrawniness.

* * *

It is rather amusing to notice the apt application of the ancient adage "everything comes to him who waits," anent entertainments in Oakland. After the visitor within our gates has been feted to satiety on this side of the water Oakland steps forward and very frequently outdoes us in her efforts to prove the prodigal hospitality of California. Such, at least, has been the experience of the Oelrich-Fair contingent, especially in the case of the luncheon given last Wednesday to Miss Birdie Fair by Miss Amy Requa of Piedmont. Perhaps among the multitudinous hostesses in Oakland there is none so well known for the decorative quality of her entertainments as Mrs. Requa. Her commodious three-storied castle, with its elaborately laid out grounds is admirably adapted for every form of gaiety, this luncheon proving no exception to the general rule.

* * *

Another debutante affair is the tea of Mrs. J. N. L. Shepard on Saturday, the 24th, to introduce her grand-daughter, Miss Gertrude Cravens. Miss Cravens is to have the aid of Misses Selby, Glascock and Miss Evelyn Shepard in receiving the guests. It is to be a "White" tea, all the decorations being in white, including, of course, the girls' gowns.

* * *

The tea to be given at Miss Lake's Seminary this afternoon for the benefit of the Trinity Church Rectory Fund promises to be a very enjoyable affair. Mrs. Batchelder and Mrs. Bruns will sing. The University Glee Club will participate and other celebrities will be heard in vocal and musical selections.

* * *

A pleasant dinner where an atmosphere of jollity prevailed was given last Thursday by Mr. Benedict Taylor at his home on Eighth and Castro streets. The house is exceedingly pretty and the table was charmingly decorated. Miss McGrew, of the Sandwich Islands, who is at present visiting Mrs. Will Taylor, was the guest of honor. During the evening Mr. Taylor, who has considerable musical talent, played several duets with Miss Bessie Wall. Miss Jessie Coleman sang some pretty French songs, and Mr. Karl Howard rendered some of his own selections inimitably. Mrs. Will Taylor chaperoned the party.

* * *

Another rather swell dinner which had quite a legal tone, owing to the number of those versed in law, etc., present, was that given to Mrs. Bissell (at present on a visit from the East) by Mrs. Johnson, of East Oakland, last Monday. The table was effectively decorated with violets and large bouquets of these delicious blossoms were presented to those present, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Kenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Orris, Miss Plater, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hillborn and Dr. Johnson.

* * *

The interesting engagement announced at the Bray wedding was that of Miss Julia Connor, of San Francisco, and Mr. Robert Bennett, son of Captain Bennett, of Fruitvale, and brother of Mrs. Ackers. Mr. Bennett is a tall, blue-eyed and well-built young man. Miss Connor is bright, talented and decidedly chic in her style.

* * *

The Whist Party given by Mrs. Fred Stratton to celebrate the fourteenth anniversary of her marriage, on Tuesday evening, was undeniably enjoyable. All the young married Jackson street set were present and the prizes were well chosen and effective.

* * *

The entertainment given by Senator Perkins at his home on Vernon Heights on Saturday was quite an elaborate affair. The house, which is among the most modern and roomy of those in Oakland, was gorgeously decorated, and there were an immense number of guests.

* * *

Miss Ethel Cohen leaves for the East next Sunday. Her departure was quite sudden, and was entirely unexpected. She will remain away during the winter.

* * *

General and Mrs. Houghton close their Oakland home December 1st and come over here for the winter. They will have as guests during the holiday season ex-Governor and Mrs. Moran Bulkeley of Hartford, Conn. Mrs. Bulkeley will be remembered as the bright, vivacious Fanny Houghton. Her return to old haunts is heralded with joy by former associates, and I am told of a series of dinners and other entertainments to be given in her honor.

* * *

I also hear from Oakland that the Pownings and Greenwoods start next week for Europe to be gone a year or more. Miss Harriet Hall accompanies them, and December 6th is the date fixed for the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Will Ralston. Mr. Ralston goes to London on mining business.

* * *

MISS HEAD GAVE a party on Friday to her senior pupils. Her home is one of "the houses" for entertainments in Berkeley. Invitations are eagerly sought by the Oakland and Berkeley girls. Miss Head always has a number of University men and a very jolly and congenial crowd congregate at her affairs. The Mhoons, Selbys, the pretty Prather girls and Mabel McDonald were there. The latter is decidedly one of the belles. She is tall, dark and fetching and looks bewitching with her hair drawn smoothly over her ears. She shares a degree of the popularity enjoyed by those very effective young women, the Misses Williams, who are tall, blonde and decidedly fine looking.

* * *

The Glee Club of the Freshman Class of the University had a large reception at the Harmon Gymnasium last week. The hall was decorated with palms, ferns and the class colors and the orchestra was quite good. It was an entertainment notable rather for the number than the quality of the guests. Indeed, it is a commonly demonstrated fact in University circles that the larger gatherings are to be attended by the Oi Polloi; the smaller by the select few of the Berkeley "Twenty-five." Even in "Athens" we have wheels within wheels, circles within circles, and I am credibly informed that, even there, it is rather a question as to the precedence of intelligence.

* * *

A very swell festivity was the musical given by Mrs. Clinton Day last week in Berkeley. Otto Beudix played a varied programme, the only noteworthy item being a composition of Bach, which was admirably done. Miss Julia Newman sang several solos with much taste.

* * *

JOE GRANT, it seems to me, emerges from the Makart controversy with all the honors. He has sustained a disagreeable disappointment without murmuring, and shows no tendency to take advantage of his legal rights, which would enable him, if he so choose, to

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have the transaction called "off." I may not be correct in my assumption, but it was rather the example of the famous painter that Mr. Phelan and Mr. Grant bid for at Mrs. Johnson's sale, than the canvas called "Autumn Riches." Besides, there is even a tremendous difference between the value of a replica and an original, even if both be by the same hand, as sometimes occurs. So he bought one thing and was sold another, and, I am persuaded, would have a pretty hard case to beat if he took his injury into court. But he refuses, says he is satisfied, and there ends the trouble. Time was, however, when Mr. Grant exhibited less philosophy about art affairs. When Emil Carlsen was leaving San Francisco he had innumerable orders from wealthy members of the Bohemian Club, who displayed a highly commendable desire to have specimens of his work in their collections. General Barnes, Colonel Hawes, Mr. Phelan, Mr. Carrigan and several others selected studies in pots, pans and onions done in that skillful way the Dane had.

* * *

Among others, Mr. Grant came to his studio and after looking at the various studies hanging on the walls, said :

"I want to have something of yours, Carlsen, but I don't like the things you have."

"Then you must let me paint something for you," said Carlsen eagerly.

In one corner of the studio, piled on a table, was the collection of brass and copper pots, chianti bottles, onions and other utensils of the still-life laboratory. A ray of sunlight floated over them bringing out their rich tones with glowing effect. "Could not you make a picture of that?" said Grant, pointing to the table.

"Why, yes," said the artist, "I'll start at once."

"Just as it is, mind," continued the purchaser. "If you can reproduce the table the way it looks now with all that stuff, I'll buy the picture."

Contrary to his habits of which procrastination was, perhaps, the most pronounced, Carlsen set to work at once and in the course of a week had the picture well under way. It was really one of the best he ever did. Just what alterations he made in the composition of the utensils, I don't know, but when Grant saw the canvas on the easel, he said :

"That's a very good thing, Carlsen, very, but it's not what I ordered. You've got the things all twisted round different."

"But dere are all the pots on the table as you saw. If I haf changed them it is for the better," exclaimed Carlsen.

"Very sorry, but it's not what I ordered. I like the picture ; it's good, but you artist fellows have a most unbusinesslike way of doing what you please with an order, and mind you, I stipulated the picture should be exact."

Some one else got the canvas, I believe, but Carlsen found it difficult to get over Grant's insistence on accuracy and took his reproach more to heart than the loss of the check.

* * *

Unless "Autumn Riches" goes to adorn the new hall of the Grant house, on Pine street, it will be hung in Mr. Grant's charming flat on Ellis street. The Leavenworth street menage, which Jerry Lynch held forth in, does not compare with the elaborately furnished rooms in which the millionaire makes his headquarters. There are soft carpets, silken hangings, luxurious divans, besides some excellent canvases—two of Charley Peters' best, a bit of landscape by Joullin, and several good French paintings. An accomplished Japanese presides over the establishment and cooks irreproachable dinners for the occasional stag parties Mr. Grant entertains. Decidedly he is one of the men who ought to give a tea.

* * *

THERE ARE a variety of excellent reasons for regretting the death of Tiburcio Parrott apart from the sorrow incident to his untimely taking off. He was a most generous man—generous in a broad, wholesouled way that in its manifestations had only impatience for the means to the end it desired. Surrounding his beautiful villa in St. Helena are several detached cottages, which he was accustomed to place at the service of Sisters of Mercy recommended to him by Archbishop Riordan. Whenever the health of the inmates of the various convents, worn out by teaching, or the services of the poor and afflicted, demanded a change of scene, they were sent up to Mira Valle as the guests of Mrs. Parrott, and there remained three or four weeks, enjoying the delicious air of the valley, provided with every luxury, and as secluded from intercourse with the world or their hosts as if within convent walls. It would be difficult to overestimate the value of this kindly service, which, while it gave the doer but little trouble, afforded keenest pleasure and touched with the glow of variety the lives of the beneficiaries.

* * *

DAVID NEAL is on his way to New York proceeded by the paraphernalia of his studio and several studies for a magnum opus, to be finished in New York, perhaps, or Paris. During his sojourn among us, Mr. Neal has been actively engaged portrait painting—more actively, perhaps, than any artist who has ever honored this end of creation with his presence. He has actually put upon canvas thirty-nine distinct and separate physiognomies, or forty including the two pictures of the late Judge Hager he accomplished. As he averaged from $750 to $2,000 for his portraits, it will be apparent he has fared rather well out of us, not, indeed, that Mr. Neal has not worked for what he has received. He was brought here by Colonel Fred Crocker, who commissioned him to paint pictures of his children. Then he did a series of eminent San Franiscans, for it became fashionable to have a portrait of one's self by him in the hall or the dining-room, wherever it is chosen to hang such things.

* * *

One of the earliest and perhaps the best of the collection is that of Lloyd Tevis, whom he portrayed with charming fidelity as to smile and complexion. It would perhaps have been better had he refrained from softening the rather severe outlines of the physiognomy, for, like all strong faces, when that perennial smile withdraws, the contours are stern and rather characteristic of the individual. The portrait of the late Collector that now adorns the library of the Hager mansion on Gough street is capital in color, and, technically, is decidedly a clever bit of work, considering it was copied from a photograph. He was much less successful with the picture of Miss Emily Hager, but it was really in the nature of an experiment, for Neal's style is better expressed in portraying masculine wrinkles than in giving the soft, fine texture of feminine features. His last work was a half-length of M. H. de Young, on which he really expended a great deal of effort. It now hangs in the De Young mansion on California street.

* * *

NO ONE WITH a shred of local sentiment can refrain from rejoicing over the happy relations just established between the Bohemian and Press Clubs. We all know how the newspaper men have sneered at the Post street institution, how they have railed at its intellectual pretensions and jested over its jinks ; also how Bohemia has responded by insinuating an ignorance of the amenities of the polite world in the Press men, and their lack of those qualities that render relations between individuals agreeable. And now the past is forgotten. Sarcastic journalists of radical tendencies have been heard to declare the Bohemians are not half bad in their way, and I believe a certain underwriter of aristocratic English lineage, whose objection to the newpaper, as it is known among us, has ever been pronounced, was heard to declare the other day : "Well, now, these Press Club fellows are rather a jolly lot, don't you think?" Of course, it is the inevitable experience of discovering human traits in our friend the enemy, though it seems to me the gain is mainly on the side of Bohemia. An available enemy is an asset in the estimation of journalism, a reasonable object of antagonism, at so much per hundred words, and the owl of Bohemia has figured as a fair mark for the slings and arrows of the Press. And now there is a general disarment, and nothing but compliments henceforth. We all know, to our cost, that panegyric is infinitely less readable than invective.

* * *

The Bohemian-Press dinner the other evening had the characteristics of a love feast. Some one hundred members of the harmonized organizations sat down together and as Jimmy Hamilton felicitiously observed, the entente cordiale flowed freely. Indeed, so fraternal was the fusion that amid the music of clinking glasses and the clash of contending knives, forks and plates it was almost impossible to tell where journalism left off and Bohemia began. Of course, the Owl surmounted the side-board, gloriously arrayed in flowers and all the details were suggestive of the older institution, but around the table were the lights of the Press Club, heroes of innumerable late watches and pedro games. The talking was eminently complimentary. Horace Platt was congratulatory on the opportunity that enabled the manifestation of Bohemia's good will and Ross Jackson was witty over the change of sentiment that supervened. Judge Hunt read one of his cleverest papers, a species of joking account of a fire committee meeting, apropos of the conflagation. There were cartoons by Swinnerton and Davenport and other features. After the coffee the combination adjourned to the Red Room for informal jinks, music and general smoking and thus a very interesting evening in the history of the two clubs was spent. I should not be surprised if, ere the Press Club re-establishes itself, there would occur another dinner or so to cement more strongly the cordiality.

* * *

The Riding Club emerges at last from the realm of projection and is fact, with excellent chances for a future. I was a bit uncertain of it as long as the expenditure of large sums was necessitated for the construction of a headquarters, but this has been obviated by the lease of the big car house at the corner of Steiner and Turk streets. Here there is an area of some four hundred square feet of floor, ample space for a wide ring, besides the offices, dressing-rooms, stables, etc., in connection with the enterprise. The formation of the club has been accomplished under excellent auspices. There is already a membership of

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eighty men and girls, and it is to have the use of the ring two days a week. It should be remembered, however, that though the club proper is distinct from the riding school, membership in it entitles to tuition. Mrs. Farnsworth and Mr. Rider give lessons in the equestrian art. A clay ring is now in course of construction, and the announcement of the opening will be made early in December. There is also a yard for those who care to learn the more dangerous pastime of jumping.

* * *

WITHOUT attempting to follow into all its vulgar and disreputable details, the Russell divorce case, I have read enough of it to realize the manner of its conduct has been unspeakably corrupt. In order to destroy the character of his wife, and to prevent her obtaining a separation and alimony, Russell has actually introduced witnesses, hired to make charges of adultery, and to swear to statements they knew were untrue. We all know the administration of justice in our courts has by no means been above reproach, but it rarely happens that so outrageous an instance of wilful perjury is brought to public attention. Is there no Bar Association to prevent such malpractice as the introduction of low creatures like Henri Steuart and the other scoundrels for whose testimony Russell paid? Is it possible that there is no punishment for hiring perjurers to blacken a woman's character? There is little about the episode to exalt the wife, save that she seems to have the worst of it, but what has happened her may occur to others. Imagine a respectable woman sitting in court listening to a quartette of scoundrels from the dives accuse her of all manner of infamies, she and they knowing they were committing perjury. It is too much.

* * *

SENATOR FAIR, I am told, had rather a narrow escape from the dummy of a Post-street car the other afternoon. Crossing from the Mutual Savings Bank to the Lick House he made a dash to get over ahead of an on-coming grip. At the critical moment he slipped, but pulled himself quickly out of the track, and was assisted to his feet by a young man from the florist's near by. He carefully dusted off the ex-Senator, smoothed out his clothes and otherwise arranged him, remarking:

"Just in time, Senator—quite a squeak, that."

"Ah, me boy," said the multi-millionaire in that inimitable accent of his, "'tis not always the sign of luck to escape."

That was sufficiently enigmatical even for him, and with it he stalked off.

* * *

FIELD DAY at Berkeley brought out the collegian with his sisters, cousins and sundry other relatives, present and future, by the score, besides a traditional field-day sun to keep patriotism active and the air comfortable. With unusual equanimity they watched a number of long-locked aspirants struggling with the laws of gravity in as many different fashions as the rules governing sport allowed. Everything imaginable in the athletic line was exhibited, from foot-races to dog-fights, the latter divertisement, of course, being in the nature of an impromptu display, but proving, nevertheless, sufficiently exciting to distract attention from the mere sports—of course, they were all Berkeley dogs. A relay race, which created any amount of enthusiasm, ended a most enjoyable afternoon, and the crowd crossed the paddock to watch the manœuvers of twenty-two long-locked stalwarts with a matter of pig-skin and wind. After witnessing the distressing spectacle of two giants being stretched on the sod, and another series of canine encounters, again entirely unexpected, the multitude dispersed, and stillness once more prevailed on the campus. Stillness, of course, is a matter of comparison.

* * *

What peculiarly unfortunate luck the Berkeleyites are having with their football team this season. With one or two exceptions the best men in the eleven are crippled, and so seriously that it is extremely doubtful whether they will be able to play in the big match on the thirtieth. Hunt is the latest addition to the list of the maimed, having sprained his knee in the practice game last Saturday afternoon. Hopes are entertained for his recovery in time enough for Thanksgiving, however. Hopp, Whittenmeyer and Ransome are improving slowly, but are not yet in condition to practice. So with the four best men in the team useless, the chances seem decidedly in Stanford's favor.

* * *

The management exhibited considerable shrewdness, I think, in hiring the Haight street grounds for the use of the team, for with better grounds and no recitations they are likely to progress a deal more rapidly than they did at Berkeley. For some reason, the tent erected on the campus was not exactly suitable for practicing purposes, so it was decided to secure accommodations in the city for the two elevens, and the Haight street grounds being agreed upon, the team left Berkeley on Monday morning with the well wishes of the half hundred students who gathered to bid them farewell and success. Arriving here, they went directly to the new quarters which they won't leave until after the game on Thanksgiving.

* * *

THERE IS NOT a great deal of sympathy or support for literature or with literary people here and that is one reason, perhaps, why there is so little effort in that direction among us. Our list of distinguished names is sadly short, but on it is that of Emma Frances Dawson, who, in the course of her life in San Francisco, has done work of more than passing value, both in prose and poetry. She has written at least two poems that none of us want to forget, among others, "Old Glory," "The Lost Phiad," besides some strong short stories. They come under the head of literature, these contributions of her's, but they have been furnished under circumstances the reverse of felicitous to the author. Miss Dawson lived for years in a tumbled-down cottage on the summit of Clay street, contributing bits here and there to the weeklies and an occasional poem to the magazines, eking out, by means of incidental music teaching, a scanty livelihood. It is about time she was recognized and assisted and it is to be hoped there will be a large gathering at the testimonial entertainment to be given for her benefit next Monday evening at Golden Gate Hall. Without question, the programme presents the most imposing array of literary and musical talent ever gathered on one bill, including, as it does, the names of Joaquin Miller, Ira D. Coolbreth, C. E. Markham, Professor N. B. Anderson, of Stanford's, Mrs. Olive Rud Batchelder, Andrew Bogart, Frank Coffin, Miss A. D. Solomons and several more. She should have a rousing house.

* * *

With Harry Mann as President of the theatre corporation and Hayman retired, ostensibly it looks as though a new understanding had been come to with the *Examiner*. Over this, the actors and actresses who have to appear at the Baldwin will not be sorry, inasmuch as they have relished even less than the management the hostility of that journal's criticisms. It is a favorite theory which big newspapers are given to, indicating editorally that their critiquers are quite unbiased by the revenue derived from the criticised, but the business department does not harmonize with that view and it is indeed a good show which leaves no loophole for fault finding. Nothing that has appeared at the Baldwin save John Drew's show but has excited the ire of the *Monarch* and as for the California, its attractions have been "roasted" with unmerciful vigor. The tone of the critiques has been unmistakably brutal and coarse to such a degree that their verdict, often unquestionably correct, has lost the concurrence of the reader who merely attributes the condemnation to prejudice.

SALVINI AS "RUY BLAS"

* * *

Since Salvini was with us last he has retired from single blessedness and become the husband of the pretty English maiden whom he so sedulously courted as Constance in "The Three Guardsmen," or as Lazaritto in "Don

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Cæsar." Rather a contrast between the demonstrative and vigorous Italian and the quiet, demure, little ingenue, whose style is so decidedly reposeful and delicate. However, big men have ever evinced a tendency at falling in love with little women and, besides, Miss Dixon and Mr. Salvini have been together long enough to realize all the virtues of proximity, for she was a member of the company that supported the elder Salvini in the "Outlaw" years ago, on his first tour through America. Now that the young man has lost the best or worst half of his Italian accent, he passes for an English actor; but in his versatile way he is almost as perfect in French and his Spanish is excellent. He is also a competent musician, a clever artist, and I am told his Welsh rarebits are of the kind one remembers with joy. So far as versatility goeth, Joe Redding is not in it with him.

* * *

The story about Mrs. A. E. Deane falling off a chair at the Jolliffe tea is not tinged with the proper degree of accuracy. She did meet with an accident, but it was in her rooms at the Palace. While attempting to light the gas she became suddenly faint, fell to the floor, breaking and lacerating her wrist. The injuries are not as serious as were at first supposed, however, and in a very few weeks, it is hoped Mrs. Deane will be completely restored to health.

* * *

GOVERNOR BUDD is paying for the energy of his campaign. The natural consequences of that Siskiyou-San Diego canvass, nervous prostration, rheumatism and half a dozen other ills, which very deliberately are venting themselves upon his executive person. So far he has shown no little talent at keeping out of the dangerous way of pledges and no one seems to know who will have the places. The pleasant band of Alamedans whom the fortunes of election placed hors de combat are all out after Harbor, Bank, Insurance and other Commissionerships and, indeed, are pretty insistant in their claims, but Governor Jim listens, declines to make up his mind and just now is engaged in coming to the decision that the place has its drawbacks. For the edification of aspirants I am privileged to offer his programme as outlined to an intimate friend.

* * *

"I'm going to wait until all the applications are in," he said, "then I'll go over the list of those who would serve the party and the best man gets the place."

As a declaration of intention that is excellent, but the wiseacres claim the close friends of the Stockton man will have his ear. In answer to this it may be said that Budd realizes fully the dignity of his position, and is determined to do the best he knows for the party. It is amusing, though, to see the efforts being made to win his attention. Round the State Central headquarters there is no position so desirable as that of emissary entrusted with the latest returns. These are sent up to the Governor every day, sometimes oftener, and he is indeed fortunate who is allowed to convey them. It is not to be supposed that all the messengers are after offices, but if they are, the opportunity is not one to be despised. Gossip, of course, states a dozen men in the ranks of successful aspirants. Among others, Andy Clunie for Registrar, and Dr. Mark Livingstone for Health Officer. But we are still in November and those who are in direct contact with the Governor don't seem to be impressed with his availability as a soft snap. In fact, he seems thoroughly able to "size up" the individuals with whom he is surrounded.

* * *

IT MUST BE admitted the following tale belongs to the category we pronounce too good to be true. Still it comes to me on authority absolutely unblemished, and may be taken for what it is worth. The leading role in the dramatis personæ concerned is sustained by a terrier named "Woosey," the property of a fond married couple who reside in a highly placed and eminently fashionable uptown boarding establishment. Like most dogs of his kind, Woosey requires exercise, and it devolved on the fond husband to take the canine walking after dinner. In the course of a week or two the pastime became a duty, however, and he rebelled with considerable detail and some smoke. Thereupon the evening stroll of "Woosey" assumed the characteristics of a problem, and was presented by the spouse for consideration to another married couple residing in the same caravansary.

"What shall I do with "Woosey?" she asked.

"Let me take him out," said the other husband. "It's just what I want—an evening stroll—to reduce me a bit. I'm over weight, you know."

* * *

The new arrangement proved eminently satisfactory, for Woosey waxed strong and his escort grew thin. But one day the acommodating husband was called out of town and that evening his wife and the owner of the captious terrier started on a promenade heading Western Additionwards. But their plans were not "Woosey's." That agile canine sauntered gaily off in the direction of town, unheeding their calls and exclamations. Fearing to lose him they followed. He took them quickly along a series of bye-ways into Mason street, and then, without the slightest hesitation, ran up the steps of an exceedingly disreputable establishment which abuts on that thoroughfare. From start to finish he had not stopped once. This exhibition of depravity on the part of a small dog naturally calls for explanation, and has provoked a degree of strained feeling throughout the caravansary. There are a variety of constructions being placed on the episode, but when the derelict husband returns, doubtless, he will bring with him the solution.

* * *

SPECULATION IS RIFE as to what will happen during the administration of Dalton as Assessor over in Alameda county. Dalton has made a record as a Councilman, by annoying the railroad at every possible turn and on this record sought further political honors. Unable to secure the nomination on his regular party ticket, after a hard struggle he was nominated for the Assessorship by the Populists. During the campaign he freely promised the people a twenty-five per cent reduction in their taxes, and pledged himself to increase the assessment of the Water, Gas, and Railroad Companies to a figure almost treble that upon which they now pay. Some of the friends of the defeated candidates, I am told, have organized a club, composed largely of real estate men, who propose to see to it that Mr. Dalton keeps his pledge to reduce general taxes twenty-five per cent. Altogether, it looks as though the corporations and Mr. Dalton will have quite a lively time across the bay when it comes time for levying assessments.

* * *

THERE is an atmosphere of irreverence about this tale that is partially pardonable on a political basis. Indeed, by reason of the clash of interests, principles and other things in-

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volved, its slender existence turns on religion and free silver. On election day in East Oakland H. S. Fitch, a candidate on the Populist ticket, was discussing in the neighborhood of an election booth the monetary doctrine of his party, which pronounces for silver and paper currency as full legal tender. He was warming up to the subject when an interruption in the shape of a Salvation Army soldier intervened with a copy of the *War Cry*.

"Hello," said Fitch, taking in the uniform, the rapt air and the paper, "whom are you working for—Democrats, Republicans, Liquor or anti-Catholic, Populist, Prohibition or what?"

"I work for Christ, sir," the soldier answered. He is my Redeemer."

"Well, now," said Fitch. "If you were full legal tender you would not need a Redeemer."

* * *

I CANNOT BUT REGRET for Dr. Potter the degree of notoriety his administration of the Home of the Inebriates has given him. A man of distinct ability in certain lines, he is unfortunately cursed with a disposition of extreme irascibility and a capacity at getting into trouble quite out of the ordinary. I am quite certain the sufferings of his ill-fated patients do not give him the satisfaction the newspapers indicate by their reports. He is unfortunate both in manner and temperament, and has been so continually misunderstood that he is liable now to commit errors out of aroused obstinancy. Apart from his practice, which was never a very considerable one, though he was called into consultation by the cleverest members of the profession, he is pretty well known to physicans by his text books and by his hand book on the Materia Medica, which among students has considerable vogue. By birth he is English, of a highly respectable family; his brother is the Rector of a parish in one of the counties and is married to Miss Blackwell, sister-in-law of Ruth Holliday Blackwell, who is now Mrs. Brooke. He commenced his career quite humbly here, as an army messenger for the Presidio, but subsequently studied medicine and achieved no little prominence.

* * *

As professor of Gynecology at the Cooper Medical College, Dr. Potter's lectures were considered of decided value to the students. Unfortunately it was all talent he exhibited and no tact, for he failed to win any degree of popularity among the students and finally precipitated a foolish row, which his resignation alone put an end to. It seems that among the students were some young men with the accomplishment of shorthand, and they started to report his lectures verbatim. In his amusing way the doctor imagined that course would inflict on him an injury and he proceeded to run through the matter at such a rate that it was impossible to catch more than a word or two at intervals. Of course, there was an outburst, several of the young men hissed, whereupon the irate physician packed up his belongings, and declared if an apology was not tendered he would resign. He was rather forcibly assured that it was from him the apology must come. He departed.

* * *

One fact is certain; with all due deference to Dr. Potter, he is certainly in the wrong place as manager of the Home for Inebriates. Even admitting he has been the victim of undeserved charges and has received an undue share of journalistic vilification, there is no doubt the prominence conferred on the institution by his administration is of the most unsavory character. Extraneous causes account for a great deal, no doubt, but it is difficult to escape the fact that the death of two individuals is directly attributable to the institution. Perhaps either or both might have died had they never seen Dr. Potter, but their friends and the public believe the usages of the home contributed and a thousand proofs to the contrary would not alter their view.

* * *

THE ENTRANCE INTO newspaperdom of young Mr. John Bradbury means, doubtless, the creation of a Southern *Examiner*, and the establishment down there of another Napoleon of Journalism. That profession has become so largely a matter of money nowadays that it is not difficult to acquire reputation at it, provided there is behind you a bank account. Few gentlemen of his age have achieved the prominence Mr. Bradbury has won, and it is but right he should take steps to convert it all into celebrity. In a very brief time we shall be reading, with proper respect, his views on the Silver question, on the tariff and on good government, and he will be interviewed at length whenever he comes to the metropolis. Of course, he has not graduated into the glorious field of newspaper endeavor without incident, for the tale of the recapture of the *Herald* makes an amusing story. The paper has doddered along for years under the management of two very nice but slow persons, Mr. Ayres and Mr. Lynch, who have found the competition of Colonel Otis, of the *Times*, rather more than they could cope with. The Colonel has typesetting machines and other labor-saving devices, and besides is given a bit to rustling, so they have had rather the worst of it—Messrs. Ayres and Lynch, and quite heavily into debt they ran. Down in Los Angeles is what is called a "Federal" ring, and it wanted an organ to express its views to the public, and it selected the *Herald*. But Messrs. Ayres and Lynch would not sell.

* * *

The firm of Blake, Moffit & Towne, dealers in paper, had a bill against the *Herald* for $11,000. This the ambitious purchasers used as a lever to force the recalcitrant owners to a sale. They offered a fraction of stock and $30,000 in gold for the control, and Messrs. Ayres & Lynch, in their difficulties, consented. The day the gold and the Federal ring arrived together, Ayres & Lynch refused to sell. A writ of mandamus compelled compliance with their contract, and in stepped the new owners with a new policy and innumerable plans for the future. In the meantime various claims eat up the $30,000 in gold until but $2,900 was left Messrs. Ayres & Lynch. Then, to their consternation, they heard of an assessment—a ten per cent one at that—which they knew they could not pay. Seeing the entire fabric, not of fortune alone, but of actual existence, collapsing, Lynch aroused himself and persuaded Bradbury into the complication. It was an occasion in which only a man with available dollars is of assistance. That young gentlemen sent round agents, secured options on the stock of the Federal ring, gathered in enough to give him control, then called a general meeting, promptly elected himself President, some of his friends Directors and now talks of levying an assessment to wipe out the other fellows. The episode is a funny one, and illustrates in a financial way how the tables of victory may be turned on the conquerors. Though Ayres & Lynch are still in the *Herald*, I hardly think the impatient and aggressive spirit of the new proprietor will bear with their rather out-of-date methods. I don't suppose Mr. Bradbury knows more of journalism than the position of victim teaches, but such an unconventional temperament should certainly express itself by making the old paper hum.

* * *

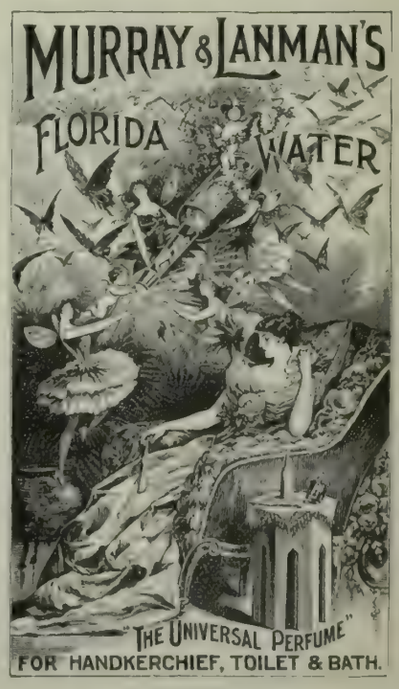
NO LITTLE difficulty was experienced by the Democratic managers during the late campaign keeping their oratorical lights off the religious issue. Among the speakers of the party are several gentlemen whose rhetoric owes no little of its fervor to the green isle of their nativity, and it was a bit hard to persuade them not to denounce an organization that devoted their race to political obscurity. However, they blazed out at intervals with pyrotechnic effects. Among the most available of energetic speakers is Captain Kerwin, whose acquaintance with the issues enables him to be duly eloquent before an audience. He was sent to Solano County, and on the way up took occasion to run over the *American Patriot*, a copy of which some one thrust into his hand. Heavens, how he did denounce the Association that evening, its bigotry, etc., and produced so glowing an effect upon himself that he looked in the audience for some appearance of response. Not a murmur of applause. For a moment he imagined himself in one of the anti-Catholic strongholds, but this error was dissipated by the Chairman who came forward and said:

"Captain, I guess you're a little ahead o' us. What is the A. P. A. anyway? There ain't none of it up here."

After the Captain had explained, one version of the story goes that a Solano chapter was immediately organized, but this is denied on good authority.

The Witness

Tissue paper for making lamp shades and paper flowers. All colors in stock at Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.



A Letter from a Leper

A Communication Which Should be Read by Every San Franciscan.

The following letter is heavy-laden with a most saddening story—a story appealing to all humanity, and which must arouse to sympathetic action the stoniest of hearts. The distressing condition of the writer—the hopelessness of her lot—and yet the tender solicitude she expresses for others, perhaps more unfortunate, offers a rare and scathing criticism upon our negligent and thoughtless officials charged with the duty of maintaining our public Lazaretto. The statutes of this great State, obedient to the laws of health, demand that lepers shall be isolated from society, and provide for their confinement within public institutions, which it is the duty of the government to provide and to maintain. Within the narrow boundaries prescribed by law and set apart by metes and bounds, with such accommodations as a generous or parsimonious government may provide, must the Unclean wear out their blighted lives. In August last we printed an illustrated article from the pen of Mr. C. Michener, concerning the Pesthouse, in the hope that some good might flow from it toward these unfortunate beings, alleviating the dreariness of their lonely, helpless lot. Mayor Ellert followed the article with a letter offering some suggestions for the future care of these and succeeding cases. There the subject dropped from view, to be revived, we hope, through the instrumentality of the letter herewith published. Californians are reputed to be generous, quick and impulsive in their charities. It would be unfair to charge the people of this city with knowledge of the manner in which our Pesthouse and Lazaretto have been conducted. The most serious charge that can be laid at their door is, that they did *not* know of the monstrous cruelty of their charity. We have hopes that the Union for Practical Progress will take some steps toward investigating and reporting upon this institution, and that Mayor Sutro will, during his term of office, effectuate the establishment of a Lazaretto and Pesthouse worthy of this community, and affording some comfort to its unfortunate inhabitants.

COMMUNICATION.

HONOLULU, H. I., October 10, 1894.

MR. EDITOR: I noticed an article in the WAVE of August 18th by C. Michener about the Twenty-sixth Street Hospital—the Pesthouse of San Francisco—and I feel as though I could perhaps fill in some details about it as to which you could not have been informed.

The place is not only a disgrace to San Francisco, but to the world. It is not altogether the house or its surroundings, as your article would seem to have implied, but the way it is conducted is a disgrace to any public institution. You suggested that when smallpox patients are taken to that institution they die as a usual thing. That is undoubtedly true, for the reason that there is an entire lack of nursing and little or no care of any kind, and care and nursing is everything in that disease.

Two years ago I was in San Francisco. There was talk of smallpox. I wrote to Dr. Titus at the City and County Hospital that I was a trained nurse and made a specialty of smallpox. In a few days I had a message to come to the City and County Hospital. I was put into an election booth with my patient, and we nearly froze to death. On the third night we were removed to the Pesthouse, and you may imagine my feelings when I learned the next morning that the poor, dirty, miserable looking creatures all about us were lepers! I had lived in the Hawaiian Islands two years, yet I had never seen a case of leprosy, and I was horrified to think I must mix with them. They were in our building as much as their own. One leper girl lived almost in our ward. There was just a narrow hall between our door and her sitting-room opposite. What could we do?

As soon as my patient could see anything, she wanted to know where she was. I kept it from the poor creature as long as I could, but she learned the truth inevitably in a few days.

You imply that smallpox patients die out there in short order. Well, she did not die; and I nursed another there, and he did not die. With proper care, even in such surroundings, recovery is quite possible. Yet we were sent away as soon as possible, and when, shortly afterwards, a new lot of patients came in they had no nursing, and they died. Some few, who had but a slight attack of the disease and were able to care for themselves, recovered.

To think that San Francisco will tolerate a den like that. Oh, it is inhuman to send the smallpox patients there to mix with lepers—it is cruel, cruel! I speak from personal knowledge—from bitter personal experience—for the result of my going, of my being sent there, is that I am now in the Kalili Receiving Station as a suspected leper. I know, in my own heart—I feel that I have the disease, that I am even now a leper! I shall be sent to the leper settlement next month, I suppose—never to return. Oh, it was cruel to send me to the Pesthouse there. It was cruel!

I think I contracted the disease from the continued association with the leper-girl across the hall from my patient's room. Her door was usually open, and she would wash and dry her clothing right there, and bathe, and sweep the halls.

I think the supplies for the people out there are ample, only there is no management. I know there was a great deal of clothing sent in by people; whether the municipal government furnished any I do not know. The City Fathers seem to take no interest in the place. If charitably inclined people furnish the lepers clothing, all right; if not, they go without. If the city does provide for the unfortunates, the supplies never reach them. While I was there the cook was selling the food which ought to have gone to the patients. Perhaps it is the same with the clothing.

After I left, I told the Board of Health that the place needed investigation. No one goes through it, no one takes any interest in it whatever, unless, perhaps, the newspaper reporters.

You say the disease "is a bastard of foreign birth thrown on our door-step." Is it not the same here? Forty years ago a missionary physician had his first case of leprosy here—a Chinaman's wife, who was a native girl. Yes, the leprosy was brought here by foreign sailors mixing with our pure and innocent native girls. Then you advise your government to send your lepers here, "to be given occupation, society and life"—yes, make Hawaii a dumping-ground for the world; because, forsooth, they have hearts in the matter here. Shameful! Why can't your people do as the islands have done—treat them as human beings. You ought to be made to do it. We have fifty patients here to your one, yet for years our government has made it its business to comfort and aid them, and they never cease trying to help them or cure them.

Yes, your physicians write to the Board here often: "I wish to come out to the Islands to treat leprosy." "I wish to send out some medicine to experiment on a case of yours." Why can't they find a subject at home? There were eighteen cases in your Pesthouse when I was there. Here we employ foreign physicians constantly, regardless of expense, to treat our cases. Why can't you do the same?

As to sending your lepers here, I am sure that our officials would never consent to it unless the patients were Hawaiian. I would never have been allowed to land if they had known I had the disease.

The time for smallpox to break out again in San Francisco is at hand, is close upon you. What do your authorities propose doing? Are the miserable unfortunates to be sent to that wretched Pesthouse to die of neglect and exposure? Is there anything under the sun to compare with it, unless it is Siberia? And your Mayor an Englishman, and no country in the world can compare with England in public institutions. Yet they haggled among themselves when the physician and I were to be paid, wanted me to accept forty dollars a month. I told them I had twice that for private nursing with every luxury. Finally they gave me fifty dollars a month and the doctor five dollars a day. I had never nursed smallpox before for less than five dollars a day, yet I would not have left my patients till they were out of danger even though I was not to receive a dollar. As an example of the parsimonious management there, I might mention that my woman patient was forced to fumigate herself without assistance, and had it not been for the chance presence of the physician, she would have choked herself to death. It is the old adage, penny wise. It has been so in my case surely.

I have not mentioned this before, for the reason that I wanted to be sure I had the disease before I told any one. Now my friends are up in arms about it. "Why did you not remain in California?" they ask me sometimes. Well, I did not wish to be shunned by everybody as though I were a leper morally as well as physically. Why, not even a Priest entered that Pesthouse while those patients lay there at the point of death. They were Catholics, and it is the first time that I ever nursed smallpox patients that a Priest did not come to inquire concerning them.

I have written all this to you as a warning to those who may go to your Pesthouse, blindly, perhaps, as I did, and will have to spend the rest of their days in a Lazeretto, as I will have to do. Yet I would sacrifice myself willingly if I can be of any benefit to those poor outcasts in any way. Oh, death is preferable to this! For what is leprosy—putrefaction—but a death before the grave! For me, it is pain, but not of the body; fever, but not of the flesh! Yet I have hopes of being cured. Every other disease has given away to science and why not leprosy?

I hope you will publish whatever of this you think will be of benefit to the people.

Sincerely yours,

MRS. L. M. TODD.

Every day adds new lines of ready-framed pictures. No such a display of beautiful things at low prices can be found elsewhere. Remember, all the nice frames have ornamented corners. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street.

Thursday is Thanksgiving—

Are you prepared?

Just look over your China closet and see if you don't need some plates or cups or platters or glasses or knives or spoons — anything in China and glass. We have them—a splendid assortment at any price and all prices — but *everything* at those famous wholesale prices.

THAT BIG CHINA STORE

A Quarter of a Block below Shreve's

Wangenheim, Sternheim & Co.

528 and 530 Market St.
27 and 29 Sutter St.

Below Montgomery.

A NEW WRINKLE

Comes while you're trying to make another go—or the beauty you're trying to enhance withers—if you use cosmetics containing fats, inferior oils and poisons. Our preparations have the guarantee of a responsible firm for purity and harmlessness.

Medicated Cerate softens and renders the skin smooth, delicate and fine grained; preserves the youthful bloom; prevents wrinkles and freckles, cures pimples, tan and sunburn. A perfect application before using powder. Endorsed by prominent Physicians. Price, 50 cents and $1.00.

Freckle Lotion and Face Bleach. Harmless and effective; cures pimples, blackheads, moth patches and all discolorations. Price, $1.00.

Egyptian Enamel creates a perfect complexion instantly. Price, 50 cents.

Curling Fluid keeps the hair in curl or wave for one week. Price, 50 cents.

FREE—Samples of Cerate and Face Powder sent free by mail for 10 cents in stamps.

CARMEL COSMETIC COMPANY, Incorporated.
Mrs. M. J. Butler, Mgr., 131 Post St.
Abell & Ewing entrance. Take Elevator.
Hairdressing, Manicuring Chiropody, Electrolysis.
Faces Steamed, bleached and permanently beautified.

There has been no end of cant in the precincts of both literature and drama on Realism, and it seems to me that the word has been used in its murkiest, most narrowing and most depreciatory office. Like that overworked term, emancipation when applied to the new woman, it is employed to express the repelling, uninviting, the severe and the unfeeling; in a word, it is used in its abusive and derogatory sense rather than in its broader, more comprehensive and all-defining meaning.

Realism, nowadays, is perverted in its application, and is pressed into service to denote the morbid in morals, the wicked in mind and the foully abandoned in deed. Just as the phrase "emancipated woman" conjures up a bloomer-clad feminine on the platform or at the polls, so does the term realism usher in ghost-like personalities painted by Zola in scarlet, and denounced by Parkhurst in black and white. Truly, the two terms, Emancipation and Realism, first cousins in misapplication, have become warped etymologically into narrow byways of dark, displeasing significance. Realism as opposed to Idealism, means fidelity to nature, to real life—it means representation without idealization, making no appeal to the imagination but adhering persistently to facts, to actualities. Why is it, then, that the province of the virtues, all that is admirable, high-minded, noble-hearted and pure of purpose should not be as adequately expressed by the term as are those motives, feelings and results that deal with the debased, the forbidden and the animal? And yet it is not so. Listen to the comments of an auditor during a play like "Sowing the Wind," "Magda," "Camille," "Honor," "The Dancing Girl" and a dozen others dealing with similar situations—what does the man say when he hears a spade called a spade, and when he sees tableaux of his own private history unfold themselves? He turns to his neighbor and says: "By Jove! *that's* realism!" Does he say this when the curtain discloses a saint-like mother, a self-sacrificing wife, an unselfish friend, a beautiful hallowed love, a devoted child or an honorable rival? No. These do not appeal to him as Life, as Actualities, as Realism; they are too pure, too admirable; to be realistic must they be bad? So it would seem; to be real they must be slightly tainted, a bit defiled, lurid and somewhat broad—forbidden and partially screened. It is all wrong. Realism is Life. Life at its best and at its worst, in its flower and in its decay, in the innocence of its morning and at the midnight of its gloom; just as our impulses, our aims, our ambitions and our failures, in a word, ourselves and the small circles we compass, are good and bad, admirable and despicable, virtuous and vicious. The term realism, then, is not specific but is broadly, comprehensively generic, touching, depicting all things and embracing every phase. And to be a novelist or a dramatist of the realistic school, should be an evidence of the highest insight, the finest perceptions and the loftiest attainments of humanity, free from blemish of ghastliness or of corruption.

"The New Boy" arrived, he did more, he remained and put his audience in a healthy sort of humor that lasted intermittently for two hours; an attainment surely, after the mental biliousness we have suffered from the last reforming half year. For months past the public's moral liver has been persistently deranged. Books and plays have left a bad taste in the mouth, and a wholesome bit of fun-making, stirring up the risibles, causing a unanimous laugh, is as cooly refreshing as a marine view after an optical diet of parched prairie.

A solace, a relief, indeed, it is to greet a play without a purpose. One is not called upon to think nor to analyze, only to enjoy a brain vacation, only to accept and to laugh—this is within the province of all. It is a balm to the tortured soul, a rest cure to the mind, a jolly jogging to the body to merely sit in placid receptivity and smile. Serious thought as a steady diet is a bore; ethical questions prick the mind cells; ideas irritate; views aggravate, and it is so deliciously, mentally indolent merely to live and to laugh. This is the purpose, if any there may be, of Hoyt's concoctions, of "Charley's Aunt," of the "New Boy."

"Who would read the interpretation thereof?" is written across the manuscript of every farce-comedy—who would analyze frolic, or attempt to find rhyme or reason in merriment, in comical situation, in airy fun or light-headed sportiveness? They defy logic, and escape through the sieve of analysis by virtue of their very flimsiness.

"The New Boy" is not as uproariously funny as "Charley's Aunt;" the audience does not burst into guffaws. Let us be thankful for this; it is far better than the "Aunt," bordering almost on the possible; is not lined and seamed throughout with horse play, and punctured with antediluvian jokes. The farce is of eccentric pattern, recalling the curious humor of "Little Puck" and "Vice Versa;" in action brisk and vivacious, though now and then getting dangerously near the dull. There is a gratifying lack of nonsensical stage fooling, and the leading comedian is providentially not expected to evidence his wit in acrobatic contortions or pugilistic physical resistance. Bert Coote, in name and face with that queer cracked voice and prominent, expressive jaw all so essential to the comedian, does creditable work. His characterization of the husband-schoolboy is a symmetrical bit. His acting does not run to extremes—he does not slight nor slur his points; neither does he color the situation too strikingly, nor take to the center of the stage except when occasion demands. This is exceptional and modest almost to the point of a virtue. Coote is a bright comedian, acting with intelligence the prankish schoolboy, always burdened with the weight of years and the heavy appendage of a fair, fatal forty year-old wife. His predicaments are serious to him, however ludicrous they may appear to the audience. Under the bullying of the "fat boy," the commands of the master, the blandishments of the sophisticated sixteen-year-old flirt and the motherly coddling of the weighty wife he conveys the humorous contradiction and makes "The Boy" almost plausible. The others in the cast are mediocre. Possibly Miss Grace George, who looks not unlike pretty Kitty Cheatham, may be mentioned as natural, piquante and decidedly engaging. Julia Kingsley—the maid—is statuesque and appears to be waiting feverishly for the gap in the dialogue which permits her to kick up and pirouette, if ever so discreetly, and so convince the audience that she is sorrowfully miscast. The dialogue of her two gray boots is vastly more fetching than that of her two red lips. Her terpsichorean light is hidden under a gray cashmere bushel. It is all flippant but funny—so what would you?

Herr F. A. Heinhaus, directly imported from Europe and widely known (so the bill states) as "a lightning calculating marvel," is the stellar attraction this week at the Orpheum. He reckons with astounding rapidity and unerring precision, dallying but an instant with the square or cube root of rational numbers consisting of nine digits, raising any number of three digits to the second, third or fourth power, and doing other marvelous juggling with dates and calculations. Really he is wondrously infallible and positively genuine—including a head prominent with mathematical bumps and a high class German accent. The bill presented this week is the usual good vaudeville programme, though acrobats abound almost too plentifully and the stage seems alive with human windmills. The Big Four hold a veritable slam-bang, knock-out pandemonium. They are wildly, irrepressibly funny, and there seems at any and at every moment an occasion to call the patrol wagon or the ambulance—such rough-and-tumble, hit-and-never-miss, jumping, thumping, bumping, till yards of healing plaster seem in absolute need. The "Emperors of all Musical Clowns" are talented and clever, though one would wish for the melodies sans, the grotesque faces and the ridiculous buffoonery.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

MUSIC.

Among other benefits conferred upon our public by the Auditorium Concerts is the insistence given to the fact of there being local pianists capable of reciting the best works for the piano and orchestra. Following Mr. Bendix comes Miss Alice Bacon, representing the standard of pianist's culture locally attained. To them, without perceptible distinction, was accorded a hearty, perhaps enthusiastic, endorsement. Up to the present, only private support has made amends to the players for the well calloused ear turned by the general audience to their efforts. Now it seems but one or two more successful expressions of the piano player's art will find an enduring respect for that medium for musical afflatus. Of all the channels to give vent to ideas, or ideality, the pianist's material of string and keyboard is the least popular, the least simple and the least easy of control. Any pianist who wins public favor has done a deed of enduring value, speaking of this community, that is, so that the accepted players of piano concertos at this stage of our culture deserve something in the nature of victor's wreath.

How far below the ranks of the half a dozen great poetic concertos the Mendelsohn D Minor stands is of less matter than its place above the works, which are slowly wearing away out of living musical literature. Its value is high enough to elucidate that simile comparing architecture to music and is, of course, of the composed, frozen form. If the opinion that great plays alone bring out the great acting as a musical analogy, this D Minor Concerto would fail to raise any player to that height of noblest temper.

Miss Bacon deserved the thanks of all pianists for following her own predilections in retaining the use of the text. If a flawless memory is innate, so much the better. Honest confession is better still. For possible lapses of memory and for over tense

nerves, the text is the only antidote in this case. Brains and nerves are happily not built to order. Miss Bacon played to satisfy herself as much as the public and was the more interesting for that reason. A freer texture in most of the playing might have been expected and graces of finer sensibility could have lighted up the whole, but in general there was fidelity, intelligence and proportion enough to carry the work through to the acclaim of a genuinely gratified company. Miss Bacon's public appearances have never been more if as as happy in the result.

Another of Mendelssohn's creations figured as first of the numbers, the Overture, "The Return of the Prodigal." No triumph of landscape painting were permissable in the subject, and consequently the overwrought formalities of the sentiment fall flat. There was no flatness or want of color in the other Overture, but a trifling error in the title may have escaped the composer. A "Celebration of Grace," in Reinecke's conception, appeared to necessitate all the preparations and some of the actual horrors of war. Musical development grown gorged to repletion swept all melody before it. This music was written for the benefit of the totally bad, probably French, taste in the shape of Saint Saëns' symphonic form. "Phæton" was never in more agreeable contrast, and any slight unsympathetic feeling was held back. All that brilliant ideas and a dramatic sense of form in the true Gallic taste can effect this *chef d'œuvre* of descriptive art accomplishes. Beethoven's Symphony No. 1, with antique and regal atmosphere of its two first movements, was treated more evenly and truly than any of the symphonies which have gone before. Indeed, all the numbers came out more according to the intention of Herr Scheel than hitherto, and when the time comes for repeating any of the work, especially the symphonies already given, there ought to be some really fine performances.

On the fourth of next month Miss Schindler promises an interesting concert in the Golden Gate Hall. With the assistance of Mrs. Carmichael Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine, and others, there is to be a generous programme of particular interest. Though not exactly a debut concert, for Miss Schindler sang with success at one of the Carr-Beel concerts some time since, this appearance will introduce her real powers to the public, as the numbers she sings are of a more exacting calibre and better suited to develope the talents which have been finely cultured and commended in the great musical centers.

LESLEY MARTIN.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

SALVINI.

The engagement of Alexander Salvini which opens at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, is naturally engaging the attention of those who are anxious to take another peep into that stirring life of action and intrigue, of passion and courage, which he presented in so popular a manner on his last visit here. Bronson Howard, Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones will have to give away for awhile to D'Ennery, Hugo and Dumas, and the latter trio will probably be no less among the deities of the stage when the former has had its successors many times. Like those of the immortal Shakespeare, the works of the author of "Ruy Blas," and his contemporaries need more than the ordinary dramatic timber of the day to properly illustrate them. Consequently, and, perhaps, happily, their influence will be distributed over many generations to come, while the characters of the modern playwright will more than likely play themselves out as they may be culled from any well established greenroom. Since his last appearance here Salvini has had two more years in the school of experience, and there will be no little curiosity, in view of the magnificent stock from which he comes, to see the result. From a box office standpoint Salvini should be welcome, indeed, for his personality, like his methods, appeals with about equal force to the fashionable occupants of boxes and stalls, as to the more reliable, if more vociferous criticism of the "gallery god."

"Aladdin, Jr.," is said to be the most pretentious of all the productions that the famous organization, The American Extravaganza Company, has yet presented.

THOMAS KEENE.

Mr. Thomas W. Keene, legitimate and Shakesperean actor, will be the next attraction at the California Theatre, to follow "The New Boy," opening on Monday, December 3d, for a two weeks' engagement of the classic drama. It is some time since the lovers of the classic drama in this city enjoyed a season of the legitimate, and there can scarcely be any doubt but that a relish exists for it. Mr. Keene is an actor who has worked his way from the ground up. He was considered for years before he became a star one of the best leading men on the American stage. He was the leading support of Booth, McCullough, Barret, Charlotte Cushman, Neilson, and has served as leading man in nearly every big stock company from Boston to San Francisco. Since he has drawn his forces to a center he has focussed all the dramatic light that he possessed on Shakesperean and the legitimate. Mr. Keene has proved himself an industrious and talented member of his profession, and he has now the field of Shakespearean drama pretty much to himself. The repertoire will include "Richard III," "Hamlet," "Louis XI," "Richelieu," "Romeo and Juliet," "Othello" and "The Merchant of Venice." The sale of seats, at the regular California Theatre prices, will commence on Thursday morning, November 29th.

THOMAS W. KEENE

THE TIVOLI

The Tivoli offers Audran's comic opera, "The Mascot," for the week commencing November 26th. Every one knows "The Mascot," and every one who knows, knows, too, that it will bear frequent repetition, and the familar airs grow upon one and take on an added interest with each new hearing. The cast is as follows:

Bettina, the Mascot.....Gracie Plaisted
Fiametta, daughter of Lorenzo XVII.....Tillie Salinger
Frederic, Prince of Pisa.....Phil Branson
Pippo, a Shepherd Boy.....John J. Raffael
Lorenzo XVII, Prince of Piombino.....Ferris Hartman
Rocco, a farmer.....Thos. C. Leary
Matteo, Innkeeper.....Fred Kavanaugh

THE ORPHEUM.

A startling array of talent is billed for the Orpheum next week. The Morellos, with their clever trick dog, Willie, the Leo Mayor Troupe and the renowned King of the Wire, Caicedo, are among the celebrities who will perform, and the latter is the acknowledged greatest artist in the country, and his prowess on the tight rope has made him famous the world over. Then there will be the Corrallas, Ernest Young and many other whose names alone guarantee an enjoyable evening at the Orpheum.

MOROSCO'S

"Fallen Among Thieves" will be presented at Morosco's this week, commencing November 26th, with a grand special matinee Thanksgiving Day, November 29th.

ALCAZAR.

Haverly's Minstrels open next Monday night at the Alcazar. The advance sale of seats has been unusually large and the season promises to be very profitable and popular.

Fine Horse Sale.

Killip & Co., the live stock auctioneers, will sell on Monday, November 26th, at 11 A. M., at Bay District Track, thirty-six thorough-bred yearlings and two-year olds. Bred at Rancho Del Paso by Mr. J. B. Haggin. This is certainly one of the most important horse sales we have had for some time, and coming as it does just preceding the Horse Show, is bound to attract wide attention.

If one drinks beer it is important to select the very best, and the very best can only be found in the brews of the famous Bartholomay Brewing Co., of Rochester, New York. "Fine Standard" and "Knickerbocker" brands possess exquisite properties and are the favorites among connoisseurs. Purity and healthfulness have ever been the aim of these manufacturers, which with their palatable virtues have made these brews the favorites among all lovers of a pure beer and have supplanted the popular beers of a few years ago. Messrs. Wm. Wolff & Co., of 327 and 329 Market Street, have received the sole agency for the company and are fast disposing of their initial shipments.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO.....Lessees and Managers
Beginning Monday, November 26
Engagement of ALEXANDER
SALVINI
Repertoire first Week
Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday Ev'gs, "THREE GUARDSMEN"
Tuesday and Friday Nights, and Saturday Matinee, "RUY BLAS"
Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day, "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
Second and Last Week
Every Evening : : : : : : : : : (Including Sunday
Special Matinee on Thanksgiving Afternoon.
The Comedy Sensation of the Year
YOU MUST SEE **"THE NEW BOY"**
He is a Wonder and a Terror.
"What's the good of anything?—Nothing!"
Played by Frohman's Distinguished Company.
December 3rd, THOS. W. KEENE

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.....Proprietor and Manager
TO-NIGHT
LECOCQ'S SUPERB OPERA
"MANOLA"
Monday, Nov. 26,--"THE MASCOT"
Friday, Nov. 30--Benefit of TILLIE SALINGER
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Week of Monday, November 26th
A Grand Array of Talent
CAICEDO
The king of the wire; he turns somersaults and twisters on a tight wire; the greatest artist in his line in the world
THE MORELLOS, with their trick Dog. Willie
BIG FOUR 4 BIG FOUR 3 CORNALEAS 3
4 LES MAYOS TROUPE, ERNEST YOUNG, ETC.
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO.....Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of
TOM SAWYER
Monday Evening, November 26th.
First Production in America of
Frank Harvey's Scenic Melodrama,
FALLEN AMONG THIEVES
Special Matinee Thanksgiving Day.
Evening Prices: Orchestra, 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c, Family Circle and Gallery, 10c, Mezzanine Boxes, $1, Proscenium Boxes, extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices:* 10c, 15c, and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
J. P. HOWE.....Manager
Grand Opening Night
Saturday, November 24, 1894
First Matinee Sunday, November 25
For an Indefinite Period
Haverly's Mastodonic Operatic Minstrels
Under the Personal Direction of J. H. HAVERLY
Weekly Change of Songs and Specialties
Burlesque Opera
The Greatest Minstrel Organization of the Age
Grand Thanksgiving Matinee
Regular Matinees Saturday and Sunday
Box Office Now Open

Second Thoughts

BY ARTHUR MOORE.

I.

As the clock struck eight Sir Geoffrey Vincent cast aside the dull society journal with which he had been beguiling the solicitude of his after-dinner coffee and cigar, and abandoned, with an alacrity eloquent of long boredom, his possession of one of the capacious chairs which invited repose in the dingy smoking room of an old-fashioned club. It had been reserved for him, after twenty monotonous years of almost unbroken exile, spent, for the most part, amid the jungles and swamps of lower Burma, to realize that a friendless man alone in the most populous city of the world may encounter among thousands of his peers a desolation more supreme than the solitude of the most ultimate wilderness; and he found himself wondering, a little savagely, why, after all, he had expected his home-coming to be so different from the reality that now confronted him. When he landed at Brindisi, a short ten days ago, misgivings had already assailed him vaguely. The fact that he was practically homeless, that, although not altogether bereft of kith and kin, he had no family circle to welcome him as an addition to his circumference, had made it inevitable that his rapid passage across the continent should be haunted by forebodings to which he had not cared to assign a shape too definite. His sanguine expectations encountered their first rebuff when he found the Piccadilly Club, which had figured so often in the dreams of its exiled member, abandoned to a horde of workmen, a mere wilderness of paint and white-wash; and it was with a touch of resentment that he accepted the direction of an indifferent hall-porter to an unfamiliar edifice in Pall Mall as its temporary substitute. Entering the smoking-room a little diffidently on the evening of his arrival in London, he found himself eyed, at first, with faint curiosity, by two or three of the men upon whom his gaze rested expectantly, but in no case was this curiosity—prompted doubtless by that touch of the exotic which sometimes clings to dwellers in the East—the precursor of the kindly recognition, the surprised, incredulous greeting which he had hoped for. After a few days he was simply ignored. His face, rather stern, with its distinctive Indian tan through which the grey eyes looked almost blue, his erect figure and dark hair sparsely flecked with a frosty white, had become familiar. He had visited his tailor and his garments no longer betrayed him to the curious by their fashion of Rangoon.

Now, as he paused in the hall of his club to light a cigarette before passing out into the pleasant July twilight, he told himself that for the present he had done with London. The legal business, already too long deferred, connected with the succession which had made him a rich man and brought him home was ended at last, and now he would shake the dust of that inhospitable city from off his feet, and go down to the place in Wiltshire, which was yearning to call him master, to await better days in company with his beloved Indian falcons. He even found himself taking comfort from this prospect while a hansom bore him swiftly to the Savoy theatre. He enjoyed the first act of the extravaganza with the zest of a man to whom the work of the famous collaborators was an entire novelty, but his *ennui* returning with the fall of the curtain, he prepared to spend the entr'acte in contemplation of the people who composed the house, rather than to incur the resentment of the placid dowagers who were his neighbors, by passing and repassing, like the majority of his fellow-men, in search of the distant haven where cigarettes and drinks, obtained with difficulty, could be hastily appreciated. More than once his wandering eyes returned to a box next the stage on a dress-circle tier, and finally they rested rather wistfully on its occupants, or, to be more accurate, on the younger of the two ladies who were seated in front. It was not simply because the girl was pretty, though her beauty, the flower-like charm of a young Englishwoman fresh from the school-room, a fine example of a type not particularly rare, would have furnished a sufficient pretext. He was struck by a resemblance, a haunting reminiscence, which at first exercised his curiosity, and ended by baffling and tantalizing him. Later, when he had passed into the crowded lobby, and was making his way slowly through a jungle of pretty dresses toward the door, he recognized in front of him the amber-colored hair and pale-blue opera cloak of the damsel who had puzzled him. The two ladies (her companion of the grey dress was close at hand), halted near the door while their cavalier passed out in search of their carriage; the elder lady turned, adjusting a cloud of soft lace about her shoulders, and Sir Geoffrey was struck on the instant by a swift thrill. Here, at last, was an old friend—that face could belong to no one else than Margeret Addison. It was natural that her maiden name should first occur to him, but he remembered, as he edged his way laboriously toward her, that she had married just after he sailed for Burma; yes, she had married that amiable scape-grace, Dick Vandeleur, who had met his death in the hunting field nearly fifteen years ago.

As he drew near, Mrs. Vandeleur's gaze fell upon him for a brief instant; he thought that she had not recognized him, but before his spirits had time to suffer any consequent depression, her eyes returned to him, and as he smiled in answer to the surprise which he read in them, he saw her face flush and grow a little pale before a responsive light of recognition dawned upon it. She took his hand silently when he offered it, eyeing him with the same faint smile, an expression in which welcome seemed to be gleaming through a cloud of apprehension.

"I'm not a ghost," he said, laughing; "I'm Geoffrey Vincent. Don't be ashamed of owning that you had quite forgotten me!"

"I knew you at once," she said, simply. "So you are at home at last; you must come and see me as soon as you can. This is my daughter, Dorothy, and here is my brother—of course, you remember Philip? coming to tell us the carriage is waiting. You will come to-morrow to prove that you are not a ghost? We shall expect you."

II.

A fortnight later Sir Geoffrey was sitting in a punt, beguiling the afternoon of a rainy day by luring unwary roach to their destruction with a hair line and pellets of paste, delicately kneaded by the taper fingers of Miss Dorothy Vandeleur. He was the guest of Mrs. Vandeleur's brother, his school friend, Philip Addison, the Q. C., and Mrs. Vandeleur and her daughter were also staying at the delightful old Elizabethan house, which nestled, with such an air of immemorial occupation, half-way down the wooded side of one of the Streatly hills, its spotless lawn sloping steeply to the margin of the fairest river in the world. Miss Vandeleur had enshrined herself among a pile of rugs and cushions at the stern of the punt, where the roof of her uncle's boat-house afforded shelter from the persistent rain. She was arrayed in the blue serge dear to the modern water nymph; and at intervals she relieved her feelings by shaking her small fist at the leaden vault of the sky. Occasionally the rain varied the monotony of the dolorous drizzle by a vigorous and spirited downpour, lasting for some minutes, prompting one of the occupants of the punt to remark, with misplaced confidence, that it must clear up soon after that. Then Sir Geoffrey would abandon his rod and beat a retreat to the stern of the punt; and during these intervals much desultory conversation ensued. Once Miss Vandeleur startled her companion by asking, suddenly, how it was that he seemed so absurdly young?

"I hope I am not rude," she added, "but really you do strike me as almost the youngest person I know. You are much younger than Jack—Mr. Wilgress—for instance, and it's only about three years since he left Eton."

Sir Geoffrey smiled, wondering a little whether the girl was laughing at him; for though a man of forty-seven, who has, for twenty years successfully resisted a trying climate, may consider himself as very far from the burden of old age, it was conceivable that the views of a maiden in her teens might be very different.

"It's because I'm having such a good time," he hazarded. "You and your mother are responsible, you know; before I met you at the Savoy on that memorable evening, I was feeling as blue as—as the sky ought to be, if it had any decency, and at least as old as the river. I suppose it's true that youth and good spirits are contagious."

Dorothy gazed at him for a moment reflectively. "How lucky it was that Uncle Philip took us to the theatre that evening. It was just a chance. And we might never have met you."

"It was lucky for me," declared the other, simply. "But would you have cared?"

"Of course," said the girl promptly, but lowering her blue eyes. "You see, I have never known a real live hero before. Do tell me about your fight in the hill fort, or how you caught the Dacoits. Uncle Philip says that you ought to have had the V. C."

Sir Geoffrey replied by a little disparaging murmur. "Oh, it was a common-place affair—all in the day's work. Any one else would have done the same."

Dorothy settled herself back among her cushions resentfully, clasping her hands, rather sun-burned, across her knees.

"I should like to see them," she declared contemptuously. "That's just what that Jack Wilgress said—at least he implied it. It is true, he apologized afterwards. How I despise Oxford boys. And sometimes I loathe and detest them."

Sir Geoffrey stood up and began to take his rod to pieces. "And are you quite sure that you haven't been 'loathing and detesting' me all the afternoon?"

Dorothy picked up her novel and smoothed its leaves reflectively. "I—— But no. I won't make you too conceited. Look, the sun is actually coming out! Don't you think we might take the Canadian up to the weir? You really ought to be introduced to the big chub under the bridge."

The rain had almost ceased, and when they had transferred themselves into the dainty canoe, a few strokes of the paddle which Miss Vandeleur wielded with such effective grace swept them out into a full flood of delicate evening sunlight. The sky smiled blue through rapidly increasing breaks in the clouds; the sunbeams, slanting from the west, touched with pale gold the quivering trees, which seemed to lift their wet branches and spread their leaves to court the warm caress. A new radiance of color crept into the landscape, as if it had been a picture from which a smoky glass was withdrawn; the water grew very still—this too was in the manner of a picture—with the peace of summer evening, brimming with an unbroken surface luminously from bank to bank. Strange gutteral cries of water-birds sounded from the reed-beds; from the next reach came the rhythmic pulse of oars, faint splashes and the brisk rattle of row-locks; voices and laughter floated down from the lock, travelling far beyond belief in the hushed stillness of the evening. The wake of the light canoe trailed unbroken to the shadows of the boat-house, and the wet paddle gleamed as it slid through the water. Presently Dorothy stayed her hand.

"What an enchanting world it is!" she murmured, with wide eyes full of the glamour of the setting sun. "Beautiful, beautiful! How soon one forgets the fogs and rain and cold! I feel as if I had lived in this fairy-land always.

Her lips trembled a little as she spoke, and Sir Geoffrey found something in the pathos of her youth which held him silent. When they broke the spell of silence, their words were trivial, perhaps, but the language was that of old friends, simple and direct. Sir Geoffrey, at least, for whom the charm of the occasion was a gift so rare that he scarcely dared to desecrate it by mental criticism, was far from welcoming the interruption which presently occurred in the shape of a youth arrayed in immaculate flannels and the colors of a popular rowing club, who hailed them cheerfully from a light skiff, resting on his skulls and drifting alongside while he rolled a cigarette.

III.

Dorothy sank down, rather wearily, in the low basket-chair which stood near the open window of her mother's bedroom—a tall French window, with a wide balcony overrun by climbing roses, and a view of the river, and waited for Mrs. Vandeleur to dismiss her maid. As she lay there, adjusting absently the loose tresses of her hair, she could feel the breath of the faint breeze as it wandered, gathering a light burden of fragrance through the dusky roses; she could see the river, dimly, where the moonbeams touched its ripples, and once or twice the sound of voices reached her from the distant smoking-room. The closing of the door as the maid went out disturbed her reverie, and turning a little in her chair, she found her mother regarding her thoughtfully.

"No," said Dorothy, swiftly interpreting her mother's glance. "You mustn't send me away, my pretty little mother. I'll promise not to catch cold. I haven't been able to talk to you all day."

Mrs. Vandeleur half-closed the window and then seated herself with an expression of resignation on the arm of her daughter's chair. In the dim light shed by the two candles on the dressing table, one would have thought them two sisters plotting innocently the discomfiture of man. The occasion did not prove so stimulating to conversation as might have been expected. For a few minutes both were silent. Dorothy began to hum an air from the Savoy opera rather recklessly. She kicked off one of her slippers and it fell on the polished oak floor with a little clatter.

"Little donkey!" murmured her mother sweetly. "so much for your talking. I'm going to bed at once." Then she added carelessly, "Did you see Jack to-day?"

The humming paused abruptly, then it went on for a second and paused again.

"Oh, yes, the inevitable Mr. Wilgress was on the river as usual. He nearly ran us down in that idiotic skiff of his."

Mrs. Vandeleur raised her eyebrows, gazing at her unconscious daughter reflectively.

"You didn't see him alone, then?" she inquired presently.

"Who? Mr. Wilgress? Ye-es, I think so. When we got back to the boat house, he insisted in taking me out again in the canoe to show me the correct Indian stroke. Much he knows about it! That's why I was

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS FOR COSTIVENESS

so late for dinner. Oh, please don't talk about Mr. Wilgress."

"Mr. Wilgress again?" murmured Mrs. Vandeleur. "I thought it always used to be 'Jack.'"

"Only, only by accident," said the girl weakly, "and when he wasn't there."

"Well, he isn't here now, at least, I hope not. You—you haven't quarreled, have you, Dolly?"

"No—yes. I don't know. He—he asked me—oh, he was ridiculous. How I hate boys—and jealousy."

Mrs. Vandeleur shivered, then rose abruptly and closed the window against which she leaned, gazing down at the formless mass of the shrubs which cowered over their shadows on the lawn. Her mind, vaguely troubled for some days past and now keenly on the alert, traveled swiftly back, bridging a space of nearly twenty years, to a scene strangely like this, in which she and her mother had held the stage. She too, a girl then of Dorothy's eighteen years, had brought the halting story of her doubts and scruples to her natural counselor. She could remember still how the instinct of reticence had struggled with the yearning for sympathy, for the comfort of the confessional. She could recall now and appreciate her mother's tact and patient questioning, her own perversity, the dumbness which seemed independent of her own volition. A commonplace page of life. Two men at her feet and the girl unskilled to read her heart. One had spoken, that was Dick Vandeleur, careless, brilliant and heir to half a county; the other,—her old friend, she could not bear to think of him now. Knowledge had come too late, and the light which made her wonder scornfully at her blindness. And her mother—she, of course, had played the worldly part, but her counsel had been honest, without bias. It were cruel to blame her now.

It seemed plain enough to a woman's keen vision—what sense so subtle, yet so easily beguiled—that Dorothy's choice was embarassed, just as her own had been. The girl and her two admirers, how the old story repeated itself!—one, Jack Wilgress, the good-natured, good-looking idler, whose devotion to the river threatened to make him amphibious, and whose passion for scribbling verse bade fair to launch him adrift among the cockle-shell fleet of Minor Poets; the other, Geoffrey Vincent! To call upon Margeret Vandeleur to guide her daughter's choice between two men of whom Geoffrey Vincent was one—surely here was the end and crown of Fate's relentless irony. She felt herself blushing as she pressed her forehead against the cool window-pane, put to shame by the thoughts which the comparison suggested, which would not be stifled. Rght or wrong, at least her mother had been impartial. There was a sting in this, a failure of her precedent. She sighed, concluding mutely that silence was her only course.* Even if she would, she could not follow in her mother's footsteps—the girl must abide by her own judgment.

When she turned, smiling faintly, the light of the flickering candles fell upon her face, betraying a pallor which startled Dorothy from her reverie. She sprang from her chair, reproaching her selfishness.

"You poor, tired little mother," she murmured penitently, with a hasty kiss. "How could I be so cruel as to keep you up after your journey? I'm a wretch, but I'm really going now. Good-night."

"Good-night," said her mother, caressing the vagrant coils of the girl's amber-colored hair. "Don't worry yourself; everything will come right if—if you listen to your own heart.'

Dorothy's answer was precluded by another kiss. "It's so full of you that it can't be bothered to think of any one else," she declared plaintively, as she turned toward the door. Then she paused, fingering nervously a little heap of books which lay upon a table. "He—he isn't so very old, you know," she murmured softly, before she made her escape.

When she was alone, Mrs. Vandeleur sank into the chair which her daughter had just quitted, nestling among the cushions and knitting her brows in thought. The clock on the mantelpiece had struck twelve before she rose and then she paused for an instant in front of the looking-glass, gazing into it half timidly before she extinguished the candles. The face which she saw there was manifestly pretty, in spite of the trouble which lurked in the tired eyes, and when she turned away, a hovering smile was struggling with the depression of the delicate, mobile lips.

IV.

When Sir Geoffrey returned to Riverside, three days later, after a brief sojourn in London, spent for the most part at the office of his solicitor at Lincoln's Inn, he found Mrs. Vandeleur presiding over a solitary tea-table in a shady corner of the garden. A few chairs sociably disposed under the gnarled walnut tree, and a corresponding number of empty tea-cups, suggested that her solitude had not been of long duration, and this impression was confirmed when Mrs. Vandeleur told her guest that if he had presented himself a short quarter of an hour earlier he would have been welcomed in a manner more worthy of his desserts.

Sir Geoffrey drew one of the low basket-chairs up to the table, protesting, as he accepted a cup of tea, that he could not have wished for better fortune.

"This is very delightful," he declared. "I don't regret the tardiness of my train in the least. The other charming people are on the river, I suppose?"

Mrs. Vandeleur nodded. "Yes, the Patersons have just taken up their quarters in that house-boat, which you must have noticed, near the lock, and my brother and Dorothy have gone with Jack Wilgress and his sisters to call upon them. You ought to have seen Daisy Wilgress; she is very pretty.

Sir Geoffrey smiled gravely, sipping his tea.

"If she is prettier than your daughter, Miss Wilgress must be very dangerous. But I must see her with my own eyes before I believe that."

"Oh, she is!" declared Mrs. Vandeleur, laughing lightly, but throwing a quick glance at him. "Ask Philip; he is more wrapped up in her than he has been in anything since his first brief."

"Poor Philip!" said the other quietly, stooping to pick a fallen leaf from the grass at his feet. "I—I have a fellow-feeling for him."

"You know you may smoke if you want to," interposed Mrs. Vandeleur, rather hurriedly. "And perhaps—if you really won't have any more tea—you might like to go in pursuit of the other people; I don't think they have taken all the boats. But I daresay you are tired? London is so fatiguing—and business."

Sir Geoffrey smiled, his white teeth showing pleasantly against the tan of his lean, good-humored face.

"I *am* rather tired, I believe," he owned. "I have been spending a great deal of time in my solicitor's waiting-room pretending to read the *Times*. And I have been thinking—that is always fatiguing. If I am not in your way, I should like to stay here.

Mrs. Vandeleur professed her satisfaction by a polite little murmur, leaning forward in her chair to marshal the scattered tea-cups on the tray, while Sir Geoffrey eyed her askance, rather timidly, with a keen appreciation of the subtle charm of her personality; her face, like a perfect cameo, or some rare pale flower, seeming to have gained rather in beauty by the deliberate passage from youth; winning, just as some pictures do, an added grace of refinement, a delicacy, which the slight modification of contours served only to intensify.

"I told you just now that I had been thinking," he said presently when she had resumed her task of embroidering initials in the corner of a handkerchief. "Would it surprise you if I said I had been thinking of you?"

Mrs. Vandeleur raised her eyebrows slightly, her gaze still intent upon her patient needle.

"Perhaps it was natural that you should think of us," she hazarded.

"But I meant you," he continued; "you, the Margaret of the old days, before I went away. For I used to call you 'Margaret' then. We were great friends, you know."

"I have always thought of you as a friend," she said simply. "Yes, we were great friends before—before you went away."

"I doesn't seem so long ago to me," he declared, almost plaintively, struck by something in the tone of her voice. Mrs. Vandeleur smiled tolerantly, scrutinizing her embroidery, with her head poised on one side, a little after the manner of a bird.

"And now that I have found you again," he added with intention, dropping his eyes till they rested on the river, rippling past the wooden landing-stage below in the sunshine, "I—I don't want to lose you, Margaret!"

Mrs. Vandeleur met this declaration with a smile, which was courteous rather than cordial, merely acknowledging, as of right, the propriety of the aspiration, treating it as quite conventional. The simplicity of the gesture testified eloquently of the discipline of twenty years; only a woman would have detected the shadow of apprehension in her eyes, the trembling of the hands which seemed so placidly occupied. Her mind was already anxiously on the alert, racing rapidly over the now familiar ground which she had quartered of late so heedfully. For her his words were ominous; it was of Dorothy surely that he wished to speak, and yet——! In the stress of expectations her thoughts took strange flights, following vague clews fantastically. The inveterate habit of retrospection carried her back, in spite of her scruples. Her honest desire to think singly of Dorothy, regarding the fortune of her own life as irrevocably settled, impelled her irresistibly to call to the stage of her imagination a scene which she had often set upon it, a dialogue entirely fictive, which might, but for her perversity, have been enacted—twenty years ago.

Sir Geoffrey rose and stood leaning with one hand on the back of his chair. This interruption—or, perhaps it was the sound of oars and voices which floated in growing volume from the river—served to recall his companion to the present. The silence, of brief duration actually, seemed intolerable. She must break it, and when she spoke it was to name her daughter, aimlessly.

"Dorothy?" repeated Sir Geoffrey, as she paused. "She is extraordinarily like you were before I went away. Not that you are changed—it is delightful to come back and find you the same. It's only when she is with you that I can realize that there is a difference, a——"

"I was never so good as Dorothy," put in Mrs. Vandeleur quickly; "she will never have the same reason to blame herself. I don't think you could imagine what she has been to me."

"I think I can," said Sir Geoffrey, simply. Then he added, rather shyly: "Really, we seem to be very good friends already; it's very nice of her. It would be so natural for her to—to resent the intrusion of an old fellow like me."

"You need not be afraid of that; she looks upon you as—as a friend already."

"Thank you," murmured the other. "And you think she might grow to—to like me in time?"

Mrs. Vandeleur nodded mutely. Sir Geoffrey followed for a moment the deliberate entry and re-entry of her needle, reflectively; then, as his eyes wandered, he realized vaguely that a boat had reached the landing-stage, and that people were there; he recognized young Wilgress and Miss Vandeleur.

"You said just now that you always thought of me as a friend," he began. "I wonder—Oh, it's no good," he added quickly, with a nervous movement of his hands. "I can't make pretty speeches. After all, it's simple; why should I play the coward? I can take 'no' for an answer, if the worst comes to the worst, and—Margaret, I know it's asking a great deal, but—I want you to marry me."

She cast a swift startled glance at him, turning in her chair, and then dropped her eyes, asking herself bewilderedly whether this was still some fantasy. The words which he murmured now, pleading incoherently with her silence, confirmed the hopes which, in spite of her scrupulous devotion, refused to be gainsaid, thrusting themselves shamelessly into the foreground of her troubled thoughts. An inward voice, condemned by her wavering resolution as a whisper from the lips of treachery, suggested plausibly that after all Dorothy might have made a mistake; she repelled it fiercely, taking a savage pleasure in her pain, accusing herself with infinite blame, as one who would fain stand in the way of her daughter's happiness. Even if she had deserved these fruits of late harvest which seemed to dangle within her grasp, even if her right to garner them had not been forfeited long ago by her folly of the past, how could she endure to figure as a rival, triumphing in her own daughter's discomfiture? Womanly pride and a thousand scruples barred the way.

"I love you," she heard him say again. "I believe I have always loved you since—but you know how it was in the old days."

"Don't remind me of that," she pleaded almost fiercely; "I was, I can't bear to think of what I did! You ought not to forgive me; I don't deserve it."

"Forgive?" he echoed blankly.

"Oh, you are generous—but it is impossible, impossible; it is all a mistake; let us forget it."

"I don't understand. Is it that—that you don't care for me?"

Margaret gave a despairing little sigh, dropping her hands on the sides of her chair.

"You don't know," she murmured. "It isn't right. No—oh, it must be no!"

Sir Geoffrey echoed her sigh. As he watched her silently, the instinct of long reticence making his forbearance natural, he saw a new expression dawn into her troubled face. Her eyes were fixed intently on the river; that they should be fixed was not strange, but there was a light of interest in them which induced Sir Geoffrey, half involuntary, to bend his gaze in the same direction. He saw that Dorothy had now disembarked, and was standing, a solitary figure, close to the edge of the landing-stage. Something in her pose seemed to imply that she was talking, and just at this moment she moved to one side, revealing the head and shoulders of Jack Wilgress, which overtopped the river bank in such a manner as to suggest that he was standing in the punt, of which the bamboo pole rose like a slender mast above his head. The group was certainly pictorial; the silhouette of Dorothy's pretty figure telling well against the silvery river, and the young man's pose, too, lending itself to an effective bit of composition; but Sir Geoffrey felt puzzled and even a little hurt, by the interest that Margaret displayed at a moment which he, at least, had found sufficiently strenuous. He turned, stooping to pick up his hat; then he paused, and was about to speak, when Mrs. Vandeleur interrupted him mutely, with a glance, followed swiftly by the return of her eyes to the river. Acquiescing patiently, Sir Geoffrey perceived that a change had occurred in the grouping of the two young people. Wilgress had drawn nearer to the girl; his figure stood higher against the watery background, apparently he had one foot on the step of the landing-stage. Dorothy extended a hand, which he clasped and held longer than one would have reckoned for in the ordinary farewell. The girl shook her head; another moment and the punt began to glide reluctantly from the shore; then it turned slowly, swinging down and heading down stream. Dorothy raised one hand to the bosom of her dress, and before she dropped it to her side, threw something maladroitly towards her departing companion. Wilgress caught the flower—it was evidently a flower—making a dash which involved the loss of his punt-pole; a ripple of laughter, and Dorothy, unconscious of the four eyes which watched her from the shadows of the walnut tree, turned slowly and began to climb the grassy slope.

Mrs. Vandeleur's eyes dropped, and her lips, which had been parted for an instant in a pensive smile, trembled a little; she sighed, tapping the ground lightly with her foot, then sank back in her chair and seemed lost in contemplation of the needlework that lay upon her lap. Sir Geoffrey began to move away, but turned suddenly and, stooping, took one of her hands reverently in his own, clasping it as it lay upon the arm of her chair.

"Margaret," he said, "forgive me; but must it be good-bye, after all these years, or is there a chance for me?"

Mrs. Vandeleur's reply was inaudible; but her hand, though it fluttered for a moment, was not withdrawn.—*The Yellow Book.*

LIBRARY NOTES

Evidently the rage for short stories has not passed for here are three volumes presented in the happiest typographical guise, two by American writers, the third, with American scenery, by a Pole. To readers of *Harper's Weekly*, the name of Lynn R. Meekins is tolerably familiar in connection with some of the brightest stories that journal has published. He finds his subjects at home, and his characters are decidedly of the soil, discoveries, doubtless, rather than creations. The most artistic, perhaps, of the series of tales that compose the book is the one from which its title is derived, "The Robb Island Wreck," but the most valuable, decidedly, and the raciest, are the series of brief sketches exhibiting the political career of David Gad. There are four of these—taking up more than half the book, and they tell in a manner suggestively humorous and eminently skillful, first how the hero won the nomination for Sheriff, then of his election and how he built up both a reputation and a prominence in the county. There is evinced a knowledge of the subtle schemes of politics, and there is a capital character-study of a political boss. The book is well worth reading, even by those who care little for the wiles of bright literature. *The Water Ghost* and other stories is a collection of humorously fantastic tales by John Kendrick Bangs, the literary gentleman who attained municipal dignity in the recent election. They are a bit reminiscent of Frank Stockton's later writing in the elaborateness of the effort at fun making, but the results are certainly amusing without being even in the mildest way instructive. *Lillian Morris*, by Henryk Sienkiewicz, is more notable as a tour de force than interesting as a story. It tells of an early expedition across the plains to California, and describes with elaborate detail the trials, difficulties and dangers of the trip. The leader of the emigrants is a magnificent young Pole, and the complication turns on his love for and marriage with the pale and beautiful Lillian Morris, a member of the expedition. The catastrophe that makes the climax is sad, though, under the circumstances, plainly inevitable. *The Bull Fight*, another story, is a remarkably graphic description of the Spanish national sport. It is as good of its kind as I have ever read.

Edgar Fawcett's latest book, *A Mild Barbarian*, is more readable than its immediate predecessors, though the quality is rather light. It is the story of a highly educated young gentleman whose unconventional sincerity of manner and conversation is the result of a carefully restricted education and a life spent in the country. A wealthy uncle leaves him a million and a mansion in New York, coupled with the condition that for three months of the year he must live there, and to the city he goeth green as a tenderfoot and as quixotic as a cowboy. He moves in first-rate society, does the hero, falls in love with a belle, and fails to woo her properly, is refused, and then in order to provide himself with a wife, picks out a factory maiden and hires his friends to educate her. This terminates very appropriately, and in the long run, the belle falls into the Barbarian's arms, and it is to be presumed they are married.

Of the women who write society stories there is no questioning the supremacy of Mrs. Benton Harrison. Her tales have gaiety, spirit and charm, besides that swinging interest which carries one rapidly from cover to cover, though her subjects are lighter than thistledown. It is not high art she gives us, but it is the best of its kind, possessing a distinct individual fascination and charm. The title of her last book, *A Bachelor Girl*, indicates an episode rather than the plot, for in her heart there is little of the veritable bachelor about Marion, who very clearly is in love all the time, if she but knew it, with Alec Gordon, but it must be remembered by those who feel inclined to deplore the stupidity of these young people in failing to fall into one another's arms earlier in the game that their doing so would spoil for us the amusing study of Miss Mignon Cox and the interesting episode of Mr. Romanie's failure. The material of the tale is most dexteriously handled, and, as in *Sweet Bells*, its predecessor, one's admiration is attracted by the cleverness of the craftmanship and the degree of constructive ability the management of the complication develops. The book is charmingly illustrated.

Some of the curious characteristics of heredity are outlined and exemplified in Mary Angela Dickens' book, *Valiant Ignorance*. There is a great deal of it involving quite an extensive amount of work, but the ensemble, while natural enough, is by no means high art. The character of Mrs. Romayne, however, has value and is developed with skill and earnestness. The fault is superabundance of detail and lack of intrinsic human interest in the dramatis personae Neither Julian nor his mother repay the time spent on their elaboration and there is not enough en route to make it worth while pursuing the downward course the son of his father followed with so positive a degree of success. It cannot truthfully be claimed for Miss Dickens that she inherits a very large degree of her father's literary genius. *Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale by Wm Doxey.*

While it is painfully true that there are stories in sticks and stones, one requires a deft touch and an artistic imagination to infuse them with interest. *The Vagabonds*, by Margaret L. Woods, has the merit of conscientious workmanship, but is really not the type of story that sets the hours flying. The subject matter seems to have values, but the treatment is soggy, flat, commonplace. The developement of Mrs. Joey Morris' love for the German athelete, Fritz, may infuse certain sympathetic readers with enthusiasm, but it is rather heavy, Teutonic love they work up. It is a circus story, this, and those who read it may obtain an insight into show life. Unfortunately, the author lacks the quality of graphic description, and one's impressions of her scenery are the reverse of vivid. (*Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.*)

ORACLE K. B.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Robb Island Wreck," by Lynn R. Meekins. Stone & Kimball publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"Lillian Morris," by Henry K. Sienkiewicz. Little, Brown & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"The Water Ghost and Others," by J. Kendrick Bangs. Harper & Bros., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"A Bachelor Maid," by Mrs. Burton Harrison. The Century Co., publishers.

"A Mild Barbarian," by Edgar Fawcett. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

Take up a magazine, a novel, a paper, and there appears to be one opinion in all as to the "Eternal Feminine," and it is to the effect that they, viz.: Editors in general and men in particular are tired of Her. To quote themselves, "they are sick to death of Her." They complain not altogether unjustly, perhaps, that she arrogates to herself too much importance, and too much print—in other words, they consider Her too noisy. A rather loquacious young woman was discussing the position to which women were relegated in Japan with a well-educated and much traveled nobleman of that belligerent race, and he gravely remarked: "If we allowed our women the privileges the American men do their's Japan would be a very noisy country. I should not care to live there!" Such, then, is the prevailing editorial opinion, and ere this "Eternal Feminine" question be settled, I dare say it will not only be confined to the male members of the press, but to many of the gentler members of the female species in every walk of life. But I fear the men will have to acquire the virtue usually accredited to Job, but, in reality, possessed by his much-abused and long-suffering wife, viz.: Patience. Women have to acquire knowledge by the usual road which is a devious one, with multitudinous turnings, and thus far they have only discovered what they can do. When the everlasting truth reaches them, viz.: What they can not do, then we shall have peace or the deluge.

We hear so much of what women can do better than men—I quote the "Eternal Feminine"—that it is strange how she falls short in her own sphere. Our best cooks, dressmakers, tailors, waiters, laundry people, etc., are all men. Women have indubitably proved that their inventive capacity is of a lower order than man's; take in music and painting for instance. Out of every thousand men who study art ten achieve greatness; out of the same number of women the average is one. In music we have not one who can compare with any of the truly great masters; and yet women have been taught music and painting since time immemorial. As diplomats, strategists, politicians, etc., we have striven, and few are there among us who cannot intrigue but until we, like water, discover our true level, till then we must surge and tear, worry and wear the unfortunate male creatures who unlocked the flood-gates.

A good deal has been said about the cruelty of women especially in regard to the inhuman fashion of wearing feathers and wings in their bonnets, thereby causing the destruction of the feathered tribes to feed their insatiate vanity. It may be pleasant tidings to the more humane to learn that most of the feathers used are manufactured from common or garden fowls. In other words that there is much balderdash and folly in all this talk, and though an occasional bird may fall by the wayside, the large majority live to sing and multiply their kind. The plumage worn by woman, if subjected to a rigid examination will be found to consist of feathers, some taken from the breast and wings, others from the tails of domestic poultry, and if smaller be required, the obstreperous sparrow or the screeching starling are called to contribute. They are infinitely cheaper and more get-at-able than the humming bird or bird of Paradise. Any sensible person, too, will know that feather-dealers are on the "make," and that rare birds are too costly and perishable as an investment to cause them to put much of the capital in such stock. To the uninitiated buyer a skillfully dyed feather is quite as valuable as a genuine plume and infinitely less costly. So ye maids and matrons who have eschewed feathers from humane reasons, though your number I must admit is not excessive, don your plumes with as easy a conscience as you would eat the pinion of a broiled chicken if you liked them served in such a fashion.

The leading modistes and milliners are all busy creating chic conjections for the Horse Show next week and some of the gowns and bonnets are perfect dreams of delight. A jewel of a dress and one that will prove very effective was in moiré velvet in astrachan pattern, a delicate wood brown in shades. The raised portion had tiny seeds of white silk dotted over its surface, giving it a shaded effect in white and brown tones. The skirt was full and plain. The round bodice had a blouse front of palest blue chiffon with reveres of cream lace. The wide sailor collar at the back was bordered with mink fur. The waistline was outlined in mink and the fur finished the sleeves at the wrists. Many of the prettiest dresses are made of the richest weaves of black crépon combined with colored velvet or satin. In fact, an essential addition to every woman's wardrobe is a black crépon skirt. It is light and distinctly beautiful and can be worn with a multitudinous number of waists of varied hues. It is appropriate on all occasions from breakfast to dinner, and is most useful for traveling. For evening wear black satin skirts with gayly colored velvet waists are becoming popular. Some of the waists are made décolleté and trimmed with jetted passementerie. Russia leather is the favorite kid for gloves and a deep russet shade the most fashionable. Suede gloves now have the seams sewn inside which diminishes the size of the hand. Colored veils are becoming popular; white dotted in pale blue are particularly becoming to blondes. Whereas the thick heavy veil is quite out of date, I am glad as I think a thick, coarse veil simply hideous.

A pretty imported gown I admired had a trimmed skirt. It was of blue-faced cloth, a band of velvet finished the bottom, and this was ornamented at intervals by small black satin rosettes connected by loops of satin ribbon. The bodice was of sapphire blue velvet with reveres of white chiffon covered with jetted cream embroidery. A very handsome mantle accompanied this costume. It was of velvet, short and full, with glimpses of cream satin brocade lining peeping between the folds, a collar of sable and two rows of true Russian fur below the shoulders separated by bands of jet made a truly magnificent garment. Two satin rosettes with long loops falling to the foot of cape finished the collar in front. A lovely evening frock was in pale blue silk. The skirt was made plain but seamed with jet. The bodice cut low, trimmed with jetted black lace, and this lace confined to the gathers of the big velvet puff which served as a sleeve.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly—This is the week when our young men are doing their praying, and it has been so dull. Alas, it seems impossible to meet any of the boys unless one encounters them face to face hurrying toward the Y. M. C. A. building. The once gay and genial Tom Hannon needs their prayers as well as their pennies, and I am glad to tell you that his old associates subscribed liberally towards the purse given him to afford personal comforts during his serious struggle for life. Then, there is "Adonis," or "The Nephew of His Aunt," who is seen looking lonesome, careworn and not to exaggerate, slightly dissipated. He has run his race, which was very successful at the time, but now he has resigned from the club and has a room in a quarter you would hardly call the swellest part of the city. Well, Polly, it is not the girls' fault, he was always a great favorite with them. Mr. Valentine has ursurped his position as prospective son-in-law, especially at "Edgmont." Henry Fleishman is really blooming in society since he obtained his divorce. He looks as of old and is still one of the boys. He entertained a whole half dozen gentlemen at dinner yesterday. Willie Humphreys, another of our good boys, is in town this week, perhaps attending prayer meeting part of the time but more particularly arranging his affairs for the coming nuptials. Who the young lady is I have failed to learn.

Some of the young men must absent themselves from prayers to attend the political headquarters. I will be glad when we get our Mayor elected. The candidates have dropped from seven to three, and one of these, the Democrat, is a crusty old bachelor who says he will marry if he is elected. Well, we do not know, perhaps a certain lady friend of his may object if she cannot be the bride, and he declares she can't. "Honest Harry" is the Independent candidate; you know, he is so nice to the ladies, and did make us such a good Mayor that he may beat the bachelor and Republican.

Mrs. Plater has returned with Miss Haldilove and Miss May Banning, but they have stayed at home provokingly much, and I have not yet seen the styles. Eva Tufts and Frankie King both married. Oh dear, this only leaves a few more and myself out of the old set.

What do you think is the latest tea? Why, literary tea, of course. We drank so much of it at Mrs. Page's last Wednesday afternoon that many of the guests knew less about where certain familiar quotations originated when they left than when they came.

"A Day in Corea" was given by Mrs. Welch at Mrs. Churchill's on Figueroa street. The time was delightfully spent, and the refreshments were abundant but not of native production.

Our city has become quite an art center. This week the Art League has thrown open its doors and nightly the rooms are crowded with lovers of pictures and artists.

Indeed, we are not to be distanced by Chicago or San Francisco, and have started "The Southern California International Exposition." The evening entertainments have been very unique, and I venture to say have not been duplicated; but, Polly, the young men are all at prayers, and I see only married folks from the country when I go.

The Brysons are all quiet at present, except the old gentleman, who will make a hard fight to keep the largest portion of that one hundred thousand dollars for his own use. The whist clubs continue to be the drawing cards among the ladies, but at a certain down-town hotel near the corner of Second and Hill streets, the gentlemen play poker to cancel their election debts. As of old,

Sincerely,

Becky Sharp.

SACRAMENTO.

All our set went down to the wedding, and we have been talking of nothing else ever since. The local papers have discoursed at length all about the smilax on the chandeliers, the swell gowns worn, etc., so there is nothing left for me to tell you. Laura was a dream in her snowy bridal robes, and she and Jack did seem too happy for words. When they return from their bridal trip they will be the recipients of no end of entertaining. We girls naturally have our interest centered in the trousseau, and we're so impatient to see it. The frocks are said to be beautiful, but all possessing that original simplicity which always marked Laura's style.

There is a certain attractive citizen in our midst who, since the election, bears the title of Assemblyman. It is possible that once before he assumed that title, but he was much younger then. Anyway, that has nothing to do with my story, or romance, if you will so have it. The Assemblyman in question is married, but Dame Rumor has it he does not find the condition as congenial as he was led to imagine and there is some talk of a change. One never knows what may come of such things, though I am told the preparations are well under way though the charges are not to be at all sensational. Is not this eminently regrettable?

The music-lovers turned out in force to hear Gertie Carley in her initial concert, and they were accorded a rare treat. Her voice charmed us, and when she ventures on her operatic career we predict a great future. Somehow, we expected her dress and manner would be more chic and Frenchified, after so long a residence in Paris. The Kidder, Colin and Crocker combination sang again, and a sort of titter was prevalent throughout the house. They are awfully obliging, don't you think? And what is marvelous is the coolness and conscious air they do possess. That is cultivated through a constant appearance before the public, and always doing the same little song.

The Kingsley Art Club meet regularly twice a month. Although there have been some few resignations since last year, a good showing of those interested is made at each gathering. If only some of the members could be made to realize how little they know of art and literature, they would not be so ready with their opinions. The Musical Club programme I will tell you of in my next.

Sister Sue.

November 21, 1894.

SAN JOSE.

Our Saturday Morning Musical Club is undergoing a material change. Several new members have lately been added and these going in at the eleventh hour are determined to make the Club more exclusive. In fact, they are trying to dethrone Mrs. Pascoe, Mrs. Frank Wright, the Misses Miles, Miss Sweigert and several others, who were the organizers and have since been indefatigable workers, and who have labored in season and out of season to make this the Musical Club of the city. Mrs. Pascoe has made an admirable President and it really seemed too bad. The other evening at the Vendome, while she was doing all in her power to make others feel at ease, that the very ones whom she had brought forward were seen in nooks and corners conspiring against her. The Missourians and Irish who have lately become members, think they know a whole lot about music and are determined to run the affair to suit themselves, no matter who is offended or who compelled to resign.

Mrs. Charles Wright made the Chrysanthemum Show a great financial success and the ladies of the Pratt Home and Gossip Society have her to thank for replenishing their empty treasuries and making the affair socially. It is quite amusing to see how reluctant they are to acknowledge Mrs. Wright's ability and to thank her for the part she has so nobly taken in the cause they designate as charity.

Miss Kate Dunne gave a swell party Wednesday evening where she was assisted in receiving by her accomplished mother, who has always been a social leader. The Dunne house is well suited for large gatherings and on this occasion the elaborate supper was an enjoyable feature. Fine "feeds" are always a characteristic at parties of both the Hibernians and Missourians. Many of Miss Kate's former friends felt slighted at not having received invitations, among them, Cora and Anna, who used to rank among her special favorites.

It is quite disgusting to hear our great minister-politician, Rev. Cantine, rave because we didn't vote to suit him. Last Spring he wanted us to vote nothing but the straight Republican ticket and this Fall he wanted us to vote something else, and has not gotten over his fit of anger because his few pet candidates were defeated. Now, he threatens that if the next Legislature dares to interfere with the liquor license he, like brave men of his type, will turn the women of the Christian Temperance Union loose and that they will surely win his fight. It really seems too bad that the late Czar did not have the opportunity of forming the reverend gentleman's acquaintance, as he might have appointed him chief advisor to the present ruler of the Russians. Christian charity does not seem to be one of the reverend gentleman's attributes, and no one who hears him preach would think of accusing him in following in the footsteps of the Master.

Bessie.

THE ELKS' BALL.

Matters and things were drawing themselves to a conclusion about 12 o'clock, and the night was still warm and pleasant. It was Saturday last. The streets were yet alive with people, and I lapsed unwittingly along with the crowd.

Whither? One cares little when the evening is half over; so, at a friend's chance suggestion, we allowed ourselves to be carried on with the stream, and in the end drifted through the door of the old Mechanics' Pavilion and into the Elks' ball.

The Elks' ball! It is a memory with me—a curious tangled mesh of finales to young nights of reckless frolic and utter heedlessness of days that are gone. Yes, I entered into the blaze of light that night with a peculiar reminiscent set of feelings. The smell of stale beer, the *criard*, the dresses ultimately *rigolo*—all these things were familiar in the involuntary retrospection that they caused.

Yet the affair seemed changed for me, even from last year. Is it that I grow circumspect and cold in my old age? Perish the thought. No, really, I think the people there were not as of the old times. Really, I think the savor of hired talent—shape and risqué costume provided thoughtfully by the management—was definitely more apparent than of yore. But perchance this is all personal equation. Let's hope so.

There was a crowd out there as far as numbers go. That was forced upon me rather accentuatedly by the jam and jostle. But it was a strange crowd—a crowd brimming over with local color, a crowd untrammeled and unlaced with conventionalities. It was just a bit different from the Art Association's last Mardi Gras. Why, there were swarms of us out there that didn't have carriages. But what did we care! Even if we did miss the last car, there was always the first one of the morning to fall back upon. Ping, no hurry. Jack, another bottle.

But really, though, seriously, it wasn't a wine crowd at all—not a bit like the glorious times of old. True, one club man was conspicuous enough with a dozen or so of emptied bottles on the table before him, but some one seems to have been unkind enough to have suggested that he is the agent for the particular brand of champagne they were consuming out there—so he shall not be included.

Actor people abounded. There was Ferris Hartman, and—well, never mind the people who were there. Suffice it to say that the affair was delightfully unexclusive.

There were some serious thoughts aroused by it all though. For, as the hours passed by, vague misgivings arose as to the presence of the score or so of mere children—young girls from twelve to sixteen—who were in evidence about. I talked to two or three of them, but the conversation, interesting as it was, foodful of thought as it was, I won't report just now.

A few rather neat fights occurred, and the worthy Patrolus carried off its loads with hourly regularity, but nothing of any very sanguinary nature was brought to my attention.

Ay de mi! Elks' balls are an institution, I suppose; but, for goodness sake, let's have a little more spirit and life in it next time.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

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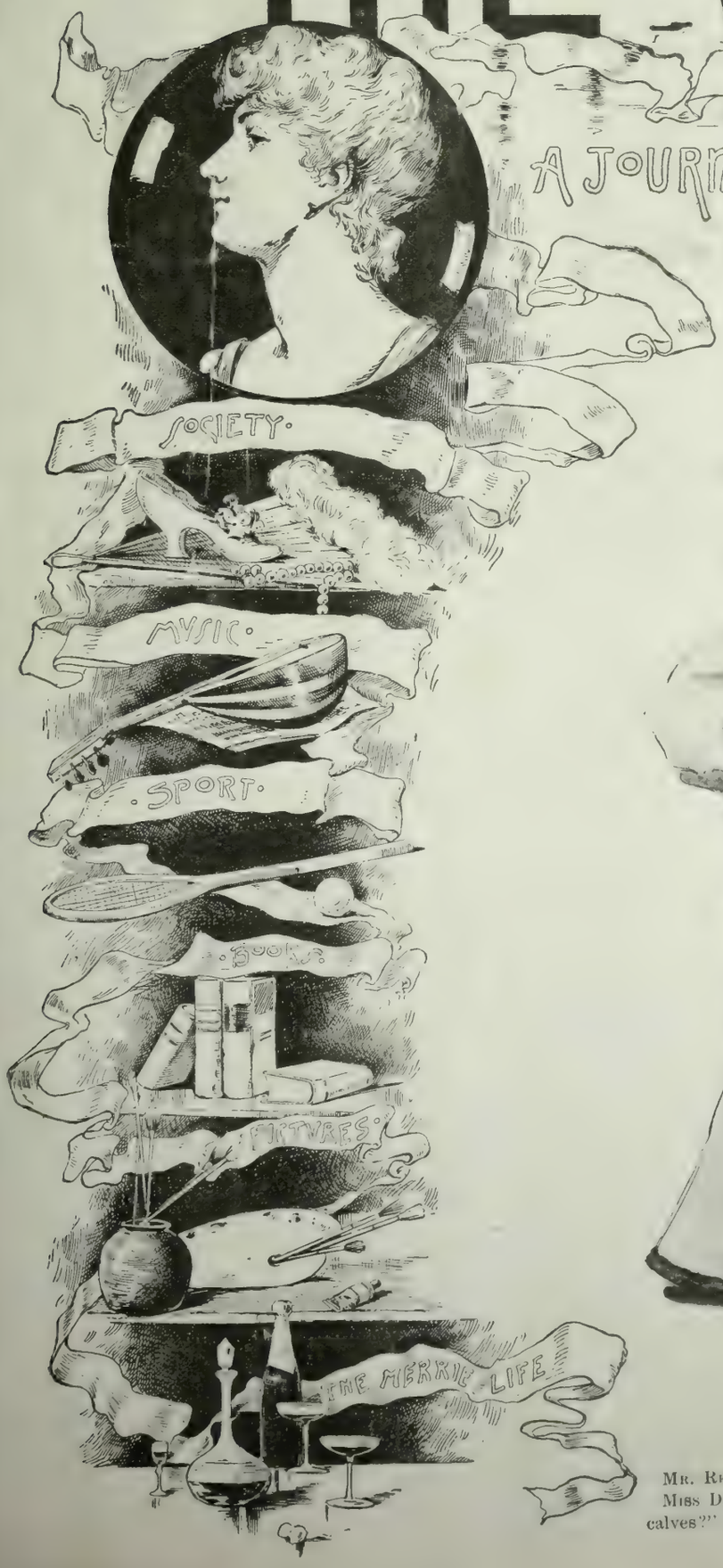

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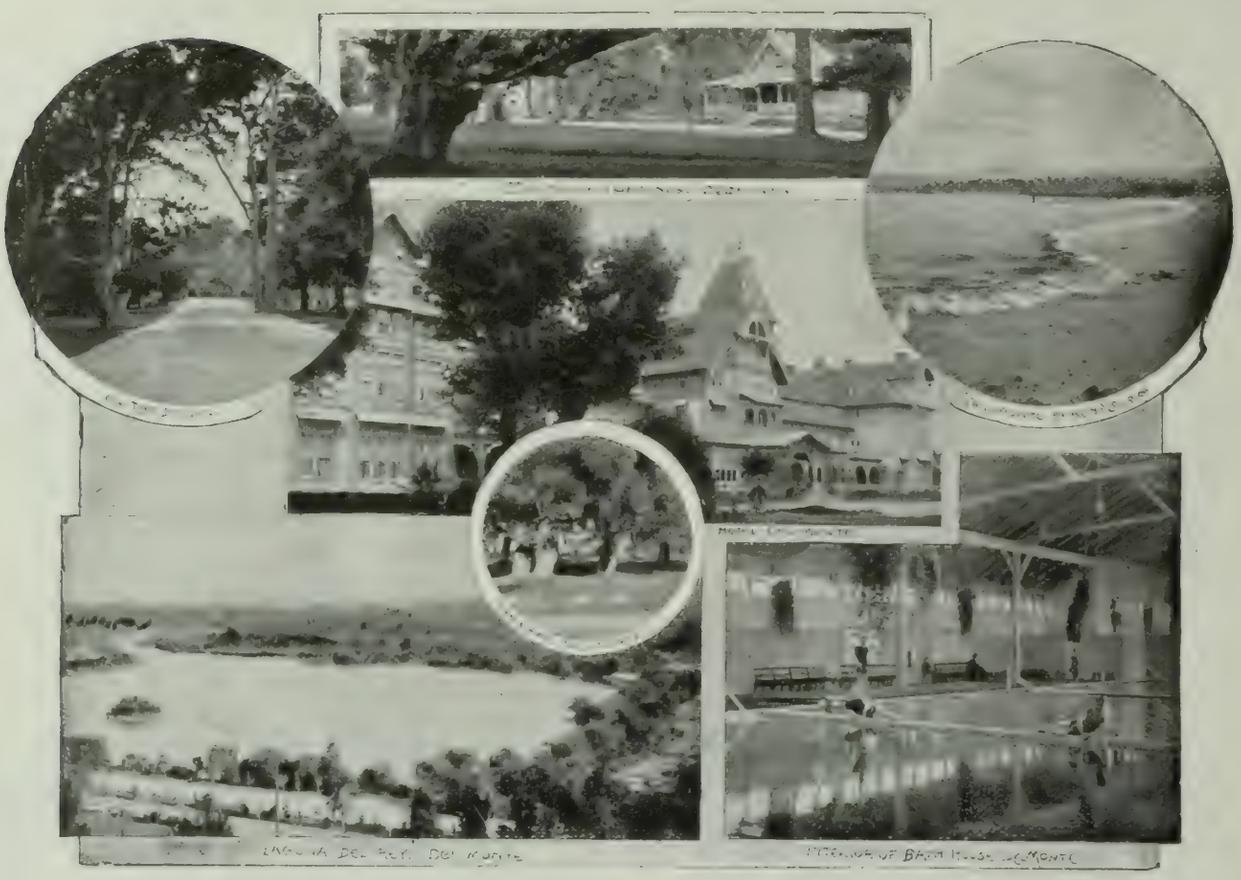

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

Of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

H. A. Williams and Wm. M. Bryson, Co-partners as William Brown & Co, Plaintiffs, vs John H. Leslie, G. F. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint being filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John H. Leslie, F. G. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Rlaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons —if served within this City and County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover from you the sum of $2083.38 alleged to be due from you to Plaintiffs for goods, wares and Merchandise heretofore and within two years last past sold and delivered to you by Plaintiff assignors as is fully set forth in the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred for particulars, and for costs of suit, and interest from April 21st 1892.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum of $2,083.38, interest and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord, our thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

M. C. HALEY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. J. HENEY, Deputy Clerk.

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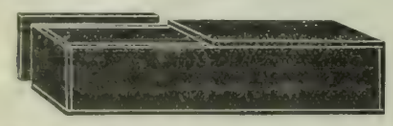

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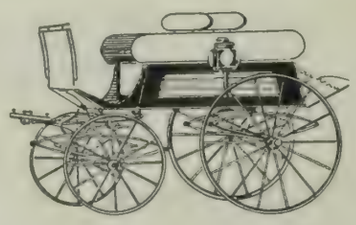

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

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J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 1, 1894

EVIDENCES are not lacking of the decay, throughout the Union, of that shallow-minded, sickly sentimentality called Party Spirit. The shameful, virtueless form of zeal, which has closed its eyes to the most damnable political crimes, submitted to the infamous domination of the Boss, sustained fraud and endorsed for public office creatures who would not be tolerated in a position of trust by any private employer is, thank God, disappearing from the politics of America. We welcome the hour when the silent acquiescence of the press in these iniquities "for the sake of the ticket," will be concealed as a matter of shame rather than confessed as a subject of pride. While the non-partisan movement is largely confined to municipal reform, its influence must be widely felt, and lead to a higher character of State and National politics, as we will indicate in a future article. It is to another matter, however, we desire now to call especial attention.

The recent election in California emphasized a certain phase of politics with a distinctness which almost imparted to it the quality of novelty. It is a phase quite as dangerous to the well being of the community as the Boss, and seeks advantage in the new-born spirit of independent political thought before the infant innovation is out of swaddling clothes. Its tendency is to debase rather than refine, and carried out to its logical conclusion, would reduce politics to that narrow form of selfishness which demands from the Government a species of personal service—legislation favorable to this interest or inimical to that, regulation approximating prohibition to another business—or the infliction of punishment and indignities upon this or that class, sect or creed. The voter in the State at large had Republican, Democratic, Populist, Labor, Independent, Liquor Dealers, Prohibition, Railroad and anti-Railroad, Corporation and anti-Corporation, A. P. A. and anti-A. P. A. tickets thrust under his unoffending eye by some offending zealot. Not one of these tickets, straight or hybrid, had as an excuse for its existence a desire to achieve Good Government, pure and simple, a cause more important by a thousand-fold to ourselves and to posterity than any of the fleeting "isms" of the hour. The nominee who, by lying, deceit and treachery, could hoodwink the greatest number of conflicting classes had assurance of easy victory. Candidates vied with each other in giving secret and contradictory pledges to hostile factions in the hopes, often successful, of securing the support of each. Intrigue was met by intrigue, trickery by trickery, and in this wild, disgraceful scramble for office Good Government and fitness entirely were disregarded by the intriguers for, lacking organization, no "blocks of votes" could be rallied about the standard of decency.

So far as Democracy and Republicanism go, it would be stupid to claim all the virtues of honesty for one or charge all the crimes to the other. In the hands of the Boss both are equally bad. Either, however, would be preferable to this tendency toward a form of political classification on the basis of mercantile interests or religious hatred which is alive with danger of a most serious character.

One of the oldest organized movements seeking particular legislation is the Prohibition Party. A gentleman recently wrote us that he believed this organization "the only true friend to Good Government among parties." Possibly all Prohibitionists favor Good Government, but certainly all the friends of Good Government do *not* favor prohibition. Frankly, we consider the Prohibition movement, as an uncompromising party, one of the very worst enemies to reform, standing, like another vain and senseless Chinese wall, across the pathway leading to that broad, beneficent domain of Good Government. What the vote of this party, wielded as a unit, might have accomplished for our commonwealth and for humanity—what crimes, what woe and what corruption it might have averted are beyond the domain of calculation. The neglect to right a wrong or prevent a crime is as reprehensible as its commission. For years the Prohibition Party has been vainly beating the political air with its eight thousand impotent protests, battling for a sentiment which inveighs against many interests of the commonwealth, and which if successful would destroy millions of invested capital. Meanwhile our public charities have become the homes of cruelty, our county hospitals miserable and disgraceful monuments of mismanagement, our stricken and helpless lepers neglected, our legislative halls the play houses for fraud and corruption, our courts of justice the subject of suspicion and jest, while these eight thousand voters, who lay violent claim to the highest respectability, fritter away their power upon a profitless dream. We repeat it, if this "respectable" element, stripped of its prohibition feature, was intelligently wielded as a unit for honest government the enlightened nineteenth century would witness no such disgraceful and infamous conditions as to-day hang like a blight over almost every public institution in the State. So far as contributing toward the maintenance of Good Government is concerned, the eight thousand Prohibition voters of this State might quite as well reside on an oasis in the heart of the Sahara Desert and vote for Jupiter for Mayor and Mercury for County Clerk.

This antagonism, as a natural sequence, has given birth to an association having for its object the protection of the rights of the liquor dealers, which carries in its train thousands of voters, many of whom would contribute their ballots and their influence toward securing Good Government. Liquor dealers are not the "bad citizens" the Prohibition party would have us believe. If there existed in the Prohibition ranks as much of a desire to accomplish practical good, as there is of respectability among the liquor dealers, the practical element on one side and the respectable element of the other would come together and would agree upon some form of general regulation, join hands in exterminating the worst features of the trade, and then yield their united efforts toward securing beneficent laws and their just and proper administration. In the abolishment of the pit-falls and disreputable saloons, the practical side of the Prohibition party, if it has a practical side, would, we firmly believe, find the respectable liquor dealers more than willing to co operate.

The American Protective Association is another class movement which should be roundly condemned by thinking men. It is neither American, dignified nor just. The most it will accomplish will be to solidify the Catholic Church as a political factor and drive into its voting ranks many people who, though not communicants of that religion, fall under the ban of this new organization. Religious controversies do not belong in our politics, and if the Catholic or any other church invades public rights, or lifts a finger to disturb the

cherished "little red school house" it will need no secret A. P. A. to arouse the American people to administer a proper and lasting rebuke. When that time comes men will not fear to confess their participation in the movement nor hide their sentiments by a pretending tolerance. The most scathing criticism upon the organization is the reluctance with which its adherents confess their membership. We have no patience with such organizations and, in the interest of Good Government, we pray they may be buried out of sight.

What we have said of the foregoing movements may likewise be said of that of labor, which has divided its power and wasted its substance pursuing the intangible. It is now proposed to form an ineffectual national labor party, with Eugene V. Debs as its Presidential candidate, and so eliminate the labor vote from State and National politics and build up a political freak on all fours with the Prohibition party, a proceeding the enemies of labor will welcome with silent joy.

During this campaign, amidst the surrounding heat and turmoil of the political struggle, a quiet knot of determined men, independent of party, creed or nationality, met and organized for the purpose of enforcing a fair count, and so assisting toward the prevention of fraud. Volunteer watchers were secured in such numbers as their infant organization made possible, and while not accomplishing all they had in view, the foundation was laid broad and deep for future effort in the line of good government.* Contrast the unselfish, broad, liberal and honorable motives which actuated these men with that of any of the political classifications mentioned! The scope of their work included all the State, all the people. They had no axe to grind, no spite to vent, no hatred to inflict. Honest elections and honest administration was all they sought. This organization—the Union for Practical Progress—is a branch of an institution and represents a sentiment which is growing rapidly all over the Union. Like the "Civic" and "Good Government" Clubs it has high and honorable aims, and is worthy of the support of every honest man in this community. We cannot but feel that many of our readers—Republican and Democrat alike—who have followed our articles on Good Government and the Boss, have been struck with the necessity for some organized effort tending toward a purification of our elections and the elevation of our public officers above the corrupting influences of the times. We urge all such—a number have already done so—to sign the coupon printed in another column, and forward it to the Secretary at the address indicated. The love of country should be higher than love of party. It is not the purpose of this organization to set a new "ism" afloat upon the sea of politics; it aims to unite the moral forces of the community, to assist in the improvement and elevation of mankind, to combat political corruption, to accomplish municipal reform, to purify the ballot-box and to right every public wrong that comes within its knowledge. With a membership of five thousand—and surely this State should furnish a greater number—this organization would have the power to demand of the old parties the nomination of honest men for office. After all the tickets were in the field they could then make their selections of individuals from them, having honesty and ability alone in view. Where two honest men were contesting for the same office no discrimination should be made, but both endorsed. Soon the political managers would learn that the nomination of a dishonest man meant his defeat. Having learned this lesson they would have a tender regard for the "block of five thousand votes," which desired good government. Such organizations present the only practical method for defeating the Boss, outwitting fraud and preventing corruption. With the weapon at hand, and ample time within which to organize, it will be the fault of the people themselves if they do not embrace the opportuuity with a will.

Truly mankind and womankind are peculiarly constructed animals. Here, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, in annual convention assembled at Cleveland, have declared against the toy drum, the tin sword and the pea-shooting gun of boyhood, because the influence of their use upon youth is to engender a warlike spirit in manhood. Selections in school readers of a warlike tone are condemned as exercising the same pernicious influence. Tin horses and nanni-goats will next be kept from the vandal hands of destructive youth on the ground that when the youngster is permitted to wiggle the tin tail off a painted horse it will encourage cruelty to animals in later life. The infant Miss must then be denied the doll, for infant Misses often leave dolly on the floor and in other out of the way or in the way places, and such a procedure is likely to result in mother's who will neglect their offspring, and through sheer forgetfulness may abandon them to the tender mercies of the night air.

We directed attention last week to the manner in which the proprietors of "American Industries" terrorized their employees into voting the Republican ticket at the late election, bv reducing wages, closing down factories and threatening further reductions in the event of Democratic success. No doubt these tactics contributed largely to the victory of the Republican ticket, but there was still another factor, which, while it has received but little consideration should not be ignored, as it enters largely into any attempted analysis of the result. Mr. Frederick C. Waite, a former census official has, says the New York *World*, figured out for the National Statistical Association, that over 5,000,000 voters remained away from the polls this fall, changing the political complexion of the country. This year the Republicans have not cast as large a per cent. of the full vote in a single State as in 1888. Hence, says Mr. Waite, the only reasonable conclusion to be drawn is that, like the dissatisfied Republicans in 1892, the discontented Democrats stayed at home, and did not cast their ballots. The stay-at-home vote in New York in 1888 was 75,000; in 1892, 185,000, and this year it increased to the enormous figure of 425,000. In Pennsylvania it was 400,000 this year as against 70,000 in 1888, and 230,000 in 1892. In Ohio it increased from 40,000 in 1888 to 115,000 in 1892, and 290,000 this year. In Michigan it was 240,000, twelve times greater than in 1888 and double the figures of 1892. The statistician further remarks that South Carolina, when she had 50,000 less voters than at present, cast 183,621 votes for Hayes and Tilden while this year her total vote is not much over 60,000, or about one-fourth of her full registration. Census and registration statistics show that this year the stay-at-home voters numbered about 5,100,000, add 1,500,000* Populists, 5,300,000 Republicans and the scattering vote, and there are over 12,000,000 to place against the 4,200,000 who voted the Democratic ticket.

These are the figures of an expert and add an enlightening chapter to the tale of the "avalanche" or "tidal wave" of which we are now hearing so much from the Republican press. The statement that "this year the Republicans have not cast as large a per cent of the full vote in a single State as in 1888" is pregnant with suggestions.

Just why Democracy remained at home upon election day has not been satisfactorily explained as yet. Among Democrats it is generally attributed to the failure of Congress to legislate on the tariff up to the promises of the platform, while Republicans claim that the rank and file of the party is tired of the free trade and tariff for revenue doctrines. We will not attempt to explain it. What will be the issue for the campaign of 1896 is now an interesting topic for discussion. There is a diversity of opinion on the subject within the Democratic party. Judge Holman, in a recent interview, declares that "free silver will be the chief issue." He stoutly maintains that "the Democratic party dare not do otherwise than declare for the unlimited coinage of the people's money at the present ratio" and says, "With that issue only we can win." Commenting editorially on this interview the N. Y. *Sunday Mercury* (Dem.) adds: "The gold monopolists of the National banks, who rule the Republican party, will hereafter find arrayed against them not only a solid South but a solid West, and the party which conspired against bi-metallism in 1873, demonetized silver and brought on the contraction of the currency which culminated in the panic of 1893 will again find itself in a woeful minority in Federal councils."

On the other hand, Cleveland and Carlisle are reported working hard to bring their party into line on a "sound money, gold standard," and it is expected that the President's message

*Since estimated at 1,636,000.

to Congress at the opening of the session in December will sound the keynote for the party on the monetary question, just as his message on tariff reform in 1887 committed his party to a sweeping revision of the protective tariff system. If the Democratic party is divided on the questions of silver and currency, so, too, is the party of their opponents, and it is the hope of their leaders that the Republicans may, with their unwieldly majority in the House, become discordant and belligerent in their attempts to legislate upon the money question. Meanwhile there is a movement on foot in Washington to solidify Democracy and to counteract the influence of the Bi-metallic League, which has, by means of broadly circulated literature, built up a widespread free coinage sentiment in many parts of the country. The sound currency people propose to flood the States with literature favoring the gold standard and in '96 meet the enemy as a united party on an issue over which it is prophesied the Republicans will quarrel among themselves. Senator Cameron, for instance as well as nearly every Republican member of Congress from the silver-producing States, heartily favors the white metal, and will go to extremes to accomplish its rehabilitation. This promises a warm contest when the Republican Congress convenes. Altogether the situation for the next two years presents rare opportunities for a managerial skill of the very highest order, and those who take an interest in the game of politics will have an opportunity of witnessing a battle royal for supremacy.

New York proposes to erect a monolith to Dr. Parkhurst as an expression of its gratitude to that distinguished reformer for his work in behalf of Good Government. This spirit certainly must be very gratifying to the Doctor, but New York has always been prolific of the "monumental spirit," however far it might fall short in performance of its promises. The Grant monument and the foundation for Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, originally Gotham enterprises, had failed, indeed, but for the country at large being called on to contribute funds for each.

COMMUNICATION.

SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY.

The Importance of This New Science.

To a busy financier, merchant, or to the gentleman of leisure, it is no doubt astonishing when a collective resumé is made, that so many of the best periodicals devote so much space to sociological questions.

Not only in *The Annals of the American Academy*, but in Chattanooga *Times*, the San Francisco *Chronicle* and WAVE, and even in the *Moon*, of San Luis Obispo County, essays and editorials frequently appear regarding the economic relations which do or should exist between men.

The important feature of any controversy, however, is not so much the numbers or personnel of those who appear on one side or the other, but the importance of all vital discussions centers in the question: Which is right? Right about what? Whether the individual is to rule society, or society is to control the individual. That seems to be the substance of the many articles which have elicited so much comment in the monthlies, weeklies and the daily press of the country from Boston to San Francisco.

This seemingly unavoidable controversy has been drawing to its solution the serious consideration of the acknowledged leaders of men in politics, educational institutions, religious and business life. San Francisco has wheeled into line and evinced the interest felt by the formation of the Ethical Society, Union for Practical Progress, Good Government Club, University Settlement and other organizations devoted to the study and practical application of scientific sociology. New York and Chicago and other Eastern cities generally feel the pulsations which bring these topics to the attention of the public before the more favored sections of the country (more favored by being less dense and cramped with population), but these subjects are such as will inevitably be brought most forcibly to our notice, and it is certainly not good sense to be unfamiliar with them. To be ignorant of what the best literature and thought of the country is discussing is unpardonable, especially when the final outcome of all this vitally affects the interest of every one.

It seems that it must be true that the relations which exist between man and man will improve; that is, that they will become more just and amicable; more as the great prophets and philosophers have taught and commanded.

Mona Caird, in the *Westminster Riview*, writes: "The fatal and common mistake is to take 'human nature' as we happen to find it in our age and country and fit our measures to its evils and its ignorance. We must on no account treat local 'human nature' as a constant factor, but must regard it merely as a register of the forces that have been at work upon it in the past. We have to remember that the character of a man is the product of all the events of his past; of the impetus that he has received, hereditary and otherwise—the creeds through which his right and wrong, ideas and ambitions, become established." This doctrine goes to prove that with the coming of the twentieth century the product of the many years of religious teachings (the further expansion of those principles of justice and right and the still greater improvement in men's conditions and in their relations to each other) is sure to result from the principles which have been taught so long. As Mona Caird wrote, we are sooner or later likely to realize the practical results of the creeds which have become established. It has long been taught that men should not only respect the rights of other men but that they should do more than that. When we reflect upon the universal propogating throughout the civilized world of these high ideals it seems a natural consequence that a radical departure, upon the part of any considerable number of society from the truths they profess to admire would create a disturbance throughout the localities affected. Are not our industrial disturbances due to departure from the teachings of the past?

If it is true that the future will beget improvement in the relations of man to man the question is: How? Prof. Lester F. Ward treats this subject thus: "Beneficence should only be directed toward those who are entitled to it in consequence of the defective social conditions under which they live. It should only go so far as to remedy this defect. It should be so directed as to ennoble instead of demoralizing the recipient. The question is then narrowed down to ascertain whether this can best be done by the individual or by society. That it cannot be done by single individuals actuated by a multitude of vague, conflicting and whimsical motives all must concede. It can be done to a limited extent by large associations with enlightened officers."

The above is quoted as one of the lines of argument taken in favor of the association of society to control the individual in politics, industry and in benevolent work. Again in the same general tenor the Rev. P. S. Moxom edits thus: "Indeed, the distinguished Prof. Emile de Laveleye has said. Socialism contemplates men working together for mutual benefit rather than against each other for individual gain. It is the practical as well as philosophic opposite of selfish individualism. The individualistic conception of society is expressed in that diabolical adage, 'every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost'; and, as no man can separate himself wholly from society, the thoroughgoing individualist sacrifices society to his own selfish interest."

Prof. E. Benj. Andrews sums up a lecture on Business Gambling, "I conclude with three remarks:

1st. The evils (of our present economic system) contemplated are none the less evils, even if no way of overcoming them should ever be discovered.

2nd. Few of the wrongs brought to light involve personal guilt or sin on anyone's part. They mainly consist of social maladjustments for which no one in particular is responsible and which are to be removed, if at all, by general social effort.

3rd. The outlook may be less dark than it now seems. Sociology is a new and callow science. Let the hard study which the last two generations have bestowed on Physical Science be applied for the next two generations to Social Science and the result may be, if not Heaven, at least a tolerable earth."

Hundreds of quotations from eminent sources could be added to establish the proof of the growing importance of social questions. The object sought by this letter is to show the trend of modern thought. I do not presume to advance original propositions but simply place as conspicuously as I can before others such remarks as may educe thought upon the relation which they themselves bear to the rest of society; believing that if thoughtful consideration is given by many to this subject, healthful and proper action will follow. JOHN M. REYNOLDS.

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* A detailed statement of the work performed by this organization appeared in a letter from Mr. J. Reynolds, published in the WAVE two weeks ago.

THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

The Executive Committee of the San Francisco Branch of the National Union for Practical Progress wishing, to obtain an expression of opinion from every one interested in the elevation and improvement of our nation and our fellowmen, requests those whose notice may be given to this item, to fill out the blank printed below and mail it to the local secretary.

The Union aims to unite the moral forces of every community. It welcomes as members all who desire to assist in the elevation and improvement of mankind. It does not recognize any class distinctions, nor creed differences, nor nationality, nor sex; on the contrary, it hopes to induce every sincere lover of good government and fellowman to unite for the welfare of all. It needs no comment to explain that if the moral forces were united their power for good would be irresistible. This is the purpose of the Union for Practical Progress. It is hoped that men and women in every profession will recognize the possibilities and probability of accomplishing an immense amount of good by this unity of effort.

The following topics will be taken up, discussed, and standing committees will be appointed for practical work upon each subject. 1st. Child Labor. 2d. Prison Reform. 3d. Municipal Reform. 4th. The Ballot Box. 5th. How Best to Combat Political Corruption. 6th. The Abolition of War. 7th. Charity, Organized and Unorganized. 8th. Gambling. 9th. Enforcement of Law.

The Union for Practical Progress asks those who desire to join in its work to kindly send their address to Mr. John M. Wallis, 2425 Post street, with the following blank filled out:

SAN FRANCISCO

Union for Practical Progress

C. C. TERRILL, President. J. M. WALLIS, Secretary.

Regular meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month at

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE, 16 Post St.

.....1894.

To the Secretary
Union for Practical Progress.
J. M. WALLIS,
2425 Post St., San Francisco.

DEAR SIR:--I would be pleased to aid in the work of the Union for Practical Progress.

I am most interested in the subject of.....

.....

and shall be pleased to devote some time to the furtherance of reform.

Name.....

Address.....

Secretaries California Branches, Union for Practical Progress:

Claire S. Robinson, Alameda, California.
Rev. E. B. Payne, Berkeley, "
Caroline Morris, Los Gatos, "
W. G. B. Pierce, Pomona, "
E. R. Watson, Santa Ana, "
Mrs. C. H. Hurlbut, Santa Barbara, "

SPLASHES

THE SUCCESS of the Horse Show is as good an index of our progressiveness as could well be afforded. It is customary to declare that the community retrogrades rather than advances and that in the matter of enterprise the San Francisco of to-day is way behind the Western metropolis of a decade ago. This, however, is a pioneer delusion. In a mercantile way, perhaps, there may have been a decline, due to the development of Northern and Southern highways, but we can afford to rest a bit on our oars for, relatively, this is the richest city in the country and it is about time we learned how to live. We are in a fine way of becoming civilized, of converting our metropolitan pretensions into realization, of becoming something more than a huge workshop with a park and a climate, for this is really all the city has been. There is something more in life than the pursuit of dollars. Something better than the wearisome, unrelieved toiling from dawn to dark that has characterized the days of our men. The fact is we have been too industrious in pursuing the fickle goddess to realize how bare, cold and monotonous the round of our pleasures has been. Besides the bay, the Cliff and Chinatown, mere natural advantages, what have we to show? But Professor Anderson to the contrary, we are improving.

* * *

Though there were many pretty women at the opening night of the Horse Show, I have seen better gatherings of the beauties of the city. Society had its most representative belles out, and certainly the display of gowns was swagger in the extreme. Perhaps the saying *souvent femmes varie* applies more directly to the physical than to the mental attitude of our girls. How often have all of us paraded Market street without seeing a woman worth looking at, when, on another day, the streets will be aglow with adorably beautiful creatures, and for no specific reason whatever? Here and there through the audience on Wednesday night the eye lighted on a distinctive face that stood out conspicuously, and in the boxes with occasional bouquets of buds in the soft pale tones of blue and pink, but the average of looks was so high that the absence of striking instances of individual loveliness might readily be overlooked. However, it was a gay and brilliant showing, and most creditable to the city.

* * *

There is no questioning of the quality o the horse flesh displayed. We have here some of the finest horses in the world, for when Californians invested in stock they bought the very best. Indeed, that was necessary, for the expense of transportation and the length of the trip out here put out of the question the selection of inferior animals. Mr. Reginald Rives and Mr. Carman, both experts, have nothing but compliments for the showing we have made and admit that it is only in quantity we are behind New York. As for the procession of coaches and four-in-hands, the connoisseurs declare it is considerably ahead of the initial parade in New York and considering our distance from the center, is decidedly good. Indeed, at the notable coaching parades in Newport last year but thirteen rigs took part and we mustered eight, while there were others that were not heard from. Of course, there are innumerable fine points in which our drivers fail to reach the standard, but the commencement could hardly be better. No one quarrels with the award of first prize to Hobart's team, though it must be remembered that his are imported horses, whereas both Grant's and Newhall's are Californian steeds.

* * *

Of the several coaches the lines of Charles Baldwin's rig are the most graceful, though I believe he failed to observe many of the fine points which the laws require. It is generally admitted that the capital showing which young Charles de Young made entitles him to due credit and though Lucky Baldwin's equipage is out of date, he shared the applause with George Newhall, whose toppy turnout won quite a salvo of hand-clapping, not only from the boxes but from the galleries as well. The sole deficiency in the equine display seems to be in the matter of coaching and carriage horses. In the type of steed raised by the necessities of luxury, we are still behind New York though with such a horse as Green's Rufus, John Parrott's hackney, the deficiency should soon be supplied. This beautiful animal is a model of the modern hackney bred from the old style coach horse by admixture of thoroughbred blood. We are deficient also in jumpers and hunting horses, which members of the country clubs around Gotham and Philadelphia have made a specialty of. Talbot Clifton's string made rather a good showing the other night, but their form leaves much to be desired.

* * *

Of the riders Dick Tobin carried off the palm very gracefully. Indeed, he covered himself with glory in the pony jumping, and by his pluck and skill won the favor of the multitude, though the exhibition of pluck which Harry Simpkins gave after being pitched was creditable both to his nerve and and his skill. It is difficult to decide yet whether the enterprise will or will not be a financial success, but enough has been done to show what a field there is, and Mr. Henry Crocker and Mr. R. A. Irving deserve the thanks of every one for the brilliant result they have accomplished.

* * *

Reginald Rives, the New York man, who has come to the Coast to judge certain of the classes, is a member of the old Virginia family of that ilk. His father married and settled in New York, and most of his sisters are the wives of prominent and wealthy Gothamites. His brother, George Rives, was Assistant Secretary of State in Cleveland's first administration. Mr. Rives is a fine type of the modern American—thoroughly educated and refined of manner, an enthusiastic athlete, devoted to outdoor sports, lacking all that affectation and cockneyism, the conspicuous complaint of so many of the parvenu society men of the day. He is accompanied by Mr. Carman, a well-known clubman, who has a reputation as a four-in-hand driver. Major Rathbone, Mr. Parrott and several of the other Judges very courteously invited Mr. Carman to act for them in deciding certain awards, which accounts for his prominence in connection with the Show.

IT TOOK them just three long years to do it, but everything comes to the waiters. Stanford now wears the crown, and Berkeley knows that parson coaches are not as good as plain ordinary coaches. That is a discovery, perhaps, worth the experience, though why the U. C. boys failed to score is a question that is perplexing their brainiest compatriots. The Haight street grounds resembled a veritable flower garden when the game was called last Thursday afternoon. Cosily located at the north end of the grounds, literally smothered in red, with a brass band of students, in blue coats and duck pants, to play victorious airs, was the Stanford contingent, while, directly across the field, with all the blue and gold in town at their service, sat the Berkeleyites, strong lunged and full of hope. They had neither band, drum corps, nor even a bugle, but, oh, what a racket they could have raised had the opportunity but been. It was a Stanford day, however, and the U. C. men were spared the annoyance of eating their Thanksgiving dinner with sore throats.

* * *

A great game it was, though. Kennedy, of the Stanford team, started hostilities by kicking the ball into Ransom's hands, and the latter made an unpremeditated break for Stanford's goal, but was rather roughly checked ere he had proceeded a dozen feet. Then matters were mixed for a while, and confused masses of yellow and red legs were strongly in evidence. Then Kennedy and his trained toes again came to the rescue, and by punting industriously for a good distance had the satisfaction of seeing the pig-skin back in Ransom's fists once more, but not for long. Rather a small fellow named Harrelson, wearing red stockings, then came on the scene and exhibited a few of his best tricks, but for some reason they failed and he withdrew in favor of another stalwart. The play had progressed pretty evenly until the united efforts of Downing and Cochran succeeded in scoring for Stanford, and Kennedy, determined not to be outdone, aroused pandemonium amongst the Palo Altans by kicking the goal goal. Then the chaps from Berkeley went at it in earnest, and their opponents reciprocated. Both teams played as hard as they knew how, the features of the game being Stanford's interference and Berkeley's grit.

* * *

The "Trilby" Concert to be given in Metropolitan Hall in aid of the Mercantile Library, should gather a big audience. It is a capital idea, and, I am sure, will bring there most of the people who have read that highly musical novel. The programme opens with the Rosamunde overture which Svengali played to Trilby, then "Noel" will be sung by Mrs. A. M. Noble, who also gives "Ben Bolt," Miss Weigil will play the A flat impromptu, Miss Traillon renders a "Bonjour Suzon," the allusion to which we all remember. Altogether it should be a notable affair, for all of us would like to listen to the music which so moved Little Billee, Taffy and the Lair O'Cockpen, not to mention the others. The date fixed for the affair is December.

* * *

A GREATER SUCCESS than anyone dared anticipate was the Concordia Club ball. Some

Try "DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS" for the Complexion.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

R. F. Verrinder, M. D., D. D. S., Oral Surgeon, 206 Kearny St. Succ'r. to Drs. Winter & Winter, Dentists.

lays before a rumor went round town that in onsequence of the Horse Show the affair had een postponed, but it was authoritatively lenied from headquarters, and everyone reathed freely again. In consequence of that owerful attraction, however, the opening narch did not begin until quite late, and it was leven at least before the ballroom assumed ts usual appearance. Though in numbers he gathering left something to be desired, here is no gainsaying the verdict that it was ne of the jolliest parties the Club has ever ad. Whether due to the excitement incilental to the sudden outburst of gaiety as xemplified at the Gerstle ball the revious evening, and the Verein opening on Saturday, together with the festivities at the Pavilion there is no questioning the fact that the girls looked their best. ndeed, they entered into the spirit of the athering with the greatest vim, and there night be pages of fine millinery writing devoted to a description of their toilettes. I ave it on excellent authority that there were ive Worth gowns there, displayed, as usual, y the young married set. The march was ed off by Vice-President M. A. Rothschild, ccompanied, of course, by Mrs. Rothschild, vho wore white, and looked decidedly handome.

* * *

As usual at Concordia affairs, there was no ack of men. The debutantes were out in orce, and had all the attention their hearts ould desire, especially Miss Rose Sachs, who vas very sweet in a cream-white gown, and vho seemed to have any number of friends to lance with. Miss May Schlessinger, Miss Schwabacher and Miss Greenebaum were decidedly belles among the young people, and Mrs. Joe Rothschild in the married set had he greatest degree of attention. Altogether here was plenty of swing and go to the ball, nd it was decidedly early on Thanksgiving lay when the gathering dispersed.

* * *

THE RECEPTION at the new abode of he Verein last Saturday evening was a signal uccess. Over five hundred appreciative visitors inspected its beauties and comforts ("all he comforts of home," especially for the Benedict) of the handsome building and enjoyed the club's lavish hospitality. The entrance, broad and imposing, is a rich dome of marble and stucco work, studded with incandescents. The halls are spacious and elegantly frescoed. The card rooms, library, conversation rooms and ladies' parlors are charmingly complete in their furnishings, showing throughout an experienced eye trained to harmony and artistic detail. The corridor leading to the ball-room is exceptionally fine, backed by classic white columns and lending an air that is almost ancestral to the halls. No detail or equipment that would afford comfortable elegance has been overlooked, even down to the barber-shop, bowling-alley and gymnasium. It is a gem of a club-house, compact and substantial, perfectly equipped, admirably planned, and will afford in its fine harmonious appointments pleasure for both the bachelor card-player and the dainty debutante. Col. M. H. Hecht and Mr. H. Simon delivered speeches appropriate to the occasion. Informal as the house-warming was, the gowns of the women were beautifully modish, and "loves of bonnets" and huge directoire hats finished off handsome toilettes.

* * *

Mrs. Louise F. Monteagle, who, with other prominent society ladies of the city, is interested in the Pioneer Kindergarten Society, has generously decided to give an entertainment at her beautiful residence, 1830 Jackson street, for the benefit of that society on Saturday, December 8th, afternoon and evening. The afternoon, from two to six o'clock, will be devoted to a musicale, which includes a clever production of "Widows Bewitched," a laughable and thoroughly enjoyable skit. From eight to ten in the evening a sale of cushions and linens will take place, the proceeds from which will be used for the purpose of aiding, in a financial way, the Society in its worthy objects. Admission has been placed at one dollar, which will include an inviting menu of refreshments.

* * *

If there is any dance where beauty bright may show more grace and arch sweetness than in the minuet it has not been seen here. The treading of the pliant measure at Madame Ziska's At Home on Tuesday evening was some thing more than interesting, and the attractions of the girls taking part made the dance especially charming. Excepting patches and white wigs the costumes of the girls were nineteenth century. Miss Ziska in pink silk was altogether a gracious and dainty picture. Misses Florence Levy and Grace Noble, both handsome in a bright style, and petite Miss Marcy Stevenson in white, made up a quartette of exceptional charm. The men correctly costumed did their part, and, strange to say, knew the figures without a single lapse of memory. For the benefit of an overflowing and enthusiastic company the measure was thrice trodden, so that none might miss a single pose of the four graceful girls.

* * *

Instead of calling San Francisco the Sunset City, I fancy we should call it "Bud Town," so many are the debutantes and so varied in style. Debutante Teas have been in vogue again this week, and Miss Della Mills, Miss Lizzie Carroll and Miss Ysabel Preston have been formerly enrolled among the ranks of society maidens.

* * *

The Mills' Tea was a successful affair. There were men galore, and the gowns of the maidens were in good style. Miss Mills, who is an attractive looking girl, of medium height, rather chataigne in coloring, was daintily dressed in a soft, filmy gown which hung very gracefully. Miss Palmer, who assisted her to receive, is a stunning looking young woman, a recent arrival from the East. She is tall and blonde, and carries herself superbly; her dress was of cream silk, cut square, exposing the tops of the shoulders, over the arms she wore heavy straps of velvet which added yet another charm to the whiteness of her skin. The music was good, the house charmingly decorated. Miss Withrow, who also assisted in receiving, had a perfectly gorgeous gown, a recent importation from Paris. It was in rainbow shades and set off her picturesque style to admirable advantage.

* * *

Miss Carroll's Tea was also a great success. The rooms, which were decorated by Miss Bates, looked very pretty and Miss Carroll made a most charming hostess in a lovely corded silk and chiffon confection trimmed with duchesse lace. Miss Daisy Van Ness and Miss Mary Belle Gwin, who were acting her assistants, were also dressed becomingly. Every youth in town was there, not only the usual tea contingent, among whom are Addison Mizner, Andrew Marton and the Loughboroughs, but even the more seriously inclined, whom one rarely meets at a function, unless it be Sunday afternoon.

* * *

LOVE, PURE PERSISTENT love, is the mode; pedigrees and bank accounts are extinguished by beauty and womanly charm. Mammon is now and then startlingly subordinated and Cupid defeats worldly considerations. It has been said that the little imp laughs at bolts and bars—he does—and at tradition and parentage, too. The announcement of Mr. Robert Hochstadter's engagement to Miss Julia Newman involves all this and comes with a clash of surprise to his many friends. The young lady is beautiful—verily, a daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair, possessing an adorable voice and marked musical ability. Indeed she is one of the cleverest amateur pianists in town. But she is not of the set in which Mr. Hochstadter shines, for he is a member of the moneyed aristocracy, and entitled to choose a partner among the heiresses of Van Ness avenue or Jackson street. But he has not, and for having permitted his predilection dictate his choice he is ranked as a species of hero of romance with his friend, Benno Hart, both pioneers in the new venture of love as the only incentive to matrimony. However, it need not be assumed that Miss Newman is destitute of the goods of this world, for her father is President of the Pacific Jewelry Company, and estimated as a wealthy man.

* * *

The launching of a debutante into the turbulent waters of Society is of no small moment, but the ceremonial debut of Miss Alice Greenwald will be an event notable and pleasurable. Her sister, Mrs. Leon Sloss, has issued cards for Thursday evening, December 6th. Her beautiful home on Van Ness Avenue is an ideal and artistic mansion for sumptuous entertainment.

* * *

Now that betrothals are falling thick and fast, luncheons, dinners, receptions and theatre parties will be the order of the day and night. Miss Rose Sachs, one of this season's debutantes, will entertain her friend, Miss Stella Meyerstein, in honor of her engagement, by giving a large luncheon, which promises to be quite perfect in point of pleasure and menu. There are rumors of all sorts and conditions of festivities to be given for the half dozen happy pairs, ere they sink into matrimonial obscurity.

* * *

The Gerstle ball last Tuesday evening was unanimously voted a most brilliant success. The large double house is admirably adapted for the entertainment of many guests. The young daughters proved themselves irreproachable hostesses. The music, supper and entire ensemble afforded the young people a highly delightful evening and dancing prolonged itself into the small hours of the morning. The affair was notable for the number of really swell gowns worn by the young married women. The entire set was represented and was in its most brilliant array. There were a

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

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series of belles, among them Miss Kohl, of Chicago, who seems to have become decidedly popular.

* * *

The eligibles of Portland, Oregon, society have, with but a few trifling exceptions, come hither to this larger and better stocked market for their wives. It may be another phase of not being a prophet in one's own country, but the wooing and winning of one of our prettiest girls by Mr. Edward Rothchild, of Portland, adds another mating to the winter's list. Miss Stella Meyerstein, familiarly known as "Birdie," is young, handsome, of fine figure and always fashionably gowned; to mention merely as an incident the wealth of her father whose only unmarried daughter she is. A beautiful heiress; indeed, a combination of strong significance and difficult to resist. Mr. Rothchild is a man of means, holding the responsible position of representative for the firm of F. P. Hotaling in the North, and is voted utterly charming by the ladies.

* * *

EVEN IN these degenerate days when money, ceasing to be the root of all evil, has become the foundation of prominence and the prime factor in eminence, love romances commend themselves to society in general. It is customary among the cynical to believe heiresses are never sought in marriage for themselves, but rather are courted for their wealth. Doubtless, there are men by the hundreds glad enough to exchange the questionable honor of their names for the ducats of a wife, but that is a fact a rich woman soon discovers for herself. She learns very early in life to distinguish between disinterested attention and that animated by a mercenary object though the experience is generally so disillusionizing as to postpone all thoughts of marriage. An exception to the rule is the engagement of Miss Bertha Walsh just announced. Mr. Russell, her fiancé, is the paying teller of the Bank of British Columbia.

* * *

In coming to California some two years ago, he was strongly attracted to Miss Welsh, whom he met through his relationship to her father, the late Andrew Welsh. They became very great friends and though he went around a great deal in society, he never varied in his orriginal allegiance. He is to be congratulated, for Miss Welsh, though quiet and unobtrusive of manner, is a young woman of character and discretion, who has had the advantages of an excellent education and possesses the agreeable capacity of making friends. The mother of the prospective groom, Mrs. Russell, has disposed of the family property in Scotland and is coming to California to live. The marriage is to be celebrated in the early Spring.

* * *

THE FORMAL DEBUT of Miss Preston was made at a tea last Saturday afternoon in the Delmas mansion, on Taylor street, which the Prestons are occupying for the season. She is a tall, interesting-looking maiden, of a pleasing type, and, in a gown of white silk, she appeared charmingly girlish and sweet. Quite a number of young people and old gathered for the occasion, and as teas go, it was a success. The decorations were in admirable taste, consisting of an assortment of shrubs and exotics from Pontola Hall. Mrs. Preston was effectively gowned in pearl silk with turquoise blue velvet sleeves. She has the art of being hospitable in a graceful way, and should make her new home the center of some very jolly parties before Spring cometh. On Thursday night, Mr. and Mrs. Preston entertained a dozen of their personal friends at a Thanksgiving dinner. The Josselyns, Solly Walters and Bouviers were there, and a delightful evening was enjoyed.

* * *

Rumors of engagements, fixed and settled beyond preadventure, according to the stories that come to me are in circulation. So far, however, no definite announcements have been made. One story goeth that in a certain instance the delay in the latter regard is due to the claims of an unattached person who vows in the event of desertion to have a tragedy. This would be both useless and ill-advised, besides being unpardonable. Still, they are all rich, the parties concerned, and it may be assumed will find some way out of the difficulty. It is an affair that Society would dearly love to assist at, and one cannot help resenting anything that disturbs the prospect of another interesting Spring wedding.

* * *

To the guest list of the Pleasanton some interesting additions have recently been made. As I anticipated when Manager Brennan assumed charge, the establishment is quickly regaining its old time prestige and is gathering back its former patrons. This is due, of course, to the improved menage and to the attention the service now obtains. Among those who have taken quarters there for the Winter are Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell (nee Hathaway), Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Galpin, Mrs. Jeremiah Clark and Capt. and Mrs. Mighell of Berkeley

* * *

GREAT EXCITEMENT prevails in Oakland and Berkeley over the football match. In fact it has been impossible to talk, think or dream of aught else for the past fortnight. Since the electoral campaign has ended all the losers have been placing money on the University lads. Every one either went with a party or formed one of their own. Many of the girls were invited by the members of the various fraternities, and the pleasantest kind of lunches were held at the University Club prior to the event. A jolly party was that organized by Mr. Mark and Miss Amy Requa. They all went to the football in the afternoon, then dined at the Palace, and finished off with the Horse Show in the evening.

* * *

An eminently enjoyable feast was the dinner given by Mrs. Goodrich, last Sunday, in her new Berkeley home. The dining room is charmingly comfortable and agreeably harmonious in tone, and Mrs. Goodrich has a clever chef who prides himself on the variety and originality of his menu, added to that the guests were all bright and versatile, and an atmosphere of goodfellowship prevailed. Mrs. Goodrich, as a general rule, gives men's dinners merely inviting one or two women. She is a sister of Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, but their relations are strained owing to her friendship and sympathy with Mr. Howard. W. H. L. Barnes, Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Day and Edgar Fisher were the chosen few who graced the board.

* * *

The Alexander dinner, last Tuesday, given to some Hawaiian friends was very characteristic. Palms, ferns and quaintly shaped Hawaiian bowls formed the decorations. The national "poi" and fish cooked in the Hawaiian style were among the dishes, while the menues were very curious and original.

* * *

Mrs. Dunham's children's party given to her little Ruth, was thoroughly enjoyed by the small lads and lasses. A hundred invitations were issued, and nearly all were accepted. They danced, played games and at half past ten an elaborate supper was served. At a children's party the supper is the principal thing, in their eyes, and upon it depends the success of the entertainment. In this instance, at least, they were not disappointed. The Jackson street children are all, or nearly all, pretty, and were exquisitely dressed in dainty lace and silken frocks.

* * *

A very quiet home wedding was that of Miss Jessie Dayton, of Oakland, and Mr. George Phinney, of Sacramento. The Daytons belong to the old Jackson street set, and used to entertain widely some years ago. Mr. Phinney is a widower with two or three children and is reported to be exceedingly good looking. Miss Dayton was a great friend of the former Mrs. Phinney. The Graysons, Turners, Estees, Deerings, etc., were among the old friends present at the ceremony.

* * *

Berkeley has been so busy with football games that other entertainments are hardly noticed. A large reception, however, was held at Mrs. Wilson's last Monday, and on the same day Miss Marie Rose Dean gave a luncheon to fourteen of the debutantes, which was quite a pretty affair. Miss Juliet Garber, who is exceptionally bright, Miss Agnes Duff, one of the coming violinists of Berkeley, and pretty Miss Green, who claims belledom among the co-eds, were present.

* * *

Miss Stillman has organized a "Bud" Whist Club, which held its initial meeting at her house last Friday evening.

* * *

In Oakland the passion for teas continues without abating in the slightest degree. The one deserving of most attention last week was that given by Miss Minnie Houghton on Friday, which was principally distinguished for the exquisite gowns worn by the girls. Jessie Coleman wore a brilliant red silk, which lit up splendidly her type of coloring. Miss Houghton's charmingly made gown of pale blue silk was most becoming. Miss Bertha Welch looked very sweet in a pale pink silk frock. Mrs. Knowles' lunch given to her married friends was a very charming affair. Mrs. Knowles was assisted in receiving by her two daughters. After the luncheon all went to Miss Wadsworth's tea, which was quite a function.

* * *

CONSIDERING THE higher standard it has achieved this year, it is evident the Sketch Club acted wisely in submitting its work to a jury. On the walls of their new rooms in the Pacific Mutual Building, the members show one or two clever groups, some good landscapes and a series of sketches, both in ink and water-color, possessed of considerable merit and suggestive of promise. To the canvases of Miss Helen Hyde the greatest attention is very naturally attracted. One of her pictures, a Dutch interior, is an earnest composition with power, feeling and technical skill quite beyond the range of amateur art. Two or three landscapes from the same brush, though skillfull, do not reach the same standard. Miss

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The Best Suppers in Town at the Cafe Riche

Morrison shows some good work, too, especially a head, which is decidedly well done. Miss Briggs, a pupil of Keith, shows a few attractive water-colors done with rather a delicate touch. Perhaps the most promising bits of all are a series of pastels which have considerable value to them and no minor force of treatment. There are a very few still life studies; some apples by Miss Chandler, and flowers by another young woman, but the bulk of the work is landscape. In the black and white room there are a series of drawings by Mrs. Albertine Randall Wheelan, and quite a collection of Miss Hyde's work. Though the latter, perhaps, is not so available for reproduction in feeling and finish, I think it excels the work of the clever Santa Barbaran.

* * *

THE BEST PART of the seven weeks Mr. De Young spent in New York he devoted to the purchase of curiosities for the new museum. According to all accounts he has made some admirable finds and has acquired a number of things that every one will want to see. The most important of his acquisitions, undoubtedly, is a collection of the medals and coins of the Napoleonic dynasty, not confined to the career of the great Emperor, but including those struck off by his brothers and relatives, and by the third Napoleon. There are six hundred and forty medals and three hundred coins, I believe, and Tiffany gathered it for a prominent New Yorker, whom it appears backed out of the bargain at the last moment. The material was on the verge of being sent to France when De Young heard of it. There are, also, a variety of interesting personal relics of the great man—articles consecrated to celebrity by his use, but interesting in themselves as well. These were had from a Napoleonic dealer who had withdrawn them from the public sale at which they were offered because in his opinion they did not bring their value.

* * *

A most interesting collection of silver and gold jewelry from India was another bargain, a cabinet of rare gems, curiously cut, a quantity of Spanish curios picked up bit by bit from the establishment of John Kenderfield in New York, will also be on view. Among the latter is the throne on which Isabella sat when receiving Columbus on his return from the New World. It is a wonderful creation of gilt and carved wood and from the mere point of view of material, is worth more than the money paid for it. A beautiful bronze vase of Russian workmanship, carved plasters of great historical value and many more things were picked up and gathered in. Some months must elapse, I fear, ere the new museum is ready for the public, but undoubtedly it will contain much that is worth seeing. The latest plan is to make the Royal Pavilion addition a jewel room and fill it with the rare and curious specimens of Indian and Egyptian workmanship already found. Of course, the splendidly wrought iron gates would then have a special appropriateness, which indeed, they don't lack as they now stand.

* * *

A STORY *apropos* of the recent opening of the Sutro Baths. A certain newspaper man, who shall be nameless out of courtesy to his talents, appeared upon the scene of action, or passion, for both moods were equally well represented—too late to participate in the function. Being bibulous in his tendencies, the various delays incident to the journey had furnished all the excuse necessary for his exhilarated condition when he arrived at the end of the line. Amid the surging multitude that thronged the depot, eagerly awaiting an opportunity to board the next city-bound train, he chanced upon a fellow-member of the craft, who sympathetically volunteered to take him in tow. The cars came puffing in. The throng made a wild rush to the doors. Our friend became separated from his companion in the *melee*. The latter was borne along in the fore-front of the jam and was consequently one of the first to enter the car at that end. Looking down the aisle he could see the crowd piling wildly in at the opposite end and to his utter astonishment his bibulous friend calmly seated at a window in the very centre of the car.

"How on earth did you manage it?" he inquired wonderingly, as he sat down by his side.

"Hopped in through th' window," sententiously returned Hal.

"Hopped in! Why, man, you can scarcely stand!"

"Couldn't stand door jam—hopped in just th' same. Told you you'd get th' jams b'fore I did."

Two sympathizing "cops" had bundled him in, neck and crop, through an open window.

* * *

ATTORNEY GOODFELLOW, in his correspondence with Judge Greene, of Alameda, has not hesitated to employ the first words coming to his hand, and has certainly scored him most beautifully. Few lawyers will have any sympathy for the Judge for, even though he is unconscionably impolite, he is unconscionably brutal in his treatment of attorneys, and deserved all that Mr. Goodfellow has said of him. I remember once witnessing in his Court a most cruel attack upon a juvenile lawyer whose name I will not mention. It seemed that the young attorney wished to open a default which had been entered against his client. He rose to explain, and was stating his client's position in a modest manner, when the Judge roared at him:

"Sit down, sir. I do not care to hear any more from you."

True to his cause the attorney began apologetically, "But, your Honor, I did not know—"

"Sit down," again roared the Judge, "I am not responsible for your ignorance of the law."

* * *

Crushed and insulted before a crowded court the young man sank into his seat thoroughly disheartened. I learned afterwards that he waited on the court-house steps to meet the Judge, and explain to him in private what he was refused in the court. He knew an injustice had been done him, and was convinced when the matter was once explained His Honor would rectify his mistake. After court adjourned and Judge Green was making his way up town, the young man approached him in a deferential manner, saying:

"Judge, I am afraid I did not make clear to you my exact position in the matter of that default case."

The Judge stood stark still, glared at the young man severely, and said:

"Young man, are you going up town?"

"Yes, sir," he responded.

"Then go," thundered he, pointing his finger, "up town."

Whereat the young man went his way the Judge following after.

I have no doubt if the Judge accepts Mr. Goodfellow's offer to deposit $500 against $100 that he will produce in less than five days fifty attorneys of good standing who will say they have occasion to complain of the insulting manner of His Honor.

* * *

IS IT BECAUSE there are so many young men practising at the bar or on account of the amiability of our Superior Bench that so few good law stories get into circulation nowadays? To hear an amusing combination of incidents one must meet a man just in from the country, for in the interior there are traces of individuality left, and the weird in pleadings is not barred. General Barnes tells a funny tale about the case of Bunting and Harrison vs. the Southern Pacific, which he travelled all the way to Reno to try. Representing the company up there is an attorney named I. B. Marshall, with whom the General was associated, and on the other side, appearing for the plaintiffs, was a man named Hayden. Over the cause a great deal of feeling had been engendered, and the courtroom was packed. After the preliminaries had been attended to, Hiram James, a butcher, was called to testify in regard to the accident. This is the question he had propounded to him by Attorney Hayden:

* * *

"Where were you on the morning of April 17th, fine day, clear sky, no clouds, nor dust, nor any other obstruction to vision when my clients, Bunting and Harrison, on the way to their distant home, in a new double-rigged prairie wagon that cost Bunting two hundred and seventy-five dollars, drawn by Jack and Jill, their horses, for whom Harrison had paid one hundred and seventy-five dollars each, carrying a load of the finest butter in the county, worth thirty-five cents a pound, and twenty-five dozen fresh eggs, besides many other articles of produce, from which a large sum might have been realized, when just as they crossed the track the big sooty-lumbering engine of the crunching monopoly ran its black nose round the corner, no bells ringing, no whistle blowing, and just jammed into them, knocking their fine wagon to pieces and seriously injuring both Bunting and Harrison?"

There was more of this remarkable interrogatory but that much will serve as a specimen. Of course, an objection was offered, but the Judge, who, apparently, was accustomed to this form of question, overruled it. More on the same lines then followed and the case proceeded in a wild, weird way, until there arose a question about the time. In Reno, the hours are marked according to the arrival of the trains, the overland coming in on mean time and the Virginia & Truckee on local time and between the two there is about fifteen or eighteen minutes.

* * *

To controvert the evidence offered by Hayden, the keeper of the hotel restaurant, Bill Cunningham, was called. He swore the engine had come around the curve with bells tolling and whistle screaming loud enough to waken the dead, and that the accident was Bunting and Harrison's own fault. In the argument that followed, Hayden, after working himself into a pitch of frenzy, went on in this style:

"If your Honor please, just take this man, Bill Cunningham, standing outside the platform of his eating-house, there, awatching for the locomotive to come around Wale's warehouse. What do you think of his statement? Do you believe him, what he says—him, aworkin' for the railroad, as he does, and dependin' on the passengers for his living? No, sirs, I don't. An' supposin' we do admit Bill Cunningham did stand there, on

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the platform, and was a listenin' to that bell, what did it say to him?"

Then imitating with his voice the intonation of the ringing, he continued:

"Did it say to him, 'Bill Cunningham, Bill Cunningham, warn Bunting and Harrison from going across the track in front of that dirty-nosed engine?' Did it say to him, 'Bill Cunningham, Bill Cunningham, save that expensive prairie wagon from destruction so that the little children, clad in a single gown up the valley, may not be made orphans, and the good wives up home might have all that fine butter and eggs?' No, sirs! It said to him, 'Bill Cunningham, Bill Cunningham, get into that dirty eating-house of your's and scare up last year's beefsteaks and corn-beef hash for those unfortunate and hungry passengers who have only time to get a bite!' That's what it said to him!"

* * *

The extract does but slight justice to the inimitably impassioned strain his voice took as it soared into the glowing regions of mixed metaphor and withering denunciation. Finally he wound up with:

"An' why do they send this here man Barnes up for? 'Ain't I. B. Marshall good enough for 'em. Yes, sirs! Why, the only difference between Jehovah and Marshall is that Jehovah is the great I. Am and Marshall is the great I. B.'"

After such an oratorical outbreak there could be but one result, and that was a huge verdict for Bunting and Harrison, but subsequently the case was settled.

* * *

AMONG THE innumerable guests that have come West for a Winter jaunt is John E. Millholland, the brilliant young politician and newspaper man, whose career in New York has attracted so much attention. From managing Whitelaw Reid's paper, the *Tribune*, he entered the political field and I believe he ranks now as the leader of the young Republican forces in the Eastern Metropolis. He has also been prominent in the counsels of the National Republican Committee and is an intimate friend of General Clarkson and the other Republican leaders. Indeed, he is a man whom the future holds much for. During his stay here Mr. Millholland has divided his time between the residence of Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo and that of Mrs. N. R. Craven, who escorted him round the various sights and gave a dinner in his honor on Tuesday evening in the private dining room of the Colonial Hotel. From the gastronomic point of view the dinner was decidedly a success, and the general talk round the board was so interesting that the guests nearly missed the last car. Mr. de Young, Colonel Trumbo and Mr. Millholland exchanged reminiscences of National politics and Mr. Hume, of the *Post*, made several of his highly humorous speeches.

* * *

If all our visitors were as complimentary as Mr. Millholland I fear San Francisco would grow exceedingly self-sufficient. He has nothing but admiration for the Coast, and actually declares we are progressive and have done admirably with our opportunities. The Horse Show, at which he was a spectator on Wednesday evening, captured his admiration, and while he could not be persuaded to declare the display exceeded that at the Madison Square Gardens, he stated, with positiveness, that the most bigoted of New Yorkers could find nothing to carp at. He is an exceedingly bright talker, clever, witty and quick at repartee.

* * *

His style of speech-making is not oratorical, but is conversational, easy and unaffected. His turns are made with extreme quickness and his voice, which is exceedingly flexible, makes emphasis easy and occasional phrases resonant. He returned to New York yesterday.

* * *

Matters in musical circles are quite active now. Miss Caroline Schindler, a clever and painstaking singer who has just returned from a four years 'European course, is to give a concert at Golden Gate Hall on the evening of December 4th, in which she will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mr. Harry A. Melvin.

* * *

QUITE THE strongest bit of portraiture ever painted here is the picture of Irving M. Scott, Keith has just finished. It is really a powerful study, the pose reminding one of the Lehnbach Bismark at the Chicago Exposition. The subject is seated in a chair, the head turned so as to give the full effect of the square jaw and breadth of the head. The pose is natural, unconstrained, but full of force; there is a suggested power in the attitude, in the set of the shoulders, in the arms, that carries out the suggestion of tenacity, and which the expression of the face conveys. It is a sterner, severer looking Scott than the head of the Union Iron Works appears to normal view, but it is the man at his best and strongest, and quite the most worthy instance of his ability in this direction Keith has given. Indeed, it is a superb piece of work, and he is being deservedly complimented on it. In quite a different vein is the portrait of John Vance Cheney he is now at work on. It is really a work of art, a poetic subject, poetically handled. The tones are dark, but the painting of the head and hair are admirable, and the whole handling is so natural and unconstrained that the picture has almost the value of one of the artists' landscapes. Both portraits are a tremendous advance on anything in his line he has yet accomplished.

* * *

WHERE DID Sculptor Happersberger find models for the Rowing Lady and the Virago of Agriculture in the Lick Statuary? The Rowing Lady is an ample young person in whose unwilling hands an oar has been placed, and by the curious pose of the figure she seems bent on pushing away from the group. Not that one could blame her anxiety to be off, for the bronze company, however allegorical, is rather more curious than amusing. She leans forward, her vigorous shoulders stripped for action, but her hands are not grasping the oar according to the ordinary methods of propulsion, and one wonders how she is going to manage. Indeed, one feels the paddle is an after-thought. As for her vis-a-vis, Agriculture, she, too, is a robust lady, broad shouldered and lusty; her head bound with a fillet of wheat, her gown hanging in folds impossibly stiff, unless the material were zinc. She has a square jaw, a compelling chin and a projecting under lip, and looks as though about to fire at some one the formidable looking apple in her hand.

* * *

It may be she does not care for the architecture of George T. Marye's building at which she is gazing, or perhaps she is jealous of the elevation of the swan-necked maiden with the uplifted chin who gazes so appealingly into Central Park. It is evident she is by no means happy, and I think Sculptor Happersberger should be made do something for her. The front group has a single good figure—that of the young miner in whose figure there are some strong lines, the face expressive of daring and adventure. The others are the old familiar figures without a scrap of originality or suggestiveness in their pose.

Facing the City Hall are the Vacquero, the Padre and the Indian, the first in typical costume, lasso in hand, gazing threateningly over at the Hall of Records. What that inoffensive structure should have done to Mr. Happersberger I cannot guess, but the Vacquero has his eye fixed menacingly at it, and the loop travels that way. As for the prostrate Indian, to judge by the sharpness of his knee joints, it is evident he did not succumb to religion without pressure. He was surely starved into submission. As for the leading lady, who presides on the pillar, it seems a pity she could not be given a head and neck in consonance with her figure. The climate seems to have done its best for her arms and shoulders, and if one may judge by the vigor of the attitude, her limbs must be Amazonian, but why that neck so long and skimpy and that upturned chin? For all the world she looks like a Typical American Goddess of Liberty of a Fourth of July procession having her photograph taken after the show. One can almost see the tall head-rest behind her braided hair.

* * *

Of the medallions, Drake and Fremont are easily the best. Poor Sutter looks as though he were there on protest; he appears as uncomfortable as a labor agitator in a dress coat. The relieves round the centre plinth have occasional redeeming features, One group, indeed, is excellent. It is that of two vacqueros mounted on spirited horses lassoing a bull. The modelling of the horses is fine, and there is spirit and action in the poise of the men. Rather a graceful figure is that of California in the group in which the treasures of gold and agriculture are poured out at the feet of the young goddess, but the Bellona-like female before her has an attitude which might suggest several things the sculptor never intended. Altogether the ensemble is

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stiff; there is no imagination, and certainly neither beauty or grace in the central figures; the composition of the several groups may be typical, but is certainly not artistic. Indeed, there is something amateurish about the entire performance; it might be admirable in wax-work, but it is a failure in bronze. However, we have the consolation of knowing that it is local work—a specimen of home industry. As Supervisor James might say, "We done this ourselves."

* * *

THE RETURN of the proprietor of the *Chronicle* has recalled to most people the fact that we elect a Senator at Sacramento this winter. Whether or not Mr. de Young would be a candidate before the present Legislature is a question over which a respectable degree of doubt has prevailed? Though the suspicion has lurked in many minds that so ambitious an aspirant could not possibly keep out in the face of so overwhelming a majority, still it has been pretty generally assumed that a two years' term was hardly worth fighting for, and the Director-General would reserve his most serious efforts for January, 1897. The latest intelligence, however, conveys the impression that Perkins is, by no means, to have things his own way at Sacramento. De Young, it is true, does not yet announce himself positively a candidate, but the forces are being exerted on his behalf, and it looks now as if he had seriously determined on shying his castor into the ring. I have no doubt he will be "mentioned" pretty prominently before the various caucuses, and, undoubtedly, will have a strong backing, though the initiated assert that the Powers are divided over his claims. Mr. Stow, whom it is popular to assume has had something to do with the campaign, favors Irving M. Scott for the two years' term. His personal predilections will only be exerted, however, in the event of the failure of other candidacies. At all events there will be no lack of excitement in Sacramento.

* * *

THOUGH Christopher A. Buckley sojourns in Livermore on the ranch, he has not exhibited any diminution of his political earning capacity since returning from abroad. Indeed, he has gathered unto himself several of the soft things he used to derive revenue from, and to his protection is attributed the fact that four faro banks are running under full headway. After the explosion at police headquarters some months ago a period of enforced morality settled upon the gambling fraternity, and for some weeks there was not a game in town. Then pressure was brought to bear in a political way and the interregnum ended. There have been breaks since, but now the gratitude of the fraternity with its emoluments is directed towards Chris, though quite a number of gentlemen would give a great deal to know where his new pull comes in. However, between the races and the banks, the gamblers are finding innumerable opportunities for investment and very few among them are liable to agree with Mrs. Kendal on the "jayness" of San Francisco.

* * *

Curious it is that to Colonel Burns' Democratic connections most Republicans are tracing the defeat of their candidates. That Mr. Buckley was in direct connection with the Republican Boss throughout the campaign is pretty generally understood and that in return for such force as he and Rainey could control, certain offices were conceded to him is a matter of fact. Indeed, the combination ticket which the corporations circulated among their employees and which the "blocks of votes" were all thrown for was the result of direct negotiation between them. Now, it is claimed, that Buckley altered, in several instances, the numbers so as to defeat certain men, Estee among others. Into the hands of the State Central Commitee tickets sent out from the Democratic firm have come bearing erasures in important places so that it does not look as though Mr. Burns had a square deal for his money.

* * *

However, treachery of this kind does not earn the general contumely meted out to other branches of political faith for it is unreasonable if you deal with the devil to expect he will be bound by theories as to the sacredness of holy water.

* * *

GOVERNOR BUDD is in circulation again receiving the congratulations of his friends with that democratic aplomb which is characteristic of the man. However elated he may be by the great victory he has achieved, there is certainly no sign of it in his manner, which is eminently democratic and genial. He has been out at the Horse Show several times and was a guest at Henry Crocker's luncheon to the directors on Wednesday. I am told he cherishes serious designs on the position Colonel Burns holds on the Police Commission and will bring that worthy to task for illegal participation in politics during the campaign. Of course, he attributes the Neff stories to the Colonel and is not the kind of man to neglect an opportunity of evening-up old scores, so there is every prospect that to the patronage he will have at his disposal, the office of Police Commissioner may be added. It is not impossible, however, that Burns may put such an opportunity of retaliation out of his power by himself resigning. Indeed, had Estee been elected, I don't doubt but that he fully intended to do so.

* * *

Recounts will be in order as soon as the official result is announced. I am assured that the Non-Partisans will have a recount for James McNab, their candidate for Sheriff, and that all the evidence against the election officers which that organization has gathered will be presented in Court. From all appearances, it looks as if those guilty of falsifying the ballots may find a Nemesis ere the returns are all in. No one would be a bit surprised to see half a dozen fellows sent across the bay, and no strings will be left unpulled to trace the participation in electoral frauds to the celebrities of the Republican party. As for Senator Mahoney, he may well tremble, for the evidence gathered against him, already, is quite sufficient to unseat him, possibly to do worse. He has strong enemies in high places.

* * *

A MOST interesting complication has developed in the new Railroad Commission. It consists of Dr. Stanton, a Democrat, H. M. La Rue, who was endorsed by the Traffic Association and W. R. Clark, the sole Republican. To the Democrat rumor accredits a desire to be President of the Commission and also to have selected as Secretary the friend and companion of Buckley, Sam Newman. Mr. La Rue wishes also to preside over the body and has a son whom he believes Nature and education have admirably fitted for said Secretaryship. Strange as it may seem, Mr. Clark has, also, dared to entertain a similar ambition, and actually desires to retain in his place, that astute worker, Jim Kelly, who is Secretary for the present Board. How they will succeed in settling this, I don't quite

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see, but it looks as if the mere force of circumstances might retain Mr. Kelly in his place, and the three claimants must each take the chair by turns. It is an amusing situation, though, in the course of a year or two will adjust itself, doubtless.

* * *

The subject of Stanton naturally reminds one of his friendship for Buckley. That the ex-boss regards with friendly sentiments the Doctor, is decidedly a fact and it is unquestionable that as a man of character and capacity, he reciprocates. Still Stanton has suffered enough on account of this relationship, if I may call it such, and it is highly improbable he will hazard further suspicion by pledging his support to a man like Newman whose affiliation with the ex-boss is so pronounced. I think it is pretty generally understood now that the Doctor is an independent and honorable gentleman, who, both by temperament and position, is above the reach of the entire range of minor temptations. He has a good practice which, if he cared to, might be extended very widely and his people are in the fortunate enjoyment of a well invested fortune. Under the circumstances, I think it would be unwise to give Newman the place. There are others.

* * *

THOUGHT CHANGES with times. How infinitely curious for one who has followed the career of the man to learn that Patrick Reddy's law firm in the Crocker Building defends most of the Southern Pacific damage suits. Think of it! That staunch and bold opponent of monopoly is at last on the side of the corporations. Not that he has yet appeared in propria persona for the octopus, as Mayor Sutro calls the railroad company. Mr. Campbell or Mr. Metson represent the firm in the interminable damage litigation it is now called upon to defend. Withal, one does not forget easily that Mr. Reddy was a member of the Platform Committee of the Democratic Convention, which adopted the preposterous twenty-five per cent horizontal reduction plank, though to his credit and honor, it may be said, he opposed and voted against that suicidal clause. In commenting on the change of attitude, I do not mean to convey the invidious idea that a lawyer need lose his personal independence merely because he has a corporation for clients, and I think the firm is decidedly to be congratulated on the excellent line of business its new connection brings in. Still, it is funny that Pat Reddy should have been brought to court at this end of the game.

* * *

In the same connection the fight Jim Barry's *Star* made for Sheriff Whelan, besides the personal friendship existing between the two, operated to enable him to suggest the firm of a third friend, Pat Reddy, for the lucrative office of attorneys to the Sheriff. Very gracefully Mr. Whelan made the appointment, much to the disgust of Peter F. Dunne, who was understood to be qualifying for the position. This heightens the inconsistency of the complication. No one has been more vigorous in denunciations of corporate power than Mr. Barry and what splendid invective he has written on the iniquities of the railroad, and yet half the lawyers in town are ready to assert that the new combination is ominous and are laughing at the manner in which the chestnuts have been hauled out of the fire. Of course, those who know the men concerned laugh at the suggestion of a deep laid scheme and assert the fact of the law firm acting for the railroad and the Sheriff is a coincidence and not the result of a plot. Besides, it is doing a decided injustice to Mr. Whelan to assert the possibility of influencing him against litigants, even though he was on the corporation ticket. But for the matter of that Dr. Stanton was also and I am persuaded if any man does, the new Railroad Commissioner belongs to himself. Of course, it is always best to avoid even the appearance of combinations in such delicate connections, but Mr. Reddy and his associates stand high enough among us to counteract any impressions of exterior influence.

* * *

SOME FAMILIES take as naturally to politics as others do to law, physic, groceries or stenography. For instance, there is the great English clan whose head, the Surveyor of the Port, is known to fame as "Bill," whose brother Warren is a member of Congress and whose three nephews are all in office. It would be interesting to learn if a special talent is responsible for their prominence or if it be due to persistence in that single direction. In view of the gradual growth of the Civil Service in this country there must doubtless be formed a great bureaucracy such as they have in European countries, together with the establishment of official families whose members will all seek employment under the government. In those days the Englishes will have their positions ensured to them instead of being at the mercy of an upheaval such as occurred in Alameda the other day. Two of the nephews, one a Deputy Sheriff, the second a Deputy Tax-Collector, were dispossessed, or rather will be after Xmas. Warren must give place to Congressman Hilborn, and his nephew, a page in the House of Representatives, retires also with his kinsman. Still there is consolation in the fact that a third brother survives in Collector Welburn's office which exhibiteth the superiority of the federal over municipal service.

* * *

The melancholy effects of the landslide, doubtless, will be borne with due fortitude by the members of the family whose earning capacity is by no means restricted to political grooves. Besides, have they the unselfish satisfaction of reflecting that their loss is the gain of some deserving Republicans, who have awaited long the opportunity of succession.

* * *

But the Englishes are not the only solitary subjects for political sympathy over the bay. There is W. J. Laymance, for instance, whose disappointment at the failure of Cleveland to distinguish him with the appointment of Postmaster was about to be solaced by an appointment as Deputy Collector at a fair salary. I am told that the place was created with special application to his personal availability, yet here cometh the latest development of civil service reform, applying the doctrine of succession and promotion to the positions of deputies and cashiers in the Collector's office. It may be supposed now that some unimportant functionary, striving under the guidance of Colonel Wise, will obtain the office by merely passing an examination in the rudiments of English and mathematics. Truly the prizes of politics are being reduced.

* * *

Garrett McEnerney is out of politics once and for all. I don't intend to convey by this that the able-bodied young attorney is beyond the reach of ambition, but he has concluded there is a better form of eminence and a great deal more money in the practice of his profession, and his best friends agree with his decision. From further conventions McEnerney will be missed, for he possesses the depth of voice and impressiveness of manner that win attention in a large body of men. He was offered the Chairmanship of the State Central Committee, and without running for office has certainly had most of the honors. But the exactions of an increasing practice weigh on him, and after all, except for the prominence, there is nothing in politics. There is little doubt McEnerney, with his studious habits, his legal mind, his dignified presence and fine voice, will soon figure among the ablest and most successful lawyers at the Bar. As the greatest interests naturally attract to themselves the best talent, I have no doubt, he will, in the course of time, represent some of the most important of the local corporations, besides being a factor in other litigation of moment. Though his appearance belies the fact, McEnerney is decidedly on the sunny side of thirty.

* * *

I knew it would only be a matter of weeks before the *Examiner* would commit some egregious error that would even up the Hornbrook episode. There is no sin in mistaking a mule team en route to the Horse Show for an opposition transcontinental railway, but it's a most amusing blunder, and very decidedly turns the laugh on Mission street. Still how very idiotic it would be to placard the town with such announcements as "The *Chronicle* does not make mule-team breaks." Thus to animadvert on the misfortune of a contemporary is exceedingly bad journalistic form, and undoubtedly brings its own punishment. The failure of De Young to take advantage of so excellent a chance of retaliation is worthy of comment as exhibiting the difference in spirit between the two papers. Certainly I think the *Chronicle* is to be congratulated.

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A HORSE SHOW GUY

He Was Shy on Volcanoes But He Knew a Hackney.

(With the adaptor's profuse apologies to some other fellow who has worked this field before him.)

SCENE—A box at the Horse Show. Miss Cutter, a bright San Franciscan, has Sir Wm. Small, of London, Eng., under her protecting wing, and is extracting a great deal of fun out of that distinguished but affected personage.

SIR WILLIAM (*gazing patronizingly at the crowd:*) Aw! Quite a crowd, don't cher know, quite metropolitan.

MISS CUTTER (*smiling charmingly*): Oh, yes, Baronet; we are very assemblagorious in the west, you know.

SIR WILLIAM: Beg pardon?

MISS CUTTER: Very multitudinarious.

SIR WILLIAM (*perplexed beyond measure*): Aw, weally. Yaas? You are a very strange people out here, don't cher know.

MISS CUTTER (*innocently*): Oh yes, we have our provincial anomaloustativeness.

SIR WILLIAM: Beg pardon?

MISS CUTTER (*reassuringly*): Our anomaloustativeness—

SIR WILLIAM (*hesitatingly*): Ah, yaas, yaas; I always had a wild idea of your western country—weally thought you had Indians and cowboys and shooting and all those things in the streets.

MISS CUTTER: Oh, but we do.

SIR WILLIAM: No, weally?

MISS CUTTER: Yes, indeed; father has often been "shot" coming home from the club.

SIR WILLIAM: Fawncy, now! Your father, indeed? He looks healthy enough.

MISS CUTTER: Oh, yes, it never bothered pa a bit, but ma objected.

SIR WILLIAM (*deeply interested*): Well, I declare.

MISS CUTTER (*becoming confidential*): Yes, ma didn't object to him getting shot Saturday nights, but when it came to week days she kicked.

SIR WILLIAM: Aw, beg pardon?

MISS CUTTER: Kicked—filed a calcitrated arietation.

SIR WILLIAM: By Jove! Oh, I beg pardon, what was that now?

Sir William passes his hands rapidly over his forehead, rubs his astonished eyes, gazes at Miss Cutter, who is smiling innocently and bowing to a lady in opposite box.

SIR WILLIAM (*muttering to himself*): Calcitrated arietation. What in the devil does that mean? (*Mopping perspiration from face.*)

MISS CUTTER (*with rare innocence*): Are you warm, Sir William?

SIR WILLIAM: Yaas; it is quite warm, Miss Cuttah.

MISS CUTTER: You see our volcano is quite active now, and it makes it disagreeably warm.

SIR WILLIAM: Volcano, Miss Cuttah?

MISS CUTTER: Haven't you heard of our volcano, Sir William?

SIR WILLIAM: No, indeed, I have not.

MISS CUTTER: How nice, then it shall be my privilege to tell you. You see, Sir William, San Francisco is built over a volcano.

SIR WILLIAM: Gracious, you surprise me. I've always heard you had earthquakes and things of that kind, you know, but Be Jove, I——

MISS CUTTER (*delighted at his discomfiture*): Oh, yes, we simply float on a sea of molten lava. Sometimes when it grows very hot it burns the roots completely off our plants and destroys every garden in the city, not to mention the soles of one's shoes.

SIR WILLIAM: Great Heavens, Miss Cuttah, you alarm me! But where do you replenish your flowers from?

MISS CUTTER: You have hothouses at home when the frost comes?

SIR WILLIAM: Y-a-a-s.

MISS CUTTER: Well, we have icehouses. Our florists keep all their tropical and choice plants in icehouses. Strange, isn't it?

SIR WILLIAM: Stwange! Why, it's the stwangest thing I ever heard of. Things seem weversed out heah with you.

MISS CUTTER: They are reversed. Things with us are quite ante-position, subantry or infiletisimus.

SIR WILLIAM: Beg pardon?

MISS CUTTER: Infiletisimus.

SIR WILLIAM (*rubs his forehead thoughtfully, mutters to himself and then surveying handsome pair of Hackneys being brought within enclosure, cries*): Be Jove! Weally, let me congwatulate your town on the pair of Hackneys. They are capital. Indeed, yes.

MISS CUTTER: Hackneys, Sir William?

SIR WILLIAM: Yes, and fine ones, too.

MISS CUTTER (*in correcting tones*): Shetlands, Sir William, Shetlands.

SIR WILLIAM (*shrieking in despair*): Shetlands, Miss Cuttah. Is it possible I don't know a pair of Hackneys when I see them?

MISS CUTTER: You forget things are quite reversed out here. You remember you said it yourself, when you spoke of our icehouses.

SIR WILLIAM (*coming up for another round smilingly*): Yaas, Yaas, but where are your Hackneys, Miss Cuttah?

MISS CUTTER (*pointing to a spanking team of diminutive Shetlands*): There, Sir William, there is a pair for you.

SIR WILLIAM (*gasps*): Those—those Hackneys—Miss Cuttah, Miss Cuttah, I grow faint! Great Heavens, is this death?

Sir William does faint very stupidly just as Miss Cutter is beginning to get her hand in. He is carried to a hack. The fresh air revives him and while being driven to the Palace Hotel he mutters all the way in a dejected manner:

I was guyed! Guyed, Be Jove.

Miss Cutter turns her attention to a crowd of Bohemian Club men who have just entered the adjoining box and wonders which one she will permit to take Sir William's place.

A BALLADE OF RIDING.

Ho, for a horse on a summer night!
When the moon is full, and the winds at play
Laugh aloud in their free delight,
And have no will to stop nor stay.
And on rush we, away, away,
Under the forest bough so fleet
That we stir the leaves to dance and play
And the whole world echoes with galloping feet.

Thro' forests' glades where the air is bright,
And moonlit branches glisten and sway,
And on thro' the midst of the forest's might
Where moonlight and shadow join tremulous fray,
Through darker aisles where never a ray
Of moon or star can find retreat;
And the darkness opens to give us way,
And the whole world echoes with galloping feet.

Hurrying on in our headlong flight,
We speed till we come in the night's decay
To the river, whose ripples, left and right,
Murmurous up to the edges stray,
Along the banks our course we lay,
And eastward speed the dawn to greet.
While the moon looks down so sad and gray,
And the whole world echoes with galloping feet.

Friend, is there any joy which may
Compare with this, when pulses beat,
When life is young and the heart is gay,
And the whole world echoes with galloping feet?

—*Hugh McCulloch, Jr.*

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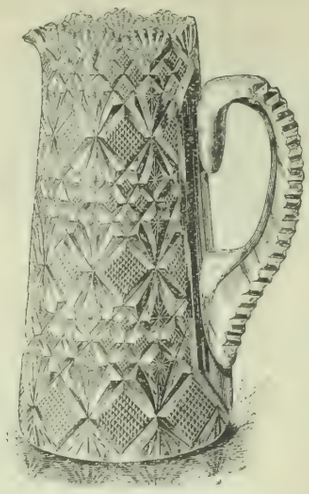

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It is a question whether the possession of a parent of marked genius and eminent dramatic distinction is a desirably lofty stepping-stone to fame, or whether, adversely regarded, it becomes an obstructing wall of prestige so enduring as to provoke the criticism of contrast fatal to the one opposed. In the instance of the young Salvini, I am inclined to believe that the hinderance and not the favored footprints of heritage, descend to him from the glowing genius of his father. He labors under the difficulties of a memory—a vivid recollection of those mighty histrionic exploits which, when recalled, still produce a fervor of admiration and enthusiasm that will ever abide as perpetual delights. The mantle of the elder cannot fall upon the shoulders of the younger merely through the medium of heredity; nor a laurel wreath crown the brow of the bearer of an illustrious name. Fame is not a tangible medium like money—each individual is a virgin field for its development, the alphabet of success must be spelled by each. Salvini, perè, was a giant tragedian, Salvini, fils, will never reach, nay, scarcely touch such splendid heights, but will ever be what he now is—an impassioned, zealous representative of the romantic school. He is at the zenith moment of his years, at the apex of his attainments at the present time—already marked mannerisms have fastened their deadly pinions upon him. The swift mode of speech often make his lines totally incomprehensible, and the noticeably foreign pronunciation is unpleasantly apparent during these rapid, helter-skelter utterances. Indistinctness of speech, an habitual rushing together of words with here and there a sharp crescendo climax on one particular phrase, create in his reading an unevenness that is more than, mildly, faulty; then the jerkiness of gesture, the electric impetuosity, the studied posturings, all are evidences of absolute fundamental weakness. There is more of device than of naturalness in his acting. His very simulated impulsiveness and reckless buoyancy appear fitfully "stagey," showing a tendency towards over-elaboration of minutiæ that need some modification in the direction of simplicity. He executes everything with a flourish, from the obeisance to the Queen, to the drinking of his wine, he sweeps in great round curves which border on the fantastic. True, there is a freshness and spontaneity, a brisk breeziness about his method that is individual. His voice is full and resonant, his physique splendidly strong and picturesque, his action energetic and the summed-up personality, one of excellent vigor. In the field of the romantic drama he accomplishes what may be termed dashing work and it is barely possible that his very defects become partially acceptable when utilized in the lines of adventure and extravagant, fanciful incident. The realms of romance permit of pungent lines, thrilling situations, mad encounters and consequent display of highly colored sentiment, of accentrated tone and attitude. The fervid fire of impetuous emotion is always burning and the Italian temperament of the young Salvini more than abundantly supplies the fuel.

He has gathered about him a fairly competent band of players in aggregate, above the average and much may be said in commendation of the rich, correct costuming and the elaborate scenery, both being truly artistic and effective, making of the drama a really praiseworthy production. Eleanor Moretti makes of Anne of Austria a clean-cut, precise piece of work, admirably self-poised, giving to each thought and change of sentiment their full and significant value. Not one tithe of this can be said for the King, which character is struggled with by one John Lane—a ridiculous tinsel monarch is he, strongly resembling and quite as amusing as one of Palmer Cox's popular Brownies—such a travesty! with the modern strut and speech of a Hoytian hero in distressed disguise.

Both the Cardinal Richelieu and Athos are excellently portrayed, especially the latter by William Redmund, who shows himself an intelligent, pains-taking actor of force and repose.

The swift, stirring action of the story with plentous clash of swords and numerous thrilling escapes for life, duels galore and intrigue in abundance, excite the audience almost to the cheering point, gusts of hand-clapping raise the curtain and make of the four acts and the dozen tableaux a series of mildly exciting nervous shocks.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

Though the Dailies have published the fact of a change in the regime of the theatrical corporation known as the Al. Hayman Company, there are many who may regard this only as another form of sensational advertising, and so discredit the truth of the statement. I have it from the very fountain head of information that Mr. Al. Hayman, having during his successful managerial career accumulated a princely sum amply sufficient to support him in elegant luxury, even beyond the years of three-score-and-ten, absolutely retires from the syndicate. H is brother, Mr. Harry Mann, already thoroughly experienced in the ways and workings of the concern has taken the position vacated by Mr. Hayman, and being a man of keen insight, judicious shrewdness and amiable intelligence, is competently equipped to engineer the works and to continue the success of this substantial corporation.

MUSIC.

For a musical home-coming the showing at Golden Gate Hall on Tuesday was not all as gorgeous fancy might have painted it. Miss Gertrude Auld had at least twice as full a house and, likewise, double the enthusiasm to start her on the European way. Perhaps the hard times, the coming horse show and the nightmare of Xmas looming at hand gave the response for a half-filled house. Still the wonder is rather pronounced and it is to be supposed Miss Auld's friends had not read the newspapers. If another affair of this description happens the all-booming power of advertising will presumably fall into an innocuous desuetude. Judicious advertising and injudicious puffing there was of Miss Auld's programme for weeks past. No event had its way so glibly paved in fact, and only to result in a half-empty hall!

Miss Auld is Miss Auld still. Simply and just as in the many concerts at old Irving Hall the singer appeared. Little difference is there in the quiet and somewhat fragile personality. Parisian brilliance and London swagger are not anywhere in evidence. From the singing of Miss Auld, as well as numerous pupils of Marchesi heard here, there grows a shrewd suspicion that that astute lady owes more to the individual gift of her pupils than her own capacity for the enormous spread of her teaching repute. Miss Auld is the type of singer associated with a certain childlike facility in the high tones, and a species of style. A shapeless middle voice, innocent of intensity, the English vowels left hazy or vague and the upraised shoulders in breathing are the typical defects common to the average singers of this school. Miss Maria Della, with the high register like distant crystal bells, is of the same caliber as Miss Auld. Probably our California songstress has been too often told her voice is small, and is trying to increase it by making the medium tones shapeless. No further forward anywhere, and even more wanting in resistance are the medium tones. Of the numbers the best was Kjerulfs Synove's song given just as it used to be in the Irving Hall. The artless ease of uttering the high tones and carrying them away to the vanishing point, and their tender quality, will always make Miss Auld popular. Europe has done nothing for this singer from the West. If anything, it has obscured some of the finesse coming out in the trill and scale. Dainty numbers, all of them, were given with the same unconscious faithfulness so long recognized as one of Miss Auld's sincerest charms.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Christmas.

THE H. S. Crocker Company desire to announce that they are now prepared to show a larger, more complete, and unusual stock of **Christmas Gifts** than at any previous time.

In every department most careful attention has been paid to originality of design which, with the best workmanship, gives their present display a character and desirability peculiarly its own.

H. S. CROCKER COMPANY,

STATIONERS,

227, 229 Post Street. 215, 217, 219 Bush Street.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

BALDWIN.

The second week of the Salvini engagement which opens at the Baldwin on Monday night promises to make even a stronger bid for popular favor than the first. The repertoire announced by Manager Wilkison is as follows: On Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, "Zamar," the new romantic drama by Paul Kester; Tuesday night and Saturday matinee a double bill consisting of "Friend Fritz" and "Rustic Chivalry;" and on Wednesday and Friday nights "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

"Zamar" is a new and original romatic drama laid in the early history of Spain. It is founded on Gypsy life and character of which Mr. Kester is a recognized authority. It is couched in the high-flown language of the Dumas school and like the "Three Guardsmen" it is said to be replete with exciting and rapidly succeeding incidents, and the charm of genuine romance. The play calls for the full strength of the supporting cast and opportunities are said to be pretty evenly divided. From a production standpoint it is claimed to be the most elaborate of the entire repertoire, many characteristic gypsy scenes and picturesque costumes being promised.

"Aladdin, Jr." surpasses all the former spectacles that we have seen given by the American Extravaganza Company. The scenery is more beautiful, the costumes richer and more elaborate, and the music is said to be charming and catchy.

THE KEENE ENGAGEMENT.

Next week at the California Theatre promises to be one of the most important, from a dramatic standpoint, in the history of that elegant Thespian temple. Mr. Keene, who stands at the head of his profession as an exponent of tragic drama, will appear in a repertoire of plays. The choicest gems have been culled from the works of Shakespeare and Bulwer Lytton for the occasion. During the week Mr. Keene and his company will be seen in "Richard III," which will be presented on Monday, the opening night, and Sunday; "Louis XI" Tuesday and Saturday nights; "Othello" Wednesday, "Hamlet" Thursday, "Richelieu" Friday night, and Saturday matinee "The Merchant of Venice." Mr. Keene's "Richard III" is considered by critics to be one of his best delineations of character.

MOROSCO'S

Mr. Daniel A. Kelly makes his first appearance at Morosco's in the great five-act comedy-drama, "The Shadow Detective," in which Mr. Daly assumes the role of George Thornton, a detective, Murty O'Breen, the copper, Geovani, an Italian section-hand and Bachorioli Beantosser, a countryman. The play is alive with sensational scenes, the punishment of crime and the triumph of virtue. The cast includes Morosco's full stock company.

ALCAZAR.

The Alcazar Theatre was packed on the opening night of Haverly's Minstrels on Saturday evening last and they have done the business of the town since—and they deserve the patronage. It is the general saying that it is the best and most complete minstrel company that San Francisco has had for years. The first part is a strong reminder of the old Mastodons, when the great line, 40—Count 'Em—40, and it is fully as strong as any first part scene ever had. The Olio consists of six numbers, and is followed by the feature of the performance, the operatic burlesque of "Bill Trovotore." This is a decided hit and is in for a run.

TIVOLI.

Monday, December 3d, the Tivoli will produce the popular opera "The Mikado," which will also see the reappearance of Belle Thorne and Alice Gaillard. "The Mascot" has run to full houses during the week.

For the holidays the Tivoli management will produce a new and sparkling opera "Lalla Rookh," and the claim is made that it will surpass any Eastern production seen here in some time.

THE ORPHEUM.

Caicedo, the king of the air, is the star attraction at the Orpheum for this week. He certainly is a clever equilibrist and performs some novel and startling feats upon the wire. The Big Four, the three Cornallas and Les Mayos form a clever company and present an attractive programme.

MISS SCHINDLER'S CONCERT.

Miss Caroline Schindler will give a grand concert at Golden Gate Hall on Tuesday evening, December 4th, assisted by Mrs. Carr, Mr. Beel, Mr. Melvin and Miss Mary Morse, accompanist. Miss Schindler has resided here since childhood, and is a thorough Californian in spirit. She possesses a high, clear soprano voice, pronounced by such authorities as Marchesi, La Grange and Vianesi, ex-director of the Grand Opera, of Paris, a voice of great promise. Her first foreign training she received from Carrelli, of Naples, who is connected with the Santa Carlo Opera, and continued with others of great prominence. Shortly before leaving Paris she made a decided success at Lalle Erad, and was congratulated by many Parisians upon her French accent.

The members of the Louise Humphrey-Smith Reader's Club have prepared an admirable programme to be presented at the First Unitarian Church parlors, on Saturday, December 1st, at 3 P. M. The readers include Misses Alice Perkins, Anna Elizabeth Daly, Helen Kelleher, Mrs. Carrie Fross-Snyder and Mrs. Zenoma Gray-Crittenden; Miss Helen Nelson will sing. The programme is varied and interesting.

FUR CAPES

The Largest and Finest Selection in the City consisting of

ASTRACHAN . . KRIMMER
MINK . . . . . WOOL SEAL
PERSIAN . . . . . MONKEY
JAPAN SEAL . OPPOSSUM
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105 KEARNY ST.

AMUSEMENTS

BALDWIN THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO. (Incorporated).....Proprietors
Next Week, Monday, December 3d, Second Week
ALEXANDER SALVINI
Accompanied by **Wm. Redmund** and a company of players, under the direction of W. M. WILKISON
Monday, Thursday and Saturday, Paul Kester's New Romantic Drama, **ZAMAR.** (First Production in San Francisco.)
Tuesday Evening and Saturday Matinee, a Double Bill consisting of **FRIEND FRITZ** and **RUSTIC CHIVALRY.**
Wednesday and Friday Evenings, D'Ennery's Delightful Romance, **DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN.**

CALIFORNIA THEATRE
AL. HAYMAN & CO.,.....(Incorporated) .....Proprietors
S. H. FRIEDLANDER.....Manager
Commencing Monday, December 3d.
Every evening (including Sunday) .....Matinee Saturday
Engagement of the Greatest American Tragedian
MR. THOMAS W. KEENE
In Classic and Shakespearean Plays.
Wednesday and Sunday Nights.....Richard III
Tuesday and Saturday Nights.....Louis XI
Wednesday Night.....Hamlet
Thursday Night.....Othello
Friday Night .....Richelieu
Saturday Matinee.....The Merchant of Venice
No Advance in Prices.
Next Attraction—SADIE MARTINOT.

ALCAZAR THEATRE
J. P. HOWE.....Manager
Saturday and Sunday Matinees
To-Night! **A Grand Success!**
Haverly's Mastodonic Operatic Minstrels
Under the Direction of J. H. HAVERLY
The most complete Minstrel Company seen here for years
Everybody Delighted! **Crowded Houses!**
Remember the Prices:
Parquet and Dress Circle.....50c.
Balcony.....25c.
Secure your Seats

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.....Proprietor and Manager
TO-NIGHT
ANDRAN'S FAVORITE OPERA
"THE MASCOT"
Monday, Dec. 3,--"THE MIKADO"
And Reappearance of Belle Thorne and Alice Gaillard
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE
Handsomest Family Theatre in the World
WALTER MOROSCO.....Sole Lessee and Manager
Last Performances of
FALLEN AMONG THIEVES
Monday Evening, December 3rd.
DAN'L A. KELLY, in a great production of
THE SHADOW DETECTIVE
Evening Prices: Orchestra, 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle 25c, Family Circle and Gallery, 10c, Mezzanine Boxes, $1, Proscenium Boxes, extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices:* 10c, 15c, and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM
San Francisco's Great Music Hall
Commencing Monday, December 3d
Dazzling Stellar Attractions!
★★★ CAICEDO ★★★ CAICEDO ★★★
King of the air, in marvellous equilibristic feats. The most sensational wire act seen in the present century
THE BIG FOUR 4 THE BIG FOUR
in an entirely new act
THE CORNALLAS 3 THE CORNALLAS
LES MAYOS 4 LES MAYOS
And A Magnificent New Company
Saturday and Sunday Matinees

GOLDEN GATE HALL
625 Sutter Street
Tuesday Evening, December 4th.
GRAND CONCERT given by
MISS CAROLINE SHINDLER
SOPRANO
Assisted by MRS. CARMICHAEL CARR, MR. SIGMUND BEEL and MR. HARRY A. MELVIN.
Reserved Seats. $1.00
On sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Monday morning, December 3d.

A First Prize

By Geo. W. Kirkman.

Mr. Jack Oglesby was not in a very good humor with the world in general this evening, as he entered the Horse Show.

In the first place, Parker, his groom, had, through the evil perversity of an alcoholic fate, gotten drunk that day. Coming home rather late from a tea where She had been, Mr. Oglesby found him in the stable singing a most lugubrious Cockney ballad about a certain Polly Ann. He had only about half polished up the drag that Oglesby well prided himself on as being the very swellest in town. Indeed it was entered to appear that very evening at the Show. Such infernal luck, to happen this day, of all Parker's other days of immaculate sobriety. His master's first impulse had been to discharge him on the spot. All that saved that worthy was the sudden remembrance which came to Mr. Oglesby of how She had approved of the groom one time in the sweet gentle way she had of speaking to and noticing even the servants. His next impulse, I regret to say, was to put the wretched fellow under the hydrant near the padded stalls; he was athletic enough to have done it easily. Confound such impudence! Parker had been given this last chance on condition he would keep sober while in attendance; he had been a faithful servant generally, and his devotion to his master was unbounded. But Oglesby must have had a warm corner somewhere in his own heart for the man, or he would not have, finally, sent him off to the drug-store with a few lines on a card, bidding the dispenser of pills to sober up the bearer thereof as speedily as could be.

There was something else, however, that lay heavily on Mr. Oglesby's heart; that was the especial and alarming favor She had shown, at the tea this afternoon to that simpleton, Aldrich.

It was pretty easy to see now, so he thought, that Aldrich had the inside track as regarded her affections. Why had he, Jack Oglesby, not seen that very patent fact before? Why had he ever written that letter to her yesterday, confessing all his love for her in the desperation of his anxiety, and asking of her to give him some answer, some little sign that would tell him whether she loved him, whether he dared hope for the dear hand that he sued for? She was so very kind to every one, and yet so very reserved about what she really felt. With what exquisite grace and tact had she charmed him into silent confusion at the Cranston's ball, in the conservatory, when he was about to desperately declare his love for her own angelic self. She had always put him off so easily, and how could any man be anything but tender to Her? But, even if Aldrich was her cousin, and had been in love with her for years, why should he assume that air of assured proprietorship over her without some reason for it?

No, Mr. Oglesby was not very happy deep down in the large, aching heart under his evening coat, as he stood at the inner entrance this evening, and gazed over the tiers of boxes filled with all the chatting, ennuyed people he met everywhere in his world. The soft light fell upon the stately, gently smiling women with their proud patrician beauty, and the correct deferential men bending toward them with easy jests and the inevitable gallantries that followed the low laughter and words of the women, as froth follows the breaking of waves on coral beaches. Ah! there she was, Aldrich, too, by her side. Just what he thought and wished for that eminently harmless Mr. Aldrich, I would not dare say, but it was not, perhaps, conducive to the latter's future comfort in the nether world.

Bowing right and left to the people he could not help seeing, Mr. Oglesby sauntered, a little more nonchalantly than usual, over to the box where She sat with her aunt and Aldrich, her shadow. She noticed it; a fine line showed for a moment on her brow, but it faded into a tender smile in her brown eyes that was gone in a twinkling like a sudden breath from odorous roses borne to one in a dream of summer. He was near them now; he bowed before her in the courtly way he had. It was pleasant to see a man bow like that; one felt that the old knights, the chivalry of the armored past, still lived in the quiet, well-bred gentlemen of to-day.

Though most courteously polite and attentive, as he sat there talking to Mrs. Chatterton, yet Mr. Oglesby was not altogether satisfied; would she ever give a word, a sign?

To them came the murmur of voices through the faint, delicate atmosphere that flowers and lovely women exhale in subtle fragrance around their fair selves.

Some one spoke of the event that was to follow the one now going on.

"I believe your drag is entered for that, is it not, Mr. Oglesby?" she says turning towards him.

"It is entered—yes, Miss Mayne. That is if the judges allow it to enter the enclosure," replies Mr. Oglesby, constrainedly. "This coming event is one of the kind that undoubtedly casts a shadow before me."

"Oh, I say, Oglesby, that is putting it on rather thick," drawls Aldrich. "Every one knows that your turn-out is by far the best appointed in the city. Indeed, I cannot for the life of me remember for what odd reason I entered my own in the same contest; you are certain of the first."

"Very kind of you to say so, I am sure, Aldrich," answers Oglesby, a trifle stiffly and absent-mindedly, "but I assure you that I will not get it to-night."

"You are too hard on your drag, Arthur," she says. "Lord Arundel said to me, at the Country Club, last summer, that it was a very well appointed one. And you, Mr. Oglesby, are too modest; you will win, I am positive."

"You are very good; it is nice of you to say so, Miss Mayne," responds Mr. Oglesby, shaking his head gloomily, as he thinks of Parker and the neglected drag.

"I mean it," she replies. "And you don't think so? And you believe the first prize will go to Arthur? Of course, the other men have no chance. I wish I could bet, as you men say, but I do not exactly believe in that. This time, though, I have a fancy to make some tiny wager: which ever wins shall have it. What shall it be?" she adds, her cheeks slightly flushed with excitement or happiness, which is it?

"If it is to be a little, a very little wager, I would most respectfully suggest that it be the glove on your hand, on your left hand," Mr. Oglesby replies, looking very fondly and covetously at the little hand on the railing near him.

"Toujours galant, Mr. Oglesby. Do you mean it? Then so shall it be. It will be the second prize for the winner. Only you will have to wait for it until I return home; you would not, either of you, have me leave the Horse Show gloveless," continues Miss Dorothy Mayne, her eyes dancing rather mischievously. "Remember, Mr. Oglesby, it is the left hand."

"I am undone then forever," he answers with a noble effort at gaiety. "I have no show—not even a horse show—much less a fair show to-night. Ah! this event is over. Come, Aldrich, to victory for you, to ignominy for myself. Good evening Mrs. Chatterton. Good evening, Miss Mayne."

"Why, you are certainly coming back to claim your prize, are you not Mr. Oglesby?" she asks. "Oh, you have some business you must attend to this evening? I see. Arthur, I hope you will win."

Aldrich and Oglesby go through the isles to the waiting place. Parker is there holding the horses, and looking hopelessly subdued and miserable. His master goes on a critical tour of inspection around the drag, noting the defects in the harness that should have been attended to yesterday.

"Never mind, Parker," says the master kindly, "Accidents will happen. Give me the reins now."

Jack Oglesby's face is brave and cheerful: he knows, though, only too well, that the lynx-eyed judges will detect all even he himself has noticed. He is not exuberantly joyful to-night and the groom's abject misery touches him.

The gong strikes for the entry of the first drag into the arena. "After you, Aldrich," Oglesby says. Aldrich drives in, making a fine showing in his tour. The judges nod their heads in approval as he goes back to the waiting place.

Mr. Oglesby's handsome face is slightly set as he next drives into the arena. As he turns the corner, She bows to him. He groans within. The judges' inspection is over at last and he passes out through the gates.

Well, it is all up with him. Neither this afternoon nor to-night has She given any sign to tell whether or not her hand was to be his.

"The judges wish you to come out again, sir," says a liveried attendant who has come in from the arena after the other men have done their tours. He drives in again, and the judges cluster around him, note-book and pencil in hand. Presently they withdraw to one side and consult. One of them then steps to the front and announces that the awards of this evening will now be given.

"Class seven. Drags. Mr. Arthur Aldrich, first award." Mr. Oglesby smiles rather grimly at Her. He turns his drag, is about to drive out, when look! She leans forward with a world of sympathy in her dear eyes. She raises one little hand—her right hand—in an entrancing gesture that sends him through the gates with a rush. He leaps from the drag, throwing the reins to Parker, and rapidly makes his way to her box. Aldrich is there before him; but Mrs. Chatterton has buttonholed that victor with congratulations.

Mr. Oglesby bows over her outstretched hand, her right hand it is. "You mean——" he falters.

"Yes, I mean—" she says softly, shyly, "I mean that I could not write and tell you that—that I do love you; that you have won it and me—your second prize," she adds, with a very tender light of love and sympathy in her deep eyes.

He bows over that dear hand, with a thrill in his strong, happy voice. He says:

"A second prize? No! The first prize of the whole wide world."

G. W. K.

The Lost Spark.

It was 10 A. M. The breakfast room was aglow with light and warmth, full of the fragrance of hot-house flowers and fruit. A gleam of wintry sunshine fell through the high, unshaded window, touching the delicate China into palest gold, deepening the hues of the ruddy peaches and purple grapes upon the sideboard. A white Angora cat curled luxuriously in the depths of a bear skin before the grate, watched with one dreamy, half-closed eye a great mastiff who crouched at a little distance.

Her caution, however, was unnecessary. Box was not interested in Puss. She might have enjoyed her nap in peace for aught he cared. His expectant eyes were fixed on the door; and an occasional emphatic rap of his tail against the polished floor testified to his impatience. As the longed-for step sounded in the hallway, he rose slowly and walked forward, his eloquent tail waving a dignified welcome.

It was a pretty picture Puss viewed from her cosy nest. A slender girl, clad in some white, straight garment of wool, bound at the waist by a silver girdle, stood like some young chatelaine of olden time, her hand absently caressing Box's massive head, her eyes full of a grave happiness that seemed the reflection of the winter sunlight that now streamed broadly into the room, falling in a wide shaft at her feet.

Puss yawned contemptuously, put her white paws over her pink velvet nose and fell asleep. It was no longer necessary to watch Box.

"Box," said the girl, confidentially, "where is your master?" She seated herself in a low chair, and taking the mastiff's great jaw in her soft hands, looked with smiling interest into his moist eyes. "Where is your master, Box?" she repeated, questioning, throwing a half note of reproach into her voice, "Has he then forgotten us this morning?"

Box looked at once anxious and delighted. These morning conferences were the delight of his soul, but the impossibility of human speech sometimes made them deeply embarrassing. Although he knew quite well that his master's door had closed five minutes before, and that even now his hand was on the knob, he could only respond by throwing yet more of dumb affection into his pleading glance, and pressing his great body heavily against his mistress's knee.

As her husband entered the room, the girl looked up, her face yet full of that still happiness, that was half a tender reserve, half the fear of one who dares not look his joy too closely in the face, lest some of its beauty fade.

"Yes," he said contentedly, "I have come." He would have agreed to any other fact, not so self-evident with equal willingness. The whole scene charmed him inexpressibly. The graceful, white-clad figure, half in the sunlight, half lit by the dancing flames that stretched out eager arms to clasp her beauty; the contrast of the great black dog close against her side, the gleam of her golden hair and the half girlish glance of her clear eyes appealed to an artistic sense was his strongest characteristic.

For the moment he forgot that she had been his wife for four months. He forgot his weariness of a few hours before, and throwing himself at her side, clasped the hand that lay on Box's neck, and buried his face in her fragrant hair. She gave a little cry that was half a sob, and sat very still, a soft flush trembling on neck and brow, her lips quivering under his passionate kiss.

Then somehow, the light seemed to fade from the room. Box moved uneasily under their united hands. The man raised his face and looked out through the window. The pale sunlight looked chilly and uncanny and the leaping flames hurt his eyes.

He rose almost impatiently. Then his usual expression of indolent calm returned. He seated her at the head of the table with a gentle courtesy that her inexperienced eyes did not recognize as indifference. It was with a sense of relief he turned from her glowing face and buried himself in the newspaper.

The scenes of the evening before rose before him. Again he felt the slow touch, the maddening fire of that other woman's kiss. Again he heard the soft swish of her silken gown and the subtle perfume that floated about

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS . . FOR COSTIVENESS . .

her seemed to fill the room. Involuntarily he began to count the hours that must elapse before he should see her again.

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed contritely, as his wife repeated a question for the third time. He roused himself with an effort to answer her.

"He was thinking of *me*—of *that*," she thought in her heart, her pulses beating warmly.

"Poor little devil," he murmured behind his newspaper. "She does not know it was the last dying spark that suddenly had leaped into life. After all, four months is a long time."

Puss stirred uneasily in her sleep, and Box growled under his breath, but neither heard him. They were absorbed in their own thoughts. S.

WELCOME TO LILLIAN.

Sound the loud timbrel and let the horn toot!
Tickle the stops of the tremendous flute!
Bang the bass drum till its fat sides are sore—
Lillian has sailed into Gotham once more!

Luxurious Lill, with the opulent torse—
As sweet as her *penchant* for rapid divorce—
Great radiant Lill, with the strawberry lips—
Hooray for the glorious girth of her hips!

Let the band bellow its brassiest lay!
Burst all the trombones with blowing, I say!
Fiddlers, send skyward your sauciest tune!
Blow the inside from the mellow bassoon!

You, Lill, our goddess, in rapture we greet!
Have you swelled your fair curves, so expansively sweet?
If so, what's the odds? The more that we see,
So much the more keen will be our ecstacy be!

So bang the bass drum for Miss Lillian Russell!
Hooray for the splendid outlines of her bustle!
If 'mongst England's nobles her time she made most of,
She should have at leastt wenty engagements to boast of.
—*Town Topics.*

JUPITER.

AT THE TIVOLI.

From Rome to high Olympus thou didst bear
Our vagrant fancies, till we did behold
The drunken cobbler on a throne of gold,
King of the cloudy regions of the air;
Who, for a moment, did their glories share
With her, the wife of thunder-dealing Jove:
We saw her give him her immortal love,
Till earth, and earthly things, he did forswear.
I watched the mimic wonders of the play,
And heard the merry laugh, the jest, the song,
But soon I clasped that trusting hand of thine;
My soul that moment owned a gentler sway,
And I forgot the noisy idle throng,
And throned thee Queen within this heart of mine.
LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

A retired English army officer seeks a position of trust. Private secretaryship, or otherwise. Apply, "G." care WAVE office.

She Would Neither Paint nor Powder.

"I positively will not use cosmetics," said a lady to the writer, "yet my complexion is so bad that it occasions me constant mortification. What can I do to get rid of these dreadful blotches?" "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription,'" was my prompt reply. "Your complexion indicates that you are suffering from functional derangements. Remove the cause of the blotches, and your cheeks will soon wear the hue of health. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a wonderful remedy for all diseases peculiar to your sex. Its proprietors guarantee to return the money if it does not give satisfaction. But it never fails. Try it." The lady followed my advice, and now her complexion is as clear as a babe's, and she enjoys better health than she has for many years..

To permanently *cure* constipation, billiousness and sick headache take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Of dealers.

Remember that all our nice frames, made to order, have ornamented corners and cost no more than you usually pay for the ordinary sawed-off moldings. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

Huber's Orchestra furnishes excellent music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy street. Telephone, East, 681.

DR. RUMBOLU, Crocker Building, Rooms 76–7.

As Heard at the Horse Show

Binkley: "I see Miss de Paze over in the Hoag box yonder. Have you heard that she is engaged to Jenks the big match manufacturer? She had a hot chase after him.

Winckley: "Oh, yes. Won by a scratch, you know."

Dora: "Who would ever have thought that Isabel would have chosen that swarthy Cuban from all her beaux?"

Kate: "It is only another case of the dark horse winning."

Chapperton: "Odd that your racing friend, Bromley, been in politics for office during so many political changes, isn't it?"

Rapperton: "It comes natural to him; he always fancied in-and-outers."

Maude: "How could Catherine Brunetton ever have attracted Elliot Payne?"

Alice: "He fell in love with her eyes."

Maude: "I see; won by an eyelash."

Maurier: "What, in the name of horseflesh, induced old General Rankin to buy that animal he rides?"

Quarrier: "He heard some one say, out at the track, that the brute never failed to cannon against everything in sight."

Mrs. Simpatique: "Isn't it sad about that poor carpenter who came in contact with a live wire the other day. He was nearly through, too."

Mr. Sportique: "Yes; he died at the wire."

Sydney: "Who is the elderly cleric talking to the Blessingtons on the second tier?"

Carrie: "That is the Reverend Mr. Gude, our new rector?"

Sydney: "Why, I heard that he was such a Puritan. What is he doing at such a wildly exciting thing as a Horse Show?"

Carrie: "Oh, Jack Peyton heard he was looking for a cob, so he told Mr. Gude that there would be a great conclave of 'Sunday horses' here."

Scoresby: "By Jove, Swordesby! Good thing you left Fort Desolate last month. The morning paper says that the Indians surprised and massacred the whole post."

Swordesby: "So I hear; the Indians made a Garrison finish."

Van Pelt: "Some one said in the club this morning that poor Wasteley who lost all his money on horses is now a waiter in a restaurant down town."

Van Welt: "I can easily imagine that; he went in so for platers."

Genievive: "Why does not young Crowbart appear in any of the races? I heard that he swaggered around Burlingame last summer."

Alice: "Because the rules don't mention Walter-weights, I suppose."

Racely: "Have you heard of the motto Dick Fastun has adopted since he lost so much at the Jockey Club on a tip he had gotten?"

Bracely: "No. What is it?"

Racely: "A chacun son tout."

Eleanor: "So Ruth Verrye has won in the race after Prince Woniaskooski?"

Kathryn: "True—but it was only a selling race."

Mrs. Ankshus-Marmar: "Howard, have you seen your sister and Mr. Loverly since you came in?"

Howard: "Caught a glimpse of them in the conservatory a while ago. You need not fear; they were head and head as far as I could see."

Ethel: "I hear Dolly Fastleigh's husband threatened her with a divorce, and that she wisely agreed to live with him at their country place. She writes me that she is very busy having their grounds enclosed with osage-orange."

Jack: "She is so used to hedging."

Clubleigh: "Van Woerden was just telling me that Jagley hung himself last night in his house in the city. He had made two unsuccessful attempts at Dwight."

Tankleigh: "Another winner on the homestretch."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

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HOLIDAY

BOOKS

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RUNNING RACES! RUNNING RACES!

California Jockey Club Races

WINTER MEETING

Bay District Track

COMMENCING SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1894

Races Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Rain or Shine.

Five or more races each day. Races start at 2 P. M. sharp. McAllister and Geary Street cars pass the gate.

LIBRARY NOTES

Those of us who read with the interest their delicate workmanship deserved the *Love Letters of a Worldly Woman* have taken care to peruse Mrs. Clifford's subsequent stories. Perhaps it is not so curious when one remembers how seldom a female writer achieves recurrent literary successes, that none of the books she has written since have the value or quality displayed in that charming novel. Consider how disappointing are the several tales which followed the *Awakening of Mary Fenwick*, and how inferior to that powerful book, the *Silence of Dean Maitland*, are the later efforts of Maxwell Grey. It seems to require a stronger faculty to grow great than to achieve eminence at a bound. Yet it is astonishing how many men, and women, too, have made a single effort, developed a certain degree of promise, and yet have gone no further. No one, it seems to me, should anticipate an initial success; these are won, indeed, rather by originality of plot than by skill of treatment. Besides, a first story is generally the object of an infinite degree of care and pains that are not lavished on the second effort, for the young author forgets it is as difficult to preserve a reputation as to make one. Take Anthony Hope, for instance, whose *Prisoner of Zinda* won recognition; since then the publishers have put forth a number of stories in his name, books written while he was obtaining the skill that enabled the accomplishment of that brilliant tour de force. Except the *Dolly Dialogues*, just out, nothing has come from him worthy comparison with it, but these are quite the brightest and wittiest things in that form we have had. It is easy to imagine the ponderous and heavy witted reader of *Bulletin* editorials growling slumberously after perusal of these dainty flippant essays in drawing-room conversation, growling—"What stuff!" but if as light as thistledown it is as airy and as graceful. One cannot but think such smart amusing talk, that is yet so full of character and so suggestive, would make the fortune of a playwright. There is no analysis, no description, yet one obtains a perfect idea of the Dowager Countess, Mrs. Hilary, Archie, Miss Phaeton, and above all of the inimitable Dolly, so demure, dimpled and dainty. Mr. Hope then has imposed another debt on those who passed a glowing two hours over *The Prisoner*, for here is a fresh source of delight. There is but a single drawback, and that is the difficulty of deciding which is the cleverest of the series. After all, perhaps, the last is the worst, but only for the reason that it is the last.

There is some sentiment in *A Flash of Summer*, more than enough, perhaps, for the ordinary reader, for the heroine is a most unfortunate young woman not sufficiently remarkable to be interesting, and the hero dies sadly, without warning, just in the last chapter. Not, indeed, that he could subserve a literary purpose by continued existence, for Katherine was married early to a disagreeable personage named Belcher, whom she deserts for obvious reasons, and goes to live elsewhere. Time was when a respectable novelist would remove such conventional hinderances to matrimony by accidental death or suicide, but we are insistent nowadays in demanding an adherence to probabilities, and the tables of mortality show the majority of men live to a ripe age. However, one should not object to the exercise of the life and death prerogative of novelists, for there are verities enough in real life without stubbing one's toes against them in unimportant stories by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Doubtless it would not have been good form for Katherine and her Jim to have gone off to India, bidding defiance to the marriage laws, but it would have given a bold note, a deep tone to a book which has the domestic merit of perfect innocuousness.

It is fortunate for the conventionalities that the author of *At the Gates of Samaria* kills off Thornton Hammerdyke at the moment he does. I am sure something might have happened had there been further delay, for Clytie is possessed of an infinite tenderness for Kent and he, he is thinking to himself—would he always be strong?—when, in a paper he is looking aimlessly over, he finds the husband of his love is dead. However, it is a much more ambitious and interesting story than that of Mrs. Clifford and though no *chef d'œuvre*, is not unworthy of perusal. They are interesting people who compose the dramatis personæ and into the complication enter elemental passions introduced with effect and no little skill. Perhaps it may be objected that the several traits of Clytie are mingled with more color than probability and that no man as sane as Kent would have taken so erroneous, indeed, so ridiculous, a course on discovering his love, yet both are interesting and vigorous conceptions and the courtship of Hammerdyke, the virile African hero, who carries off the beautiful artist, is a competent study in physical magnetism. The incident is gracefully given and adds a distinct element of strength. Perhaps the best part of the story is the revulsion of feeling that comes over Clytie when she comes to realize the coarse animalism of her husband's character. The gradual growth of her repulsion, from shrinking to loathing, is well told, culminating finally in their separation and her return to the old life whose star Kent was. There is a sense of material and no little intelligence in conception in this book, sufficient, at least, to make one look with interest for Mr. Locke's next effort, and hope unlike Mrs. Clifford, he may not be a flash in the pan.

For what especial form of literary consumption Miss Clara Louise Burnham caters I cannot tell. Since her books are published and she figures as a personage, surely there exists a public somewhere sufficiently ill-advised to find her readable. *Sweet Clover* is a tale of the Chicago Exposition and it has the pale merit of innocuous sweetness. One can easily imagine its forming an addition to the libraries of Sunday Schools and Christian Associations throughout New England and Ohio, but it is impossible the elect of the Windy City will regard the enthusiasm of its flat descriptions and the energy of its tiresome commendation as a fit literary expression of their architectural masterpieces. Perhaps it is a preposterous point of view to criticise an unoffending tale because it is not something else, but there is an incentive to irritation at its very immaculateness. The American novel of this type touches a depth of dove-like harmlessness in comparison with which the ordinary English three-volume tale is a veritable penal code.

What an infinitely refreshing consolation to turn from such a book to the last issue of the Balzac translations. *Catherine de Medici*, perhaps, does not represent the talent of the greatest of novelists at highest development, for the episode of the plot is rather cast in the shadow by the wealth of historical background. One might say the melody in it is buried beneath the magnificence of the orchestration. Still it is an immense canvass he give us, and a Rembrandt-like portrait of the great Queen. One can readily realize the temptation to a man of Balzac's dramatic genius the character and career of this guileful, subtle and diplomatic Italian must have offered. Though his sympathy is apparently enlisted on her side, it is curious that the feeling of the reader seems very naturally to espouse the cause of her opponents. The impressions the book leaves are not of a swinging story such as one has from the perusal of an historical romance of Dumas, but that of a series of superb scenes and portraits—the chateau at Blois, the torture of Christophe Lecampus, the picture of Calvin in his home at Lausanne, of Charles IX. and the beautiful Marie Louchet, the wonderful description of the laboratory of the Ruggieri and that final scene in which the great astrologer so impressively details the gospel of the Rosicrucians. In that splendid defense of his science, Lorenzo makes a prediction which one may readily believe is the prophetic conclusion of Balzac himself, whose breadth of vision, great learning and deep knowledge of human nature were the intellectual equipment of a philosopher:

> When religion and royalty are destroyed the people will attack the nobles; after the nobles the rich. When Europe has become a mere troop of men without consistence or stability, because without stability it will fall a prey to brutal conquerors. Twenty times already has the world seen that sight, and Europe is now preparing to renew it. Ideas consume the ages as passions consume men. When man is cured, humanity may possibly cure itself. Science is the essence of humanity, and whoso concerns himself about the essence cares little about the individual life.

ORACLE K. B.

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

Holiday books for children promise to excel the productions of last season in point of merit. The colored illustration contained in the works issued by the Frederick A. Stokes Company of New York are of the first order and possess genuine artistic worth. Among the new books of the season for youngsters, we have received:

"Polly's Lion," by Louise Carnahan, a peculiarly interesting and fascinating story for children, which details with charming cleverness some of the childhood experiences of two little handsome Californians, Polly and Rob Roseberry. It contains touches of tenderness, which brought tears to the eyes of a sensitive young gentlemen of seven to whom I read the story, but there is little of tears within its covers—more of the broad, open sunshine of California fields and mountains. I cordially recommend the story as one which will prove of unfailing interest to children, as it has to the youngster mentioned, who demands the re-reading of a chapter or so from "Polly" almost daily, which is a convincing criticism in itself. Published by the author at 1401 Van Ness avenue. For sale at book stores.

"A Year of Paper Dolls" is a most novel and attractive set of leaflets, eight by ten inches, holding paper dolls and an entire wardrobe—one dress for each month in the year. The designs are most artistic and the coloring excellent, offering a splendid gift for a young miss who has not outgrown the doll era. Price, 75 cents. For sale by Jno. U. Philan, 211 Sutter street.

"Children of Colonial Days" is another handsome volume for the holidays issued by Frederick A. Stokes Company. It is profusely illustrated with full-page color plates after paintings and water-colors by E. Percy Moran, and with decorative borders and other designs. Elizabeth S. Tucker furnishes the letterpress in the shape of new stories and verses, and as with "Fac Similies of Water Colors," by Moran, is a high class holiday gift for children. For sale at Wm. Doxey's. Price $2.50.

"Fac Similes of Water Colors," by Percy Moran, published by Frederick A. Stokes & Co., offers a most aceptable holiday gift. It is exquisitely bound and the illustrations are artistic to the highest degree. Twelve of Moran's water-colors are reproduced with all the quaintness and softness of color of the original. The subjects embrace "Gathering the Holly," "The Old, Old Fairy Tale," "The Minuet," "The Fencing Lesson," "Going to Church," "My Little Ladie," "Battle-dove and Shuttle-cock," "A Curtsy," "Learning to Spin," "The Harpsichord Lesson," "The Old Fire Place," "The Sleigh Ride," For sale at Wm. Doxey's, 631 Market street. Price $4.

BIG CLEARANCE SALE OF
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THE CLASS OF FASHION

While we look with undisguised horror on the strong-minded female who, as Arthur McEwen aptly remarks, leans on the capital W, and whose sex is the only claim she has to the title of "womanly," still, the bread and butter Miss whose innocence and ignorance went hand in hand has completely lost all claim to admiration or appreciation. Comparatively few of the society girls of the period go in for a University education. In the first place they regard it as unnecessary and immaterial; in the second they become too intelligent to appreciate the small talk of the average vacuous society youth. As a general thing college-bred girls do not care much for the frivolous amusements of society—want a fuller life; have aims and other inconvenient things which the average mother and father do not approve of. Girls, to make a success socially, though, have to be well educated; must know Shakespeare pretty well and have a general acquaintance with the modern authors. It is not sufficient to play the piano with moderate skill. Amateurish music nowadays is only appreciated in the Orient, where good professionals do not visit, for in our country, unless one has more than average talent, one is never invited to play or sing a second time. In fact, a girl to be truly cultured, which includes everything, must be interesting, gracious and entertaining. So the modern mother has her trained physically as well as mentally. A few of us are naturally graceful and carry ourselves well, enter a room properly; others again have to be trained even to smile correctly. A Cheshire cat can grin, and we are told that on one occasion Balaam's ass spoke, but only a disciple of Delsarte can run with ease and accuracy the gamut of smiles from those of affection and esteem to the ones which are more bitter than the tears of Niobe. To smile in a truly artistic fashion one must not merely display one's teeth by expanding the lips or jerk the facial muscles, as if wriggling invisible wires. Oh, no, it is only the smile that breaks over the whole face, illuminating the eyes as well as curving the lips, that is worthy of the name. Delsarteans say the lips alone have twelve possible expressions, and that no young woman should enter society till she has the technique of her smile at her command.

Teas continue to hold the popular favor and in New York they have started the Napoleonic Tea. The invitation cards have a golden N surrounded by a laurel wreath and all the participants wear empire gowns copied from old pictures of that period. Green and white, yellow and white and violet flowers are the colors used for decorating. All the flowers are violets, they being the Emporer's favorite blossom. Empire cups and saucers are used by those fortunate enough to possess them. The tables are lighted by Empire candelabra.

Some of the clothes are most bizarre this Winter and some most ungraceful and incongruous. Harmony is mocked and derided. The fashionable woman wears thick, heavy boots, patterned exactly upon those of the men. The soles are half an inch thick. The uppers laced or buttoned with heavy, saucer-like buttons of seal or calf, and the lower portions of patent leather. The theatre bonnets are startling combinations of costly materials, the crowns being tiny cages of glittering rhinestones. About these brilliant centres are twined wreaths of roses, yards of chiffon, twists of velvet, the tails of furry beasties or anything human fancy can devise and milliner execute. Here is an antique poke made of black velvet. The deep scope is faced with loops of black satin ribbon among which glisten two rhinestone wings. Black feathers nod well over the brim and wide streamers tie in a big bow. Of course, only a very young fresh-faced girl could attempt to wear this concoction.

Now we have the rain it is, perhaps, not unseasonable to give a few hints as to how to hold up a skirt gracefully. The left hand is the one with which the dress can be held up most rationally, and the prettiest fashion of clutching it is called the perpendicular grip. The arm is allowed to hang straight down by the side and the dress seized. It is found much more effective and comfortable to keep the arm straight. If one's arm goes too far round it is not only fatiguing but alters the centre of gravity and the woman wobbles along in crab fashion. Then there is the pose with the left arm akimbo; in this attitude the left hand with a little piece of the dress rests on the hip, the elbow sticks out and stabs the unwary comer; it is both bold-looking and extremely ugly. Sometimes the end of the skirt is brought round towards the front and folded over gracefully, but with the weight of haircloth and crinoline it is at best a tiring task to hold up so many yards of skirt. To draw two and three breadths towards the front and hang these over the arm on a level with the heart is now quite out of date. What a pity it is we can't wear a short suitable rainy-day costume cut somewhat after the fashion of that adopted by the Berkeley co-eds instead of wearying ourselves out carrying heavy skirts or else making street-sweepers of ourselves. No one but a woman can know how disagreeable and disgusting it is to have a damp, muddy skirt around one's ankles and if husbands, fathers and brothers only understood what risks their womenkind take they would immediately insist on their donning suitable short attire or else keep them at home.

Here is a pretty girl's ball gown I saw recently, a Parisian importation I believe. It is of white satin with five rows of pearl trimming round the waist and the sleeves and bodice trimmed with pearl sewn net. A knot of green velvet was on the left shoulder and another in front of the left sleeve. The skirt was full and ample and was seamed with pearl trimming.

A very gorgeous cape was in crocodile velvet with a double cape forming sleeves and all trimmed with black fox. I saw also a superb coat of myrtle green velvet with sleeves of black verglas silk (a novelty, resembling ice after a heavy frost) and all the outlines edged with chinchilla. Black satin bretelles were carried up to bows on the shoulders. The seams at the back were carried down below the waist to a point and finished off with black satin tied in a bow.

There are some charming designs for Christmas cards. This year a pretty idea is to write a greeting and have it reproduced as a facsimile on a card. Some girls now make calendars for their "best friends," and a very nice idea is to ask twelve girls to design the different months with pretty etchings and mottoes appropriate to the recipient. Another pretty idea is to have a flag floating on the breeze with words of greeting in gold. The monogram of the sender in blue and red occupies a lower corner.

REFLECTOR.

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WHEN YOU MARRY
you will naturally order your wedding invitations and announcements where you can obtain the finest stock and best workmanship, combined with the *lowest prices*. And you will, in all likelihood, go to PIERSON BROS., 225 Kearny St.

COUNTRY GOSSIP

LOS ANGELES.

My Dear Polly.—I have been to two revival services this week. There were real, shouting, camp-meeting scenes. At the First Methodist Episcopal Church, Evangelist Tatman had the courage to tell a very large and select audience that there was not a Christian among them, but if God had his own way every soul in Los Angeles could be saved. The First Baptists received a repetition of the old doctrine "condemned already" from Evangelist Pratt, who tried to make a deep impression on the audience with threats for their deception and false appearances. The Pacific Gospel Union is in full praying trim and they are nightly being converted there by the dozens. The Women's Guild of St. John's Church opened their bazar yesterday. Music Hall is beautifully and artiscally decorated with palms and potted flowers. "La Revista Pintoresca" was given in the evening. This was a finely executed semi-military drill with performers in Spanish costume. Polly, the young ladies looked lovely and the tableaux were very fine.

Few enthusiastic political meetings have been held this week, but the wives and sweethearts do more street electioneering than formerly.

The Cotillion Club has reorganized and will give a series of Germans outshining anything seen heretofore in this line.

Quite a number of our young people are being engaged and the weddings are to take place in June. Dreadful long engagements, but really it seems necessary. Now, there is Miss Widney, daughter of a Methodist of the deepest dye, she is to become a Catholic and marry Boyle Workman, and it takes just so long to learn the catechism.

Miss Padgham has taken Miss Davis' place in the choir at St. Paul's. Miss Padgham has a sweet soprano voice, and we are glad she is to remain.

"All is well is well that ends well," is just as appropriate to business women as to those who lead in society. Two of our most energetic business women are again happy. One is a dentist who practiced many years in the East before she came to Los Angeles and brought with her a husband, a physician, who dotes on cocaine, who revels in morphine and who is passionately devoted to whiskey and spending money. After ten years of this blissful conduct, Mrs. Dentist applies for a divorce, but because hubby said, for the ten-hundreth time, he would like to reform, she has again condoned his offense, and now they come down town together looking like two turtle doves. The other lady, being of a kind and sympathetic nature, married her cousin, nine years her junior, and not of very sound mind. Their felicity lasted just one year, she sacrificing her health to keep up her business, for she has the finest beauty parlors in town, and support the gay young husband, but all in vain; his little mind left him, and she borrowed the money and sent him home to his mamma. He was not even grateful enough to let her go to the depot to see him start on his journey. Polly, do you think women will learn from these examples? I am sure it ought to make one think before getting engaged anyhow.

Thanksgiving is coming and next time I will tell you about the many things to happen on that day and evening.

Sincerely,

Becky Sharp.

SAN JOSE.

We are getting nothing if not progressive. The social customs of older and more cultured cities are almost viewed with disdain by us. The latest independent effort to illustrate this is a proposed big ball where Misses Kate Dunne, Eva Murphy, Allie Ballou, Colotta Mabury, Rowena Beans, Edna Bowman, and one or two others are to pose as patronesses. These young ladies are not to be members of a reception or any other committee but each is to be a *Patroness*, pure and simple. Now, please don't ridicule the idea. Of course, some of us did laugh a little at the project, but only because of the wonder why the mothers of these young women had not been selected. This apparent slight is readily explained. Our matrons, some of whom you know have not the advantage of a 'Varsity education, are very proud of their daughters, who have had all the privileges, and here is an opportunity for them to shine. I have not listened to those individuals who are supposed to be up in the laws of etiquette, and are so invidiously critical of the project. They are unkind enough to attribute it to thoughtlessness on the part of the bright young women, who have come to the front, while mamma stays in the background. The ball is not for charity, but for the Glee Club, which proposes to visit us next week. Mrs. Frank Wright and Mrs. Dr. Pierce are the originators of the scheme, and as they are said to be good rustlers and supremely exclusive, we are assured that we will not meet any but the *creme a la creme*. These two ladies scrutinized and discussed every invitation issued, and neither house decorators or scullery maids will be there. Our town is becoming so large that "we must be careful," you know. It is, however, very amusing to hear this sentence constantly on the lips of some people.

Strange how a generation or two will blue the blood. Why, young in years as I am, I remember the ancestors of some of these "we must be exclusive" ones. Some of them waiters, others dealt out the fluid of intoxication and to-day, many *of them* possess a brogue broad and rich enough for a newly landed Corkonian.

The party at Mrs. Dr. Pierce's Wednesday evening was quite a pleasant affair and her guests included the Wrights, Beans, Fields, Johnsons, Ruckers, Miss Bowman, Clarence Ureny and Arguellos. Several others were invited, but for some unaccountable reasons neither attended nor sent their regrets, but simply ignored the invitations. It was kind of mean to treat Mrs. Pierce this way as she understands how to entertain better than many who think themselves so much above her because, forsooth, their bank account is a trifle larger.

It is a current rumor that our new Postmaster will soon join the list of the benedicts.

Bessie.

SACRAMENTO.

The social aspect is dismally dark. What is to become of us if this thing continues much longer? No entertainments, absolutely nothing going on.

The Teachers' Institute has been in session this week, and for want of something better to do, many have appeared at the Congregational Church nightly, to listen to what proved stupid lectures. To be sure, the subject of evolution does interest us somewhat. We were inclined to show a little appreciation when Dr. David Starr Jordan, of Palo Alto, discoursed on the subject.

Some of us will go down to attend the Horse Show, but very few. Somehow, up in this part of the country, one doesn't come across the horsey element. Our boys aren't a bit up in horse flesh, in fact, they seem afraid of that kind of animal, for they never drive. To be sure, Louis Hanchette owns a fine roadster, and then Louis is so deliciously sweet to us girls, always ready to take one of us for a drive. Will Chapin, also, owns an interesting little animal, and if he is to be believed, paid a fabulous price for him. But, then, Will is an amateur at driving, but he will learn bye and bye.

The Crouches left for the East, Saturday. Strange, they wouldn't remain for Carrie's wedding. Speaking of the wedding, reminds me, that the Minister has called on most of his parishioners, telling them of his coming nuptials. It is to be regretted that so many unkind things have been said to him.

The customary period of mourning has passed, and why will people always refer to the fact that the memory of the first wife has been forgotten?

Mr. Phinney was married in Oakland last week. When he returns with his bride, he will erect a very pretty home on the Huntington lot, which he recently bought.

The Noites, father and son, have been causing no end of a sensation with their interesting hypnotic and spiritualistic experiments. The audiences have been kept in good spirits, but certainly some embarrassing situations were presented. Rob Richardson has had to submit to all sorts of good-natured chaffing, and he is so bashful, too.

The Club Amico has re-organized and Frank Swain as President will insure its success.

Sister Sue.

November 27, 1894.

Take Bromo-Seltzer for insomnia,
Before retiring. It quiets the nerves.

A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain speaking, was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self-evident fact, she said, loudly enough for every one present to hear: "Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room. Once in the hall she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel the enormity of her unintentional rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize. Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and with the tears still upon her cheeks, "Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so homely!"—*Youth's Companion.*

The tariff discussion brought out one of the crispest replies ever sent by a Washington correspondent to his home office. A managing editor down in Texas wired to his representative here: "Will the free sugar bill pass?" This came on the night when the situation was chaotic, and there were as many conflicting rumors as there were Senators and Representatives to start them. The correspondents were all at sea. This man had been busily engaged all day in trying to get something certain, and when this message came he was thoroughly out of patience. His reply was as strong as telegraph regulations would allow. "In Bible times," ran the message, "they had prophets; but they paid them more than a beggarly fifty dollars a week. I am here to get the news. If you want a prophet, you'd better hire one."—*Kate Field's Washington.*

There is a story told of the Duke of Northumberland, who, in spite of his vast wealth, is very unaffected and simple in his life. Whenever he travels on a railway he usually takes a third class ticket, to the indignation of the railway officials. Upon a day they determined to break him off this frugal habit, and they filled his compartment with chimney sweeps carrying bags of soot. When the Duke arrived at his destination he took the sweeps to the booking office and bought them each a first-class ticket back again, and put one in each first class carriage, sacks and all.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal.*

Cora—"Miss Newrich has a new maid that is a great deal better than her old one."

"Did she tell you?"

"No, but the last note I had from her was spelled, every word of it, correctly."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

All the silver novelties, candlesticks, stamp boxes, game counters, inkstands, etc., for the holidays have arrived. Come and see them at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s, 741 Market street.

All the Rage.

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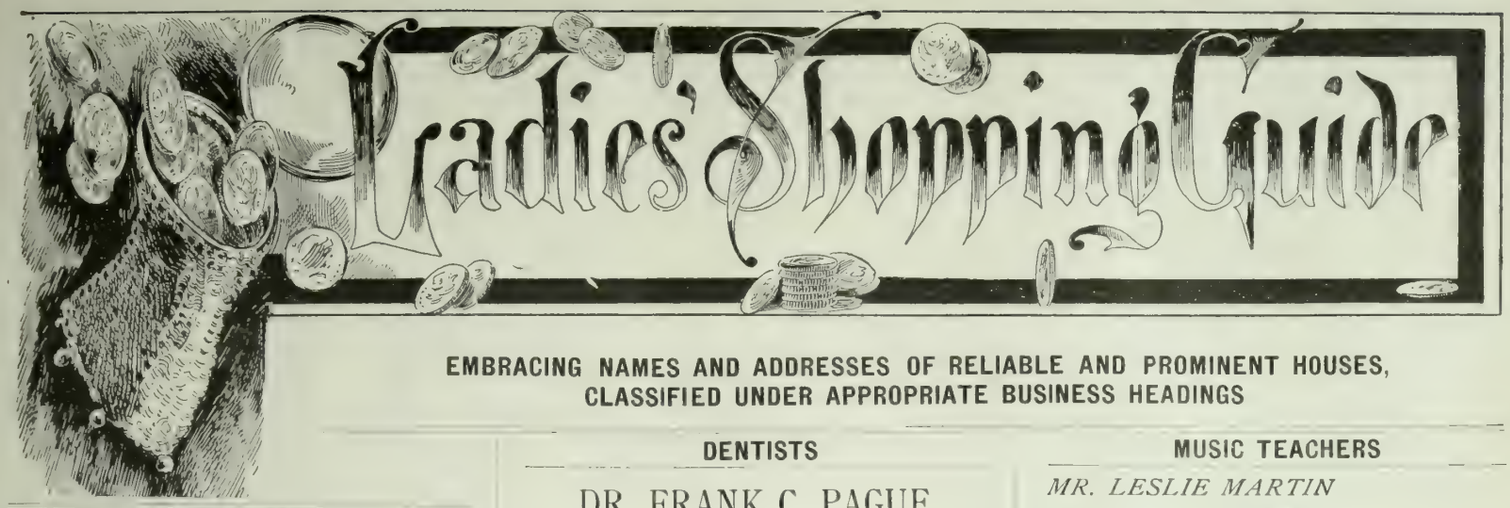

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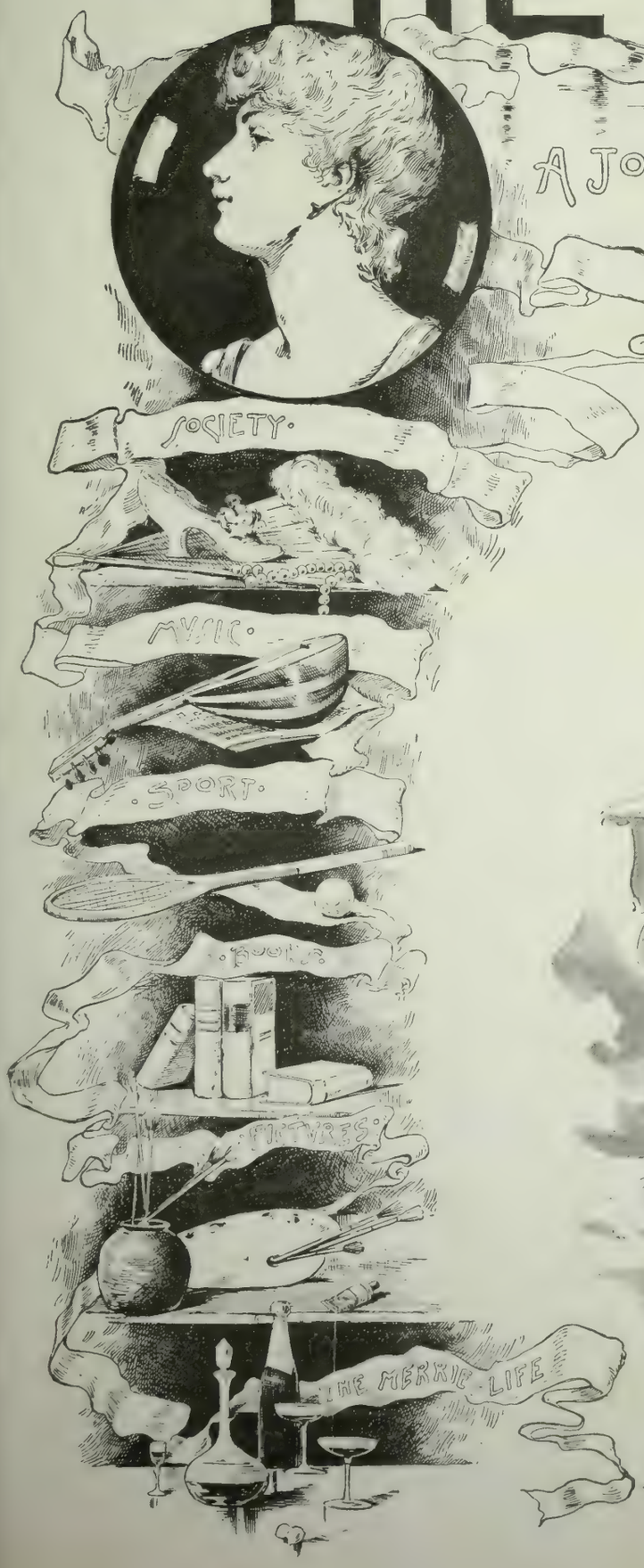

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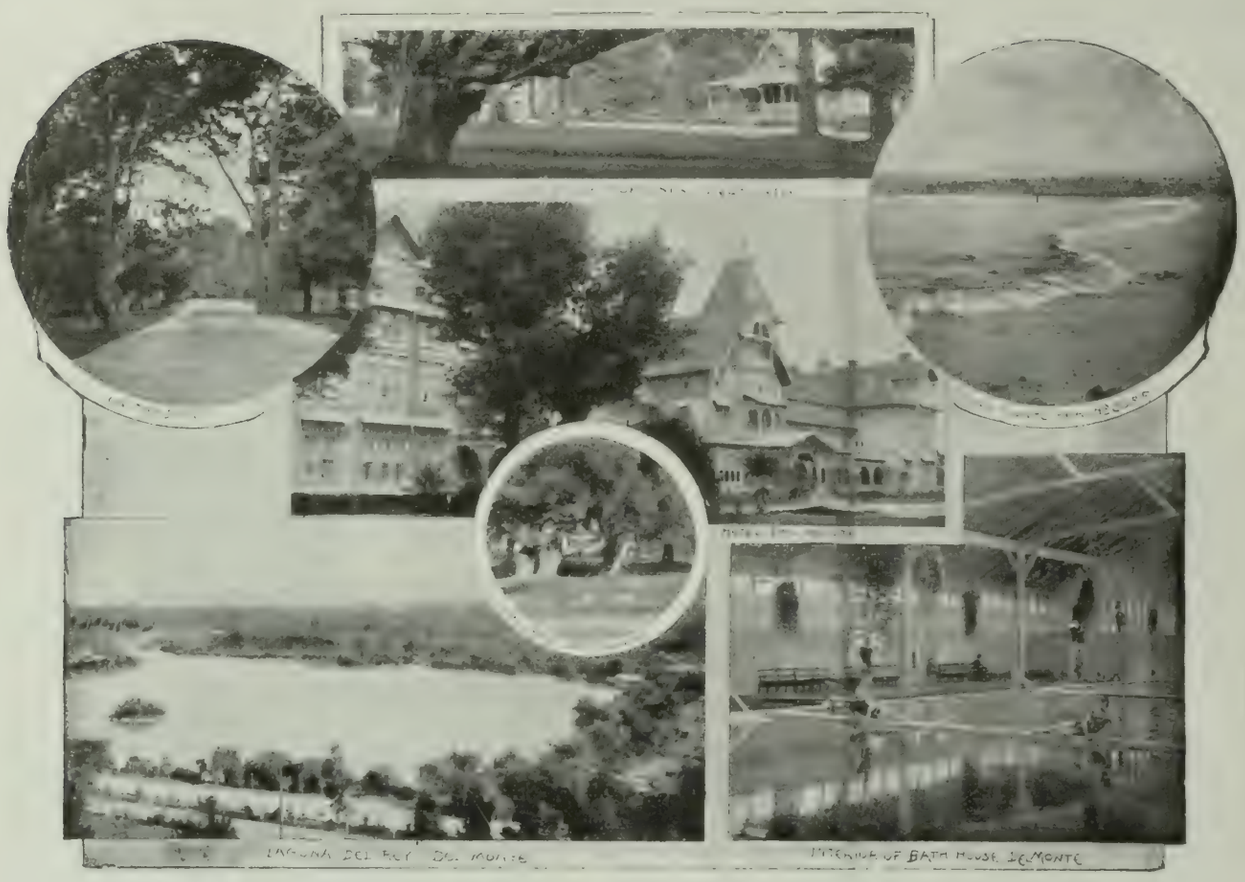

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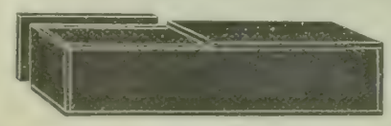

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H. A. Williams and Wm. M. Bryson, Co-partners as William Brown & Co., Plaintiffs, vs John H. Leslie, G. F. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint being filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California send greeting to John H. Leslie, F. G. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons —if served within this City and County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover from you the sum of $2083.38 alleged to be due from you to Plaintiffs for goods, wares and Merchandise heretofore and within two years last past sold and delivered to you by Plaintiff assignors as is fully set forth in the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred for particulars, and for costs of suit, and interest from April 21st 1892.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum of $2,083.38, interest and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord, our thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

M. C. HALEY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. J. HENEY, Deputy Clerk.

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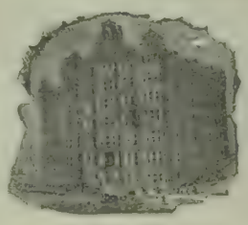

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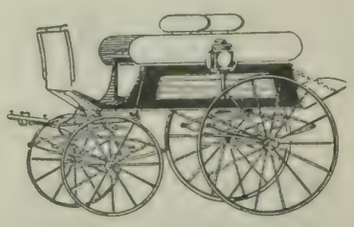

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SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 8, 1894

MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT.

Some weeks ago we took occasion to demonstrate, and strangely enough it needed demonstration, that bad city government was not a partisan matter. In a later article we promised to illustrate the wide influence which good city government, once firmly established, would exert upon the politics of the State and even upon that of the nation. To arrive at anything like fair estimate of the beneficent results which will flow from this innovation a glance at the growth of American cities and the percentages of population they now contain is indispensable. But three per cent of our forefathers lived in cities in 1789, in fact, as late as the year 1800 there existed in the United States but six cities with a population exceeding eight thousand, the largest having less than seventy-five thousand inhabitants. At this date the percentage had increased but one per cent. The founders of our government little dreamed of the rapid strides the then infant nation would make within a century, and large if not overpowering influence municipalities would exert in the government of the state and nation.

In 1860, the number of cities having a population of eight thousand increased to one hundred and forty and in the next thirty years to four hundred and eighty seven until now it is estimated that thirty per cent of the entire population of the United States live in such cities and that the four largest municipalities of the Union contain nearly ten per cent of the whole number. In the State of New York sixty-one per cent of the population live in cities of eight thousand inhabitants and upwards. These figures give a fair idea of the importance to the nation of honest municipal government. Cities are the home of the Boss, the environment is conducive to his success. Large masses of ignorant and manageable voters, numerous offices and opportunities for jobbing, coupled with the lack of interest of the respectable element, contribute to one end—the growth of the corrupt politician. Given the political control of the six principal cities of this State and you have conceded to the Boss a trading power which insures him the control of State Convention and ultimately, State administration. The unorganized majority from the interior portions of the State is no match for the organized municipal manipulators. It must be evident that if the Non-Partisan good government is to obtain in municipalities the Boss will be deprived of the numerous offices and opportunities for plunder, and the urban political power will rest upon a healthier and sounder foundation, which will of necessity exclude fro n participation the tricksters who have fattened upon political plunder for so many years. Even though the municipal elector fail to carry his exertions into State politics, the mere fact that municipal politics is no longer within the control of the Boss will, of itself, militate against his chances of electing delegates even from the worst quarters. Stripped of his municipal power, he will have no standing in the State Conventions, his power in the Legislature, which emanates from the city members, will be gone, he will have no voice in the selection of United States Senators, no control over Harbor Commissioners, judicial appointments, or any of the hundred and one public offices the patronage from which affords him opportunity to reward his workers. What is true of California is true of every other State in the Union. The root of corruption is in the cities. Destroy its root there and more than half the battle for good government has been won.

Admitting that the efforts of the *Examiner* to collect a fund for the establishment of a ward for incurables in the Children's Hospital to be a good advertisement for that journal, then speed the hour when every great daily emulate the example and adopt a similar course.

A QUESTION FOR MR. LEEDS.

We would be glad to have Mr. Leeds, or any member of the Traffic Association, explain some of the anomalies which confront one who is searching for light on the vexed railroad question and attempting to reconcile facts and theories. Our columns are open for a free discussion of this subject, and to that end we will print at fair length any communication which Mr. Leeds or his associates may contribute.

The anomalies which present themselves to view are these, and while framing them we are filled with confusion lest hidden beneath these very plain and simple facts there may lurk some sinister and ill-smelling job we wot not of. If so, let the fault of our future misconception rest with the better informed who remain silent, with a knowledge of our desire for light.

Under the acts of Congress of 1862 and 1864, it was provided that the Central Pacific Rail road Company, upon the completion of every twenty miles of its railroad, should have and receive from the United States Government sixteen of its $1,000, 30 year, 6 per cent bonds for each mile of road constructed. These bonds were to constitute a second lien upon the property in question. The act of 1862 provided for the payment of the bonds :

First, by applying all the charges for Government transportation toward their liquidation.

Second, by establishing a sinking fund of five per cent of the net earnings.

By the subsequent act of 1864 only one-half of the amount charged for Government service was to be retained by the Government, the remainder to be paid to the corporation. The reader of to-day will look with high scorn upon a five per cent sinking fund and one-half the charge for Government transportation as an idle and senseless provision, entirely inadequate to accomplish the end desired. Yet in that day it was considered all sufficient. Hopes always exceed realizations. The legislator of 1864 had only the lights of the day to guide him. The reports of the War Department at that time showed the Government to be paying for transportation alone, to the regions covered by the Pacific railroad surveys, the enormous sum of eight millions of dollars per annum, one-half of which would net a handsome annual payment of itself. This figure did not include either the transportation of troops or the transmission of the mails, part of which was carried by steamer via Panama and part by stage across the continent. It was upon the hypothesis, partially, that the necessity for the transportation of troops and munitions of war to the west would not decrease, much less almost cease entirely, that Congress legislated. It was mistaken. With the advent of the railroad Indian wars practically ceased, and with them terminated that particular source of expense to the Government and anticipated revenue to the railroad.

It became apparent several years after the completion of the roads that the requirements of the original bill in respect to the sinking fund and the proportion of transportation to be withheld were entirely inadequate to meet the debt at maturity. The Congress of 1864 had erred in its calculations, and new and more burdensome requirements were necessary if the Government was to receive its money within the stipulated time. To cure this shortsightedness, Congress, as it had a right to do, altered its original contract, and fixed another and, to itself, more satisfactory stipulation for the payment of the money. This was accomplished by the famous Thurman Bill which provided:

First, That the Government should retain *all* the compensation which might from time to time be due the railroad companies for Government transportation, and

Second, Increased the percentage of net

earnings to be deposited as a sinking fund from five to twenty-five per cent.

This legislation was regarded by the country as wise and adequate. Stringent penalties were attached to a failure to observe its requirements, and, after testing its legality in the courts, the railroad company has paid into the treasury of the Government every dollar which the provisions of the bill exact. Senator Thurman drew this bill, and Congress acted upon it with the interest of the Government alone in view. The earnings of the overland roads in 1878 justified the assumption that twenty-five per cent of their net earnings would liquidate the indebtedness before maturity. Had the revenues of the roads remained unchanged it would have done so. But Congress was again mistaken. Competition, division of traffic resulting from the completion of other trans-continental lines, suspension of work on the Comstock, *reductions in rates*, made necessary by the exigencies of the times, gradually reduced the income of the corporations until twenty-five per cent of the net earnings, the amount determined by Congress as all sufficient, became wholly inadequate to meet the payment of the bonds. Here lies the nub of our contention.

Had the corporation maintained its rates of fares and freights to the standard of 1878 the Government debt would have been paid.

The inability to pay is consequent upon the inadequacy of the percentage prescribed by law to meet the requirements of the bonds, and the inadequacy of the twenty-five per cent is attributable to the reduction in freights and fares, which manifestly has inured to the benefit of the State and to the disadvantage of the corporation. In the face of this inadequate earning capacity and notwithstanding the evil consequences resulting from past reductions in rates we have on one hand a Traffic Association, employing Mr. Leeds at a salary of $10,000 per annum, attempting to further diminish the Governmental payments by crippling the corporation's ability to earn, through reductions in fares and freights, while on the other hand a demand is going up that the Government take possession of the corporation's property because freight rates and fares have been so reduced that the percentage of net earnings has fallen short of an amount necessary to liquidate the Government debt when due. The citizen, so far as can be learned, who has for years clamored for a reduction of railroad rates, and a consequent reduction of net earnings, is the same citizen who is declaiming for Government foreclosure, now that the corporation is unable to meet its obligations at maturity, through acceding to his demands for reductions.

Will some one explain this anomaly?

SOME NEW CURRENCY PLANS.

It was stated on good authority that a dis agreement existed among the members of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet as to the wisdom of his plan of outlining, in his message to Congress, an administration financial policy. Under existing conditions with the Democratic South in open and emphatic hostility to the President's "sound money gold standard" policy, any plan he might have outlined which failed to include the rehabilitation of silver would not have been accepted by the party below Mason and Dixon's line, nor by the West, which is directly interested in silver. His message, therefore, if it treated upon this subject, could, at best, have been but an administration measure, rather than a party policy and if adopted at all by Congress could only have been done by the coalition of the "sound money" Republicans and Democrats in both houses.

The cabinet members disagreeing with Mr. Cleveland recommended, that as nothing could be accomplished at the coming session of Congress, any definite plan the administration might present could only result in irritation and trouble, and they urged upon him to abandon all idea of outlining a plan of financial reform and confine himself to recommending the appointment of a monetary commission to sit during next summer and devise a plan to be reported to the next Congress. The advocates of the monetary commission approved a bill, supposed to emanate from the Chicago Chamber of Commerce, which provides that the President shall appoint seven Commissioners who shall constitute a Monetary Commission of a non-partisan character to investigate the nature and workings of each kind of money now in use in the United States, and report upon the nature of the monetary standard which will best insure a favorable and permanent influence on the trade of the United States. Commissions are, generally speaking, formal frauds that gather testimony which disproves their own conclusions. A commission of this character would serve no purpose except to postpone action.

Another plan which met the approval of the friends of sound money is known as the "Baltimore Plan," and adopted by the American Bankers' Association at its annual convention at Baltimore. It contemplates a substitute for the present system of National Bank note currency based upon Government bonds, provides for the issue of bank currency based upon paid-up bank capital, to the amount of fifty per cent, the average circulation to be taxed one half of one per cent. There is also included in the plan an "emergency circulation" of twenty-five per cent subject to an additional tax heavy enough, it was thought, to discourage such additional issue except in emergencies and to insure its speedy retirement when the cause for its issue is removed. The banks of issue are to deposit in the United State Treasury five per cent of their circulation, as a common fund for the redemption of notes of insolvent banks, and in case the fund prove insufficient, the Government will supply the deficit from the National Treasury. The Government is to be protected by a first lien upon the assets of insolvent banks, and is to exercise at the expense of the banks a supervision over their affairs. There are numerous other plans which were recommended to the President and are interesting in view of the fact that they will probably be discussed this session, all of which have for their object, apparently, an increase in the circulating medium without resorting to silver and so compromising with the South, which has not the same sentimental feeling for the white metal pervading the West and which demands its rehabilitation from a more selfish standpoint as a means of increasing the National currency. We need refer to but two of these plans. One involves the retirement of U. S. Treasury notes in favor of bonds at a low rate of interest, which may be used up to their face value by banks as a basis for the issue of circulating notes; and the other, the issue of convertible bonds and notes direct to citizens without the intervention of the banks. In this latter plan it is proposed that the citizen may deposit his bonds and have currency issued to him directly, as his necessities or the demands of trade may dictate, the bonds to be delivered back to him on a redeposit of the currency advanced by the Government. Incidentally it may be remarked that the United States has now probably the largest per capita circulation of currency in its history, and in fact, larger than any other country in the world except France. Hence it is reasonable to suppose that if commercial and industrial prosperity depended upon an inflated per capita, prosperity would be more in evidence to-day, and that there is some other and more potent factor which hides beneath the cloak of commercial depression. So far as we have been vouchsafed a sight of the President's financial policy, he has evidently shifted the burden upon the shoulders of the Secretary of the Treasury. Until the report and recommendations of Carlisle are at hand there is no room for criticism upon the skeleton outline contained in the telegraphic report.

Arthur H. Smith, in his book, "Chinese Characteristics," remarks their utter lacking of public spirit, in proof of which, he says: "Not only do the Chinese feel no interest in that which belongs to the 'public,' but all such property, if unprotected and available, is a mark for theft. Paving-stones are carried off for private use, and square rods of the brick facing to city walls gradually disappear. A wall enclosing a foreign cemetery in one of the ports of China was carried away till not a brick remained, as soon as it was discovered that the place was in charge of no one in particular. It is not many years since an extraordinary sensation was caused in the Imperial Palace, at Pekin, by the discovery that extensive robberies had been committed on the copper roofs of some of the buildings within the forbidden city. It is a common observation among the Chinese that, within the eighteen provinces, there is no one so imposed upon and cheated as the Emperor." We have seen a street in San Francisco stripped of its wooden pavements and wheeled away to furnish firewood for home consumption. The stripping of the copper roofs of the Imperial Palace has been duplicated in San Francisco where the sheet lead was stripped from the roof of the City Hall, and when replaced was stripped again.

PLAN FOR A CONSTITUTIONAL MONETARY SYSTEM.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION.

There are now eight kinds of paper money in circulation in the United States amounting to $900,000,000.

The private specific coin contracts amount to $2,500,000,000, and the bonded debt of the United States, which is increasing, to near $1,000,000,000. The debts of the States, counties and municipalities is something enormous. The credit paper now in existence, excluding France and England, is $4,000,000,000. If this amount of debt is to be paid in gold coin, as per arrangement of the financial conspirators, the question involuntary arises—where is all the gold coin to be obtained?

These figures give an idea of the success of the conspiracy in adopting the system of the Bank of England, of issuing notes upon credit and deposits, and making them payable in gold coin. That the use of credit paper has driven silver coin out of circulation, and given to the bond-holding bankers the opportunity to make gold coin, only, the ultimate money of redemption of that almost incomprehensible debt is indisputable. The people of the United States who have been so grievously spoliated have had recent experience of the audacity of the conspirators in promoting a loan of $100,000,000, payable in gold coin, on ten-year interest-bearing bonds. The motive for the loan was not only the interest to be derived, but also to perpetuate the greenback issue to the exclusion of silver.

The purpose of the loan was well understood by those engaged in procuring it, and, to their shame, be it said, there are those calling themselves Democrats who countenance the evil course of the administration which is disintegrating the party that Jefferson organized a hundred years ago, to resist class legislation and promote the welfare of the unclassified people whom he loved so well. It must be apparent, even to the most obtuse, that we have reached the parting of the ways and must henceforth follow either

the road which leads to Constitutional Finance or that to Revolution.

There can now be no doubt that the majority of all parties in the United States is convinced that the world-wide industrial paralysis and distress is the result of the conspiracy to demonetize silver, for the aggrandizement of the bondholders, and has determined that the alliance which has existed for more than a generation between the Federal Government and the money-changers shall be dissolved; that the latter shall hereafter be restricted to their legitimate function of preying upon the necessities, the profligacies and the speculative manias of their customers.

ORIGIN OF PAPER AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF MONEY.

In the year 1609 the Bank of Amsterdam was established. Other banking institutions preceded it, but they were not immediately connected with the systems that have since sprung up and which may be directly traced to that bank—a bank of deposit only, a mere store-house for safe-keeping the precious metals and facilitating the vast system of exchanges which then centered there. "The whole system," says Mr. Calhoun, "was the most simple and beautiful that could be imagined. The depositor, in delivering his bullion or coin, in store, received credit estimated at the standard value in the books of the bank and a certificate of deposit for the amount that entitled the holder to withdraw the deposit on payment of a moderate fee for the expense and hazard of safe-keeping. These certificates became in time the circulating medium of the community, performing, as it were, the hazard and drudgery, while the precious metals, which they in truth represented guilder for guilder, lay quietly in store without being exposed to wear and tear or losses incident to actual use. It was thus that a paper currency was created possessing all the solidity, safety and uniformity of a metallic currency, with the facility belonging to that of paper. Out of this system grew the bank of deposit, discount and circulation.

ORIGIN OF PAPER AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR MONEY.

The Bank of England was incorporated in 1694, eighty-five years after that of Amsterdam and was the first bank of deposit, discount and circulation. Its capital was £1,200,000, consisting wholly of Government stock, bearing an interest of eight per cent per annum. Its notes were received in the dues of the Government and the public revenue was deposited in the bank. As a bank of deposit it was authorized to receive deposits, not simply for safe-keeping, to be returned when demanded by the depositor, but to be used and loaned out for the benefit of the institution. As a bank of discount and circulation it issued its notes on the faith of its capital stock and deposits or discounted bills of exchange and promissory notes.

Notwithstanding the dissimilarity of features which the system had assumed in passing from a mere bank of deposit to a bank of deposit, discount and circulation, the operation of the latter was confounded throughout this long period as regards the effects on currency with the bank of deposit. Its notes were universally regarded as representing gold and silver, and as depending on that representation exclusively for their circulation; as much so as did the certificates in the original Bank of Amsterdam. No one thought that they could retain their credit for a moment after they ceased to be convertible into the metals on demand, nor were they supposed to have the effect of increasing the aggregate amount of the currency. In a word, they were in the public mind as completely identified with the metallic currency as if every note in circulation had laid up in the vaults of the bank an equal amount, pound for pound, with which all its paper could be converted the moment it was presented. All this was a great delusion. The issues of the bank never did represent, from the first, the precious metals. Instead of the *representatives* its notes were in reality *substitutes* for coin. Every note circulated became the substitute for so much coin, and dispensed with it in circulation, thereby depreciating the value of the precious metals and diminishing in the same degree their supply by rendering mining less profitable. The system assumed gold and silver as the basis of its circulation, and yet by the laws of its nature, just as it increased, just in the same proportion its foundation was undermined and weakened. The conflict between bank circulation and metallic is mortal. One or the other must perish in the struggle. This system took root in our country when, in 1781, the Bank of North America was established with a capital of $400,000, having all the features of its prototype the Bank of England."

BILLS OF CREDIT.

By the Articles of Confederation, Congress was empowered to emit bills of credit if nine States assented thereto. A bill of credit is paper designed to circulate as money and which does so circulate, in the ordinary affairs of life, upon the credit of the Government which emits it. Prior to the formation of the present Constitution $240,000,000 of such bills had been emitted.

The distress occasioned thereby convinced the people of that day that the power to issue fiat money, wheresoever vested, was an intolerable evil, and determined the Convention to prohibit Congress and the States from resorting to it. When the Constitution was under consideration by the Convention the Committee of Detail reported in Art. 7, Sec. 1: "The Legislature of the United States shall have the power to borrow money, and emit bills, on the credit of the United States." "In Convention, August 16, 1787, Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved to strike out and emit bills on the credit of the United States."

On that motion more than three-fourths of the States voted aye.

The purpose of the convention to prevent the class which is ever ready to purchase legislation for its own aggrandizement was further demonstrated by its refusal to delegate power to Congress to grant a charter of incorporation for any purpose whatever, more than two-thirds of the States voting in the negative. The power to emit bills of credit and to grant charters of incorporation were therefore not only not delegated but were, by a recorded vote, denied. Thus, then, there is not even room to cavil about the power of Congress to issue paper as money or to grant charters of incorporation to establish banks, to cut canals, or for any other purpose.

The monetary system here proposed for adoption is that prescribed by the Constitution, but supplemented by receipts of deposit, to facilitate the transfer of coin; the receipts being analogous to those certificates which the honest Belgians circulated for more than two hundred years, without the loss of a single dollar to the holder. The lawful receipts of deposit are substituted for all forms of paper which have been circulated as money. The following legislation is proposed:

EXCHANGE OF GOLD AND SILVER BULLION FOR COIN.

Section 1 of an act shall provide that all gold and silver bullion produced in the United States, or which may be brought therein, shall be taxed — per ounce; provided, however, that if the owner of said bullion or his agent shall present the same at any mint of the United States for coinage said owner or his agent shall receive therefor the exact value of said bullion in coin, and the proper officer of said mint shall give to said owner, or his agent, an order on the Independent Treasury for the said value, payable in coin. All bullion received at the mints of the United States shall be coined as rapidly as the facilities for coinage will admit, and said coin shall be transmitted to the Independent Treasury as soon as coined and no bullion or bars shall be furnished by the mints to any individual or corporation. As all the gold and silver bullion produced in the United States or brought therein can be used in trade and commerce, the purpose is to establish equality of gold and silver bullion and coin by the method of exchange; to obtain for the use of the people of the United States the entire gold and silver bullion product of their mines for coinage into money and to prevent said bullion becoming a purchasable or marketable commodity for any purpose whatever, until after coinage into money.

INDEPENDENT TREASURY.

Sec. 2. An Independent Treasury shall be established with an adequate number of Independent Treasury depositaries and provision for a Treasurer and deputies. The purpose of the Independent Treasury is for the deposit of all money coined at the mints of the United States and of the receipts of deposit provided by Congress as the representatives of coin; for the deposit of coin presented in exchange for receipts of deposit and for the safe-keeping of all coin deposited, but no money authorized by the constitution to be levied and collected to pay the debts of the United States, and provide for the common defense and general welfare, and which is in the possession of the United States for that purpose, shall be deposited therein, nor shall any money, the property of any State, be so deposited.

RECEIPTS OF DEPOSIT.

Sec. 3. Shall provide for receipts of deposit of the denomination of coins of the United States, which receipts shall be the exclusive paper circulating medium of the United States, and which shall be evidence of coin on deposit in the independent treasury, and interchangeable therewith for the amount represented by said receipts, on presentation at any independent treasury depositary.

FORM OF RECEIPT.

UNITED STATES INDEPENDENT TREASURY RECEIPT OF DEPOSIT.

No.——— $———

Received for deposit at the Independent Treasury, $———, in coin. This receipt is interchangeable with $———, in coin, on deposit in the United States Independent Treasury on presentation at any Independent Treasury Depositary.

———Treasurer.

As Congress has the exclusive power to coin money, it has, as incident thereto, the power to enact a law, "necessary and proper," for the transfer of said coin as a medium of exchange. The plan of giving receipts of deposit of the denominations of coins of the United States is unexceptionable, as they are not bills of credit nor any form of paper money, and are indubitably constitutional.

CONTRACTS FOR PAYMENT IN SPECIFIC COIN UNLAWFUL.

Sec. 4. All contracts for payment of debts in specific coin shall be unlawful.

When gold and silver bullion have been subjected to coinage, and their value regulated by determining the number of specific grains of each, which shall constitute the denominated unit—the dollar—the metals so coined and regulated lose their identity as such by their conversion into money, and any contract or device to limit the payment of a debt to specific gold or silver coin is a violation of the statute, the object of which, by fixing their relative values, is, to establish a unit, from which to deduce the value of all other commodities. That such contracts are unconstitutional and unlawful, and depend for enforcement entirely upon judicial legislation, in the interest of capital, is beyond cavil.

a. They are a device to deprive the debtor of his constitutional and legal right to tender money of regulated value in payment of his debt.

b. Such contracts cause disparity in value between the favored and the disfavored coin by increasing the demand for the one, thus enhancing its value, and diminishing the use, and consequently, the value of the other.

c. They affect all contracts made in the undiscriminated money of the statute, as, in compliance with it, the debtor may lawfully tender in payment coin which has been depreciated by contracts for payment in specific coin.

d. They are inducements to coin and fluctuate its value.

e. They substitute the dollar of the contract for the dollar of the statute and practically establish two standards of value, the lawful and the factitious.

If, instead of the financial policy of the conspirators who for more than thirty years, with the consent of every President, have, through special legislation, plundered the Treasury and transferred the earnings of the masses to the coffers of the few, there be initiated and perfected the necessary legislation to make an equal exchange of gold and silver bullion and coin; to obtain all domestic and imported gold and silver bullion for coinage; to prevent bullion becoming a marketable commodity before coinage; to provide an Independent Treasury with depositaries adequate to the needs of bankers and their customers; to provide receipts of deposit interchangeable with coin and of denominations of the coins of the United States; to prevent disparity in the standard of value by contracts for the payment of debts in specific coin; to replace with gold and silver coin and receipts of deposit all forms of paper money and defeat the conspiracy to assimilate our gold and silver medium of exchange to that of the Bank of England, then the safest, simplest, least fluctuating and most convenient monetary medium will be that of the United States and must in time be adopted by all civilized nations.

M. N. MAGINNIS.

THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

The Union for Practical Progress asks those who desire to join in its work to kindly send their address to Mr. John M. Wallis, 2425 Post street, with the following blank filled out:

SAN FRANCISCO

Union for Practical Progress

C. C. TERRILL, President. J. M. WALLIS, Secretary.

Regular meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month at

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE, 16 Post St.

.....1894.

To the Secretary
Union for Practical Progress.
J. M. WALLIS,
2425 Post St., San Francisco.

DEAR SIR:—I would be pleased to aid in the work of the Union for Practical Progress.

I am most interested in the subject of.....

..... and shall be pleased to devote some time to the furtherance of reform.

Name.....

Address.....

SPLASHES

BICYCLING SUFFERED a temporary eclipse this week due, undoubtedly, to the weather. The idea of excursionizing in the park with the wind blowing a gale and the rain pelting cold drops over one's features is calculated to chill even the exuberance of enthusiasts. I am convinced that the eclipse is but transient for the fad has a strong hold on the smart set and the exercise is too enjoyable to be readily relinquished. Whoever would see Society in bloomers may take an early car to the park the next fine morning and glut his eyes on belles and debutantes astride of their wheels, darting merrily and swiftly over the smooth gravelled roads of the city's pleasure ground. The prevailing costume is the short, divided skirt, top boots or leggins, topped off with a soft felt hat or cap. Though the combination has a certain picturesqueness of effect, I cannot agree with some partial critics who declare they have never seen the girls look better than on bicycle-back. Certainly the vigor of the exercise reddens cheeks, pale from over-indulgence in theatre parties and late suppers. Their complexions glow with health and strength for the pastime is tremendously invigorating, but the general effect is more eccentric than harmonious.

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However, advocates of the New Womanliness declare the adoption of bloomers by Society presages an era of dress reform. There is no intention of confining the custom to cycleries or gymnasiums they declare, and announce it will be but a matter of time ere the streets are perambulated by ladies in divided skirts. It seems, therefore, that the terrors of the future are not exclusively religious. There is the consolation of realizing one becomes habituated to almost anything, and why not to ladies in trousers? Among the girls whose figures become the costume better than their sisters is Miss Bessie Shreve, in black, a Norfolk jacket, bloomers, jersey, leggings and Alpine hat, whose style heads the list for nattiness. Close in her wake is Miss Maud O'Connor, in grey, whose expertness is quite notable. She coasts down the hill with perfect ease and abandon. The best rider of all, though, is Miss Mary Belle Gwin, who scorns a woman's wheel and dares the dangers of the straight-back bicycle. The meets are well worth witnessing.

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SAN FRANCISCO is never happy without a craze. It is football one time, the Horse Show later; again we have Women's Rights and the community turns out to conventions and lectures. It is an age since we have enjoyed a temperance outburst and a social purity convulsion is overdue months ago. At the moment the craze is charity. Every evening some institution has a benefit. Every Saturday some one gives a tea or holds a bazaar for some kindergarten or hospital. The spirit of all this is admirable, most eminently commendable, indeed, but are we not having too much of it? I wonder if the ladies who sold such piles of turkeys and produce in the store on Post street realize that they really diverted money out of the pockets of struggling dealers dependent for their small profits on the people who made a virtue out of their purchases of Thanksgiving Day luxuries. This is an important view to take, however immaterial it be. The margin between cost and selling price on the articles dealt in by our poulterers and vegetable dealers is but small. Surely, there is competition enough between the various markets without the Orphan asylums, hospitals or sanitariums entering the field. It is not fair.

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JOURNALISTIC NOVELTIES have been so rare of late that we can all afford to rejoice over the *Examiner's* Christmas edition scheme. It promises to be an issue of exceptional interest, and whoever is responsible for so original an idea should certainly receive a laurel wreath. Last year, at the time the ladies of the Century and other eminent clubs organized a crusade against sensational journalism, Mr. Hearst offered to its leading spirits the privilege of editing an issue of the paper in order to afford a practical demonstration of their theories. The conditions were exceedingly liberal, but the feminine critics declined to take advantage of so admirable an opportunity, because they assigned to the Monarch the purpose of poking fun at them next day. Of course, the Christmas issue is a very different proposition. Whether Mrs. Pixley, Mrs. Spreckels, Mrs. Mills and Mrs. Harvey can really produce the paper according to the ethics and etiquette of average journalism without professional assistance is something no one may tell until the time comes. Still, however fearful and wonderful the result, one certainty there is, every one in town will buy it, and Charity will be the gainer.

* * *

I can quite understand how eagerly the ladies availed themselves of the opportunity, for it will furnish an unparalleled excitement and an unique experience. I cannot see how the news features can possibly be of especial value though a Society maiden's report of a police court proceeding should make admirable reading. It may be assumed however, that the best part of the preparation will be done beforehand, for even journalese is very hard to write unless one is habituated to phrase-making, and the average literary skill extends no further than letter-writing; who knows but that a degree of talent may be developed in unexpected quarters. There are in Society a number of bright women who, had they the incentive, might write well—Miss McKinstry and Miss Hager for instance. Miss Goad, Miss Hobart, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Hoffman, Miss Jolliffe, are all clever and capable, and I am sure their views on most topics would be valuable as well as entertaining. But all that, the great edition will develop.

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ONE OF THE jolliest parties on record was the "Hard Times" gathering given the men of the Concordia's Friday Night Rowing Club by the girl members thereof. So far this winter there has been little entertaining done, the males failing to take advantage of several first nights to have theater parties, attributing their neglect to economy enforced by hard times and the assessment. As the organization includes on its rolls the names of some very wealthy young men, this was an excuse that could not be allowed to go untaxed. Revenge was planned and executed about this way: On Monday night last the male members met at the Cerf's residence and were escorted by the girls to the Baldwin Theater, where seats in the gallery had been reserved for them. Much to their astonishment and consternation they found themselves seated in the very front row, in full view of a host of friends below. Each girl had a bag of peanuts and there was nothing for it but to accept the situation. This was done with equanimity. On emerging, the club found itself the center of a crowd of friends, who were curious to know the wherefore of the ascent, but before explanations could be made the girls whisked their partners off to the home of Miss Ida Fisher, on Washington street, where an unique supper was served.

* * *

The table was spread with brown butcher paper; the plates were of tin or of cardboard; the chairs on which the men sat were of the most dilapidated character, while the girls contented themselves with soap boxes. There were pewter spoons and forks; in fact, in every feature but the food the idea of hard times was conveyed. It was great fun for the participants, however, and I believe the hint has not been wasted, inasmuch as some very jolly affairs have been arranged for the early future.

* * *

There is considerable anticipation around over the Concordia Club's New Year's ball. It is to be a brilliant affair, I believe, with special features, and the directors hope to bring out, if possible, the entire strength of the membership. On the same night the Verein ball occurs—the first formal festivity given in its new quarters. That, too, will be an elaborate function, and who knows but into the preparations just a shade of rivalry may pass. The usual characteristic of the twin entertainments is that the Verein has most girls and the Concordia, generally an overplus of men.

* * *

The Euchre Club which has fortnightly meetings at the homes of its members had at its last convocation, at the Saalberg residence, a special entertainment after the games were over; the chairs were pre-arranged in the fashion of "Philomath," and under the supervision of Miss Brooks and Miss Saalberg, a special session in initation of that exalted literary organization was given. There is generally a good deal of fun poked at "Philomath," both by the irreverent among its own members, who object to the all prevading seriousness of its tone, and by outsiders who find its deep discussions extremely amusing. However, the parody was very funny. Miss Brooks, as president, interviewing the subjects and conducting the meeting in a most amusing way. Her opening speech was particularly clear. Of course, there was the "query box," but the questions asked were indescribably weird and their announcement created a great deal of fun and laughter.

* * *

THOUGH the night was damp and the air cold Society was adequately represented at Lieutenant Jephson's lecture. Though by no

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means a heaven-born orator the young explorer has an agreeable style and his text was full of color and incident. He was plenteously applauded; there were desultory bursts of appreciation whenever he paused for breath, and at the end of his paragraphs he had to await the termination of salvœs of hand-clapping. The Heads were highly delighted over the reception accorded their future son-in-law and he beamed with satisfaction and contentment. I am told the marriage will take place sooner than was originally anticipated inasmuch as the settlements have been made after considerable negotiation and no little trouble, I am told. According to the report that comes to me, Miss Head is to have $100,000 settled on her—quite a respectable amount these dull, hard times.

* * *

An interesting piece of gossip alleging the intention of Mrs. Langtry to come to California is whispered at the Pacific-Union. To a friend of her's here the Jersey Lily writes that she hopes to finish the Summer of her life in Lake County. It seems her later ventures have not been specially successful, but she is still a rich woman and the beauty of Clear Lake has always appealed to her. Most people remember that she and Freddy Gebhardt owned adjoining ranches there, on which they raised stock. The results of the enterprise were the reverse of lucrative and breeding was abandoned with almost as much of a splurge as it was undertaken. Her notoriety apart, Mrs. Langtry is an interesting and still beautiful woman, who cannot fail to be ranked with the Yosemite, the Lick Telescope and the Vina ranch as a feature of California.

* * *

ECHOES OF THE HORSE SHOW still adumbrate through Society. Its success took every one by surprise. According to precedent the enterprise should have been inaugurated at a loss, for that was the case in New York and Chicago, and the glow and satisfaction of prosperity might have arrived later. But here the Show has won hands down, so to speak, and in several ways was more notable than its prototype in Madison Square Gardens. The visitors are a unit in the generosity of their appreciation, and Mr. Crocker and Mr. Irving have had so many felicitations that they have yet hardly had an opportunity to congratulate themselves. There were errors, of course, sins both of omission and commission, but considering what Mr. Rives gracefully alluded to as the "green management," there was little to complain of. The evening programmes might have been made more interesting. There were unnecessary delays and occasional hitches it the arrangements, but a careful note of the deficiencies have been taken and all will be avoided next year.

* * *

Miss Hobort is the recipient of the congratulations rightfully belonging to her brother, whose participation in the Show was prevented by his absence at college. The enterprise and good taste of this young man were exhibited to advantage at Del Monte, but he has won new eoniums for the correctness and smartness of his various rigs. Undoubtedly, had he been here, he would have figured as hero of the Show. Among the cognoscenti there is considerable curiosity to learn how he obtained such a superb equine outfit. The four blue roans that composed his "break" team together with "Peacock" and his hunter, are the best of their kind and other purchasers with even greater means, have not had his luck. Besides, his man is a treasure, a veritable rara avis among grooms. Indeed, with his unimpeachable get-up, he shared public admiration with his charges. Even Mr. Kearney's man was not in it with him. Another interesting feature was the driving of Charles Baldwin. His competence is by no means intuitive, for he had lessons in the gentle art of tooling a four-in-hand from a very famons instructor in Paris. This worthy gives his pupils a hard time of it, for the course includes driving through all manner of devious ways and narrow lanes afforded by the purlieus of Lutetia, and expertness is won by mere necessity. Dick Tobin's style had many admirers, and Mr. Grant certainly did admirably, considering his experience is so much slighter than that of his rivals. Besides, that Bakersfield team was no joke to handle.

* * *

REGINALD RIVES drove the Club four-in-hand down to Burlingame last Sunday, and showed a mastery of the art of steering that would have won the commendation of a Lord Lousdale, or, perhaps, I should say the Duke of Portland, seeing he is the best exponent of coach-driving among the nobility. Quite a jolly company were with him, Major Rathbone, Harold Wheeler, Dick Tobin, Joe Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sherwood and some other men and girls. They came down at a spanking rate, the characteristic of Rives' driving being his ability to get the best service out of his horses. The party had lunch at the Club-house, in the dining-room, and were driven back to the electric cars' terminal, taking that route back to town. During their stay here Mr. Rives and Mr. Carman have commended themselves not only to Society, but to the horse connoisseurs. Their judging was so obviously fair that it actually satisfied the competitors as well as the public. Indeed, Mr. Crocker is to be congratulated on persuading so accomplished an expert as Mr. Rives to visit us, and it is to be hoped he may be prevailed on to return next year. Apropos of Burlingame, there were some thirty people down there over Sunday. It was the first day the weather was too cold to admit luncheon being served on the veranda. The dining-room is a most picturesque apartment, however, and infuses even an ordinary menu with a special charm.

* * *

The latest news of the Club is decidedly encouraging. At their last meeting the directors decided to complete the purchase of the property from the Sharon estate by issuing $75,000 worth of bonds. Of this sum two-thirds goes to defray the cost of the Club-house and the twenty acres on which it stands. Part of the balance will be expended in an addition to the Club-house, for there is not accommodation enough for the people who write every week for rooms. A second wing will be devoted to billiards and a bowling-alley. In the meantime the property is being put into admirable trim for sale. New roads are being graded and graveled, and the sewering and water supply questions are receiving attention. The formal announcements of the offering Baldwin & Hammond will make soon after Christmas.

MORE ELABORATE than the Gerstle party of last week was the entertainment given by Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss last night to celebrate the coming out of their neice, Miss Alice Greenwald. Their home on Van Ness Avenue is one of the best of the modern houses and is furnished and decorated in charming taste. After assembling, the guests were led down stairs into a very spacious ballroom in the lower story and there tableaux were given or rather, as they are now called, "Living Pictures." Amadee Joullin had charge of the arrangement and grouping of these and the effects obtained were exceedingly pretty. For each there was a change of scene and the costumes were decidely swell. "Along the Old Path," done by Miss Greenwald and Leon Greenebaum; "The Spring-time of Love," in which Miss Sadie Hecht and Max Sloss appeared and Chocolat Menier, a children's group, were perhaps the most effective of the series. After them came an exhibition of magic by a local prestidigitator and afterwards dancing in the ballroom until supper time. Some of the girls looked decidedly stunning. Miss Greenwald, the debutante, was in white satin, covered with chiffon. Miss Sloss wore a swell gown, admirably made. Mtss Sadie Hecht was charmingly pretty as usual, and Miss Greenbaum and Miss Lewis had also many admirers.

* * *

Miss Rose Sach's luncheon on Thursday last was quite a brilliant affair. Some forty girls sat down to an elaborate spread served, at tables decorated with baby chrysanthemums, autumn leaves and white and red berries. There was music, of course, lots of fun and a capital menu.

* * *

Mrs. A. Cheseborough has undertaken the cause of the Salvation Army, and has had at her home a series of pillow sales, the proceeds of which go to the institution's Children's Home. To night Mrs. Monteagle gives her home for the production of "Widows Bewitched," the pretty operetta which had so successful a production before the Century Club.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire entertained at dinner last Saturday evening, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLennan, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herrold, and Mr. and Mrs. Wigmore. The invitations bid them to a "Papa Peake's reunion," in memory of the dinners the party enjoyed together at the "49 Camp" last winter. The commemorative feature of the affair were souvenir tin plates, on which beans were served.

* * *

Miss Fanny Danforth, of 2027 Broadway, gave an At Home last Saturday afternoon, in honor of her guests, the Misses Tay, who have just returned after an absence of more than a year in the Eastern cities.

* * *

A most popular form of entertainment is afforded by the Scheel Concerts. The question ever puzzling the hostess, "what shall I do with my guests?" is pleasantly solved by taking them to the Auditorium. Almost any

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evening a concert party may be discovered upstairs, and easily identified by the gay bodices of the women and their accompanying chatter. Last Monday Miss Alice Greenbaum gave a charming affair in honor of Miss Carrie Cole of Chicago; her guests, all of the jolly, younger set, afterwards made merry at supper served at the home of the hostess on Van Ness Avenue.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. HERMAN OELRICHS during their stay here underwent a course of entertaining more vigorous than we have ever exposed visitors to before. Not only all their former friends had dinners and luncheons in their honor but there was developed a virulent and aggressive hospitality throughout society that does the generosity of our leading citizens the highest honor and exhibits the degree of our enthusiasm when there is a genuine basis for its excitement. Whether the series of affairs given to them compensated for the loss of the opening gaities in New York is a branch of inquiry which can hardly be prosecuted with success, but let it be said to our credit that we occupied every available moment of our guests' time, gastromically at least, if not profitably. Mr. Oelrich goes back to New York with a decidedly exalted opinion of our canvas backs at least. He has tried them in every conceivable way and pronounces the kind quite up to the Maryland product. That is a concession of supreme value, and from a connoisseur as Oelrich is, is equivalent to a decision on a disputed point rom the United States Supreme Court.

* * *

I regret, though, to learn the relations between the Ex-Senator and his family have been quite the reverse of cordial. His daughters attribute to his support the trouble they have had with their brother, and the feeling on both sides is rather bitter. Indeed, during their stay here, the Senator has been confined a great deal to his rooms at the Lick House, and, I am told, they have seen very little of one another. Apropos of the ex-Senator, it may astonish those who know alone of his reputation for closeness, that he now devotes a big percentage of his income to charity. To a confidential clerk he entrusts the legion of begging letters he receives daily, and their petitions are investigated with the greatest solicitude. When the claim is shown to be a deserving one it is invariably satisfied with extreme liberality. Some very beautiful stories might easily be written of the good this multi-millionaire has done of late years, and, indeed, they balance very decidedly the tales so generally in circulation presenting the less agreeable side of his character.

* * *

It is interesting to learn that the Circus Maximus is liable to reproduction at an early date in New York. During his visit here Hermann Oelrich paid some attention to acquiring attractions for the Madison Square Gardens, of which he is an owner, and obtained estimates of cost of production and other incidental facts. He leans strongly in favor of the idea himself, and believes it would be a great money-making enterprise. There is no doubt that with a more vigorous management than it had the gladatorial combat would have proved a brilliant success. It netted the Fair at Sacramento a comfortable profit, and done on a broad and liberal scale, as the resources of the Madison Square people permit, it would make as splendid a spectacle as Gotham has ever enjoyed. If the decision is favorable Mr. George Adam will go on to New York to superintend the production.

* * *

OAKLAND sent a constellation of social stars of the first magnitude to the Horse Show last week. Some few were constant in their attendance. Among them, the Colemans and of the handsomely attired maidens at the great display, Miss Jessie was quite conspicuous. One dress of pink silk trimmed with black chiffon was charming, while the little bonnet with the rhinestone crown was very dainty. Another of her costumes was of nile green silk covered with black lace and a black butterfly bonnet to match. The Requa's box was also constantly filled. Miss Amy Requa wore a very French looking confection, a sort of commingling of white and lavender with red velvet collar and a little white toque. Miss Glascock was in yellow. Another box was that of Mrs. Watkinson, and the Prathers, Pierces, McKees, all enjoyed her hospitality. Miss Pierce wore a red and black robe that was quaintly and picturesquely fashioned. On the first night Mr. Joseph Grant gave a box party to Miss Coleman and Miss Nellie Chabot. Miss Clement wore a pretty red and black frock. She accompanied the Dimonds. Miss Ella Wall was with the Scotts. The Ralstons, McNears and Floy Brown were also among the worshipers of horseflesh. Many of the young people enjoyed the trip to and fro as much as the show itself, as all were in parties and were almost the sole occupants of the boats at the late hours of returning.

* * *

The Glee Club gave a concert in aid of the Claremont Tennis Club, last Tuesday evening, in Berkeley. They were assisted by Mr. Richards, Mr. Purcell, the violinist, and the Cicada Mandolin and Guitar Club. The affair was well patronized.

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Among the lunches given on Junior's Day were those of Mrs. Spears and Mrs. Boon, of Berkeley.

* * *

PERHAPS the jolliest of the Deux Temps Club's parties was the German of last Saturday led by Mr. Friend and Miss Gay Converse. The girls all wore new frocks and abandoned for the nonce their eminently simple garments for ones more lavish in style. Miss Converse, however, was in white muslin and ribbons. Miss Belle Hutchinson, who was generally considered the belle of the evening, had on an exquisite pink satin dress covered with chiffon, and a bunch of pink roses on her left shoulder. She is rather petite and plump, but graceful, with large, soft brown eyes and golden hair—an effective combination. Miss Belle Mhoon was in white silk covered with mousseline de soie, and looked exceptionally nice. Miss Mira Prather's gown was a second edition of Miss Hutchinson's. She, however, is a tall, stately-looking girl, very dark, with extremely vivacious manners, and is voted extremely jolly by the men. Miss Amy Requa was in a pale blue, pink pin-stripe silk. Miss Jessie Glascock in white with pink ribbons. Miss Ida Belle Palmer, a tall blonde, wore pink, and Miss Nellie De Fremery, who is quite an original type in her family, being quaint, old-fashioned and picturesque-looking, was in a white frock. The figures were on the usual order and rather simple; the second was the driving figure, and all the participants sang with much verve the University jingles while they tripped the light fantastic and waved the pretty varicolored scarfs. The effect was charming and quite inspiring. Before the party Mrs. C. O. G. Miller gave a dinner to Miss Prather, Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Selby and Miss Belle Hutchinson, Mr. Harry Miller, Bert Brayton, Harry Knowles and Miss Nellie De Fremery, who has just returned from the East. The debutantes' dinners are exceedingly popular. Hardly a week passes without some of the younger married set entertaining the buds. The men invited to meet them, however, have long passed their salad days, and the buds rather scorn the lads of their own years.

* * *

On Friday last Dr. and Mrs. Dorr, of East Oakland, gave a musicale which was quite a function. Mrs. Wetherbee, the Brays, Post and all the East Oakland contingent were there. Harvey Laurence and Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson sang. The latter has a charming voice and uses it most effectively.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Von Arminge, who have just returned from their honeymoon, gave a large reception in East Oakland. Mrs. Von Arminge was assisted in receiving by her mother and sisters.

* * *

The farce given in the Deitz Opera House in aid of the North Oakland Kindergarten was largely attended. The play was the "Little Rebel," the leading roles of which were taken by Miss Florence Brown, Miss Marietta Havens, Joe Rosborough and Prentice Selby, who are commended for their natural acting. During the evening the various Glee Clubs gave selections and the pupils of Mrs. Langstroth recited.

* * *

An interesting engagement recently announced is that of Professor Adolph Miller, formerly of the University, in Berkeley, but at present of the Chicago University, to Miss Palmer, of that city. She is said to be charming, pretty and wealthy, while he is considered one of the rising men in his profession.

* * *

Saturday last was Junior Day at Berkeley, and the play written by Raymond Ross, was given to a crowded house, in facts, there was not standing room in Stiles' Hall, and all said it was very bright and clever. Afterwards the Fraternity of Delta Cappa Epsilon invited over one hundred and fifty to luncheon at their club house. The lunch was pronounced excellent, and Auber's band played.

* * *

At the Junior Promenade, at Harmon's Gymnasium, in the evening, there was a dance, delightful, as only College dances are. The Gym. was decorated in pink, lighted by incandescent lamps, and the motto of the class of '96, done in pink, on a tennis net, stretched across the room. Among the dancers were the Selbys, Josephine and Lorraine Bailey, Maude Bell, Miss Capwell, Mrs. Anson Blake, Miss Louise Sheppard, Miss Mabel Symmes, and Miss Doremus, a Spanish beauty, from Santa Barbara, the glories of whose olive tints were enhanced by a gown of white and yellow.

* * *

WHAT A HARD TIME some men have escaping the consequences of their errors. There is General Forsythe, for instance, as martial a looking warrior as ever adorned a headquarters' staff. It may be remembered he figured rather conspicuously at the battle of

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"Wounded Knee." He was accused, indeed, of a series of blunders, which in General Miles' eyes are much worse than crimes, and was court-martialed. It is true he was acquitted, but there were those who alleged the verdict to be more generous than just. However, the affair was of a character that one does not discuss without provocation in the presence of the General. No sooner does he arrive here, however, than the privates present for the edification of the community a fine reproduction of the incident at their military tournament, and the General in person comes out to gaze at it.

* * *

Apropos of the General his appearance is soldierly in the extreme. He is a tall, fine looking man with a splendidly modeled head well set on square shoulders. To the Pacific Coast he is not quite a stranger, having sojourned up Oregon way for some time. But in those days his hair was not grey. He is a widower and a grand-father, if you please, and I believe will enjoy no minor degree of popularity among us. Indeed, he was elaborately dined by the Pacific-Union Club on Thursday night and to-night Bohemia has a meal in his honor. Next week the University Club gives him a function, so every one in town will have the satisfaction of shaking his large right hand.

* * *

The military tournament has been a tremendous success. Considering there are so many capital fellows among the lieutenants and captains I was a bit surprised so few of them should have thought it worth while to attend the entertainment. The object was admirable and the performance not only original but more interesting even than the Horse Show. General Grasham, in plain clothes, did put in an appearance, but where were the others? I cannot understand that society would have gazed askance at an identification of the interests of officers and men and I really cannot see how any of them would have lost caste by participation. Of course, I cannot pretend sympathy with the truly military point of view and criticize, but according to my lights, however dim they be. The opinion is pretty generally expressed, though, that it would have been better form had the gentlemen turned out in numbers if it were but to demonstrate a sympathy which, doubtless, does not exist.

* * *

SINCE Arthur McEwen's famous dictum anent the journal which Thomas E. Flynn is engaged in the publication of, I know of nothing that compares with the answer of a well-known banker whom an ill-advised friend had addressed the question: "By the way, did you see that thing in the *Wasp* last Saturday?" "No," returned the banker, "my barber does not take the *Wasp*."

* * *

THE CONVERSATION at a certain well-known *genre* artist's studio on Montgomery street the other evening, when I happened to be of the party, took a lugubrious turn over the pipes and liquid accessories. Suicide was the theme, and discussion waxed hot. The changes were rung upon the various methods in vogue, from the heroic epoch when Saul fell upon his sword down to these degenerate days when the repertory of the ordinary *fels de se* is limited to the bullet or the rope.

"It seems to me," said the host despondently—he had been unusually quiet during the evening—"that suicide after the manner of the ancients, is a lost art. Not because our latter-day enthusiasts would not have preferred to die easier, but because they had not the means to do so at their command. Now, I"—here he inflated an unusually expansive pair of lungs—"have come to the conclusion that asphyxiation by gas offers the most painless means of making one's exit from this world of trouble of any yet devised. You see, gentlemen, how popular it has become. Here, in San Francisco, for instance, scarcely a week passes that we do not find in our breakfast paper an account of some one who has taken what is colloquially termed the 'gas route' to the Acherontian Shadows."

Here he relapsed into dejection. A gloom seemed to fall like a pall over the party and towards midnight it broke up.

* * *

"Have you heard the news?" said C— solemnly, as I met him upon Kearny street on the following forenoon. "Poor R—"

"What! Is anything the matter?" I interrupted, my thoughts reverting suddenly to the greusome talk of the preceding night.

"Von P— and I went up to his studio this morning on business. We knocked at the door; no answer. We rapped louder, still without response. The transom was closed and I got upon Von P—'s back, opened it and crawled in. An odor of gas pervaded the apartment. There was R— lying on the floor on his back. His drop-light was on the table, but the rubber tube leading from the burner above was detached and its end lay on the floor beside him."

"Good God!" I exclaimed. "Has it come to—"

"This. Yes, it has come to this. Hear me out. There was a phial by his side with a skull and cross-bones on the label. We shook him—poured water over him—drenched him. At last he showed signs of revival."

"What's up with you fellows?" he sighed wearily, as he opened his eyes.

"There's hope yet," whispered Von P— in awed tones.

"Can't you let a fellow snooze in peace?" he grumbled.

"Well, the long and short of it was in ten minutes we revived him."

"Close call," I said, much relieved at the happy outcome.

"Close call!" returned C— testily. "Why, the first thing the d—d fraud said when he came to, and we explained matters to him, was: 'How you've been fooled. Don't you know th' janitor turns off th' gas in thist house 't mi' night? Take a swig out o' that bottle—'t 'll do you good. Have t' label 't p—poison f' fear o' thieves.'"

* * *

THAT THE MAJORITY of people will not credit the statement I am quite aware but their incredulity does not alter in the least the fact that Al Hayman actually presented to Harry Mann his own interest in the theatrical company. Why Mr. Hayman should decide all of a sudden to withdraw from active participation in the concern does not appear from the centext, but the wherefore of his princely gift is nothing, I am told, but pure love and affection. With so complete a controlling interest as he now has, Mr. Mann can occupy as many offices as he pleases for there is no one to dispute his sway. He will make New York his headquarters and will devote his attention to booking attractions. In the meantime Mr. Hayman proposes putting in the latter end of his days in mere time-passing. His various properties—real estate, bonds, etc.—bring him in the tidy income of $80,000 per annum, with which it is quite easy to keep the wolf from the door. This fortune he acquired during the good times at the Baldwin and California, for the profits of the former house for many years averaged in the neighborhood of $50,000 per annum and the latter during the early period of its existence showed a profit of at least $25,000 every year.

* * *

Besides these investments Hayman had a number of other irons in the fire. *Shenandoah* paid tremendously; he was interested in a dozen road companies. In fact, he made hay while the sun shone and obtained hundreds of thousands in a very brief period. The profits of theatrical enterprise, properly handled, are enormous. That one realizes on hearing the amount of Frohman's profits last season. He netted some $350,000, but then he is the Napoleon of the Rialto. The Tivoli represents from twenty-five to fifty thousand a year, and I suppose the Orpheum nets at least a couple of thousand a month to Gustav Walter. Now that Mr. Hayman is out of theatricals, I believe he intends spending the best of his leisure in London and Paris. Of course, he will keep an eye on attractions for his brother, Harry Mann, and for his partner, the aforesaid Napoleon. There are those among us who think the ex-Manager a mark for sarcasm. I cannot but think there is something Monte Cristo-like about a man who, without fuss, yields to a brother a property valued at so many thousands.

* * *

RUNNEYMEDE, Warde declares to be a winner. He has it in active rehearsal and expects it will prove a tremendous success. The initial performance will be given at the Baldwin in February. The active work already done on the drama exhibits especially the fact that it will act well. In fact, no portrayer of romantic roles could desire a better chance than this piece affords to show virility and heroism—indeed, the entire range of heroic qualities. Mr. Harrison's next play is to be based on the life of Cardinal Mazarin. The dramatic possibilities of the great minister's stormy career have long had a fascination for him and he has about finished a wide course of reading in quest of the requisite material. He has found an adequate and brilliant plot to fit the great churchman into and he is busy now arranging the incidents and details of the various scenes.

* * *

The Supreme Court's decision in the Murphy case has occasioned more than the usual gossip among lawyers. This is due, doubtless, to the fact that the reversed jurist within a very few weeks assumes a seat on the very bench that has with so pointed a degree of positiveness declared his judgment erroneous. Of course, until doomsday, opinions on law points will differ and certainly in the matter of Mrs. Murphy's will there is room for an honest divergence. Had Henshaw fortified his conclusion by declaring proven the charges of undue influence, his findings must have stood; but his decision rested on his personal interpretation of a law point, and the fact that Justice McFarland and some of his associates are of the opposite opinion does not, to me, prove him wrong. However, the decision being based on a question of law, and not of fact, disposes of the case at one swoop.

* * *

THE FELICITY of congratulating Mrs. Yarde-Buller on her choice of agents may be

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taken advantage of by all who know Mr. Gadesden and Mr. Hurd. The fascination of the former is too well known in society to require further endorsement, though it was assumed that latter-day set-backs had rather minimized his magnetic potency. Considering how beautiful are those dark eyes of his and how winning his manner, I have often wondered why his conquests among the fair sex had always the advantage of more years than discretion. In the early period of his career here half a dozen wealthy old ladies were ready to yield him hand, heart or pocket-book, and to his credit it may be set, that he did not always take advantage of his opportunities. In fact, the fatal gift of beauty was Mr. Gadesden's, but his luck was atrocious. His schemes were fated to destruction, and the success that was ever within reach proved as elusive as a will-o' the-wisp. His ventures—mining, timber, real estate—always miscarried at the last moment and he, unfortunate one, added another to the constellation of black eyes the fickle dame seemed ever bent on dealing him.

* * *

As for Hurd, he was for many months a feature of the Pleasanton and attracted considerable attention because of the contrast between his appearance and that of the charming and beautiful Miss Hurd. She was decidedly the belle there that season and had, I believe, the choice of half a dozen interesting Britishers who had vowed celibacy and many other things. He was in the employ then of Easton & Eldridge and subsequently went into fruit-farming down Porterville way. The ventures, however, were quite the reverse of successful. One cannot but think, how admirable the judgment of Mrs. Yarde-Buller which enabled the selection of two such gentlemen as her representatives. She must have an eye for history.

* * *

AT THE TRILBY CONCERT an incursion of the genus amateur poured a continuous and deadly fire upon an impervious and apparently petrified audience. The heavens above nor the earth beneath never heard its like for the "wayrious worieties" of unspeakable shrieks, squeaks and bawls ravaging the trembling silence. It was the carnival of vocal crimes stalking triumphant and brazen in purple and fine linen. Miss Weigel had the sympathy of the musically sensible for being in such company and it is only fair to Mr. Frank Mitchell to say he did not appear as advertised on the programme.

* * *

Miss Etta Bayley in a song recital with an interesting and exacting programme assisted by Mrs. H. J. Stewart and Mr. A. J. Rosewald had a comfortably filled house which is speaking volumes in these times of gaping benches. Her voice, of a moving quality, and her sufficiency of temperament are brought to bear on the work with enough control to make them easily acceptable. Mrs. Stewart and Mr. Rosewald made agreeable space between the numbers.

* * *

THAT DICTUM of Mrs. Atherton, in regard to the absence of the aristocratic type from Society in New York, seems to have created a species of social sensations. When one considers that the Gotham haute monde is composed almost exclusively of nouveaux riches, and that the leading set is made up of people one never heard of a decade ago, her conclusion is not surprising. The Vanderbilt-Astor era is but a dozen years of age and their sets, which the various members of these families make, virtually lead Society. Dress can do much for the plainest of women, but it must be admitted that distinction of mien is the result of generations, not the acquirement of months. To find the aristocratic type, however, one does not look in the conspicuous set, but rather among the old families whose preeminence ceased with the advent of the millionaires. Their characteristics are essentially high bred, tall, graceful, slender, stylish, essentially well-groomed and admirably poised, they are the veritable swells. No one may criticize their style with impunity or point. But the beauty of the swagger set lieth rather in accumulation than in feature, in the complexion of their checks, rather than in that of their faces.

* * *

In her critique, Mrs. Atherton draws a comparison between the New York girls and the women of the South and of California, asserting that the aristocratic type obtains its highest development in San Francisco and in the region south of Mason and Dixie's line. Considering that Society here is made up of Southerners with a certain admixture of old New York and Boston families, this may be accepted, though, it would not be true to pronounce the prevailing woman of our own Horse Show aristocratic. There is no denying the good looks of the women and girls who gazed so incessantly at the paraders and promenaders from their boxes, but the style is abundant rather than delicate. There was contour and coloring rather than distinction of bearing, or, as some one wittily observed, more matter than manner. One certainty there is, however, that the wooly Western type of maiden has gone from among us along with the slim, cadaverous, pompadoured native son of half a decade back. The Universities and the Olympic Club are accomplishing this and in due course they will evoke a very splendid type from the material at hand.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB is to have an artist's exhibition next week. The members of the institution with pictorial proclivities, be they oil, water or mere black and white, are to display the unsold fruits of their skill in the Red Room. Joullin will show his new landscape and the portrait of an Oriental. Matthews has two or three things in his studio which he will contribute. Stanton will turn in his latest canvasses. Solly Walters promises some caricatures and I believe Davenport and Jimmy Swinnerton are to be called on also for evidences of their skill. Altogether, a capital show should be the result, though it is a pity the directors cannot persuade Keith, Robinson and some of the others into sending a few of their late canvasses. It is agreeable to note how pronounced is the interest in things artistic being displayed by the directorate. They are reaching out after talent and are ready to encourage every demonstration of the old Bohemian spirit. Perhaps the gala days of Charley Rollo, Peters and Emil Carlsen, or the brilliant era of old, cannot again be revived, but there is plenty of talent still in town and the Club seems determined to have all of it that is available.

* * *

Apropos of Peters & Carlsen, their method of booming one another's work was clever in the extreme. It was particularly excusable on the basis of encouraging art. About the time the Dane had finished a bit of still life, Charles Rollo would wander over to the studio and announce his intention of steering against it some members of the millionaire contingent. A little later he would break out into a group of capitalists, his face aglow with confidence and excitement, and demand that they come instantly to see the "great thing Emil has just done." Who could resist such an appeal? They would go along under his seductive chaperonage, gaze at the pot, pan or onions as the case might be, with generous bursts of eulogy, and one of them, perhaps, would enquire the price. Later on Carlsen would take aside one of his wealthy intimates, and announce in the most indifferent and offhand way, "That little Nat Peters has got some stuff in him. There's no getting away from it. He's just finished a stunning thing and you ought to see it." That is the system of mutual admiration which is employed with so much success by the great men in New York. They are continually writing articles commendatory of one another's genius, thereby are kept continually in evidence. Here none of us are willing to admit that the other fellow can do anything, and in consequence, there is but slight estimation of the talent we have.

* * *

THE PRESS CLUB'S new quarters in the Thurlow Block are on the verge of completion. While they are not as swell as the parlors of the 'Varsity, and lack the rich and easy tones of the Pacific-Union interior, still the institution has lost nothing by the destruction of its old rooms, for these are charming in color, style and appointments. The main room is decorated in the Empire style, with paneled walls and a big fireplace, and its tones will make an admirable setting for "late watches." A Director's office and card-rooms in red, the bar-room, finished with an arched ceiling, is in ivory white. The ensemble is decidedly effective, and Mr. Polk is to be congratulated on the result of his labors, not forgetting, of course, the efforts of the house committee, of which N. A. Judd is the leading spirit. Financially, the Press Club is better situated than at any period in its history. The benefit at Sutro's netted two thousand four hundred dollars, which with the one thousand five hundred dollars derived from the insurance companies, gives the institution funds to make itself comfortable. It is to be hoped the opportunity of obtaining good things for the rooms will be taken advantage of, for handsome surroundings mean a great deal, nowadays.

* * *

THERE HAS BEEN discord in the strings of the Scheel orchestra. Herr Mollenhauer and Herr Landsberger, first violins, have disagreed.

Set best Mandolin (8) Strings, 20 cents.
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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

It seems that Mollenhauer said to Landsberger last Monday night:

"Herz mein herz! It is that I to a supper must go. Thou have mine confidence. If I should take my little fiddle I would be asked to play. It is a Stradivarius. Wilt thou take it to mine house? Friend of mine heart, do not refuse me!"

Landsberger swore he would take as good care of the catgut relic as he would of his own Stainer. Mollenhauer embraced him, declaring he was the heart of his life, in low German, and Landsberger walked off with the two fiddle boxes, resolved to be faithful to his trust. But he lives on McAllister street just beyond Van Ness, a district adjacent to Polk street, which every one knows. Was it unnatural that he should avoid Polk street? Never! Nathan Landsberger believes that Polk street has yellow flags in every rotesserie after ten o'clock. He wouldn't visit one of them after that hour for gold. But in this case he remembered his friend and his trust. His own violin's value and integrity he would totally forget. The first place he found was a bakery, where pretzels are manufactured.

"May I leave my Andrae Stainer fiddle in your beautiful food-shop?" he said to the proprietor, (a German), "because I have to be going off with this other one to which my friend belongs."

* * *

The proprietor gave him a pretzel and agreed to accompany him to a restaurant near by, where they would enjoy the Rhine of Wine. Landsberger still had the violin of his friend, Mollenhauer. But he was faithful to his trust. He had reached that stage of fidelity which always lasts up to just exactly 3 o'clock in the cold, grey dawn.

But the proprietor was Irish and the Irish are always cross. This one said with a smile that would have destroyed the Blarney stone; "Give him to me!" Whereupon Landsberger turned over Mollenhauer's lovely relic into the hands of the wild Irish.

The barkeeper carefully placed Mollenhauer's Stradivarius in the ice-chest, where it remained at least six hours.

Next morning the two violinists turned up, just released, with no violins. Landsberger tried to think.

* * *

Then he and Mollenhauer, who were saying harsh things to each other, started off on a search expedition. Suddenly Landsberger was struck with a thought. He took Mollenhauer to the saloon. The smiling proprietor walked over and explained:

"Shentlemans, I haf do my best to keep your insdrumed out aff sight. She hat been in a cool place all that time."

Mollenhauer took his unfortunate fiddle back to the rehearsal, and tried to play upon it. Alas! It was dead. All the strings snapped, and the genius departed when the player discovered that the wood had become so cold that it was ungrateful and swelled with anger. He was indignant, of course, but when he heard that Landsberger had left a genuine Stanier next to a baker's oven all night, he was consoled.

* * *

SILHOUETTES are coming into vogue in New York, and the Gotham maid with the Grecian profile is encouraging the fad. Of course, the correct thing in frames accompanying the shadow picture is an oval design after the vogue of colonial days, surmounted by a curved ribbon in the shape of a true lover's knot. The craze has not yet struck San Francisco, and I know of no one here who really is an adept at the art. Itinerant artists in this line have come and gone from time to time, but there should now be an opening here in some of our photograph studios for a department catering to the latest craze, for it will soon be in our midst. The young lady with the retrouse nose need not fear the consequences, for I am told that this particular form of appendage, while not on strict Grecian lines, adds a chic flavor to the silhouette.

* * *

IF THE SUPREME COURT affirms Judge Seawell's decision in the Hunter case, Attorney Stratton, if he cares to, can retire from ordinary law practice. He undertook the cause of David Hunter's widow on a contingent fee and the property involved, of over a million dollars, goes to her to the exclusion of the other heirs and foreign relations—that is, of course, after the legal demands have been satisfied. Perhaps, the most interesting feature of the case was the array of attorneys representing the legatees. All the big offices had representatives, and Mr. Stratton's victory is therefore the more creditable. He handled the case in excellent style, and his argument was really a good piece of pleading, and won him congratulations from his adversaries. After all, perhaps, this is not so astonishing, for of all professions lawyers are the least jealous, and are quick to acknowledge merit. However, Mr. Stratton has won his spurs before and would certainly rank among the coming men at the bar, if he had not already, "arrived" in good style. Among other interests he represents the Crocker estate, and is also attorney for the Harbor Commission.

* * *

In the trial, the whole case turned on the question of the delivering of a deed in 1889. There were few sensations and, perhaps, the sole amusing feature of the controversy was the supplanting of Cornice and Donohue, the original attorneys for the heirs, by Messrs. Hayes, Deuprey, McEnerney, Chickering and others. The former firm can view the result with composure and may declare, perhaps, that there is not always safety in a multitude of counselors.

* * *

ONE MUST have recourse to the theories of ataism to explain the peculiarities of young Alex Loughborough. His father and mother are excellent people and come of fine American stock. They are notably respectable and no little of the fine practice that Loughborough, Sr., enjoys, has its source in the reputation for integrity and square dealing he has earned and so sedulously maintained. He has enemies, doubtless, who envy him the success that has crowned his efforts, but there is no shadow over his name. He and his wife have reared their family with the greatest care and kindness, have done for their son everything that tenderness and duty dictated and yet he displays a viciousness that is apalling. The episode of Thursday last was by no means the first time this son has caused them sorrow and anguish and though it is a poor enough consolation, they can realize they have the sympathy of a large circle of friends. For their sakes, one may be forgiven the hope that the young man escape the punishment his crime deserves and that he may be sent off

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to some other region and given a fresh chance to repair his career. The unspeakable cowardice and brutality of his action need not be stigmatized. The claim of self-defense is not only untenable but preposterous. Of one fact there is a certainty and it is that the sole hope for the young man is that Mr. Rosenfeld and Mr. Whitehouse may be persuaded not to prosecute.

Apropos of the general denunciation which the University boys have suffered since the football match, it may be said they have not half deserved the censures leveled at their actions. That they were rowdy and had a jolly time is true, but not to a degree so conspicuous as to call for special reproof. The Louvre episode was terrifically exaggerated; time and again more violent scenes have been enacted there without developing special notice from the Dailies. Rowdyism is to be deplored, no matter what the circumstances or incentive, but it is as well to remember that boys will be boys.

* * *

SOME WEEKS must elapse ere the final accounts of the Midwinter Fair are submitted to the public. Those who imagine a cash surplus up in the hundreds of thousands will be shown are destined to disappointment, for the actual figures exhibit something in the neighborhood of $90,000 in the Treasury when the gates closed. Since then the expenses have been pretty heavy, for winding up the affairs of the concessions and removing the buildings have proved costly undertakings, and many thousands have been paid in salaries since July 4th. Of course, the public has the benefit of the roadways, the gardens and the fountain, whose construction represents a large proportion of the money contributed by the city. Some two thousand dollars have been devoted to preparing an elaborate and beautifully illustrated history of the Fair. This, Frank Truesdell has under way. The book is to be about the size of *Harper's Weekly*, with full-page halftone pictures of the buildings and of the concessions, resembling the beautiful volumes presented the Directors and heads of departments at the close of the Fair. Of the available cash, Mr. De Young has already spent a goodly sum in the purchase of statuary, bronzes and curiosities for the Museum. Of course, he obtained some colossal bargains, but I have no doubt his selections will be severely criticized when they are finally delivered over to journalism.

* * *

IF EVER a public functionary retired "unwept, unhonored and unsung" it will be Governor Markham. Even the men who experienced his favors find few reasons to chant his praises, and his own staff is by no means enrolled on the list of his friends. It is not especially difficult, perhaps, to understand why the various majors and colonels of the gilded bodyguard regard with disdain the retiring Executive. Those who are interested in politics will recall that interesting controversy over the "old pard" letter, the genuineness of which Markham denied with so pronounced a degree of positiveness. He protested so ardently that the Republican Committee wagered a thousand dollars with the Democrats that the missive was a forgery. The matter was taken into court; the authorship was proven, incontestably, and the coin paid over to some charity or other. One might imagine the Governor would have the grace to pay the money himself. No, alas, it was contributed by the staff and certain appointees who delivered up sums averaging from $50 up. In other words they were assessed the consequences of Mr. Markham's falsehood, and are not enthusiastic over a man whose sense of honor is so conspicuously obtuse.

* * *

OF THE INTERESTING spectacles which the moment affords by no means the least ludicrous is the attitude of that highly respectable personage John Daggett, Superintendent of the Mint, to Sam Rainey, political manipulator and capitalist. In the ordinary course of events there is little about the style of the latter to commend itself to the consideration of the former for the Superintendent, though a practitioner of politics on a hundred fields has never cultivated form of metropolitan connection that would establish a basis of intercourse with Rainey. Still, he is ambitious, yearns for prominence, and the result is one hears the Mint alluded to, playfully, as Sam Rainey's boarding-house. The explanation of that title makes a capital story, though it rather reflects on the sagacity which Daggett's friends claim among his redeeming features. Soon after the appointment had been announced the wiley Sam waited on the Superintendent of the Mint to talk politics. He asked for nothing, but grew confidential, discussing the situation in California, and the opportunity that existed for the right type of Democrat to become the party's standard bearer. Indeed, it seemed by no means out of the question, through the rosy prism of his eloquence, to elect a Democratic successor to Mr. Perkins, and the style of man whom the people might look to was tall, rather thin, had a grey goatee, a dignified manner, a silk hat and hailed from Siskiyou. In fact, this Senatorial ideal of the astute Sam bore a decided resemblance to honest John Daggett.

* * *

In the course of a conversation or two, the twain descended from generalities to particulars, and the manipulator outlined a scheme whereby his friend might realize so glorious an ambition. and step the first, of course, was to so administer the patronage of his place to form a basis for his pretension.

"But I know so few men of the right kind, here, Sam," said Daggett.

Then was the opportunity of the adroit schemer who straightway planted the Mint with his own myrmidons, all of whom agreed, when the moment came, to aid the Senatorial ambition of the Superintendent. Alas, for political bargains, the entire Rainey following rallied bravely to the aid of the Republican nominees for Senate and Assembly, and poor Daggett emerged from the election without a vote. One might imagine so signal a proof would enable him to realize how thoroughly he has been tricked. No, alas, Rainey has persuaded him into postponing his pretensions for two years, explained his failure on the ground that the fates were against the Democracy; and, besides, that so brief a term was really not worth trying for. "But next time, then you will see." Those fairy tales the guileless Daggett swallowed with a gullibility worthy of childhood, and the Mint is still Mr. Rainey's boarding-house. It is curious that so experienced a politician should so easily be deluded, for he ought to be able to recall without difficulty the interesting experience of Senator Hearst who, after spending a fortune with Buckley and Rainey on the election of a Democratic Legislature, was compelled to put up fifty thousand in addition when the gang reached Sacramento.

* * *

WHILE I HAVE no doubt the relations between Judge Levy and Governor Budd are sufficiently friendly to permit the discussion of State affairs, still I have quite strong the impression that the Stockton man is giving very little of his actual intentions away even to members of the local Superior bench. The alleged turning down of Rudolph Herold, while an excellent tale from the journalistic point of view, loses no little of its effect if exposed to the cold test of probability. In the first place there are no ties binding the Judge and the Governor half as strong as those that exist between him and W. W. Foote. Besides personal relations with the latter Herold has a score of friends on a more intimate footing with Budd than Levy is and who might neutralize easily enough the influence brought to bear from that quarter against him. That he was a candidate for Harbor Commissioner is well-known, and quite irrespective of the *Chronicle's* story may still be in the fight. His candidacy, however, was not one that commended itself to the Governor—indeed, his claims were more seriously considered by journalism than by the Executive. It is idle, therefore, to say Judge Levy beat him, for he was within a mile of the appointment at any time. This with due respect to Mr. Herold, who is bright, smart and deserving of anything that cometh his way. As for the conversation reported, there is a huge difference between what the Governor says he said and what the paper put in his mouth.

* * *

Judge Levy has taken offices in the Nevada Block and will commence to practise law at once. I am told his prospects are sufficiently good to already insure him a better income than the bench afforded. He is to have the bulk of James L. Flood's personal law business, and will be taken into several important cases as counsel. No one questions Levy's legal capacity; the only doubt that could be entertained in regard to his success is whether he cares to try hard enough to win.

The Witness.

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JOURNALISM UP TO DATE.

SCENE.—Editorial rooms of an eminent daily. Date, Christmas eve, for just one hour. DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—The new staff.

MADAME, THE MANAGING EDITRESS (*touching the editorial bell*): I don't quite like the tone of this article; I'll send for the city editress. [Enter little Miss Evelyn Nobhill, aged fourteen, and acting bell-boy.]

MADAME EDITRESS: Tell the City Editress I wish to see her at once.

EVELYN NOBHILL: Please, Madame Editress, I'm having a dreadful time with those messenger girls out in the hall. One of them was a gum-girl in the Midwinter Fair—just think of it! They're playing tag now on the stairs. And the girl who is managing the elevator has got it stuck half way down and it won't come up or move anyway at all—and she's crying like everything! And the messenger girls are all laughing at her, and they haven't brought in any telegrams for twenty minutes—and the telegraph lady is so cross about it. And a big, fat man came in just now and said he was very angry about something in the paper and said he was going to kill everybody with his big pistol—and all the messenger girls ran away—and I asked him to send in his card, but he said he was a king and his name was McManus and that I could tell everybody so. Then I asked him if he'd fix the elevator somehow, and he did right away, He broke the door all to pieces and pulled the rope hard—and it came up quick. He said girls shouldn't be around elevators at all and that he'd run it himself while I went in and told you, and now he's going up and down in it every minute! I'm afraid he'll break it.

MADAME EDITRESS: Show him in here at once!

EXIT MISS NOBHILL, RETURNING PRESENTLY WITH KING MCMANUS.

MCMANUS (*abashed*): Good evenin' ma'am. I'm sorry to disturb yez. I didn't expect to see yez. I was lookin' for the gents as is used to be here. They bin sayin' things about me an' I was after stoppin' it."

MADAME EDITRESS (*serenely*): We are much indebted to you, sir, for your kindness in the elevator. You see, we have just moved in and we don't understand it yet. It was very kind of you! You seem to know a good deal about elevators. I only wish we had some one here to-night who could help us out with it. The young lady in charge is quite a novice you know. She never tried to manage one in her life:"

MCMANUS (*dazed, but recovering his gallantry*): Why, now, ma'am, it's too bad! —(*Sheepishly*)—Supposin' yez let me run the machine a while. I'd always oblige a good lookin' lady like yez.

MADAME EDITRESS: It's extremely charming of you to help us out in that way. If you only would I should be only too grateful!

McManus blushes with pleasure and departs bowing and smiling.

MCMANUS (*soliloquizing*): For the love of Hivin, what's struck the town!

ENTER CITY EDITRESS.

MADAME EDITRESS (*blandly*): I have sent for you about this article. I don't exactly know the policy of the paper on political affairs. Don't you think we'd better leave it out?

CITY EDITRESS: Oh, it's all right. I'm sure you'll be perfectly safe! My husband says Mr. Spreckles is one of the nicest men he ever knew and I took it home at dinner to show it to him. He says the lady who wrote it must have a great deal of good sense and that if he didn't know differently, he'd think it was a man.

MADAME EDITRESS: But listen to this paragraph, [*Reads*].

Colonel Daniel M. Burns is contemplating a trip to Mexico in the interests of some new street-sweeping contracts which he has made with Colonel Adolph Spreckles. They expect to keep Kearny street like a velvet carpet, after the first of the year. They were given a magnificent banquet last evening at the Maison Riche by Samuel Rainey, Esq., the wealthy citizen, who has contributed half his fortune in ameliorating the Fire Department system. Many political topics were discussed, and the healths of Mrs. Cleveland and Lady Henry Somerset were toasted freely. Colonel Burns said, that when he was Senator he was going to see that all the saloons in San Francisco were closed up, and that the clubs should never stay open after ten o'clock at night. This was cheered with enthusiasm by his friend, Colonel Buckley, who responded in a thrilling address. Colonel Buckley, who is a prominent gentleman, having a vineyard in Livermore, waxed eloquent. He said that he wanted to see the day when the Police Department wore handsome uniforms. He thought that it would add greatly to the beauty of San Francisco if they should also wear gloves. He trusted that his honored friend, Senator Burns, would attend to that, and also that more policemen should be put around Van Ness avenue and Pacific Heights, where the higher classes lived, also that two should be detailed every afternoon outside of the fashionable seminaries, and that the cigar stands on Kearny street should be closed up at once, wherever low characters stood and stared. Colonel Burns was much applauded. Colonel Rainey spoke next about the political welfare of the Fire Department. He deplored the Australian ballot system, and said that it had done much to injure the Fire Department. He was anxious to see the time when no lady should be afraid of conflagrations, and when cooks should be forbidden to leave at an hour's notice. Both of these things were impossible, he affirmed, so long as the Australian ballot system lasted. He thought that the next session of the Board of Supervisors would do something to mend matters. The entire party then retired to the Reception Club.

CITY EDITRESS: Well, I don't see anything wrong in that!

MANAGING EDITRESS (*reflectively*): Not exactly, but don't you think that we ought to leave out that about Mrs. Cleveland and Lady Henry Somerset being toasted freely? It sounds so hilarious, and the ladies mightn't like it, you know. I dislike personal journalism of that sort, so I think we'll leave it out. By the way, these proofs are awfully inky. My hands get so black; just send up stairs tothe printers and tell them to press all the proofs with bloting paper.

CITY EDITRESS: Very well.

[*Exit City Editress to her own sanctum where she is at once beseiged by a dozen reportresses.*]

CITY HALL REPORTRESS: Please, will you see if this is all right? [*Reads*:]

A very refined young gentleman was brought into the police room at the City Hall last —. They had him handcuffed and two large policemen were holding him. A plain-looking person, who said she was in a theatre, accused him of taking some jewels from her. I interviewed him and he seemed to be entirely innocent. He said that he was the only son of a pious clergyman in New York, and that he had never seen the woman in his life before. His uncle is Chauncey Depew and he is related to the Astors and the Biddles. He said the policemen had taken all his money when they were searching him, so I gave him a dollar. I did not speak to the woman because she used such language when she spoke about him. They put him in a cell. Undoubtedly he will be released to-day.

WATER-FRONT REPORTRESS: Please, is this what you wanted? [*Reads*:]

The man-of-war *Oregon* came down from Mare Island yesterday morning, and the water-front was a scene of gaiety. The officers are all very popular, especially the Admiral's secretary. Luncheon was had on board at twelve o'clock and everybody enjoyed it. Afterward there was an impromptu dance. Lieutenant Davis played the mandolin next and had many encores. Everything else on the water-front was very dull, except that Lord Edgecombe arrived by the Australian steamer, and was met by Mr. Dick Tobin and Talbot Clifton. He will be at the next Friday Night Cotillion.

CITY EDITRESS: That's splendid, every bit of it. I'm delighted. Now run away; I can't listen to any more. Just send everything upstairs; I've got to go and see that horrid foreman. He's just sent word that one of the pictures fell into the soup and that a lot of type dropped into the pie. I can't imagine what he means—I didn't know they had a restaurant up there! [Exit City Editress in haste, while the local room plays tag.]

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It does not seem at all odd that the stage at present should be busied with plays dealing with "the eternal feminine." A sort of Adamless Eden occupies the boards of theatres, is displayed on fence and sign; in fact, the trail of the serpent is over us all. The fine senses of all humanity are awakened in chorus to the solo voice of woman, at present, the universal Leading lady, or misleading lady, as is often the case.

For the nonce, "the latest thing in genders," is the pivot of every theatrical enterprise, the fulcrum of the dramatic author. She is the fashion, the momentary, absorbing fad, paragraphed, portrayed, advertised, dramatized ad infinitum and ad nauseum.

In New York, the woman of the drama is omnipresent. At the Lyceum Theatre "The Way to Win a Woman" has been sufficiently demonstrated to complete her ruin. Following close at her heels, "A Woman's Silence" is now holding the public interest. It is one of Sardou's exportations for the American market, and though the illustrious label of the French dramatist is affixed, the impartial critics do not hesitate to scoff at its construction. It is said that in various places the story is based on gross improbabilities. The very title itself, "A Woman's Silence," provokes a smile. Yet, the public, the blind, colorless public say "Sardou is still Sardou" and the king can do no wrong.

At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, "The Coming Woman," in the language of the hayseed, "has came." She is said to make a stirring, independently masculine entrance on horse-back. Otherwise, it was found at once that the lady had assumed a name that was not hers, that dramatically speaking, she was an imposter. A play that dealt with a problem, the woman problem, smacking of modernity, of the sexual question, of Noraism, Hedda Gablerism and all sorts of intellectual subtleties, new truths and knotly etceteras was expected; instead of which the spectator is confronted with a melodrama of the tawdriest kind; with a heroine who is a horse-doctor, an old scapegrace of a father who has contracted a mock marriage and committed a forgery; with a polished villian who brags at the club of his triumphs over the weaker sex, and with a meleé of other startlers, making of the title, "The Coming Woman," a most misleading and pretentious delusion.

Then "The New Woman" at Palmer's Theatre as Sydney Grundy sees her—an interesting sort of nineteenth century female who is a bit too uncouth to win the hearts of men, but sufficiently interesting to make men talk about her—she is hardly the new woman of the suffragist type nor is she the woman of masculinity like Johnstone Bennett. She is the new woman of Sydney Grundy, who grumbles, epigrammatically, of sex inequalities, mental, moral and physical; who writes books with titles that suggest Albert Ross, and who in various other ways tries to make us believe she is altogether different from any other female that ever lived. But she isn't. Thus when Colonel Cazanore, a gay Lothario of sixty, unconsciously makes love to two new women at the same time, he finds that both of them take to it kindly, and act precisely as any other member of the fair sex might act under the circumstances. So Grundy's new women are, after all, just like everybody else's old women. Sydney Grundy seems to have taken pattern from Oscar Wilde in writing smart, sarcastic dialogue. "The New Woman" is festooned in Epigram. It has been remarked that the third act appears to have been especially built for the purpose of allowing the new women, of which there are no less than four, to make a lot of knowing and daring remarks that have no particular bearing on the play. Some of these conversations, to put it delicately, are very frank indeed; and we are told that even now they come fresh from the stern hand of the revising pruner! These four female personages have written, or are engrossed in writing essays, treatises and volumes of which "The Ethics of Marriage," "Aspirations After a Higher Morality," "Ye Foolish Virgins, a Remonstrance," are a few of the telling titles. These ladies go about wearing tailor-made "dreams," smoking cigarettes and saying things that sound positively outrageous, even if they are harmless. This, for a small sample, a little of which goes a very long and a very crooked way:

"A woman has just as much right to a latch-key as a man," says Enid.

"But a man has no right to a latch-key," returns Victoria.

"That's ridiculous!"

"Rudeness is no argument."

"Why make the distinction?"

"I make no distinctions. I admit that a woman has just as much right to come home with the milk as a man, but I say a man has no right to come home with the milk; and I say more, no woman who respects herself has any desire to come home with the milk."

"Bother the milk! It isn't a question of milk. It is a question of making artifical distinctions between the sexes."

"I say there ought to be no distinction. Why should a man be allowed to sin?"

"And a woman not be given an opportunity."

"Then do you want to commit sins?"

"I want to be allowed, as men do."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself; *there!*"

"I only say I ought to be allowed — — — — —"

And it is talk such as this (tempered fortunately by the decorous repartee and the dry sallies of the other characters) that has earned for "The New Woman," the title "a lady of spotless literary reputation"—at least in England!

What with "The Shop Girl" in London—"The Gaiety Girl" there, and also in New York, added to these other hybrid forms of advanced crazed femininity—so disgracefully misrepresented, dramatically, I think the present progressive type had best doff the new garments of emancipation, put down pen and latch-key, attune the voice of reform to a pretty, homely lullaby, and stay at home with the stockings and the children.

Given the multiform elements of kingly parentage, gypsy life, court intrigue, love, hatred, ambition and treachery, in assorted shapes and sizes, a romantic play like "Zamar" does not go a-begging for lack of stimulus. Any audience is aroused and kept at the excitement point when courtiers conspire and gypsies plunge to the rescue. Paul Kester has woven a story thick in texture of romantic heroism, and brocaded in glaring tints with artificial situations and Quixotic undertakings. It teems with plot and counterplot; intrigue is spread on thickly and climaxes are attained artificially. The execution straight through the story is theatrical, rarely dramatic; the spectator does not feel the firm hold of the playwright's hand; the touch is wavering. As the plot thickens the ingredients grow dense and turbid, and the result is a melodramatic seething that is much too involved to be artistic. The effect, pictorially, of "Zamar" is that of a tropical sun setting in fierce red rays on the crater of an active volcano. The central figure, in robes of gold and crimson, in trappings of gypsy stuffs and ornaments, is Salvini, a living, lurid figure, exceptionally and strongly picturesque. He is instinct with life, throbbing, fierce and powerful; a heroic being such as his race and physique well befit him. As Zamar, gypsy, king, son, lover, and friend, he has some great moments where the genius of his father flashes meteor-like aslant one's mental vision. He adapts his talents admirably to the character, divesting himself of the exasperating swagger and the offensive mannerisms so irritating in "The Three Guardsmen." His articulation is clearer, his inflection improved, his entire interpretation better balanced, more evenly symmetrical, giving the character a lustre undeniably brilliant and sweepingly vigorous. His voice, naturally a magnificently thundering organ, is unfortunately becoming over-strained and jagged from constant violence. The exotic emotions—love, anger, pride, loyalty, are clearly delineated and well modulated.

Christmas.

THE H. S. Crocker Company desire to announce that they are now prepared to show a larger, more complete, and unusual stock of **Christmas Gifts** than at any previous time.

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In William Redmund, the star possesses an assistant of excellent ability. He defines the traitorous character of Count Philip with skill, making it clearly, impressively effective. The part embraces treacheries without limit, the appetite of an anaconda, insatiable in its passion for destruction, its only respite being the light frivolous moments when the coveted gypsy beauty screamingly scorns his rank and shekels: "Aha! aha!! One kiss, my charmer!!!" occurs at pleasant and stated intervals, with Zamar or the Princess on the rescue committee.

The careful acting of Eleanor Moretti is a delight. As the unhappy persecuted Princess she looks and lives the character, proving herself an actress of more than average ability. Maud Dixon, the belle of the gypsy tribe, is pretty enough to look upon but is entirely out of her line. She would be better adapted to burlesque or light—very light—opera, lacking as she does vigor and magnetism in anything touching the dramatic. The play is handsomely costumed and most picturesquely staged.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

Criticism is a word that has taken upon itself a wide stretch of meaning in these later days; so when one is told to criticise a book or a play or bit of music, it is not always an easy thing to determine just what to do and the resultant words that are written vary greatly in subject and purpose. To me criticism has always implied something personal—something subjective—and to speak of positivistic, factual, objective criticism, has always seemed to me an incomprehensible combination of terms. A real criticism, I think, is always a comparison—a comparison of the actual set of facts presented for consideration (the play, the book, the sonata), with an ideal created and existing in the critic's mind, and the noting of the differences between the actual play, the book before me, the sonata I am hearing, and that ideal. The critic calls these differences faults, failures, inadequacies, and terms of that class ; but it is easy to see there is nothing constant about such differences, that they must depend almost wholly upon the subjective creation of the critic's mind and vary as his individuality varies.

One's ideal of a character, a play, a book, may have been formed in divers ways. There is a possibility of its having come to me purely out of myself, that I lack utterly the means of reproducing it, and that it is only communicable through a noting of the differences which exist between it and some actual work of art ; or, and this is the more likely, I may have grown to accept some noted performance as my standard and thus merged that in my ideal.

Now, of all those who have played Richard for me, Edwin Booth is the one who has impressed me most, and when last Monday, Keene opened at the California with this play, I hoped to be reminded of what we all have lost, and measurably consoled, perchance. But I was asking too much, for the differences were accented enough. Still, after it all, there was the feeling that this, despite its faults, is by far the most satisfying impersonation of the character we have now. But there were faults, (I have told you what I mean by the term)—there were faults, undoubtedly. The lines, it seemed to me, were over-studied, something in the manner often of Henry Irving, and there was an attempt to make much acting out of ordinary, common-place remarks. But there was lots to praise—the mobility of the face, the fiendishness of the laugh, the aptness of gesture, carriage and apparel. The stage settings were beautiful, indeed, and the costuming was quite effective. The scene with the representatives of the Corporation of London was especially fine—quite the best in the play, I thought, and Keene's acting here was really satisfying. The dream scene was thrillingly well-managed, and I noted, with hearty approval, the absence of the usual gauzy ghosts therefrom. Of the rest of the company there is little to be said. There was no one noticeably bad, though the women seemed almost uniformally harsh of voice and lacking in delicacy of action. Of the men, I liked Mr. Arden and Mr. Eagleson the best.

C. MICHENER.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

BALDWIN.

Alexander Salvini closes a very successful engagemant at the Baldwin Theatre next Saturday night. During the week he will produce from his repertoire four stirring plays, commencing on Monday with "The Student of Salamanca, in which Mr. Salivini takes the part of a romantic young Italian student, who, after saving the life of a charming young Senorita at the risk of his own, falls desperately in love and follows her to Spain, where he discovers she is attached to the Queen's court and the affianced wife of a gentleman of high rank, one Marquis of Hereroes. Nothing daunted, the plucky student resorts to strategy and eventually succeeds in obtaining an interview with his enamorater, who, of course, reciprocates his love and promises to marry him. After much difficulty the pair manage to get the unpopular Marquis out of the way by having him put in jail for theft. The third and last act sees the student promoted to a high office in the King's army, where he is expected to perform long and faithful service and everything ends just as it always does in stage life. This is the first production of the play in America and a splendid house is anticipated. Dumas' stirring drama, the "Three Guardsmen," is billed for Thursday night and on Wednesday the ever popular "Ruy Blas" will be presented. On Thursday Mr. Salvini repeats the "Student of Salamanca." On Friday evening and the Saturday matinee, "Don Cæsar de Bazan" will be played. The engagement closes on Saturday night with "The Three Guardsmen" once again.

SALVINI AS "RUY BLAS."

ALADDIN, JR.

On Monday evening, December 17th, the long awaited American Extravaganza Company, presenting their grand spectacle "Aladdin, Jr.," will unfold its many beauties at the Baldwin Theatre. In "Aladdin, Jr." Manager Henderson shows us the heighth of spectacular effects. Of all the beautiful and charming senes ever presented to us, none can compare to the amber ballet in the second act of the piece. The effect of this scene is simply dazzling in its grandeur. The company this year is if anything stronger than it has ever been for the past eight years of its successful existence. In John J. Burke the company is said to have the cleverest comedian ever in its ranks, and he is very funny judging from what the Eastern papers have to say of him. Another strong addition to the company is Miss Anna Boyd who plays the title role. Miss Boyd is one of the most successful actresses in this country and her appearance in "Aladdin, Jr." has made her more popular than ever. The company in all number over one hundred and twenty people.

THE ORPHEUM.

Manager Walter seems to have no limit to his enterprise in the matter of securing high-class attractions for the Orpheum. A review of the notable artists who have appeared at this popular music hall during the past year would prove interesting, as would also a tabulation of their salaries. On Monday evening an unusually strong list of new attractions are promised. Chief among them is Alice Raymond, the greatest living lady cornetist. Miss Raymond is a lady of magnificent presence and rare beauty, and is a great favorite with the "smart" set in Boston, New York and Washington, D. C., her home being in the latter city. She has an artistic reputation in her line equal to that of Mrs. Alice J. Shaw, the siffleuse, and it is by no means confined to the United States, as she is well known in Europe and Canada. Her advent at the Orpheum will doubtless prove an event of considerable prominence. Thomas and Welsh, singing and dancing comedians; McCarthy and Reynolds, Irish sketch artists; Nahl and Reynolds, with their exhibition of living bronze statuary, and Caicedo are other attractive features of the new programme.

TIVOLI.

"Gasparone," a comic opera in three acts will be the attraction at the Tivoli next week. The opera deals with the nobility, soldiers, smugglers and the rabble of Sicily in the year 1820, and is full of pretty music, amusing incidents and witty dialogue. Ferris Hartman, in the character of Babalena Nasoni, is, as usual, in some villainous conspiracy, but is foiled in his plans by a well arranged counter-plot.

MOROSCO'S.

The "Shadow Detective" has scored a great success at Morosco's Grand Opera House this week. Daniel A. Kelly, who appears in the title role, will next week produce the strong comedy-drama, "Outcasts of a Great City." This kind of play is one that appeals to all classes, and the gallery and parquette unite in approbation. The piece will be cast to the full extent of Mr. Morosco's powerful company. The matinee benefit for the incurable children will undoubtedly pack the house.

THE ALCAZAR.

The performance of Haverly's Minstrels at the Alcazar Theatre have been giving satisfaction to large houses. The company is large, and a good one in every respect. Their patronage have included the most fashionable element of theatre-goers.

This week there will be an entire change of programme from the beginning to the end; a new first part, a new Olio and a new burlesque. The whole is entitled "The Black Mikado," with a full strength of the company, and twenty young ladies in the chorus with black faces.

TIBBEY CONCERT.

The concert to be given at Maple Hall, in the Palace Hotel on Wednesday next, promises to be a very enjoyable affair. Besides Miss Sadie Tibbey, the well-known whistling soloist, there will be Miss Millie Flynn and Mr. Frank Coppin heard in vocal selections, and Dr. Arthur Regensburger and Sig. S. Martinez will play. Mr. Alfred A. Batkin will act as accompanist.

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LOS ANGELES.

Van Flytter's Thanksgiving

Young Mr. Percival Van Flytter, thoroughbred man of the world and master of all the human emotions that he was, felt himself for once in his life dreadfully embarrassed. He had never in all his twenty-five years' career of earthly existence been guilty of impertinence or disrespect to a girl or a woman, and he was not going to begin now. And yet at this moment he felt that he would give anything he possessed, make any sacrifice, to secure acquaintanceship with the young girl who a few moments ago had duplicated in her own downy cheeks the blush of which he himself had been guilty when he discovered that his scrutiny of her, too close to be altogether polite, had been noted and absorbed.

It was a perhaps fatal mischance that there should have been hanging in the window of this particular dry goods store in Sixth avenue a bathrobe of fearful and wondrous gorgeousness of design. Van Flytter usually left the selection of such articles to his man, but nothing quite so magnificent as those white and lavender stripes had ever adorned his graceful figure. He was charmed with the garment at first sight, and so entered the shop and bought it. And it was after he had given the salesman his name and address and while he was waiting for his change that the pathetic violent eyes and exquisite slim figure of this maid behind another counter had done their deadly work.

She was rather tall, and her face gleamed with the pallor that is born of long hours of fatigue. But her thin cotton dress failed to conceal the outlines of a most beautiful arm; moreover, her hands were slim and very white and tipped with delicate filbert-shaped nails, whose pinkness rivaled the momentary flush that his gaze had brought to her cheeks. The damsel, with eyes demurely downcast, was now engaged in replacing some gloves in an oblong cardboard box.

Van Flytter, with shame in his heart and an inward dread of what his man would say when the dreadful things arrived at his house, walked over and bought some. The good breeding or the timidity (whichever one chooses to call it) of the young man was evidenced by his failure to utter a single word that had not some bearing upon the commercial transaction in hand. He made his purchase, paid for it and departed in an erect and dignified manner

But a very few days afterward, Van Flytter went back and bought more gloves. He despised himself for it, but he could no more help doing it than he could help taking his bath before breakfast. He was not in love, he told himself, oh, no! But, at the same time, the sweet face of this girl in a Sixth avenue dry goods shop, clear-cut as a cameo and saint-like in its purity as it was, had haunted him as no feminine face had ever done before—no, not even the sweet face of Miss Hester Ducross, to whom he was accustomed to send a costly bouquet every day, and who, as his pet sister, Flo, told him fourteen times a week, would make him the dearest little wife in the world.

The girl behind the counter blushed—he bought so very many gloves. No one man, she felt sure, could ever need so many. Besides, had he not bought two dozen pairs only a few days before.

Van Flytter thought the blush and the shimmer of the small, white teeth, through scarlet lips, that accompanied it, the loveliest he had ever seen. He was guilty of no frivolity, however. Yet, as he stalked out of the shop, there was a queer tugging at his heart-strings, and he was saying to himself, "I *must* know her."

That night, at the Whippersnapper Club, Van Flytter, dreaming over a rather stiff brandy-and-soda, watched some of the weary-eyed, slapdash-looking fellows around him and thought of two things: First, how these same fellows would laugh and jeer at him if they knew his weakness, and second, how many in his place would be similarly circumspect and well-behaved?

At his seventh visit to the Sixth avenue store in quest of wholly unnecessary gloves, Van Flytter felt himself flushing to the roots of his comely, blonde hair. Other salesmaidens in the immediate vicinity, he noticed, were whispering together and looking in his direction and smirking and sniggering. He made his exit very hurriedly this time. Like the gallant, young chap he was, he never once thought of his own annoyance. He was in danger of compromising her, it seemed. That was sufficient. He would go to the Sixth avenue shop no more.

But the very next night happened to be a vile one. The rain came down in sheets, and the wind howled through the "L" trestles like a regiment of demons out on a spree. Why Van Flytter had chosen Sixth avenue for his route uptown he did not try to explain. But just as he was nearing *the* shop, he spied another establishment devoted to the sale of rubber goods, and in three minutes he had effected the purchase of a stylish waterproof coat of feminine fashion and cut. Clad himself, from neck to heels in a long brown garment of the same texture, he looked quite stalwart and brave as he strode along the drenched pavement, with the superfluous garment flung over his left arm.

His idea was a happy one, as it proved. It was six o'clock now, and there came swiftly toward him a figure that he instantly recognized. The figure was struggling forward against the wind, with the rain driving against it in sheets. Van Flytter dodged the small umbrella that was held almost horizontally before it, and touched the figure slightly on one of its arms: "I—I—beg your pardon," he stammered, his wet cheeks flushing scarlet, "but will you not let me lend you this?" He extended the brand new mackintosh as he spoke.

The girl glanced at him shyly out of her big violet eyes. She instantly recognized the purchaser of multitudinous pairs of gloves. She smiled—and hesitated.

"Come," said Van Flytter, a-tremble at his own boldness; and he drew her into a sheltering doorway and helped her into the coat. "You are better protected now against the rain," he said, stupidly.

The girl flushed hotly. "But I—" she began, and stopped abruptly.

"If you will permit me," said Van Flytter, with exaggerated politeness, "I will walk a short distance with you. I wish to speak to you." The girl silently placed her hand on his arm, and they moved away together. Van Flytter continued: "If you insist upon it, I will leave you at once. I have been very rude, I fear, but I wish to say this—that I have felt for a long while that I must know you. I knew no other way but this, but so far from desiring to offend or affront you, I—" He stopped.

The girl looked at him slantingly, herself too embarrassed to speak. At length Van Flytter asked abruptly: "Have you a father?"

"No, sir," answered the girl, softly, "my father is dead."

"A mother?"

"Yes, sir. I live with my mother and my two little sisters over in Brooklyn."

"Then," said Van Flytter, earnestly, "I want you to take me home with you and introduce me to your mother, if you will."

The girl stared at him with astonishment.

"Because," went on Van Flytter, very earnestly, "I have seen something of the world, and I knew your goodness when I first saw you. I am neither a masher nor a rogue. You interest me very deeply. To prove that I do not intend any harm against you, I ask you to take me home with you, to see—your mother. Will you?"

"Oh, sir!" murmured the damsel, "what will she say?"

"Leave that to me," said Van Flytter, in a superior way. His heart was bounding and his brain throbbing as those organs had not done in years. His aim was accomplished at last. He was side by side with his dainty new divinity, and his hitherto purposeless life seemed now to have an object.

"Where did you get this beautiful coat?" asked the girl, as they crossed the river.

"It is one of my sister's," answered the youth unblushingly, "I borrowed it from her. I thought you might need it."

* * * * * *

Van Flytter's sensations that evening were decidedly peculiar. Mattie Dilgord—for that was her name—had introduced him to her mother, a stout, honest-faced, red-handed woman, as a friend to whom one of the salesmen in "the store" had introduced her. Percival's soul strained at the lie, but he had to let it pass. As for Mrs. Dilgord, she looked as if she did not believe it.

The family lived in a rather dingy little flat, and Van Flytter marvelled at the extent of his own pleasure as he helped the two little sisters, who were twins of eight—as riotous a little pair of tomboys of girls as ever stepped, and who had first stared in dismay at the splendor of his raiment and then speedily made friends with him—prepare the modest supper. The meal was a jolly one. Percival, after awhile, forgot to shudder at the pewter knives and forks and the dreadful prints upon the dingy walls. For he looked at times into the violet eyes of Mattie, and was forced to confess that this girl who had snared his heart—she had changed her dress, by the way, and now had on a pretty white frock, with some cheap but becoming lace at the throat and wrists—was infinitely prettier in the safety and sanctity of her humble family circle than she had ever looked in "the store."

It was nine o'clock when he took his leave. Prior to this, however, he had a blissful ten minutes alone with Mattie, who, like a dutiful and self-sacrificing daughter, took upon herself the burden of entertaining the company while her mother and the twins cleaned the dishes. During this time he spoke to her very softly and tenderly, the burden of his speech being that he thought her very, very sweet; that he was interested in her very deeply indeed, and that he hoped she would not misconstrue, etc., etc. Just before her mother entered the little parlor the damsel said, roguishly: "I found this on *your sister's* waterproof coat."

Van Flytter took "it," which was a scrap of cardboard, upon which the device "$12" was "marked in plain figures," as the advertisements would say. It staggered him a little, but just then the portly Mrs. Dilgord entered, and in a few minutes was escorting him to the door with many expressions of regret at his early departure.

"Mrs. Dilgord," said the young man with great gallantry as he stood in the narrow hallway. "I trust you will believe me sincere when I say that I think your daughter a most admirable girl. I hope you will allow me the privilege of another visit."

"Why, certainly," answered the good dame, wholly without emotion, "come up any time. How'd you like to come and *eat*"—her accentuation of this word was atrocious—"Thanksgiving Day dinner with us? We eat at 1:30."

"I shall be charmed," was Van Flytter's ready answer.

* * * * * * * *

For one whole week Van Flytter fought a most valiant battle with himself. He saw all the folly of his conduct and vowed a dozen times a day that he would seek the fair Mattie no more. But, though blasè, he was still young, and the battle ended as such battles usually end. At precisely 1:30 on the day of national rejoicing he found himself ringing at the Widow Dilgord's door.

The girl twins greeted him uproariously and went into fits of rapture as he presented each with a splendiferous box of bon-bons. They dragged him to the little dining-room, where a very thick set young man in his shirt-sleeves, with very large, rough hands and a firm, square jaw, was in the act of sticking a knife into a mastodonic turkey. The widow sat at his right, looking very amiable. Mattie sat at the foot of the table looking extremely sweet in a white dress adorned with blue ribbons. Van seated himself opposite the widow, with an unruly twin on each side of him.

He was not exactly comfortable during the meal. His efforts to be amiable to the thick-set young man at the head of the table met with scant encouragement. To be even more precise, the young man was distinctly rude and contemptuous. He frequently sniffed disdainfully instead of answering when spoken to, and when not occupied in putting food into his mouth—for which purpose he used his knife like a trowel—he glared truculently at Van Flytter's faultless raiment and the bunch of white carnations that adorned his buttonhole.

After dinner this forbidding youth lighted a briar pipe, and stretching himself upon the sofa in the little parlor, relapsed into a gloomy silence. For an hour Van Flytter chatted amiably with the widow and her daughter, and could not help feeling gratified at the manifest worship that gleamed from the latter's eyes. Then he played some Sunday-school hymn tunes on the little cottage organ for the twins, and felt much pleasure in their shrill but sweet young voices, for he knew that Mattie was watching him out of her big violet eyes.

It was nearly dark when he rose to go, and the thick-set young man spoke for the first time. "I'll walk down to de car wid youse," he said, lumbering off the sofa and donning his coat.

"I shall be charmed," said Van Flytter, in a surprised tone. As the two left the house together, he saw great tears in Mattie's eyes and a scared look in her white face, at which he marvelled greatly. She did not speak, however.

The young men walked, perhaps, half a block in silence, and then the thick-set youth turned up a gloomy alley, saying, "Come dis way."

The street was deserted, and Van Flytter hesitated.

"O, I'm no robber," sneered the other, savagely. "I'm an honest mechanic, that's all, an' if you're afraid to come, I'll tump der stuffin' outen' youse right here."

The word "afraid" nettled Van Flytter. He silently followed his guide perhaps a hundred feet up the alley. There the latter stopped and said fiercely, "Now if you are a man, fight."

"Why should I fight?" asked Van, in amazement.

"No words!" hissed the other. "You'd steal my girl, would you, you thief! Put up your hands or I'll smash yer one, anyhow."

"I assure you I ——," stammered the young New Yorker. But he saw in his adversary's eyes the warning of coming attack, and turning half around, he removed his overcoat, and the fight began.

Now, Van Flytter was a clever boxer, but a light-

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weight, and he saw in thirty seconds that he was overmatched. For every two blows that he landed on his adversary—and they were good ones, too—he received five, and a crasher on the point of the jaw knocked him into a daze, from which he awakened to hear this terrible person asking him, not urgently, if he could do anything for him.

"If you will call me a cab, I shall be very much obliged," said Van Flytter, faintly.

* * * * * * *

Van Flytter did not dine with his mother and sisters that evening. Moreover, his head felt decidedly sore the next day. He retained his self-control admirably, however, when he read this queer, ill-written note that he found in his morning mail:

Mr. Van Flytter:

DEAR SIR:

I hope de swat in de jaw didn't lay you out. Me 'an Mattie sends regards. You see, I couldn't afford to take no chances, so I've just took her over to Jersey and married her. I told her I'd push her face if she didn't go. She went.

Yours respectfully,

TONY DIGGS.

P. S.—The twins sends best respects,

* * * * * * *

The cards for Mr. Van Flytter's marriage to Miss Hester Ducross are out. He never goes near Sixth avenue now.

—*Town Topics.*

All the Rage.

The very latest and standard egg drinks are all the rage in the East at present. They are to be had at Gruenhagen's, No. 20 Kearny street.

Dr. Charles W. Decker, Dentist, 806 Market Street.

Press Clippings on any subject supplied on application. Society people and public men who desire to know what the newspapers say of them, address Press Clipping Bureau, P. O. Box 2329, City.

A liberal reduction of rates will be made to permanent residents at the Hotel El Monte, Sausalito, this winter. Room and board are to be had at rates averaging from $8 per week up. Such extremely liberal terms should be an incentive to visitors, and certainly should result in keeping the hotel well filled during the months to come.

Huber's Orchestra furnishes excellent music for weddings, receptions, etc. It plays at the cotillions of the Friday Night Club and at the Hotel Del Monte. 420 Eddy street. Telephone, East, 681.

DR. RUMBOLD, Crocker Building, Rooms 76–7.

A MEMORY OF SUMMER.

A face in the crowded street * * *
A dream sprang to life as it passed me by—
A dream of a night 'neath the moonlit sky,
When the air was soft and sweet,
And a hand, all bejeweled and slim and white,
Lay trembling in mine, and two eyes, star-bright,
Melted into my own; and a great delight
Illumed my storm-tossed soul,
As this idol of mine, with the seraph's face
And a form like a sylph's, in its gentle grace,
I tenderly clasped in a close embrace
And a thousand kisses stole!

* * * * * * *

Ah! the black skies frown and the rain streams down
On the bleak, drear pave of the sodden town,
As the chilling wind blows free;
But thro' the gloom shines one glorious ray:—
That face, in the crowded street to-day,
Brought the summer back to me!

A face in the crowded street. * * *
One swift glance out of your two dark eyes,
And the dismal day and the streaming skies
Were forgotten and lost, my sweet!
For it brought back the days and the nights, when we,
Standing there alone by the shimmering sea,
Solved, together, Love's splendid mystery
And joyed in its precious pain.

* * * * * * *

O, sweetheart of mine, whose eyes now shine
On another, take all this heart of mine
And keep it forever and aye!
For my memories sprang to life once more
In the holiness of the face I saw
In the crowded street to-day!

—*Town Topics.*

"When a man's wife tells a funny story I'd like to know how he's going to know when she's got to the point."

"Easy enough. The point's the part she tells half an hour after she's finished the story."—*Chicago Record.*

Robbie—"I'm going to be a pirate, like Captain Kidd, when I grow up."

Charlie—"I'm going to be a train robber like Jesse James."

Johnnie—"Well, I ain't. I'm going to keep a summer hotel, like Uncle Jake."—*Truth.*

"Hullo!" said the chestnut to the robin. "What are you?"

"I'm a little bird," said the robin. "What are you?"

"I'm a little burred, too," said the chestnut.—*Tammany Times.*

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them, and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists, in 50c. and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well-informed you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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Egyptian Enamel creates a perfect complexion instantly. Price, 50 cents.

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LIBRARY NOTES

Now that the Christmas season is upon us, should we not rejoice over the opportunity to buy holiday books? That form of investment has so practical a value that it is commended to the minds of the most economical. There is the consolation of realizing the editions de luxe that appear at this time of year have some better use than the mere filling of space on a book shelf, a higher value than presenting a narrow gilt back to the casual frequenter of libraries. No, are they not available as bric-a-brac, cannot the adroit housewife adorn with their costly binding her onyx-topped, gilt-legged tables? May they not be thrown casually on the divan for the delectation of the occasional visitor? Can you think of a more artistic decoration for the black walnut cabinet which clings to remote corners of the drawing-rooms of even the first families? Considered from the utilitarian point of view, then, the value of holiday books expands as if under the influence of compound interest. They are something better than a mere compendium of phrases and pictures, for do they not actually assume the importance of vases or lamps indeed. They become features, may even be read, though who ever heard of any one reading Jones, Brown or Robinson in volumes, with colored borders, halftones and decorated fly leaves? No, we simply gaze respectfully at these great works and turn over the leaves with due consideration as to their immaculativeness and then lay them carefully on the onyx table.

These considerations, perhaps, may help to assuage the grief and horror of the habitue of bookstores who, turning in on his familiar quest after literary novelties, finds the snug corner where he was wont to look for the primest and freshest productions of the book looms filled with holiday editions. He is ready to admit they are beautiful, all these sumptuous volumes with their wealth of decorative gold scrolling and brilliant array of pictures. But is not their presence an impertinence, an undue intrusion of philistinism, a concession to the vulgar populace that never enter a bookstore more than once a twelve month? And then the children's books. There are counters piled high with green, red and yellow volumes, garishly attractive, full of weird engravings and fanciful drawings. Clever, no doubt, these infinite booklets, but are they eligible to replace *Trilby* and *The Manxman*, and the new *Conan Doyles*, *Stanley Weymans* and *Anthony Hopes*? No, in these days the mere lover of jewelled phrases, of harmonious sentences, is lost sight of and for the month, books are bric-a-brac.

For all that one may find hidden in remote corners new volumes. Here, for instance, is the latest series of quotations by Sir John Lubbock. It is called *The Use of Life*, and has essays on "Tact," "Money," "Recreation," "Health," and sundry other subjects of importance to suffering humanity. They are fully as instructive as the series of discourses on *The Pleasures of Life*, which we all read some time ago. He has one of those very deliberate styles, has Sir John—that fine knack of setting forth a truism with the emphasis due a discovery. One is ever at a loss in reading him to decide whether the quotations with which every page is so plentifully besprinkled suggests the text, or the text the quotations. I have thought, in gazing over collections of proverbs, how eminently wise one might be thought by furnishing a setting for a few dozen gems of experience. But Sir John quite often comes to valuable conclusions on his own account, and though you are compelled to admit they are a bit like old friends, they are none the less agreeable because of that.

Better still, try the graceful essays of Richard Lesollienee—*Prose Fancies*. They have had the honor of comparison with the immortal essays of Elia, by no less competent a writer than Zangwell, on the basis ,of course, of admirable literary workmanship for the series has not that fine quality of humor which characterizes the writing of the in.mortal Lamb. It is the prose of a poet—refined, dextrous, admirably modulated, no verbal trickery or finery, but pure and tender in phrasing, as in sentiment. The type, subject and the manner of treatment are essentially modern, and yet the model is classic in its restraint, in its brevity. There is genius in the titles of those delicate fancies—"The Woman's Half-profits," "The Genius Superstition," The Philosophy of Limited Editions," "The Pathetic Flourish." Above all though one finds no effort at delivering a message. No posing or prosing but the point of view, like the style is tender and true. I should like to read two certain specimens of "The New Woman," some pages out of "The Blessedness of Women," and "Viragoes of the Brain," and I should have the consolation of knowing that if they objected to the author's dictum, they must admit his poetic felicity of fiction.

But these are not Christmas books though there is, of course, no imaginable objection to reading them at the holiday season. In that category cometh *Old English Songs*, a charming instance of the art typographical, full of pen and ink drawings by Hugh Thompson, prefaced by Austin Dobson. The printers are decidedly the feature, however, though Mr. Dobson is as graceful as ever. They are exceedingly well done, full of humor and character and should win Mr. Thompson recognition among the leading illustrators which, indeed, he may have, though his name has not the merit of familiarity. Another book whose plates he is responsible for is Miss Austin's *Pride and Prejudice*. This is really a beautiful edition of that classic and it has a cover with a design in gold peacock feathers against a dark green background which is worthy of enshrining the prose of Oscar Wilde. Indeed, the book is exceedingly swell and charmingly artistic *Paul and Virginia*, Bernardi de St. Pierres classic, appears in a very handsome guise for Christmas. It is prettily illustrated by Maurice Leloir, with pictures of tropical scenery, depicting the lovely twain amid the glories of Mauritian forests.

Among the most artistic of holiday publications are the charming little books which Frederick A. Stokes issues. There are three dainty volumes. *Songs of Seven*, by Jean Migelow, *Point, Lace and Diamonds*, by George A. Baker, and *The Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln*. The two former are full of dainty illustrations and have covers that are masterpieces.

Though *Decaturs and Somers*, by Mally Elliot Seawell, is intended for young people. I can recommend it to anyone who likes a rattling story of adventures. It is a stirring and patriotic narrative, and the incidents related have the advantage of being founded on episodes from our own naval history.

Madeline's Rescue, by the author of *Colette*, is a story for boys and girls exclusively. It, too, is prettily gotten up, with full-page pictures and dainty ornamentation. Looking over these children's books, one cannot but admit that they are prepared with rare skill and exhibit a degree of literary ability that does not always distinguish the literary pabulum prepared for children of larger growth.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"Madeline's Rescue," by Jean Schultz. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"Decatur and Somers," by M. Elliot Seawell. D. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"Table Talk of Abraham Lincoln," F. A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"Selections from Point Lace and Diamonds," by Geo. A. Baker. F. A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"Songs of Seven," by Jean Ingelow. F. A. Stokes Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"Paul and Virginia," by B. de St. Pierre. Appleton & Co., publishers. For sale, Doxey's

"Old English Songs," MacMillan & Co., publishers. For Sale, Doxey's.

"Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen. MacMillan & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"The Use of Life," by Sir John Lubbock. MacMillan & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

A retired English army officer seeks a position of trust. Private secretaryship, or otherwise. Apply, "G." care of WAVE office.

Marie—"Do you really feel that you could support a wife?"

George (proudly)—"Here are my income tax receipts."

Marie (flinging herself into his arms)—"Take me, dearest."—*Chicago Record.*

When Earl Ferrars had been convicted of murder, great efforts were made to obtain a pardon, on the ground that he was insane. His mother being applied to and requested to write a strong letter on the subject, answered, "Well, but if I do, how am I to marry off my daughters?"—*Green Bay.*

HOLIDAY GIFTS

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

Why will women of sense and taste permit themselves to be absolutely ruled with regard to their clothes by their dressmakers and tailors? It is, of course, quite easy to understand why the latter prefer to clothe their clients in uniform, but I fancy no woman likes to see every second maid or matron in town with a gown exactly similar to her own. Take the tailor-made dresses, buttoned on either side, and on Kearny street any Saturday or Monday morning when the fashionable people do their shopping, it is absolutely impossible to count the dozens upon dozens of this style of frock. Again, look at the silk waists turned out by Mrs. Cox, Madame Marie or Mdme. Biber and the resemblance is simply startling, especially as all the girls belonging to the same set affect these modistes. Some tailors consult their customers and occasionally make some original looking suits. I know a New York girl who invariably copies her costumes from *Vogue* and has them turned out by Mansfield and they are quite unusual in style and have the chic effect of those pictured in that dainty little paper. Of course, dressmakers consult Parisian models, but how few American women affect the peculiar styles seen in these fashion sheets and how few dressmakers like to take the trouble of making an elaborate gown when a simply made one will be quite as costly, while using but one-half the time and labor. A certain well-known girl said recently to me, "My dress-maker simply remarks, 'Now, leave that dress to me and I assure you it will suit you perfectly.'" I remember a bride who made some remark about how she wished her wedding dress trimmed to her modiste, who burst into a loud guffaw, and, turning to her workwomen, said derisively, "Girls, she thinks she knows," and the girl bore the rebuff and paid the bill.

I think there ought to be some fixed rule as to when women should wear décolleté bodices. As things are now, they wear them at teas, appear in them at "at homes" held while the sun is high in the Heavens. They have been known even to don them at luncheon, claiming the divine right of femininity to wear whatever they care to when and as often as it pleases. Of course, women do look prettier in décolleté gowns and naturally desire to look their best always. Mrs. Grundy's followers have the artist's warrant for declaring that the frock that is low enough to display the swelling of the bosom should not be worn. The argument of the "uncoguid" is that such a bodice is not modest; of the artists, that any line which cuts across a curve is graceless and that in order to escape this the bodice must begin above the curve of the bust, merely baring the throat and neck. But even the apparently proper frock is infinitely indecorous upon certain types of women. Those with rough red skin, with large protruding bones should avoid them, as they are suggestive of a surgical clinic and horribly hideous. The very stout woman is equally forbidding in a low-cut gown which shows mountainous layers of flesh. The gown that the purists never look askance at is the V-shaped bodice, which may be cut to almost any depth without appearing low, and is better adapted than almost any other style for showing off a well-shaped neck and bosom. As to the back of the gown one may have it as décolleté as beauty will allow, and the maiden with dimpled shoulders may display as much of them as her fancy dictates. From a hygienic standpoint décolleté frocks are as suicidal as morphine, and multitudinous are the cases of consumption, pneumonia and bronchitis laid at their door. Physicians say if they are worn it should be constantly, but the idea of taking off a warm high-necked frock with the accompanying shirt and flannels is simply monstrous. Society, however, dictates otherwise, and in spite of the fair dames who don evening dresses in the day-time, considers it bad taste to wear them but at a dinner or in the evening.

All the gorgeous materials of the season are used in evolving the fashionable opera cloak. It is a truly magnificent garment, rich with fur and ornate with rare laces. An imported opera cloak which has recently arrived here is made of brocaded velvet in cream and mauve, with yoke, Medici collar and full sleeves of delicate heliotrope velvet. Falling from the yoke and partially over the huge sleeve falls a cape of ermine and ermine gauntlet finished the sleeve at the wrist.

Custom cannot change the infinite variety of hair adornments that are at present in vogue, from the golden crown that used to be considered the sole right of a sovereign, to the simple, silver, slender pin used in an empire twist. Those who would be crowned wear their hair parted in the center, and a few strands waved softly on the forehead. The slender band rests just above the parted fringe and encircles the head. A low decoration is placed after the usual coronal fashion in front while the back hair is piled as high as possible. Every one wears her grandmother's tortoise shell comb, or if the grandmother, in question, was fortunate enough to possess an ivory one, so much the better. These combs, as a rule, are very broad and look superb on a dark-haired lassie. Young women with Madonna-like faces, or those who have been assured their faces need only the nimbus, part their hair, wave it slightly, draw it low over their ears and knot it at the nape of the neck. Then they clasp a narrow, silver band around their heads so that the hair puffs very slightly on either side of it, and are truly saint-like in appearance, at least. Girls who have no tortoise shell combs wear gold or silver ones. The broad effects are sought with avidity by all sorts and conditions of women, often with rather sad results; as for instance, the moon-faced maiden with a broad comb surmounting her head, is aught else but a thing of beauty. Broad-faced women should adopt the empire style and wear slender pins.

Bracelets are again coming into fashion, pretty slender bangles ornamented with lover's knots in pearls, hearts, rubies and other expressive symbols. Others again are ornamented with devices in ruby, sapphire, emerald and pearl which unscrewed and formed a brooch. A curious breast-pin I recently saw had four circles in blue enamel with four red enamel flowers laid along them. A fetching pin was a gold miniature cane with a diamond snake twisted round it. The side combs with a lace pattern in diamonds are exquisite.

THE REFLECTOR.

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COMMUNICATION.

HOW TAMMANY WAS DEFEATED.

EDITOR WAVE: It will interest you, and, perhaps, your readers who take an interest in Good Government, as it did me, to read what Mr. Preble Tucker of the Council of Confederated Good Government Clubs has to say concerning the work done by the G. G. Clubs at the late election in New York City. He says:

"Why Tammany was beaten has been variously explained. Tammany itself has not been backward in explanations. It vociferously ascribes to 'hard times'—that convenient scapegoat for disappointed political parties—its overwhelming defeat. The Republican politicians say 'We did it,' while even the women, not to be outdone, claim that their efforts contributed most to the victory. Without depriving any of the various organizations of their just share in bringing about the revolution, let us take up the question, 'How was Tammany beaten?'

"It is well known that the LXX. represented but a sentiment. To bring that sentiment to a focus, and make it of practical avail, required organization. Such organization is not created in a day, or even in months. Fortunately, the committee found ready to its hand an organization which had slowly but surely been crystallizing for nearly two years upon the very sentiment that led to the creation of the LXX. This sentiment was non-partisanship in municipal affairs. This organization was the Good Government Clubs.

"In the ordinary sense of the word the clubs were not a political organization. They had, however, the facilities for carrying on a political campaign. They had no affiliation with State or national politics, as had the other organizations in the alliance, and therefore were neither embarrassed by considerations of party expediency nor distinguished by any national party badge.

"The LXX., appreciating these facts, requested Executive Committee of the Good Government Clubs to take charge of the important work of seeing that there should be an honest vote cast and counted. This was no small contract, as experience of the past had fully proven. To carry it out it involved undertaking to man every one of the 1,141 polling places in this city with two honest, intelligent and competent watchers, who should stay at their posts from 6 A. M. until the count was closed and the result officially announced. This, in most cases, meant until midnight.

"The clubs, however, accepted the undertaking, and how well it was carried out is a matter of public history. Never before have we had such an honest election and count, and never before have the polls been so well manned.

"This work was performed under the direction of a committee of three, appointed by the Good Government Executive Committee, and known as the Committee on Watchers. It had headquarters in the basement of the house No. 39 East Twenty-third street, occupied by the LXX., and started in on its task about two weeks before election day.

"Meanwhile, however, the City Club and various other semi-social reform organizations had held a conference for the purpose of getting together a corps of volunteer watchers. When the Good Government Committee undertook the task of watching the entire city, these organizations offered their services in procuring men to work under the direction of the committee. The selection of watchers was necessarily a difficult task, as it would not have done to accept every volunteer who offered his services, without regard to his qualifications or trustworthiness.

Here was where the Good Government Club system came into play. With the exception of three, every Assembly district in the city was covered by a Good Government Club. Each club had a Campaign Committee, and the Chairman of each Campaign Committee was put in charge of an Assembly district and was made responsible for the watchers and their work in his district. He had the sole charge of assigning them to their respective polling places, gave them their instructions and was held accountable for their carrying them out. In the three Assembly districts not covered by the club, three leading members of the City Vigilance League were chosen, who undertook to man these districts with members of that organization and such others as they could rely upon. They, too, were made directly responsible to the Good Government Committee on Watchers for the work in their respective districts.

"During the week immediately preceding election the captain of every Assembly district called a meeting of his watchers at the district headquarters, which, in most cases, were the club rooms of a Good Government Club, and a lawyer especially assigned for that purpose gave a short lecture on the election law. Each watcher was furnished with a copy of the election law as published by the Police Department, and, in addition, a pamphlet got up by the City Club and Good Government Club Council entitled 'A Plain Statement of the Election Law as in Force in New York City.' Thus equipped every watcher was expected to study and get thoroughly familiar with the requirements of the law before election day. In addition to this, each watcher was furnished with a badge, a watcher's certificate, a count card for entering the result of the vote on each municipal candidate, and a notebook in which was pasted a copy of the official registry list of his election district, and a series of printed instructions as to his rights and duties at the polling-place.

"So energetically and thoroughly was the work of the Good Government Committee on Watchers prosecuted that everything was practically completed by the Saturday night preceding the election. All the watchers had received their instructions and were fully equipped for their work. The courage and intelligence displayed by the Good Government watchers on election day were remarkable, and called forth praise from all parties except the enemy.

"It is no exaggeration to say that without the Good Government Clubs this most important work of the campaign would have been impossible of accomplishment in the short time allowed to it. This work was, however, separate and apart from the work done by the clubs, both before and during the campaign, in the way of spreading the idea of non-partisanship in municipal affairs. Their speakers were all over the city, talking from trucks and in halls. The great assistance rendered by the young men of the colleges and law schools in serving as watchers ought not to be overlooked. Their task was hard and disagreeable in the extreme, and yet they did not flinch from it in a single known instance.

"This systematic and close watch of the count and the means taken by the clubs to prevent false and fraudulent registration had more to do with the result than appears on the surface. It has been estimated by those whose experience with fraudulent elections enables them to speak with authority that from 20,000 to 30,000 votes at previous elections in this city have been fraudulent. Mr. Strong's plurality, in round numbers, was 45,000. Twenty-three thousand votes fraudulently taken from him and counted for Mr. Grant would have elected the latter by a safe plurality. In other words, an average change of twenty votes in an election district would have done it.

'Hitherto, the districts below Fourteenth street have rolled up phenomenal majorities for the Tammany ticket. Last year, when public sentiment was entirely against Maynard, the returns showed 30,000 plurality for him.

"These facts must not be overlooked when considering the work done by the Good Government Clubs. They prove beyond question the important part they played in the campaign against Tammany.

"The important work of the clubs, however, has but just begun. The late election did not destroy that greatest of all evils underlying our city government—the intermingling of national politics with municipal politics. There was merely a temporary union of the various party organizations against the common enemy. The emergency was so grave as to obscure temporarily the partisan differences which, under ordinary circumstances, would have prevented a union.

"That the people of the city outside of the active politicians are ready to throw aside national party prejudices for the good of the city was, however, very clearly demonstrated. To preserve this spirit of non-partisanship and furnish it with a trustworthy means of expression at every ensuing municipal election should be the chief work of the Good Government Clubs. Fortunately, the constitutional amendments separating municipal elections from other elections have passed. This makes the task of the clubs much more easy.

"The use of the term non-partisan by the Good Government Clubs has been very generally misunderstood. The clubs do not seek to do away with partisanship in a proper sense. But they are trying to destroy that pernicious and totally illogical partisanship which forces a man to vote in municipal elections upon national party lines. They realize that just so long as the national party organizations, as such, put up candidates for municipal offices, and appeal to the party allegiance of the voters to elect them, good municipal government cannot be obtained. They further realize that intelligent partisanship is essential to any form of democratic government, municipal or otherwise.

"They, therefore, hope to bring about such a radical change in our present political methods that all our citizens shall be partisans for or against bad municipal government; that men and measures shall be the lines upon which voters in a municipal election shall divide, and not the "Force Bill," Tariff Bill, Silver Question or any other issue that may divide the national parties.

"The supposition that the Good Government Clubs intend to bully or force the national party organizations into nominating good men for municipal offices is totally erroneous. Such a course on their part could only result in intrenching more firmly that misapplied partisanship they are striving to overthrow.

"With this in view, the Confererated Clubs adopted a constitution which provides for the calling of a nominating convention. Their machinery for putting into the field a municipal ticket is adequate, and will be used whenever necessary. The creation and subsequent action of the Committee of Seventy rendered this unnecessary this fall. That the people will follow when properly led has been shown. That the Good Government Clubs have the confidence of a large number of the people has also been shown. If they do nothing to forfeit this confidence they will be in such a strong position when the next municipal election takes place as to warrant their appealing to the citizens of this city to follow their lead in the fight for good government.

"To sneer at them as 'amateur politicians,' as has been done by a certain leading newspaper, does not injure them in the eyes of the public. The reputation which at present distinguishes the 'professional' politician is not very savory, and the term 'practical,' when applied to politics has become almost synonymous with 'felonious' in the minds of most of us. That the methods of the Good Government Clubs are practical has been too well proved to need further demonstration. They believe their aims are equally practical and that belief is shared by thousands of intelligent citizens."

Let the same work be done in San Francisco if we are to expect honest municipal elections. The stand taken by the WAVE is highly appreciated by myself and others whom I know interested in "honest primaries, honest elections and honest administration."

Yours truly,

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After the kaleidoscopic effects of programmes at times very much mixed, a whole evening devoted to one master comes as an overpowerful revelation. The Wagner nights, to the most enduring enthusiast, bring a touch of exhaustion, while they distinctly weary the uncultured. Rubinstein, as a composer, drew more than a little of good repute from his immense fame as a pianist. Like Liszt, he first gathered the focus of public enthusiasm through his personal greatness, and compelled the world to listen because of the wonderful endowment nature dowered him with in another field. A new personality making the pianoforte its mirror has struck deep into the consciousness of the last half of our century, and leaves a glow of personal glory shining far into the future. His playing was so much its own that no preconceived standards held good after hearing it, and here the weight of his individuality carried all before it. Labels like pianist or virtuoso, convey no meaning applied to him; a great artist once said: "Ah, Rubinstein, when he plays there is no other musician, but when he composes! No—he is something less than Mendelssohn."

The Rubinstein programme was not the most happy yet given by Herr Sheel's Orchestra, not that the playing was below pitch, but because of the limit of the composer's note as an original composer. The symphony made no impression of profundity, was, perhaps, even heavy and conveyed no fresh and unanimous inspiration. Pianistic brilliants glimmered in the score robbed of the bold grace such as a keyboard alone could emit. The world forgot, is not to be associated with Rubinstein's compositions, as a whole. Inspired to esoteric feeling by the rich Oriental poetry of Mirza Schafy, his setting catch their tone in a web of phrase and harmony finer yet, than the texture of the originals. Strange, true, human cries call from many others of his songs, and a few of the piano creations stir with the mysterious simplicity of pure, unsought feeling. But not always feeling inspired to effort and self-consciousness beset a fine and deep gift, easily the best among the tribe of modern pianists.

Those light numbers, particularly the dainty Feramor's Ballet music, awakened enthusiasm and proved the capacity for being popular Rubenstein possessed had he had a mind to wield the same. Of the thick and uninteresting Dmitri Donskoi overture and the tasteless orchestration of the celebrated Valse Caprice, one could avoid a rehearing with special relish. Russian characteristics as understood in connection with Tschaikowski's works, Rubinstein did not possess, either in melody or harmonic structure, and though a strong vein of orientalism colored his genius, his style and sentiment came well under the sympathetic influence of Mendelssohn. A great and splendid fame, not perhaps as supreme as it might have been had this great artist lived earlier, stands monumentally above that of his contemporaries, excepting all but a few, and promises to endure long after many well-known names of the present day are forgotten.

Singing has come to be an art so practical that it may be considered general property. Every where there are singing voices capable of expressing anything and all things in the way of emotion, dexterity or volume. How many brains there are behind those voices is another matter. The singing heard here is nearly always average in fault and merit. Two things there are, however, done so seldom, that, though prime necessities in theory, are phenomenal virtues when respectably accomplished. No voice, it is to be supposed by every reasonable person, should be heard in public before it has reached even quality, pitch and volume from its highest to its lowest tone, irrespective of class or sex; and every syllable should have the articulateness and self-same color that it has in speech. That the literary value in song stands paramount and that the words in all modern ballads have come before their musical setting is obvious. One hears invocations "to larve, to noight, to sawng" and other queer comestibles without realizing that love, night and song are being lampooned. If Svengalis Trilby sang in the middle of the note, it would have been better if she had sung into the middle of the *vowel*, which is what all respectable singers do, no matter what the language.

A fair house, some enthusiasm and an evenly interesting programme were the chief features of Miss Shindler's Concert. Miss Shindler, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Beel bore the burdens of the solos with even success.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SACRAMENTO.

The papers have erroneously stated that Charlie Peodgee anticipated getting up a fancy dress ball to aid the fund of the orphan asylum. Charlie has had nothing to do with it. The directors and Charlie disputed over some trifling thing and the latter's interest in the orphans has suddenly ceased. In fact, there is no fancy dress ball contemplated, and how the rumor gained currency is a mystery.

Guy Maydwell has been brought in unpleasant notoriety again. This time by reason of his bibulous tendencies. At dusk he and a friend were coming over from Yolo, both having indulged in a hilarious afternoon. When they reached the middle of the bridge they thought it would be great sport to dive off. They dared each other and the consequence was they both jumped. Guy was almost dead when rescued, but the poor unfortunate friend sank before assistance reached him.

Miss Upson was one of the guests in Mrs. Henry Crocker's box at the Horse Show. There have been several entertainments given in her honor and the papers have commented very favorably on her good looks and personal popularity.

Edith Miller entertained a few friends Thanksgiving night, but it was sort of a juvenile affair.

The local papers in your city have given quite elaborate accounts of the nuptials of Mr. Schwan and Miss Deming. They described at length the costumes, wedding repast, etc. Quite amusing, don't you think, considering the affair has not as yet taken place. When it does I shall write you all about it. The concert to be given by Mrs. Percy Ross will take place this evening. It was to have occurred a couple of weeks ago, but she kindly postponed it to aid Miss Gertie Carley. Mrs. Bonnheim will appear to-night for the first time since her return from Europe. It is said her voice has improved wonderfully, but I will have to wait until my next letter to tell you all about the programme. Mrs. Hurd will entertain the participants at a supper after the concert.

The minister and Carrie will wed to-morrow. The ceremony will be performed by Bishop Wingfield.

The Nicholls, formerly husband and wife, have been brought into unpleasant notoriety again. It is all over a little bill that both refused to pay. The Doctor did not consider himself responsible for bills contracted by Carrie. She had her own individual account, he claims. The papers have made much over their appearance in court. Her costumes have been described at length, and then, what is worse, she has been accused of using some emphatic expressions. The suit has turned out to be a sort of Police Court sensation.

The Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's Church gave an entertainment last night in the Sunday School room of the church. During the afternoon a sale of fancy articles was in progress, and the booths presented a most artistic appearance. The ladies in charge are to be congratulated over the success they met with, for a very neat little sum was realized.

Mrs. Dud Lindley will give a card party to-morrow night. There is very little entertaining predicted, only a few informal card parties.

SISTER SUE.

December 5, 1894.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: It's nothing but socials and literary societies now. Oh, we are getting shockingly learned, I will confess, though, it is in self-defense. The boys won't let us be giddy and we've got to do something. There wasn't a very big crowd at the Episcopal social, Monday night, but we were very select. Of course, Fannie and Mary were there with the Doctor and Ernest. The Davison girls were there, both fortified with capacious smiles and accompanied by a Miss Reeves, who is visiting them from Sacramento. She is the sweetest little thing imaginable, and has made a great hit with the boys. Frank H. and Miss Williams came as usual, but were very sedate. Carrie was out with one of the younger boys. She seems to be receiving quite a good deal of attention from the younger set of late. I wonder what is the matter with the older boys. Storey was there and Tom Lynch. Tom, however, gave the "Kindergarten" quite a liberal share of his time.

The men of the older set are dreadfully stupid lately—even more so than usual. Llyod Moultrie, the railroad magnate, is among the missed ones. But I suppose now *she* is back he will be seen more frequently. Charlie Riege has also been rather coy of late.

I was very much surprised when I heard that Frank H., Stoney and Harry Mac were among the dancers at the Athletic's ball last week. But more surprised was I, when I heard the name of one of the so-called young ladies that one of the trio danced with. I should think they would be a little more select in their company.

There was a very select gathering at Kutner Hall Thanksgiving evening; that is, so I was told, for my humble self was not honored with an invitation. It appears that the affair was entirely impromptu. The boys went out and gathered up about fifteen couple and a pianist and had a dance. Abe Kutner seemed to be at the head of the party. Carrie was there, so were the Davisons and their friend. Miss Williams was there, but Frank wasn't. Dot Austin and Sadie, too. Boys as usual were at a premium. Those who were there were mostly of the younger crowd. From reports they had a very enjoyable evening.

I saw one charming young widow on the street this week with her crutches—poor thing. Her sister, Miss Brown, was with her. The latter is quite as handsome and attractive as the widow.

Among the younger set I have heard that Angus and Nellie are back in the old combination again. How strange!

I saw George Roeding the other day. He looks rather downcast and lonesome since Daisy left. Clarence Freeman also wears a similarly wan frontispiece, I believe for the same reason.

I am sorry you couldn't print my letter of three weeks ago. Its announcement of the engagement of Johnny Mac and Louise would be news then. If you could only give the date of the wedding that would be news to everybody.

I understand Major Denicke is having a woeful time of it. His pretty wife is said to extract the most marvelous obedience from her aged liege. But then that's an advantage of being an "old man's darling."

TRIX.

SAN JOSE.

"I have set Thee on high, above all the nations of the earth." Such was the subject of Rev. Cantine's eloquent discourse, or as some, who are not patriotic, would say, Rev. Cantine's great A. P. A. sermon on Thanksgiving Day. After giving several reasons why we should be thankful for being natives of this great nation, and telling us in grand, rhetorical sentences how "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," he went on to say how the Great Creator of the Universe has placed us above all the nations of the earth. The tone of his sermon implied that we must exercise Christian charity and brotherly love, and keep the Irish, Germans, Russians, Italians, French (he said nothing about the Chinese or Japanese, but, of course, they are included) from coming to these shores. If foreigners come to this country, even though they come to carry off our wealthy heiresses, the great political preacher would have them become American citizens, rejecting forever the "doctrine of temporal power," whatever that may be. Some of his coherts explaining it, say, that the great man was speaking about the Pope, while others insist that the great *Cantcen* wants all temporal power to be vested in the Methodists. This I think is only fair, as the Pope's Irish have held sway here long enough. It does seem ridiculous that we have to send our sons and daughters to such terrible countries as France, Italy or Germany to finish their education. How the great political preacher must feel the slight cast upon the nation by the Macheferts, whose son and daughter are studying music in Germany, by such an unloyal citizen as Judge Rhodes, whose accomplished grand-daughter, Miss Grace Barstow, studied in that same country! Miss Hunkins is perfecting herself in music, abroad, and the Misses Calhoun visited foreign countries to achieve fame in elocution and rhetoric. It's a shame that all these people were so un-American, as we all know that they could have proved their loyalty by receiving instructions at the great, grand and tranquil Methodist College, the University of the Pacific. This great minister would put to shame Harry Morehouse, John E. Richards, Nick Bowden, by the flippant way he can handle facts and figures. They would be nowhere in discussing the liquor question or the franchise. It is too bad this great minister of the gospel don't run for Sheriff or Chief of Police, as he would make an ideal officer, and would show George Bollinger and Chief Kidward how to capture and exterminate Sabbath-breakers, liquor dealers and Papists. "Uneasy lies the head-that wears a crown." Alas, it is whispered that Cantine has reached the summit of his glory, and that a large number of the best men and women, who for years have worshiped at the Methodist altar, are about to transfer their allegiance to the little church further up the street, whose pastor, Dr. Wakefield, has never indulged in the exciting pastime of preaching political sermons, nor whose church has ever been turned into a political meeting house. Many of these already assert that they are tired of a political religion, and don't want to go through a series of stump speeches, as they did last spring, and so before the next election will take refuge in flight.

I will tell you about our Leap Year Ball next week. I don't hope any of the patronesses will not have to "put up" any money to remunerate Manager Snell, or to pay the musicians.

Mrs. Murphy Columbet was wild with anger because her son-in-law dared to marry the bright and handsome Genie Glass without consulting her. It will blow over, however, now that they are married.

BESSIE.

A Skeleton in the Closet.

How often do we hear of this in domestic life at thi day. But what is more appalling than the living body made repulsive with skin and scalp diseases, salt-rheum, tetter, eczema and scrofulous sores and swellings. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the positive cure for all of these diseases. If taken in time it also cures lung-scrofula, commonly known as Pulmonary Consumption. By druggists.

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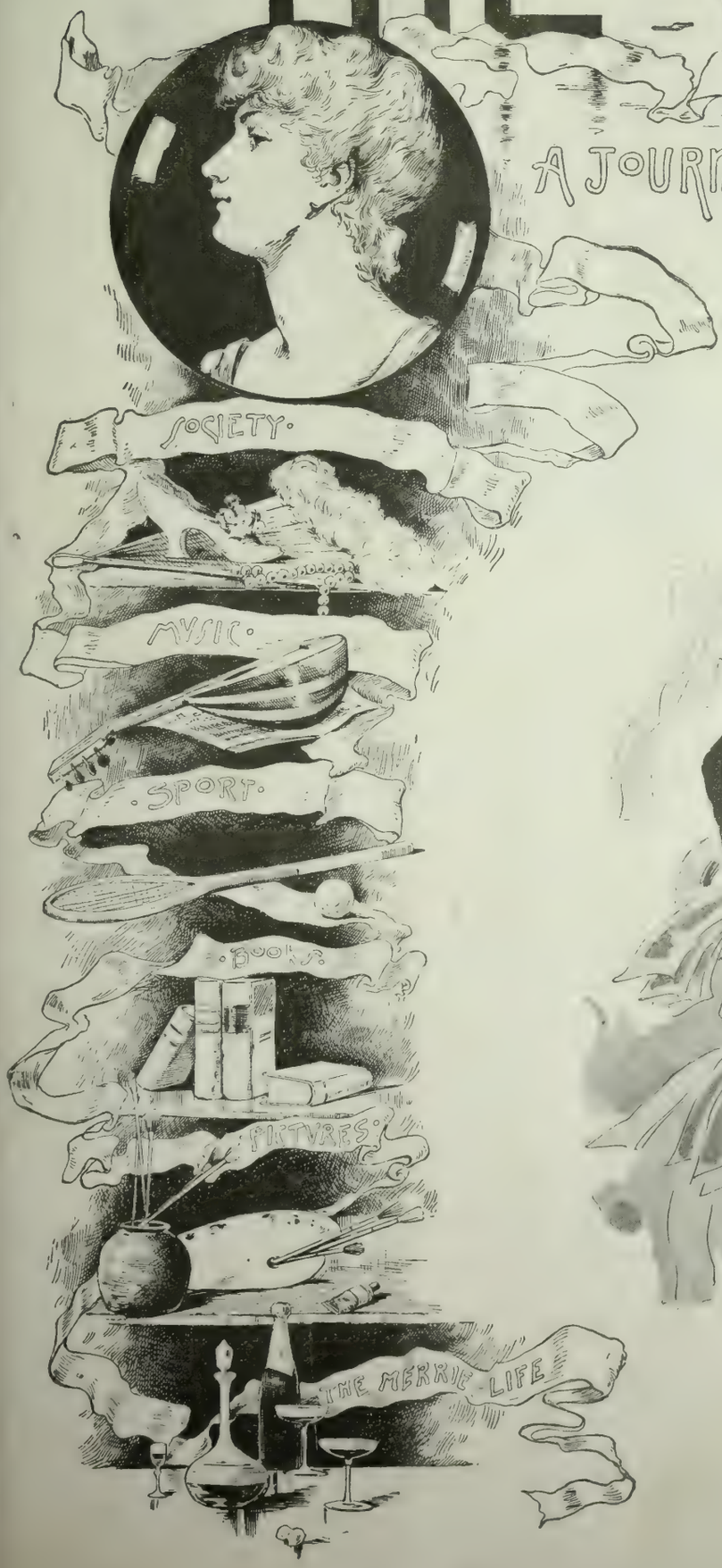

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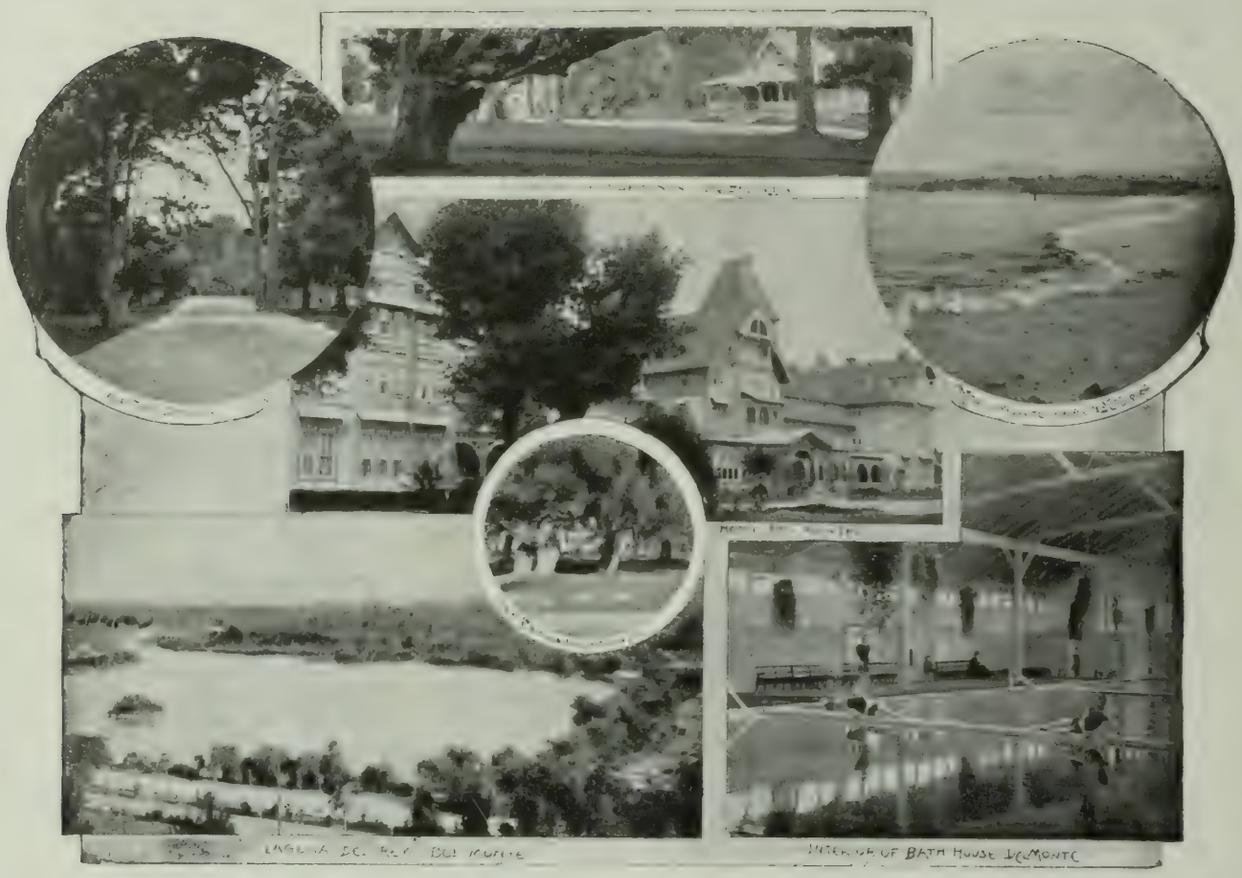

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IN THE SUPERIOR COURT

Of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California

H. A. Williams and Wm. M. Bryson, Co-partners as William Brown & Co, Plaintiffs, vs John H. Leslie, G. H. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co., Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the Complaint being filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court

The People of the State of California send greeting to John H. Leslie, F. G. Baker and Geo. H. Leslie, partners as John H. Leslie & Co, Defendant.

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiffs in the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons —if served within this City and County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days or judgment by default will be taken against you according to the prayer of said Complaint.

The said action is brought to recover from you the sum of $2083.38 alleged to be due from you to Plaintiffs for goods, wares and Merchandise heretofore and within two years last past sold and delivered to you by Plaintiff assignors as is fully set forth in the Complaint on file herein, to which you are hereby referred for particulars, and for costs of suit, and interest from April 21st 1892.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint as above required, the said Plaintiffs will take judgment against you for said sum of $2,083.38, interest and costs of suit.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Superior Court, at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 18th day of June, in the year of our Lord, our thousand, eight hundred and ninety-four.

M. C. HALEY, Clerk.
[SEAL] By W. J. HENEY, Deputy Clerk.

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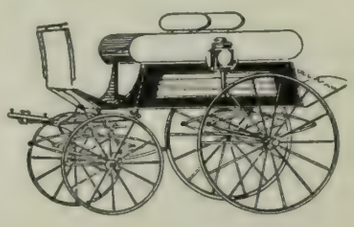

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THE WAVE

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 15, 1894

OUR NEW SOUTH.

A congress of Supervisors from Southern California's seven counties is in session at Los Angeles. The telegraph dispatches inform us that they are overwhelmingly in favor of a division of California,—a song we have heard sung before by the Markhams, Millards, the Higginses and McLachlins, and the rest of the round-trip, excursion-rate tourist settlers from South of Tehachapi. When this unpatriotic scheme was first hatched in mind and broached to the public, a thrill of indignation swept over the entire State. The pioneers, their sons,—those who had laid the foundation for this commonwealth, those who loved and honored it in all its glory, those who braved dangers and suffered privations for its advancement,—shrank from the contemplation of such a sacrilegious deed. Since the nature and characteristics of the new people of the South have come more prominently into view, since it has been found that these people, though among us are no part of us,—we must confess there is a growing feeling in the North to procure divorcement at any cost.

Back in certain Eastern States, where hoarfrost and forbidding winters have, through a long series of years, made mad attack upon the lungs of weak humanity, there has grown up among the sturdy and rugged New Englanders, a race of expectorating and lungless beings, thoroughly apart from their associates, whose constitutions crave warmth and sunshine, and to whose shattered lungs the soft semi-tropic air is like unto a soul-sustaining breath from Heaven. In those regions, too, where miasmatic poison burdens all the atmosphere, another race of beings, with jaundiced and distended livers, has grown up, and it is from the ranks of these our Southern counties have been populated. Another class that came hard upon their heels, hungry for plunder, was the keen-eyed "snapper-up of unconsidered trifles," the wandering American nomad, the neer-do-well at home, who picks up a living by his wits, first here, then there. If the physical infirmity of the two first mentioned classes constituted their only fault, they would be welcome; but they do not like California or its people; they have brought with them all the narrow selfishness of confirmed invalidism, all the mean and despicable traits of a race bred on an iceberg and cradled in beds of snow. They have among them lawyers,—and Los Angeles is one vast field of liverless and lungless lawyers. Many of them have inherited the fruits of centuries of saving and coughing, and possess a competency sufficient to maintain them in ease for the balance of their days; but the thrift and coughs of centuries are not to be laid aside in a moment. They brought the old tin sign along with them, too, which had done duty in the East, and the boarding-houses and hotel corridors of the Southern metropolis announce that they are ready to bid for practice against the older practitioners. "Bid" is hardly the proper word, for, as they must remain in the hospital, they look upon a retainer as so much money found within their ward, and accept fees which an attorney's clerk would blush to name as compensation for more menial services. So long as they confined their incursions to these lines, it was no concern of ours; but when they demand a divorcement of the coughing counties, when they make incursions upon our government, and inflict upon us Markhams, they become the subject for criticism.

The last Republican State convention,—and that is the party which they affect,—in obedience to their behests, drew across the State an east and west line at Sacramento, north of which they refused to make nominations, to the disadvantage of a large and importrnt section of our State. When Mr. Markham, our present Governor, had resided in the State of California but four years, his lungless constituents elected him to Congress. Hardly was that term over before he was forced upon the Republican party for Governor,—and what a Governor he has made! Republicans are inclined to declare that Markham's administration has been conservative,—and cowardly they might add. His campaign opened with a wilful lie, and his administration has continued a lie through to the end. He broke faith with his expectorating friends in the South, until they fairly hate him in a narrow, bigoted and spiteful way; he was false to the northern politicians who stood manfully by him through his campaign; his every appointment records the breaking of faith with some one who had befriended him. It is not necessary to refer to the rumors abroad as to money transactions charged to him, further than to say, true or untrue, that they are the common property of the street. Now that Markham goes out, we have Millard, with whom we understand Mr. Higgins, ex-Private Secretary to Governor Markham, and another Los Angeles man of short standing, wields a large influence; and so the power of the South remains potent in the administration.

Twice in the history of that territory known to geographers as California, has a stranger race wrested its possession from the occupancy of a self-satisfied people. First in history came the swarthy invaders from the South, making their incursions across the desert of the Colorado. Within these fruitful valleys, commencing at Los Angeles and working slowly northward, they took up their abodes, enslaved the aboriginal races, and once having made conquest of the territory, relapsed into an indolent enjoyment of its God-given blessings. Then followed the American adventurer, who broke in upon the pastoral quiet of a government which had fallen into a languid *siesta*, and, in the mad rush for gold, brushed aside the haughty *don* who, bowing with graceful resignation, gave way before the new invader. Now a third invasion is at hand, which may be nipped in the bud if we but let the invader cut our State in two. The South wants division. So let it be. They have managed to wheedle thousands of dollars from our State treasury for needless public buildings. Let them keep them. Let them found a new empire if they can, wherein the only

qualification for office will be a desire to return East a weak pair of lungs and copious expectoration.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE CONTEST.

Some Democrats are apprehensive lest the Republican managers precipitate a contest between Mr. Budd and Mr. Estee while the Legislature is in session. It is feared by them that, in case such a proceeding be instituted, the partisan majority, which is largely Republican, would rule out enough Democratic precincts, upon some flimsy and technical pretext of irregularity, to seat Mr. Estee. Certainly the shameless operations of these managers during the campaign, and which are now receiving such notoriety, justify the apprehension that if they could, they would unseat Mr. Budd at any cost; but fortunately the matter is beyond their reach. The proceeding contemplated, *i. e.*, a contest before the State Legislature, though authorized by the Political Code, is without warrant in our Constitution, and any attempt toward the exercise of such a power would not be tolerated by our Courts, for it contemplates a palpable legislative usurpation of judicial power, a matter concerning which our law must be strictly construed, and over which our Courts are presumed to watch with jealous eye.

The law upon which the threatened proceeding is based is found in section 288 *et seq.* of the Political Code, which provides that any elector of the State may contest the election of any person declared to be elected Governor or Lieutenant-Governor of the State. The sections following provide for filing notice of such contest with the Legislature, and the selection by lot of seven members of each house. The fourteen members so drawn are constituted a committee to "try" such contested election. Public proceedings are provided for, and the power to send for papers and to take all necessary means to procure testimony is lodged with the committee. Their judgment must be reported to both houses, and entered upon the journals, and the "judgment of the committee thus reported is final and conclusive;"—a clear and flagrant invasion of judicial power, as will be apparent to any lawyer.

The powers of the Legislature are limited by the Constitution, which in this case expressly prohibits the proceeding in question. Article III of the Constitution provides that the power of the government of the State shall be divided into three separate departments—the legislative, executive and judicial; and no person charged with the exercise of power, properly belonging to one of these departments, shall exercise any functions appertaining to either of the others, except as in the Constitution expressly directed or permitted.

A contest, such as is contemplated by the sections of the Political Code above quoted, would involve not only a recount,—to which no honest man could object,—but the committee would likewise be called upon to construe the Statutes of the State, and declare this or that inconsequential departure from the strict letter of our election law to be a violation of its provisions, and on that account, and no other, disfranchise thousands of voters; Manifestly, such a proceeding is judicial, entirely without the legislative functions, and distinctly prohibited by Article III of the Constitution. The Constitution, in the matter of contested elections, has yielded to the Legislature specific powers. They are found in subdivision seven, of section one, Article IV, which provides that "each house shall choose its officers, and judge of the qualifications, elections and returns of its members." And also, in respect to gubernatorial elections, section four, of Article V, of the Constitution, provides that "the returns of every election for Governor shall be sealed up and transmitted to the seat of Government, directed to the Speaker of the Assembly, who shall, during the first week of the session, open and publish them in the presence of both houses of the Legislature. The person having the highest number of votes shall be Governor; but in case any two or more have an equal and the highest number of votes, the Legislature shall, by joint vote of both houses, choose one of such persons so having an equal and the highest number of votes for Governor." Nowhere in the Constitution does there appear the slightest warrant for the sections of the Code providing for a contest and judicial determination of contested elections before the Legislature. Already the Republican managers have inflicted injury enough upon their party, and unless they seek to make a martyr of Mr. Budd, and destroy themselves completely, they will refrain from any attempt toward repeating the unprecedentedly "raw" manipulations of the campaign.

If the Republican managers desire a recount, there is a plain, orderly method of procedure open to them, to which no one will object. Snap judgments will injure rather than benefit their cause, and every attempt made in the direction of a fraudulent and technical contest simply heaps added disgrace upon the already disgraceful features of the Republican management of this campaign. Mr. Estee, who blows hot and cold, cannot escape the charge of being a party to the effort to trick the Gubernatorial chair from Mr. Budd. He writes, early after his defeat, an open letter, in which he declares: "I will make no contest to secure the office of Governor, either in my own name or by my authority or direction;" and again he declares, "I would not accept the office on technical grounds," whereat the Republican press throughout the State throws up its hat and shouts "Bravo!" But Mr. Estee, with his usual vacillation, does not adhere to this course for long. Mr. Cornwall, the professional-gentleman of the Republican management, applies to the Supreme Court for relief, in the hopes of dragging that august body into the job; and Mr. Estee, for fear the Cornwall plot may fail without his public approval, rushes into print in another open letter, endorsing Mr. Cornwall's action, and adding: "The petition [Mr. Cornwall's] asks for a recount in certain precincts of San Francisco which show ear-marks of fraud." The petition does no such thing. Mr. Cornwall does not ask for a recount. He asks that the returns from 110 precincts be thrown out on flimsy technical grounds, and so disfranchise over twenty-two thousand voters. Mr. Estee states a falsehood and he knows it. By discarding these twenty-two thousand votes, the mutilated returns would show Mr. Estee to be elected, and the Republican Speaker of the Assembly would hasten to so announce. Then if Mr. Budd wanted a recount, he could demand it in the orderly manner which Mr. Estee refuses to adopt. This whole controversy is very contemptible, and Republicans themselves are disgusted with the proceedings. Nowhere in Mr. Cornwall's petition to the Supreme Court is fraud charged in respect to the counting of Mr. Budd's votes. The flimsy irregularities upon which Mr. Estee hangs his hope of stealing the Governorship consist of the tallying of the votes for Budd in the blank line above his name and opposite the word "Governor," and careless certification of tally lists. It is not even charged that the ballots were improperly counted. The cases where the Budd votes were tallied on the wrong line do not produce any mystification. It is apparent what was intended; and even if it were not the fact, in every case in the last page of the tally list provided for the purpose, the number of votes cast for each candidate was written in full in words as well as figures, and in each case the number of votes there credited to Mr. Budd corresponded exactly with the number of tallies opposite Mr. Budd's name, but yet in the line above it. The rank and file of the Republican party is not in sympathy with these despicable methods. If Mr. Estee desires an honest recount, let him have it, and we hazard the assertion that such a recount would uncover frauds in this city, perpetrated against Mr. Budd, and not against Mr. Estee, aggregating thousands of votes.

THE PACIFIC AND PEOPLE'S BANKS AGAIN.

Our article a few weeks ago concerning the Pacific and People's Home Savings Banks has brought forth a letter from a gentleman, which vividly describes the scramble now going on over the depleted and meagre assets left upon the wreck of the People's Home Savings Bank, and equitably belonging to the unfortunate and fleeced depositors. Ten months ago the Savings Bank closed its doors. Six months ago the receiver took possession, and yet not a dollar of money has been paid or offered to depositors, many of whom, impoverished and ruined by the failure of the bank, are suffering for the necessaries of life. In all the broad scheme of rascality that has marked the failure and subsequent proceedings of these institutions, political intrigue, says our correspondent, has played an important part. He declares that the committee of depositors engaged in prosecuting the suits against stockholders—many of whom are said to be mythical or dummies—is unconsciously but surely playing into the hands of the enemy.

In England and Germany there is a strict official surveillance over corporate operations, and such a series of criminal malversations as have characterized the careers of these two institutions would insure the speedy incarceration of a dozen or more of the guilty culprits who are masquerading as honorable citizens. The strong arm of the law should protect with tender solicitude the thousands of helpless members of the community, whose protection should be the object of all laws. Personal reasons have led our correspondent to request that we do not publish his letter, else we would cheerfully print it in full. Certainly some sort of a public explanation is necessary. The columns of the WAVE are open for this purpose.

Having thrown Tammany, Dr. Parkhurst has now donned his war-paint and is on the trail of the Republican Boss, Platt. The Doctor recognizes that Good Government is not a partisan affair. We recently found a paragraph in Henry Champernowne's little work "The Boss, an Essay upon the art of Governing American Cities," which is peculiarly appropriate to the *Argonaut's* political attitude, and may explain the unique advice it volunteered to give its readers through the campaign.

After speaking of the manner in which a prudent Boss will encourage journals secretly, friendly to him, to criticize him in a harmless way, he adds:

"Thus, if the Reformers (non-partisans) undertake to elect candidates of their own to office in defiance of the Boss, he should direct his journals professing to be of the Republican party to join in denouncing him, but to maintain at the same time that it is *unwise* for citizens of the Republican party to vote for any candidates except those nominated by the Republican organization. So long as this policy is adhered to, the Reformers can always be defeated; for if all Republicans be against them, as well as the Boss, their numbers are too few for them to prevail."

How nicely this fits the policy of our contemporary.

They have over in Oakland, among other objectionable things, a section of country known as the Sixteenth-Street Marsh, a putrid, sickening, disease breeding spot, which has ever been an eyesore to the community at large. To fill this sink-hole, the good citizens across the bay combined, and the owners of the marsh agreed to pay their *pro rata* for the work, with the exception of a "bloated banking corporation" and Mr. J. V. Webster, the late Populist candidate for Governor. "The bank was loath to make the contract, though it was finally induced to do so, but no such good luck has been experienced with Mr. Webster," says the Oakland *Enquirer*. He declines to pay for the filling, and refuses to sell. This man wanted to be Governor, and that, too, on a ticket of the People.

What purports to be an official list of the members of the next Legislature who will act in harmony with the A. P. A. shows sixteen Senators and fifty-three Assemblymen, for the most part Republicans.

The Grand Jury recommends that the Legislature appoint a body of its members on the plan of the Lexow Committe to investigate the police force of this city. We had an idea that Grand Juries were constituted to make just such investigations, not to recommend that others do so.

MR. ESTEE AND THE CORPORATIONS.

We print below a copy of a letter which Mr. Estee is sending to Republican county committeemen throughout the State, over his own signature. It is interesting from any standpoint you may view it, and, whatever else it may convey, it indicates that the good gentleman is coming up smiling for "another round," with his usual hopeful and confiding manner. Since the recent occurrence which Mr. Estee, with nicety of precision, refers to as his "apparent defeat," we have refrained from mentioning his name unkindly,—our Republican contemporaries can hardly say as much,—and we had resolved to say nothing further of the gentleman; but this letter is so unique, so unspeakably confiding and cunningly devised, that it calls for comment.

There is a tinge of bitterness toward the corporations in it, which may be dissimulated, or may, in fact, exist, based upon a misconception of the facts. It would be manifestly unfair on Mr. Estee's part to charge the corporations with conspiring to his defeat, when the contrary is the truth. Such a charge, uncontradicted, might result in a Republican Legislature enacting laws hostile to the corporation. Mr. Millard, presiding officer of the Senate, might take umbrage at the slight shown toward the man whom he was "proud to run with," and his resentment might assume a thousand hostile shapes. Surely Mr. Estee would not want his secret but powerful friend slaughtered for a crime it did not commit. Instructions given indiscriminately to hundreds of employés cannot, in the nature of things, be concealed. It should not be difficult for Mr. Estee, indeed it should be his duty, to ascertain the truth, before he prefers the charge of treachery against a reputed adherent.

Those employés of the corporations who confess to having received instructions, admit they were directed to vote for Mr. Estee, but claim they coppered the instructions and voted for the other man, as they also claim to have done in the case of O'Donnell and Sutro. Surely the doctrine of *respondeat superior* does not here apply, Mr. Estee! It is reported, however, for we desire to be perfectly frank, that one very adroit trickster, who sought to make friends on both sides of the house, wrote, mark you *wrote*, several letters to conveniently inquiring friends, stating his preference to be Mr. Budd, which letters are now being used to do kindly service for their writer. At last accounts, Mr. Budd had refused to swallow the bait. Possibly, rumor of such letters has reached Mr. Estee, and upon this he bases his charge of duplicity.

The second sentence of Mr. Estee's letter is a hopeless tangle, and is not cleared up by anything that follows. The only reason under the canopy why the Republican ticket, "owing to the railroad strikes," would have been "overwhelmingly beaten," was that Mr. Estee refused to talk upon the subject. This incensed the strikers, and disgusted Republicans favoring law and order, who looked to their leader for some strong expressions of opinion at this critical period. His attitude antagonized both sides, just as this communication will do the same thing to a modified extent. The letter indicates the composite make-up of the late Republican candidate. Compare his terse, strong American sentiments, where he refers to the A. P. A., with the puerile reference to the death of his great-grand-father. Compare the last two sentences, and you have in them strength and weakness blended in one being. Mr. Estee is not a bad man in any sense of the word, but he is inexpressibly weak when touched upon his penchant for office. It is rumored now that one wing of the Republican party will refuse to go into caucus, and will throw the fight for United States Senator into the Legislature. That, meanwhile, great pretensions toward a contested election will be manifested, and an attempt made to stampede the Democrats to vote for Estee for United States Senator, to get rid of the threatened contest. While Mr. Estee is working this end of the line, the good Mr. Cornwall is working another and no less important branch. We beg a perusal of the letter which follows. Read between the lines; it is most eloquent.

My Dear Sir:—I thank you and my other friends in the country for the splendid victory you won for the Republican party. With all the combinations made against me personally, the interior counties, with rare exceptions, and those only in the great railroad centers, remained loyal. I say this without any criticism of the faithful Republicans in San Francisco; they, too, did their duty, but they were proportionately fewer in number—in fact, the country nominated me, and the country supported me at the polls, and I wish to express to you, and through you to the Republicans of your county, my grateful appreciation of what was done by you, and by them, for our party and for myself. A few words will show the extent of these services: I received more than ten thousand plurality outside of San Francisco.

When I made my first speech at the Wigwam, had an election then been held, our party, owing to the railroad strikes, would have been overwhelmingly beaten. But in time there was a decided change in our favor, and I am gratified to believe I contributed something toward this result.

I wish to say a word personal to myself. I have no newspaper to speak for me, and so have but a limited opportunity to deny slanders which were uttered against me. Neither before election, nor at any other time, did I enter into any combination with any man, or set of men, as to patronage. I never recognized any faction in the party. I belonged to no clique in the party or out of it, but I maintained at all times my absolute independence of corporations, of individuals and of factions.

Let me say further, I fought for the success of our party, and for its success alone, because I believed by such success the country would be benefited and our people would prosper.

By reason of the excitement, and varying opinions incident to the railroad strikes, and the political trend which those strikes seemed to take in California, the Republicans suffered most. The Republican party is the party of law and order. I was, and am, for law and order, because the destruction of property by unlawful means, or the taking of human life, means the destruction of all government. This position antagonized some of the strikers.

For nearly two months preceding the election, I devoted all my time and energies to the canvass of the interior of the State. When I finally came to San Francisco, just before election, I was told that the so-called American Protective Association would oppose me and support my opponent, on the grounds, first, that my wife was a Catholic, and second, that a lady stenographer in my office was also a Catholic, and that I had refused to discharge her for that reason. The first charge was false; the last was true.

In all my speeches I stated that I believed in the non-sectarian, free public schools of our country; that I was, in part, educated in them. But I also said, and I say to-day, that religious liberty is the fundamental doctrine of our American institutions, and that any secret political organization founded upon religious prejudice would, in the end, be dangerous to American freedom. My ancestors were all Protestants; my great-grandfather was killed in the war of the Revolution; yet, it seems, I was not American enough for this so-called American Protective Association. It opposed me at the election, and was one of the factors in my apparent defeat.

It was claimed by some of my political opponents that I was a railroad man. This was a slander. Look at the vote in the lower wards of Oakland and in Sacramento, and remember that these are the recognized railroad centers of the State. If the railroad company had been making my fight, and wished to see me elected, I certainly would have received at least the same relative vote there as I did elsewhere in the country, and as did the other nominees of my party.

The facts are that never during my life have I said a word or done a thing to sustain this charge. I have said, and still say, that if I were Governor I would use all the power of the State to enforce the law, to maintain order, and to protect the life and property of every citizen. This would be my sworn duty. In a word, I would not trifle with the legal rights of any man, or imperil any interest, be it ever so small; for the law must protect alike the life, the liberty, the property and the labor of all men.

[Signed] Yours sincerely,

M. M. Estee.

THE UNION FOR PRACTICAL PROGRESS.

The Union for Practical Progress asks those who desire to join in its work to kindly send their address to Mr. John M. Wallis, 2425 Post street, with the following blank filled out:

SAN FRANCISCO

Union for Practical Progress

C. C. Terrill, President. J. M. Wallis, Secretary.

Regular meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month at

BUILDERS' EXCHANGE, 16 Post St.

.....1891.

To the Secretary
Union for Practical Progress.
J. M. WALLIS,
2425 Post St., San Francisco.

Dear Sir:—I would be pleased to aid in the work of the Union for Practical Progress.

I am most interested in the subject of.....

.....

and shall be pleased to devote some time to the furtherance of reform.

Name.....

Address.....

SPLASHES

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of THE WAVE should be out early next week. It is a special number, full of stories of some excellence, illustrated with considerable taste and variety. In addition, the portraits of a dozen or so of the young married set, and some pictures of pretty damsels notable in society will appear. Another feature of interest is a series of half-tones of San Francisco interiors,—really beautiful pictures of the parlors and drawing-rooms of certain mansions. Two pages of California scenery, reproduced from the best photos of the Camera Club, will also be worth looking at. Solly Walter is responsible for the mysterious looking young woman in black and green, who looks out so enigmatically from a background of yellow on the cover. Besides these, there are poems, full-page pictures of good-looking ladies, and many other things that people may care to look at round the holiday season.

* * *

MY EXPERIENCE of the season's debutantes is not extensive enough to warrant my pronouncing authoritatively on their intelligence. Like their predecessors for ages past, they are captivating, and a young gentleman of more experience than years assures me that they are as smart a set of youngsters as he ever encountered. Still, he may be biased, and really the decorations of Odd Fellows' Hall for Friday night's Assembly may have been both appropriate and harmonious. The colors were green and white, and, to match, certain maidens couched the tones of their gowns in snow and emerald. However, the effect was adequate, and the supper even better than the average Ludwig menu, for quail was served. Just think of it!—another compliment to the debutantes, doubtless. But if these damsels so young and fair were alone to be considered, why commence so preposterously late? The affair only began to have veritable swing to it at 11 o'clock. Before, the dancing was desultory. Doubtless, the wealth of other entertainments occurring the same evening accounted for this tardiness of arrival, though I am bound to say there were but a few dinners of no superlative importance.

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Being a debutante affair, the gowns of the buds were scanned with due attention by the cognoscenti, by which appropriate title one speaks of the battalion of matrons who at balls unite the functions of dado and chaperone. Miss Genevieve, I was authoritatively assured by a profound observer, looked really lovely in white satin, trimmed with bows of green chiffon. She wore a bunch of pink carnations on her left shoulder, accentuating the effect. Miss Bertha Smith had a white silk gown, very simply made, but eminently effective. On similar lines were the costumes of Miss Tobin and Miss Smedberg. Of the Oakland debutantes Miss Jessie Glascock, a slender, graceful, lily-like blonde maiden, whose type of face has a delicate but distinctive charm, was perhaps the most noticeable. There was hardly an adequate representation of the older girls, though there were any number of married women present, arrayed in very glorious confections, with Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Mrs. Carolan leading off, as usual. Pretty Miss Sara Collier looked very charming, and, by certain of her friends, is insistently likened to the pictures of "Trilby," in Du. Maurier's delicious book. It is the lines of the two faces in which the resemblance is found, though I cannot but think the advantage is with Miss Collier.

* * *

Among the guests was Miss Potter of Philadelphia, rather a swell-looking young woman, whose style is reminiscent of a bit of Miss Hoffman's. Miss Dutton, Mrs. Russ Wilson's sister, who has returned to San Francisco after an absence of many years, had a great deal of attention shown her. She is to be here for the winter; and, though educated and reared on the peninsula, finds so many new faces in Society, that she will have to begin over again the work of acquaintance. For some curious reason, there were more men than girls present, though the dancers were about evenly divided. The usual contingent hung around the doors, and watched attentively, proceedings from that particular coign of vantage, emerging for some particular girl or an especial waltz. Altogether, the assembly was a great success, and Mr. Greenway can receive congratulations with the conviction that the compliment has the value of veracity.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Will Crocker have hit on a happy way of spending the first week of the New Year. They have leased Ned Hopkins' steam yacht *El Primero*, and are taking a party of friends to Avalon. It is not to be an uninterrupted sea trip, however, for the guests go in the Crocker car to San Pedro by rail, thence to destination on the yacht. By the way, Mr. and Mrs. Ned Hopkins, who proposed to spend the holidays on the Atlantic Coast, have had to give up their excursion on the score of measles. Two young members of the family are down with this troublesome ailment.

* * *

VARIETY is the spice of life as well as of entertainment. I am not aware of the spiritualistic seance being in general use as a form of festivity, but when properly handled it is even more effective than music, and quite as interesting as recitations. Indeed, it introduces a certain excitement which one is not going too far in alleging as absent from those innocuous forms of amusement. The honor of introducing spiritualism as a species of dessert belongs to Judge and Mrs. Henshaw, who gave a dinner on Monday night last, and finished up the evening with a seance, at which Mrs. Smith, the celebrated Trumpet Medium, officiated. She is the lady to whom Mrs. Lemon devised so considerable a property, to the confusion of other claimants. The case, as everyone who reads the dailies knows, is being contested in Alameda. It was an unusual and rather surprising performance that the Judge's guests were treated to, and, on any ordinary basis, is difficult of explanation. Still it was interesting, and sufficiently supernatural to be creepy, and so altogether entertaining.

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Opinions vary on the most appropriate manner of celebrating that interesting anniversary called a crystal wedding. After considering the question in a variety of ways, it does not seem possible to do much better than Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Lilienthal, who had a very jolly party at dinner on Monday last at their home on Franklin street, and during the evening entertained a larger contingent with music, a little dancing in the shape of a small German, finishing up with a capital supper. Among the guests the Alaska Commercial set, as it is called, was quite well represented. By the way, the Lilienthal house has a charming interior done in æsthetic tones. There are a few excellent pictures, and a most agreeable harmony of color effect.

* * *

THE OPPORTUNITY afforded artists by the possession of studios, which make inimitable backgrounds for social gatherings, is but rarely taken advantage of for afternoon tea purposes. Miss Lou Wall constituted herself a pioneer in this line, however, and her entertainment last Saturday, at 609 Sacramento street, was voted a jolly, as well as an interesting, affair. The third floor of this building is consecrated to Art, for here are the studios of Joullin, Miss Morrison, Miss Froelich, several members of the Sketch Club, and other practitioners in oils, water or ink. For the occasion, they were all thrown open and into one another, illuminated with Japanese lanterns, decked with flowers, and, with their array of vases, tapestries, curios, photographs, easels, and canvases, finished and unfinished, made a fine frame for the brilliant gathering of young people who adventured into that down-town region for the occasion. The girls looked eminently effective in the half-light against the subdued richness of the back-ground. They found much, both amusing and interesting, too, to look at. For the ear there was ample opportunity, for besides some delightful playing by Miss Bessie Wall, there were several vocal solos by M. Crepau.

* * *

The "Paige" house was crammed, packed, jammed and densely crowded last Saturday evening, and the number of dollars taken at the door mounted to nearly a thousand. All the church people were there, and the entertainment was really quite interesting. The little operetta, "The Widows Bewitched," is bright and fascinating, and the young people who took part sustained their characters admirably. Miss Daisy Cressy has a charming voice, which she handles remarkably well, and decided histrionic ability. Miss D'Oyen, although it was her first appearance in this piece, received much applause. The operetta was cleverly directed by Miss Marie Withrow and Mrs. Younger. Miss Withrow trained the participants, while Mrs. Younger took charge of the orchestra, which consisted of Misses Alice Ames, Daisy Polk, May Moody, Mrs. Younger playing the piano. The girls were quaintly dressed, and Miss Alberta Bancroft, who took the part of waiting maid, looked bewitching in her dainty cap and apron. Ice cream and cakes were served by the members of the Sewing Guild of Trinity Church,—Misses Ellen Morgan, Cora Smedburg and Mamie McMullin,—at twenty-five cents a plate. It was quite amusing to see these maidens approach a group and say, "Ice cream, twenty-five cents a plate; chocolate, ditto." Then each one would try and collect. A certain rather bashful young

Try "DICKEY'S CREME DE LIS" for the Complexion.

R. F. Verrinder, M. D., D. D. S., Oral Surgeon 206 Kearny St. Succ'r. to Drs. Winter & Winter, Dentists.

Chew Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti. It is sovereign for Indigestion and agreeable to the taste.

man paid three times, not caring to tell one young lady that he had already paid for his cream. The sale of cushions was large, but they did not bring high prices at all.

* * *

By a prominent member of the organization, I am assured the Saturday Morning Orchestra is achieving a degree of proficiency under Herr Scheel's direction, that surprises the most optimistic of the soloists. The instrumentalists are practicing furiously now for the first concert under the new regime, which takes place on the evening of January 4th. At it, the effects of the Court Conductor's leadership will be made manifest, and I am assured the improvement is sufficiently marked to attract the attention of the most ordinary music lover. That is saying a great deal. Society is sufficiently interested in the Orchestra to gather at one of its entertainments, irrespective of object. But this especial concert is for the leading charity of the moment, the "Incurable Ward" of the Children's Hospital, and, of course, everyone in town must go to the Auditorium that night. Miss Wilcox is to be the vocalist of the occasion. As a species of concession to the hard times delusion raging so oppressively in a community that purchased the Johnson relics for ninety thousand dollars, the tickets are to be sold at one dollar each. That is cheap enough, considering the quality of the attraction.

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Reginald Rives and Mr. Carman left on Sunday evening last for home, explaining and exclaiming that they had never enjoyed themselves more heartily than during the weeks of their stay in San Francisco. With diffidence I state the fact that they make invidious comparisons between New York and the City by the Golden Gate, and proclaim this town just the right size, and the people the jolliest and most hospitable in their experience. There is no question but that they were given a good time, however, and really saw us at our best. On Saturday night Major Rathbone gave an elaborate dinner in their honor, at his home on Clay and Jones streets. There were twenty at table, and the menu was in keeping with the reputation of the host as an epicure. Later on, the party adjourned to the jinks at the Bohemian Club. On the preceding Thursday, Jack Parrott had a big dinner for them at the Pacific-Union Club, and Henry Crocker has had several entertainments in their honor.

* * *

The growth of the Burlingame Club has really surprised its founders. Its membership is now nearly two hundred, and is growing at a rate that is most interesting. Arrangements preparatory to issuing bonds, of which I spoke last week, are being made, and the projected improvements will soon commence.

* * *

The organizers of the Horse Show Company meet for the first time this morning, and will doubtless settle the details of the new incorporation. Henry Crocker is to be president, of course, Major Rathbone vice-president, and R. A. Irving secretary. With such a combination of talent, the next show will surely be even a greater success than the last. By the way, there was a surplus of between two and three thousand dollars over from the show—a compliment to the financial ability of the management.

* * *

The Mercantile Library is having effective work done for it. Apart from the excellence of the cause for which he speaks, I am inclined to believe Mr. Shehadi. A. Shehadi is worth hearing on account of the intrinsic interests of his subjects and his manner of treating them. To-night, at the Library building, he talks on "Egypt and the Egyptians," and illustrates the subject with appropriate costumes, national songs, and other interesting features. Two weeks later, he talks about Syria, and subsequently, on Mohammed.

* * *

Mrs. E. B. Rail, of the Bella Vista, assisted by Mrs. Gillig, gave a "Progressive Euchre" party Tuesday afternoon to some twenty-eight girls. The expert players received dainty favors, cut-glass vinagrettes with silver stoppers, and the losers a consolation for shattered hopes, in the shape of a toy drum, with the motto thereon, "Not hard to beat." The young ladies all looked charming, but the general comment, as at all the afternoon receptions this season, is the lack of individuality in costuming. Such a sameness! Black silk skirts and parti-colored bodices on all, suggestive of a uniformed seminary.

* * *

On the evening of Friday next, the Camera Club has an exhibition for the benefit of the "Little Jim" fund, at Metropolitan Hall. A special effort is being made to gather the best slides the members have ever made, and I predict something very elaborate. The Club claims to set the photographic pace for its rivals, and intends showing what it really can do when it tries, at this particular affair.

* * *

Preparations for Christmas festivities resound throughout the city, especially in the big caravansaries. Charles Graham is engaged on a picturesque menu card for the Palace; the California is to do something special, and Manager Brennan tells me the Pleasanton will spread a meal to make the eyes of connoisseurs water. Up at the St. Nicholas, they claim to have served the best Thanksgiving dinner in town, and Captain Knowlton says he will surpass that festival with a repast of superb and superlative proportions. The Occidental Christmas dinner has ever maintained a distinct celebrity, and Major Hooper is not liable, this time to fall below his record.

* * *

The feature of the Forsyth dinner Saturday last at the Bohemian Club was Jimmy Coleman's response to the toast of "Peace." Instead of celebrating the peace that is beyond all earthly dignities, he denounced the "cankers of a calm world and a long peace," and exploited the glories of combat. Indeed, he talked with great spirit and emphasis, and quite won, by his oratory, the palm. The General made two talks, in the second detailing some facts that had escaped his memory in the first. I am inclined to believe him a better soldier than rhetorician.

* * *

The subject of picture exhibitions recalls the fact of another loan exhibition, this time in aid of the Maria Kip Orphanage. The hall of the old Christian Association building on Suttter street has been obtained for the occasion, and a number of new pictures are promised. Miss Gwin obtained a promise of the half dozen fine canvases that hang in his drawing-room from Col. Fred Crocker. Mrs. Will Crocker loans six new impressionist pictures she bought recently in Paris. They are said to be very interesting. Irving M. Scott shows several of his best canvases, and Mr. Keith promises the loan of at least three of his best landscapes. Perhaps Colonel Trumbo could be persuaded to lend the charming Dupres and the Diaz, which are among the gems of his collection, and it might not be impossible in so great a cause to persuade Mrs. Flood to show her Croats. There are some good pictures in San Francisco, if you can only get at them. Prospectively, then, the exhibition should prove very interesting.

* * *

Luncheons to ladies exclusively are almost as elaborate in menu and decoration as any state dinner given to both sexes. Mrs. William Haas' déjeüner last Thursday proved itself in point of elegance no exception, as artistically and gastronomically it was voted quite perfect.

* * *

General and Mrs J. F. Houghton have taken the residence of Mrs. Otis, on the corner of Washington and Franklin, for the season, and will receive their friends on Wednesdays.

* * *

NOW THAT Mrs. Pixley has been selected by the *Examiner* to do the strong work of its Christmas edition, it would be interesting to learn to what extent she will be indebted to her erstwhile Herculean husband in the matters of orthography, punctuation, reading, writing, joggerty and "figgers?" For though the astute and learned gentleman who so capably filled the editorial chair of the *Argonaut* for a series of years, may not have been specially and particularly posted upon the rules so forcibly laid down by Lindley Murray, it must be remembered that our San Franciscan community owes him a debt of gratitude for his vigorous pounding of those material and psychical abuses which have so long disfigured this city and the nation in general. Frank Pixley was nothing if not forcible. Rugged in nature, and as obstinate as his legendary mule, he contrived to pose before the world as a devout moralist upon American politics, and a general all-round iconoclast of the things that be.

* * *

Entering his *sanctum sanctorum*, the mild and beneficent visage of the occupant of the editorial chair might strike the casual beholder with feelings of awe. Nor would this impression be subsequently effaced by the words,—interspersed with a good round oath or two,—that fell from his parted lips. No! Mr. Pixley was nothing if not himself, and in unruffled calm and the placid imperturbability of meek and radiant self-consciousness, engendered by what Mr. Bierce is pleased to call the aberration of Nature, he was only excelled by Mr. Jerome Hart himself. And Mr. Hart is the incarnation of the qualities in question. But this plurality of words has nothing to do with the sweet ex-

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

SCHREIBER'S, 950-952 Market Street Baldwin Hotel) Chocolate and Bon Bons are the Best.

CARMANY'S. Fall Importations Open. The Mens' Furnisher, 25 Kearny Street.

emplification of charity, as personified by those ladies who have devoutedly and devotedly given their time to the splendid work, which will reap a more than golden harvest in the grand hereafter. If I cannot credit either Mr. Pixley or Mr. Hart with that editorial perspicuity, which can see as far through a brick wall as the other fellow can see through a millstone, it does not alter the fact that the ladies already engaged for the domestic party by Mr. Henderson, and Mr. Hearst will, no doubt, have the utmost pleasure in putting up conundrums built on the *musicale* plan, and chestnuts that will crack when the embers are fired.

* * *

ONCE UPON A TIME, and that not very long ago, nothing but a theory of fortuitous aberration would have accounted for finding a good thing in a local art room. Now there is a small but steady output of really interesting work always to be found sponsored in the little Vickery gallery. Barnsley, McCord, Brewer, J. Robinson, and Miss Helen Hyde are in evidence, and that at a fine pitch of feeling. Miss Hyde's response to the brooding simplicity of Dutch life is touched with the higher poetry, distilled only too rarely from even that purest subject,—protecting mother love and infancy. A background of romantic, relentless toil brings the fine sentiment into a more tenderly impressive relief. With an accompaniment of color less consciously picturesque, this poem would enter more deeply into the dream world of truth. Like all the best works, the light in shadow softly insists in every part. The something unsought is in this picture, and Miss Hyde has sounded a penetrating note, to be followed by full part harmony, it is to be hoped.

* * *

Other Barnsleys seen in this gallery conveyed the same impression of quiet freedom expressed in the English landscape. A making of the cared-for and cultured, with a gracious, plentiful nature underneath, comes out of the canvas. Nothing in the technique obscures the expression of a calm, sympathetic and finely responsive temperament. Mr. Robinson develops tendencies idealistic, and clearly reflects the influence of our great California landscape poet. The subject exhibited is turned with not a little access of feeling. Interesting bits of Mr. Breuer's treatment of wax as part of the color medium, a broadly painted McCord, and a set of etchings by Frank Short, brimming over with finesse and delicate, trained observation, as well as a number of dainty little pieces in flower figure and fantastic subject, come in proper place at this festive season.

* * *

A PERFECT and apparently promiscuous gloom seems to have settled upon Oakland. No one dares to give anything. Even those charity affairs, which are so eminently popular and profitable on this side of the bay, are quite out of favor on the other, for not so much as a church fair, a charity concert, a kindergarten bazaar, or even a baseball game, relieves, for the nonce, the robust monotony of Oakland's social life.

* * *

Quite refreshing it is, in these unromantic days, to hear of a real genuine elopement. The participants, indeed, are still full of the illusions and delusions of youth, having attained but the immature age of nineteen. Still, when one hears debutanets discussing the merits of a man by the length of his purse, rather than by the cut of his features or the beauty of his eyes, nineteen is not so young as it was once considered. The maiden is deliciously dark, piquant, pretty, and the youngest of her family. She has three sisters, her seniors inyears if not in experience. Her people are wealthy and live in Oakland She is the possessor of the rather euphonius name of Ora Larkey. The fortunate youth is Mr. Aickin, also of Oakland. The parents of the eloping twain were absolutely ignorant of even an engagement and had put a veto on the young peoples' friendship, on account of their extreme youth. So their surprise and chagrin are easily imagined, when they were informed that they had been forestalled, and that the nuptials had already taken place.

* * *

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee of East Oakland, accompanied by her relatives, Mr. and Miss Henshaw, left last week on a sailing vessel for the Hawaiian Islands. They propose to visit all the islands; and spend the winter months in the tropics, returning in March or April.

* * *

Mrs. L. A. Booth, of Piedmont, accompanied by her daugher, Miss Luita Booth, and Miss Florence Herrick, left recently for a trip through the southern part of the State, Arizona and Mexico. They anticipated returning just in time to spend Xmas here.

* * *

Professor W. D. Armes continued the series of lectures of Modern Poets at the rooms of the Ebell Society, on Monday night. His subject was "Tennyson," and, though rather bookish in style, was apparently appreciated. These lectures are very well attended, and, in fact, form one of the events in Oakland.

* * *

Mr. Howe is trying to organize an Oakland Oratorio Society. Already there are one hundred and ten active members. If Mr. Howe is not superior as a wielder of the baton than he is as a manipulator of the piano, the society will, I fear, receive condolences instead of congratulations, and have but a mushroom existence.

* * *

The faculty of Mills' College gave a concert last Saturday afternoon. From the numerical standpoint, the affair was a pronounced success. Professor Lisser played a Liszt polonaise in his usual style (*vide* Oakland papers), which is quite out of the common; in fact, his interpretation had at least the merit of originality. Mr. Rosewald gave several selections on the violin, and Madame Rosewald sang. Perhaps the most enjoyable item on the programme was a recitation by Mrs. Leila Ellis, who was very charmingly gowned.

* * *

Quite a number of Oakland girls were at the Assembly ball on Friday. Mrs. Orestes Pierce and Mrs. McKee chaperoned a large party, who came over in the afternoon and stayed at the Palace Hotel, among whom were Miss Ralston, who wore a very handsome dress of white and rose brocade; Miss Jessie Coleman, satin, and yellow roses; Miss Jessie Glascock, who looked decidedly as though she had stepped out of an 1830 frame, in a soft, white organdie, trimmed with valenciennes lace. Miss Kate Clement, who accompanied Mrs. Joe Tobin, wore soft, cold blue silk, and Miss Ella Wall looked very bonny and gypsy-like in yellow silk.

Berkeley still entertains, and seems not to participate in the general stagnation. The Stillmans gave a whist party on Thursday last. It was, in fact, the meeting of the Berkeley Whist Club, which has been lately organized; and though there are a few debutantes among the members, it is largely composed of the older girls and men.

* * *

President and Mrs. Kellogg gave a reception to the Seniors last Friday evening. It was marked by that spirit of benignity which invariably characterizes entertainments in this classic abode. The President outshines himself as a host, and presides with almost as much dexterity as he does at a meeting of the faculty.

* * *

The nineteenth annual banquet of the Theta Zeta Chapter of Delta Kappa Epsilon was held in the California Hotel last Saturday evening. About seventy-five were present, representing many chapters of this Fraternity. T. B. Bishop was elected President for the ensuing year, and responded in a little speech, both affable and charming in style. Professor Kellogg made a talk, in which he gave at length his opinions on the fraternity system, as it now exists in most of the larger institutions. The conversation and oratory were interspersed with college songs, which were greeted with much enthusiasm. The menu was in every way satisfactory, champagne rivaling in its steady flow the wit and brilliancy of the talent assembled.

* * *

The Berkeley people gave the U. C. football team a reception at Stiles' Hall on Saturday last. The Faculty was fully represented, and some very amusing speeches were made, in which all did their best to prove that defeat is at times more glorious than victory. Numerous historical instances, such as Bruce and the spider of happy memory, Leonidas at Thermopylæ, etc., were brought to bear upon this, with the desirable result. Among the lady patronesses were Mrs. Kellogg, Mrs. Bonté, Mrs. Rising and Mrs. Slate.

* * *

Alameda, alas, has decided to abandon Germans for the future, and give assemblies every fortnight during the season. This sounds like a very ordinary decision, but behind it lies a tale of failure. Unfortunately, though Alameda is blest in multitudinous ways, it lacks a leader for its involuted dances, and a German without a leader is as the blind leading the blind, and with similar results. Two weeks ago the burg had its cotillon, and it was a most awful fizzle—no figures, no favors, no fantastic toe-tripping. Therefore are assemblies to reign. There was one last night—a decided success it proved. But it is curious they cannot develop one leader over there.

* * *

Mrs. George Tyson of Alameda gave a very pretty dinner last Friday evening. The table was charmingly decorated in chrysanthemums.

* * *

A VERY SAD homily might be read over the reeent demise of Harry Chauncey, erstwhile clubman, *litterateur*, Bohemian, combining all the best *traits* that appertain to these nomenclatures. Sad requiem! But still Harry Chauncey must not go down to the grave altogether unwept, unhonored and unsung. Coming here with the best of recommendations, —his family connections included princes of the Oriental *boutiquieres* of New York, Harry

SOHMER PIANOS are the BEST
Byron Mauzy, 308-310-312-314 Post St.

After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

The Best Suppers in Town at the Cafe Riche

naturally strung out as a high-roller. Yet his finances were not such as keep the pace with the then members of such firms as Alsop & Co., "Peepy" Barron, Tiburcio Parrott,—rest his soul!—and the like. In short, Chauncey found out at an early date, not only that the streets of San Francisco are not paved with gold, but that it also needs gold to walk the streets with glory and *éclat.* While it was sometimes difficult for Harry to get "the jingle," his was a face that was always welcome at Bill Briggs' and other resorts of variable character, well-known to men about town. If he could only have kept in his head, and rung the changes on the refrain so dear to the modern mercantile heart, the hopes and aspirations of which are founded on and framed in a silken picture of the Orient, all might have been well. Alas! poor Harry did not know enough, or did not care enough, to knuckle down, and accordingly,—but why point the moral?

* * *

Yes; if Harry Chauncey could have simply caught on to that old refrain, "Silk and Tea! Tea and Silk!" he might have clothed himself in purple and fine linen, worn undergarments that would have made Dick McDonald or Seneca Swalm turn green with envy, and fared sumptuously every day upon dishes garnished with porcelain, beakers filled with the decoction from the finest leaves that bloom in the regions of the rising day. But I scarcely think that Harry's thoughts ever reverted to such weak decoctions. Strong in many respects,—stronger, in fact, than the merry spirits with whom he kept company, and by whom his merry company was appreciated,—his was a life, I am afraid to say, that was spent—mis-spent shall I say?—in glittering frivolities. Sometimes it does seem hard upon a poor fellow to spell the *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* motto backwards on his tombstone, and God forbid that it should be done by me.

* * *

A musician of the finest order,—one with soul and aspiration, too—one to whom Mendelssohn, Wagner and Cherubini were equally familiar,—he could rattle off a *sonata* with as much ease as the latest *genre ballade* of a London music hall. When his family consigned him in the early days to the tender mercies of Polemus & Co., they forgot to label that particular consignment, "Glass—with care." In fact,—if the truth will out,—they didn't give him enough to live on decently, respectably, and as a Christian gentleman and a San Franciscan should do. Verily, it is hard luck to be born in the purple, if you haven't got some of the same material to patch it with when it begins to wear out.

* * *

But there were some green and ever fresh oases in Harry Chauncey's otherwise domestically barren life. Such kind and sympathetic spirits as Mrs. D. M. Delmas, in her beautifully appointed home at Mountain View, and Mrs. E. L. G. Steele, of Oakland, ever tendered a gracious welcome from their kindly hearts. Their homes were always open, and their sympathies unbounded. As secretary of the Union Club,—a position which he was eminently qualified to fill,—Mr. Chauncey earned approbation and esteem. But the untimely taking off of Tiburcio Parrott seemed to sever one of the strong links—a link of fellowship in *bonhommie* and art—which bound a perhaps weary soul to the world. At midnight, the life and inspiration of the *musicale* at the Donglados;—in the morning, dead in bed in the little back bedroom on McAllister street, that was now the only home he knew,—his solitary effects a finger ring,—the heritage of his ancestry confined to females. Did his folks build better than they knew?

* * *

ANOTHER REQUIEM Mass has to be sung,—another regret must go out from old Californians, towards a spirit that has but lately begun to wing its way to the shining heights,—that of Don Joaquin Bolado. A Castilian to the masthead, a Spaniard from base, this particular *Caballero* cut a wide swathe in regions where, in his day, crops there were none, but ranges of pasture-ground untrodden save by the multitudinous herd and the lazy but sometimes dashing *vaquero.* Old Californians, and more particularly those of Spanish descent, who can trace their ancestry back to that grim horde of Visigoths,—who held their lives in their hands and steel in their teeth, who crossed the Pyrenees from the north, and carried destruction and blue blood into the fair vales of Spain,—dominated so long that they had relinquished the idea of breeding men, by the suicidal policy of the later Roman Empire. But I digress. Suffice it to say that California has lost a noble son in Don Joaquin Bolado. A gentleman of the old school, cordial, hearty, generous to a fault, his home always open to all, he embodied in himself most of those virtues which are now,—shall I say?—merely writ down in the category of the lost arts.

* * *

It is a common saying,—so common that it almost becomes trite,—that "good wine needs no bush," and "heart and hand should go together;" but were these commonplaces to find again exemplification and embodiment, I appeal to the manhood and generosity of our forty-niners, if these self-same virtues,—save the mark that they are nowadays so rare,—were not found in the old Spanish *hidalgos.* Can we point to a land-grabber or real estate speculator of the present period who can hold a candle, in the matter of whole-souled hospitality and disinterested sympathy for his fellow man, which was only one of the many illustrious *traits* of character which distinguished the old-time Spaniard, whose cattle roamed upon a thousand hills? I anticipate and fear a negative reply. But Don Joaquin Bolado came from what we, for distinction's sake, I suppose, term "old Spain." The Alvarados, the De La Guerras, the Castros and the Picos, justly proud as they are of their lineage and ancestry, do not approach quite as closely to the Visigothian cradle as the Bolados.

* * *

The Bolado will is to be probated in Hollister, for the bulk of the estate is in the county of San Benito,—an old-time Spanish grant, dating back to '46, the year of Don Joaquin's arrival from Spain. He had the sense so many of his compatriots lacked, to cleave to his broad acres, and in, due course, the accretion of values made him very rich. Still San Benito has hardly kept pace with her neighbors, and, like other capitalists, prevailing depressions have rather reduced the value of the Bolado possessions. Its value is something under half a million, and in it Mrs. Gaston Ashe—*nee* Dulce Bolado, (Don Joaquin's only daughter)—is to have a life interest, the property, at her death, to revert to her children. If she dies without issue, it goes to Spanish relatives.

* * *

AS THINGS are going nowadays, almost everything with an oriental flavor to it tickles the popular palate. Upon this popular delusion, perhaps, I may be permitted to detail a cruel joke,—if joke it can be called,—perpetrated by a representative seed of Abraham upon a descendant of the Norman barons of England. Mr. Lemarque has just arrived from the Philippine Islands, and is registered at one of those up-town hotels where they dare not tell an untruth. The folks in the Philippine Islands, he would have us believe, are as innocent of wrong as a Christmas turkey is of fat, and accordingly the Spanish *padres,* who were the first to show the natives the error of their ways, have an easy time of it. So easy is the time that, out of an ordinary calendar month, they could pick out only sixteen days on which to commemorate the trials and tribulations of the sainted martyrs who suffered various kinds of death in the years gone by. Mr. Lemarque, the gentleman who gave me this preposterous story, avers that this state of things makes it difficult to do business. He explains that he had a store where they sold beads and things. So it can readily be conceived that if half the month went to holiness, the other half could not be well kept away from frivolity.

* * *

But if a man who keeps a store cannot look out for number one, the old saying goes that the store will not keep him. And so it came about that he bethought him of the aforesaid descendant of Abraham, who happened to be in the Islands at the same time. A partnership was formed upon the following basis: the store was to keep closed sixteen days in the month, out of honor to the saints and the prejudices of the natives, and the other fourteen days were either Saturdays or Hebrew holidays. So it can readily be conceived that there was a general picnic all round, and Mr. Lemarque thought he had better pull up stakes and quit the ranch. So he did, after assigning the whole business to his Hebraic partner in guilt. Now, they tell me, the store is running day and night, saints' days and holidays, and even the *padres* are sometimes to be seen taking a little of it over the counter.

* * *

THE FAD of lecturing cannot certainly die out, as long as there are boards in a stage, tickets at a box-office, and "scads" in the pocket of the old man. Still, there are lecturers *and* lecturers. One of the latter species is John Bonner,—known to the *Call,* and known of men. Before the Unitarian Club, on Saturday last, Mr. Bonner discoursed on comedy,—a subject which his wide reading and attractive style made very interesting. It was rather a gossipy, amusing talk, containing, indeed, a vast quantity of fact, but the solids were so cleverly disguised that the audience had the right to feel edified and amused,—an experience quite unique in Dr. Stebbins' institution. However, neither for Mr. Bonner, nor for any other man who dares confront a feminine assemblage, are there those obvious marks of approval so encouraging to the speaker,—the applausive burst, the occasional hand-clap, the clatter of an appreciative umbrella. In well-bred silence the ladies listened, and that with a great air of comprehension, which indicates, of course, their intelligent interest in everything that pertains to culture.

* * *

And, speaking of lecturing, it is a pleasure to record that Solly Walter is again upon the stump. His easy tongue is on a par with his facile crayon, and everybody knows the ease and strength of that. His latest effort

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

Pianos, Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos,
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in the oratorical line has been the dishing up of redundant ideas upon Modern Art before "Philomath." They are more appreciative than the Unitarian ladies, the members of this organization, and, I believe, asked any number of highly intelligent questions on tones and tendencies, which drew even more information from the fountainhead. Besides, they punctuated his discourse with occasional bursts of applause. A week ago, Mr. Walter had the happiness of addressing the Woman's Press Club, at Mrs. Stetson's home on Powell street. They are almost importunately intelligent there, and ask deep questions that would embarrass any one less familiar with art than Mr. Walter.

* * *

AMONG THE AMUSING STORIES floating about the legal profession is one on Gordan Blanding and T. C. Coogan. There was a time when the good people across the bay were much agitated over the proximity of certain powder works, and desired their removal to a more distant point. The question was agitated before the Supervisors, and the powder people employed Messrs. Blanding and Coogan to oppose any attempt at changing the location of their establishment. The formal hearing brought out Attorney Coogan, who was carefully explaining to the Board what harmless and necessary things powder works really were. He had reached the point of reconciling the City Fathers to an infinity of such institutions, even though set in their back yards. He had explained what deadly instruments of death were saw mills, candy factories and threshing machines, and was smiling confidently in his peroration, as he pictured the sweet disposition of all powder works, when——

Boom!

* * *

A loud explosion, followed by a terrific crashing of glass. Mr. Coogan stood silent a moment.

"That must be an earthquake," he quietly remarked.

Boom! came a second explosion.

"Another earthquake," suggested Mr. Coogan.

A representative of the powder works leaned over and whispered in his ear:

"That's the powder works! They have blown up."

Mr. Coogan gathered up his coat and hat, briefs and authorities, saying:

"That closes the argument, gentlemen." He won his case, though, in spite of the fates.

* * *

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS has elected Professor Bernard Moses to succeed John Vance Cheney as President, and, without question, has chosen wisely. A man of pronounced individuality, and possessed of a strong faculty of expression, he makes a fine leader, and under his control the organization will surely make for the best. Such protests as he may in his capacity give voice to, will not be disregarded by those whose business it is to hear them; and one cannot but think with regret of the chance the "Arts and Crafts" would have had to protest against Mr. Happersberger's unfortunate statuary had it come into existence a bit earlier. Too late the community recognizes its lost opportunity. Page Brown, at the last meeting, was elected a director, and other business of importance was transacted.

* * *

There is talk, in connection with the organization, of issuing a quarterly journal, containing not only reports of proceedings, but also articles on artistic subjects from the members. Whether such a journal would prove more than an organ would depend on the editor; but the opportunity to express vigorous opinions on matters of art importance would surely be taken advantage of by men from whom the public hears too little.

* * *

RESIDENCE HOUSES have at last become a feature of San Francisco. Without derogation to the days when the typical forty-niner bared his bosom to the uncomfortable blasts of Islais Creek, I would still suggest that there is room left for improvement on a great many sides,—more especially in the building of houses. The Greco-Roman act has been so fairly played upon so many homes in the past, that I am almost afraid to post futurity about the future,—that is, of residence houses. Now these, for example, which have been put up for somewhat favorite capitalists, have been done in brownstone. And, by the way, there are plenty of people who go to bed hungry, in the happy satisfaction that they are even with—God and the devil. That they are even with the last personage of the hitherto unaccepted trinity, I will go upon my last legs and fairly avow, because I happen to know a man who swears he has seen both. But then, maybe, his objurgation might not be entitled to ultimate credence, if he did not reside in a brownstone house.

* * *

The Gibbs house attracts a great deal of attention, not only from the cognoscenti, but from the occasional passer-by as well. There are generally small groups gathered around the graystone structure on a Sunday afternoon, and one hears various criticisms of the style, with innumerable compliments to the graceful porch. By the way, the facade is to be ornamented with three Medusa masks, done by Douglas Tilden, which should heighten, in some egree, the general effect.

* * *

GEORGE WHITTELL is far too conservative a man to indulge in undue speculation, and I am content to believe humorous the talk I hear down town connecting his name with the McGlauflin deal in May wheat. Some of the brokers have actually gone so far as to insinuate that the million and a half loss has really fallen on the manager of the Luning Company, and that he is economizing all around in consequence. In support of this theory they allude meaningly to the wooden porch which desecrates the facade of the California-Street mansion, and remark, with what seems no small degree of point: If it were not for some positive loss, why should so wealthy a man finish off so inadequately a mansion that bade fair to be one of the most pretentious on the Hill? Such economies are not thought of by men possessing incomes of one hundred thousand per annum. So there is surely some extraneous cause of which the public is allowed to remain in ignorance.

However reasonable these contentions may seem to the material point of view in vogue down town, it is quite incredible that the late Nicholas, who, it is popularly believed, has reincarnated himself in Mr. Whittell, would permit such an obvious error. His speculations were in the realms of *haut finance*, for he had no conception whatever of the vulgarities of cornering wheat, etc. I am sure even he would blush could some etherealized breeze waft to him the sarcasms the blotchy facade of his son-in-law's mansion calls from citizens, gripmen and conductors, even, on passing California-street cars.

* * *

THE ABILITY of Mrs. de Young to be equal to an occasion has had several notable illustrations. To her credit are two or three *bon mots*, on which even an unpretentious clubman might claim reputation as a wit. At a ladies' luncheon in a well-known Western Addition mansion, the talk turned on the Christmas *Examiner*. Several of the editresses were present, and also the lady who is to have charge of the business department of that issue. Discussing the chances of large returns, and the big "ads" she had already captured, the manageress turned to Mrs. de Young, who was one of the guests, with the remark:

"We are coming to see you in a day or two, Mrs. de Young, canvassing for advertisements, and of course you will do something handsome for us."

"Indeed, I shall be only too glad. You may set aside a whole page for me, at the regular rates. You know I want to do everything possible for so deserving an object."

"But what are you going to advertise?" inquired one of the others.

"I may as well give you the copy now," returned Mrs. de Young, in business-like tones, drawing a pencil and a tablet from her pocket. "Here it is, and you can spread it out over the whole page."

She passed the slip of paper over to the Business Manageress, who read aloud:

"The *Chronicle* has the largest circulation."

* * *

The impression that we are on the verge of an insurance outbreak, conveyed by big headlines in the dailies, is not destined to fulfillment. Mr. Magill, agent of the Home and Phœnix, two of the most important of American companies, is about the last individual under the sun to undertake an aggressive policy, by following which he could not fail to be a sufferer. He proposes to maintain rates, but intends to use the freedom of his new position to retaliate on the minor agents who, under the rose, for years past, have been taking liberties with the tariff. Of course, active measures in the direction of retaliation would immediately be taken by the board companies, if there appeared a contrary disposition.

* * *

UNTIL A SUCCESSOR is appointed, I shall refuse to believe Governor Budd in-

Set best Mandolin (8) Strings, 20 cents.
BYRON MAUZY, 308-310-312-314 Post St.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

capable of recognizing Fish Commissioner Redding's claim to succeed himself. Yet there is no little rumor in that direction around town, and I have heard it quite positively asserted that the Executive intimated recently, with no little peremptoriness, that Joseph had fathered so many million of trout that his piscatorial usefulness was a thing of the past. Just how his complicity in stream-stocking should abate our perennial Fish Commissioner's potency, I cannot quite see; but the Governor is a disciple of Walton, and doubtless speaks by the card. Personally, I should favor introducing a bill appointing Joseph Hereditary Grand Piscatorialist of California, with power to consult President Jordan at a pinch. He has been Commissioner for the past twelve years, and I am sure the valuable information gathered in that lengthy period should not be lost to the State. However, there are compensations, and one may think with equanimity of the loss, when one realizes Mr. Redding may devote the leisure he thus obtains, to the composition of more bewitching waltzes.

* * *

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB Art Exhibition has from the start been a decided success, and the great enthusiasm in sending canvases, made it apparent that the artists sought the opportunity to bring the pictures before a public which is able not only to appreciate them, but to buy them. There are a great many Tom Hills, with their usual Yosemite rock exterior, wood interiors, snow, waterfall, sky, and all the other characteristics the landscapes of this artist have familiarized us with. A very good sand-dune by Joullin, shows that this artist has entered into a field which is decidedly adapted to his ability of handling colors. There are some excellent Stantons, among them two small fisher-panels, which are in every respect what they should be; that is to say the sea in the background, the sky above, the people along the beach, and the darkened summer evening are faithfully rendered. Among Matthew's pictures, I admire most a woman dressed in yellow turning her back to the looker-on. In color, quality and values, it is decidedly a big step in advance; while a picture called "The Vision," sorely reminds me of the regular Matthew's picture, where simplicity is carried into its extreme, till it means nothing. These peculiar differences in artistic work are interesting as problems, because one is left in doubt as to which mood is the truest expression of the artist's talent. There is Connie Von Gerichten for instance, who has several pictures. This young gentleman is so extremely modern in his way of production, that it is very hard unless you are dressed out as a willey-boy, mentally as well as physically, to properly criticize his work. A portrait head by him, showing the most remarkable resemblance, is indicative of a perfect artistic eye, while the absolute lack of quality in the color as well as in the make-up, shows either neglect, or else, as before remarked, it is too modern for my appreciation.

* * *

Mr. William Crane's two water colors range among the gems of the exhibition. A gouache cartoon of the Midummer Jinks is a charming bit of humorous characterization of that momentous occasion. Mr. Hampe sends a few sketches from Fresno, where he has taken up his abode, and is devoting his time to agricultural pursuits. He has but recently returned from the East, where he was received among those artists that illustrate first-class magazines and papers. His work at the exhibition gives no idea of his remarkable skill with pencil, pen and ink and water color; nevertheless, he, as well as men like Abbey, Gibson, Frost and Smedley, would be judged beneath the standards established of the areopage of San Francisco, the Mark Hopkins institution. Although the greatest artists have found in illustrating an adequate representation for their best work, the wise men up on Nob Hill have sent forth their fiat that this form of artistic endeavor is not serious, and that everything in that line ranges among more or less amateurish play. The originality of this judgment, in the face of our modern illustrators, the wonderful reproductions of Abbey's and Courboin's pen and ink work, is astounding and remarkable, worthy to be thoroughly recorded and its purport disseminated.

* * *

THAT SAM KNIGHT is especially to be congratulated over the temporary promotion Attorney-General Olney has conferred on him, I don't believe. Of course, it is a great honor, and he is a young man; but the fact is, the U. S. District Attorneyship partaketh of the nature of a luxury,—and a very expensive one at that. Since the failure of Chinese litigation, the office has been worth but little. The salary is only $500 per annum, with $50 for convictions, and $20 for acquittals. Though the Government pays the Assistants, who receive $2,000 per annum, on the District Attorney falls the cost of stenographer's fees and other expenses; and in times when the Courts are dull his expenditures exceed the income very materially. For instance, during the months of October, November and December it cost Mr. Garter $100 per month, out of his private pocket, to conduct the business of the office. It may be assumed that this painful condition of affairs will be obviated under some new apportionment, when a salary commensurate with the importance of the office will compensate the incumbent. The restoration of this poverty stricken condition seems materially to have minimized the ardor of the several candidates, though there is still talk of the opposition of Messrs Foote and McGee.

* * *

APROPOS of the relations of Senator Fair and his daughters, I am told that during the visit of Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Fair here they came in contact with their millionaire parent but once. Just before leaving they sent *p. p. c.* cards to the old gentleman, and had a very brief and formal interview with him in the Lick House. He met them in the coldest and most casual way, and they responded in kind. But Miss Virginia and her papa did encounter one another quite casually. Shortly after their arrival, she and another girl were down town shopping, and met the Ex-Senator as he was leaving the Montreal Bank on Post Street. The relations between Miss Birdie and her father have been much more cordial than those he has had with Mrs. Oelrichs, and the greeting was quite warm. There seemed considerable diffidence on both sides, however, for it is generally understood that the elder sister frowns severely on aught that partakes of friendship with the father.

* * *

In the meantime, Charley Fair has been completely restored to favor, and is now living very quietly in a pretty flat out on Pine Street. Though fond of amusing himself, he has quite forsaken his old habits and associates, and there is assurance in plenty that his reformation is complete. There is little doubt, I believe, that the entire amount due him under his mother's will must revert to him, and it does not seem as though Mrs. Oelrich were

Senator Leland Stanford's Vina Brandy

It's Pure!
That's Sure!!

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FIRST CLASS DEALERS,
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benefiting any one but Richard Dye by her opposition. The contest, by delaying the distribution of the estate, increases quite materially his fees. Another question of considerable interest concerns itself with the final disposition of the Fair millions. It is known that the Ex-Senator has given the subject a great deal of attention and thought, and will succeed in fixing affairs so that the possibility of disputing his will may be prevented. He is known to have altered that document several times, and it is not impossible that the consequences to the female branches of the family of the latest disagreement, may be costly in the extreme.

* * *

A friend of Ex-Senator Fair's gives me some additional information about his charities. He now devotes, every month, $3.600 to various causes that lack assistance, and, in the case of private applications for aid, makes elaborate inquiries. Such generosity as this converts the man whose closeness was, in days gone by, a favorite theme for satire and sarcasm, a species of eleemosynary institution on a beneficent scale. Under the circumstances, one may be allowed to hope that he will be spared to existence for a decade longer at least, though ill-health, I believe, has of late made inroads on a constitution unusually vigorous.

* * *

WE ARE ALL interested in the stuffers' cases which Judge Wallace is trying. By *we*, I mean, of course, those of us in the political swim,—for we realize that Steinberger *et al.* are merely the instruments. Senator Mahoney is quite unhappy, I am told, for he realizes the degree of his own concern and the consequences thereof. In addition, Colonel Burns is presumably aimed at, and another whose name my pen trembles at the very thought of writing down. The meshes may be strong enough to hold the big fish, and, if so, what a series of interesting *affaires* we have before us! But they may not be. In this connection there are two interesting complications. One is District Attorney Barnes, and the other Judge Hebbard. Why should the latter have sent these election contests to Judge Wallace, whose virulent tendencies are well-known? Why should Mr. Barnes have exhibited so positive a tendency at prosecuting the sinners? It seems to me that the District Attorney is not acting in good faith with the reputation given him by the *Examiner* prior to election, for that veracious journal discovered in him an unwillingness to pursue criminals. Besides, I fear he is disappointing Colonel Burns, who, having deprived him of gubernatorial honors, has naturally a claim on his gratitude.

* * *

But what is the matter with Judge Hebbard? The Cornwall writ, which the Supreme Court threw out so unceremoniously the other day, should have been presented to the Superior Bench, according to original intentions. The leaders talked the proposition over with the presiding Judge, who developed the intention of having Wallace try the case. And then, they did not trouble him any further. Apropos of that writ, its rejection was a foregone conclusion. The best legal research exhibited the futility of the contention, and there was ample warning to avoid the complication; but they would go ahead,—and Budd is still Governor.

* * *

SOMEONE, I FEAR, will have to direct the attention of the Board of Health to Colonel Burns. He seems unable to grasp the fact of his own demise, and that virtually he is a promenading breach of the civic sanitary laws. With the latter conclusion I know he will not agree, but the revolt against his dominion is general; and, to reëstablish his control, circumstances and conditions must prevail quite different to those that at the moment rule. Just now Mr. Spreckels and Mr. Cornwall are supreme, and though I cannot predict to what degree the latter's influence will be paramount, I anticipate hearing considerable of the former during the forthcoming twain of years. He may be said, virtually, to control the Board of Supervisors and the County Clerk's office; and the patronage pertaining thereto makes a broad foundation for political organization. With the city fathers Spreckels is especially concerned, for he persuaded his own friends into accepting Republican nominations, and, of course, their prestige and his own must be justified by the character of his appointments.

* * *

In the meantime, there has been a complete abatement of the Colonel's powers; and, to hear the comment current, this defeat of Estee means both a Waterloo and a St. Helena for him. His work was too raw for the Australian ballot. He expended money in the wrong quarters; he fostered rather than neutralized antagonisms. He forgot, in fact, that votes are swayed rather than controlled, and the tendency seems to be to construe the election of Budd as his individual humiliation. It would be interesting to know how soon, in view of all this, Colonel Burns intends to remove himself. His is not a name to conjure with for those seeking appointments.

* * *

JUDICIAL POPULARITY is no less eminently desirable than other forms of favor. There is Judge Saunderson, for instance, who is to succeed Judge Hebbard as presiding Judge of the Superior Bench. Time was when this especial honor went the rounds, but policy seems now to dictate the reverse. The solitary rule followed is that the Democratic and Republican jurists alternate. Those whose memory compasseth the period, will remember that Saunderson preceded the incumbent, and some may be curious to learn why Coffey or Daingerfield or Seawell or Wallace should not be given a chance. Having all been elected by big votes, there is surely no question of their fitness. It seems, however, that Coffey has too much work in his own department; that Seawell and Daingerfield are too modest; and that Wallace is liable to disturb the tranquility of the community. Therefore is Saunderson the man.

* * *

What a consolation it is to enjoy a reputation for safety. We may all breathe freely under Saunderson, feeling assured that proper cases will be assigned appropriate Judges. From the conservative political point of view, it is a glaring error to send stuffers before Wallace, inasmuch as he is liable to push his inquiries an inconvenient length. Neither would it be proper to assign liquor cases to Judge Bahrs, who has had the honor of representing legally innumerable gentlemen engaged in that business. We can all depend on discretion being exercised. The defeat of Levy leaves vacant Department 10, supposed, next to Coffey's, to be the most desirable of the Courts, because a share of probate business is assigned thereto. It is to go to Judge Slack. Daingerfield is transferred from Department 12 to Department 2, and Bahrs succeeds him. Before the end of his term Judge Levy is to be banqueted by Bench and Bar at the *Maison Riche*. All his colleagues are to be there save Wallace, and the legal profession in general. As I have had occasion to remark before, the retiring jurist is very popular, and really conducts his court in a model way. He gets through his calendar more expeditiously and has been reversed less often than any other man on the Bench. Rather a good record when one comes to consider all it implies.

* * *

A PHRASE has gone out of our language, "Fourth and Townsend Street" is no more. A new and grander edifice has outstripped the "big, red-brick structure down on the corner," and railroad offices have moved up town. What a world of reminiscences cluster about the old building! The roll-call of the dead is long, and is filled with honored names. Here Crocker and Stanford and Colton were at their best. The profound Sanderson, the technical Robinson, the brilliant, Haymond and the gentle, almost womanly Craig,—all lawyers of repute,—held forth as Chief Counsel to the corporation. Montague, Steinberger,—clever men in engineering, clever men in daily life,—saw their last days here. Fellows, bluff, hearty Fellows, and Corning, both Superintendents of ability, once were powers down there. Among the younger men who were cut off in their prime were Cummings, of the Treasurer's Department, and Hepner, of the Secretary's office. Then, too, there was E. H. Miller, Jr., patient and kindly under every stress of circumstance, and B. B. Redding, the land agent, once Secretary of State, another genial, kindly man. The list is long, and embraces some of the brightest men the State has ever known. Now the slow-going and ancient elevator will be given over to callow clerks, and the politicians will no longer make pilgrimages to "Fourth and Townsend streets."

The Witness

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Its fragrant, lasting sweetness exerts a subtile charm and never tires or cloys.

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A Critic's Woe.

A critic is one who is supposed to have failed "in music, painting or literature." He is an Ishmaelite and a son of a Hagar generally. He must prowl about the bodies of the dead artists, for if they catch him biting the living, they try to kill the hyena. The good he has done is noted by the public; the bad dies with him and universal execration.

But I am going to endeavor to escape this fate. I have become converted. I contemplate the Salvation Army and Christmas Charity fakes with benevolence. As I retire from wholesale vice, I desire to make a confession. Here it is ·

I own that I have suppressed criticisms and notices of many eminent people, who had gone to the pains of preparing them after hours of careful study. Sometimes I was not wholly to blame, but frequently I was. When an artist like Nathan Landsberger, the violinist, addresses a letter like this, for instance, a man is a criminal who would not let it go into the paper. And yet, through jealousy, perhaps, I kept it out. Judge for yourselves, however:

San Francisco, October 9, 1891.

Musical Editor *Daily Plunk-Plunk:* Say, Pete, will you kindly stick the enclosed in the paper? You had no critic there, and I was afraid you'd "lose me Charley." Just say something like this, old man—it will do me good:

"Nathan Landsberger was the feature of the Bach Quartette Concert last night. Though young and, perhaps, somewhat ambitious, he soared into the hidden realms of music with an inspiration which is only given to a genius. Shutting one's eyes, you could remember the stories you have read of Paganinni. It will be a shame if Mr. Landsberger should ever think of leaving San Francisco to become the leading virtuoso in New York. He has great offers, but as yet he clings, with determination on his intellectual brow, to San Francisco. He is also an accomplished swordsman, and has fought three duels in Europe, of which he never speaks. The romance in his l fe occurred five years ago. She died shortly after at Sansouci, the Emperor's Palace at Berlin. He is resolved never to marry. Mozart, Wieniawski and Joachim had their romances also. It is born with true genius to have romances. The playing of the rest of the company was not on the average. The attendance was small, considering the grand occasion, but Landsberger's magnificent rendition of Sarasate's 'Spanish Dances' waked them up."

Say, old man, get all this in, please. Won't you? Don't let them cut it. Ever yours,

---

Now, I haven't signed any name to this, because it is a confidential letter which I must keep anonymous. But here is what I put in the paper next morning. Wasn't it mean?

The Bach Quartette Concert had nineteen dollars in the house last night. Most of the audience left when the Sarasate solo began.

But here is another case which I regret madly:

At the Elks' Ball last night the ever genial, generous Prince Pop Sullivan sang one of his Southern melodies. Later on, after the numerous encores, most of the folk retired with him to his grand establishment situated * * * Mr. Sullivan has a phenomenal voice, and has refused many offers from Bill Emerson, the Fizz Bang Boom Show, and almost everything on the Coast. He is an amateur, and not "in it" for coin. Say, Pete, fix this up.

Yours truly,

I sent the business office to somebody next day, and the notice never went in.

But, still another:

Say, Pete, what you do. I not can see you two days. We have grand performance last week. We play "Fausto." You going to put some notices in all the paper. How is that gentle little natures you have. You no get notice, then I sending money down at the office. How much you calling him price. I write this. What it cost you not getting him free. Signor Borlino have made the grand name when he play last week at the Bush Street. He is nobile in his look. He always been, having the great family in Napoli. When he come to sing on the stage all the people being afraid, he look so like he will kill. He no fear. He sing beautiful. Two ladies send him the bouquet. He looking grand. He sing Casta Diva out of all the sight. Maybe his friends they like him going to Italy on account he sing. Luchesi say Borlino no can sing. Every one say Luchesi being foolish. Borlino is always being proud. Maybe he kill that Luchesi some day, like Landsberger.

Well, that got left out, too. I won't print the letters that followed it. They were signed "Amigo."

Later on, I got a different variety:

Say, Pete, shove this in your old sheet. Why wasn't you round to the show. It went grand. There was a great hush when I came out and give them "White Wings;" and then we took a smile and I hit the crowd with "Don't Go Back on Mother, Charley, She's Your Only Friend." The rest of the show was rotten, but I was in it. Write her up and say Friendship Lodge gave a fine show Sunday at Mission Hall. You can fix her up in your own style. Say I was great. How's Jim Magner. Tell him I'll give him a drink if he comes round. He owes me a simoleon. I can collect if I see him. Never mind about you. Truly yours,

---

I confess that I did not give the notice to the public. Still the man was awfully kind at the end of his letter, wasn't he?

And now for a last. It is a gem!

THE DE KONTSKI'S CONCERT.

The great master, the famous composer, Chevalier de Kontski, was greeted last night by a crowded hall filled with the finest and most aristrocratic audience. Extra chairs have been added, and many could not find tickets, as every one was sold before the concert began. A concert hall has never witnessed an equal ethuusiasm—like the one accorded to de Kontski. It is nearly impossible to criticise such wonderful artist like the Chevalier. We can only say that his style is essentially didactic and geomanesque, severe and learned. The music is never trifeld with, never cut up. When variations are used, they by no means obscure the phrase or passage upon which they are introduced. The power of trilling with the third and fourth fingers, and the immensely rapid production of dramatic octaves appear to be Monsieur de Kontski's executive forte; but this genial artist possesses something more than mere musical execution; he owns the power of breadth, of true expression, accompanied at the same time by pathos. His performance of C. M. Weber's Allegro from A Flat Sonata was so perfect and so masterful that even his adversaries must render him full justice. He is the only living artist nowaday who can play Weber and Beethoven as they ought to be played. What can be sayed of his own composition, "The Awakening of the Lion," the limited capacity of the pianoforte is forgotten in the playing of it, as the technic displayed baffles all description, and difficulties of the most stupendous character were mastered with the most perfect ease and repose. Who of us has not heard the Beethoven's A Flat Sonata? Having heard it fifty or one hundred times, we only understood it thoroughly the day it was revealed to us by de Kontski. Mrs. Maude Berry Fisher, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Louis Heine, are considered as the best artists of our city, and they contributed to render the concert most successful.

There was a short note appended which I sent to the Society editor. The rest I forgot to print. I wish I had!

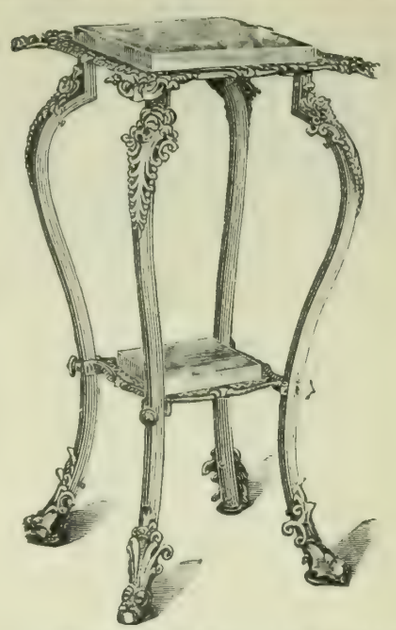
Mr. and Mrs. De Young have entertained last Sunday evening Chevalier and Madam De Kontski. This phenomenal artist became the hero of the feast by his remarquable execution. The enthousiasm of the assembled guests was immense.

Pete.

Maillard's New York Confectionary in large varieties at Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St.

A Prominent Firm.

As importers and manufacturers, the big carpet, upholstery and furniture firm of W. & J. Sloane & Co., 641, 647 Market Street, San Francisco, has attained a very conspicuous position, a result due to their enterprising and wide-awake business methods. Their goods are notable for style, price and quality, the three things most essential for success. They always have on view a big assortment of novelties and specialties at moderate prices. *For the present,* they are making some very attractive offerings preparatory to their stock-taking. Their selections of dainty pieces of furniture, all of which are most appropriate for Christmas presents, cannot be excelled.



There is nothing that is prettier or gives more pleasure than an ONYX TABLE. Place a pretty vase on it, or a handsome figure, or better still, a lamp and silk shade, and it is the most noticeable thing of beauty in the room. We have a splendid assortment. A handsome gilt table with Mexican Onyx top for $8. We have them as low as $6, and up to $15.

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A Quarter of a Block below Shreve's

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Best Selection —OF— Scarfs and Silk Mufflers —AT—

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REPSOLD COGNAC

PUREST MEDICINAL BRANDY

(ANALYZED)

AWARDED GOLD MEDAL Midwinter Exposition 1894

All Druggists Grocers and Dealers sell it

When an actor elects to turn his artistic cold shoulder upon the haunts of the green-room and its attendant Bohemia, in order to enter thereby the salons and *soirees* of society, the digression threatens a disturbance detrimental to the progress of his Art. Such a dire result is being whisperingly foretold of John Drew, however astounding it may read. It is said he is growing to be no end of a beau in society circles!—that he actually sits and drinks tea with the lovely ladies of Murray Hill, New York!—and that he frequented the horse show looking so much like a gentleman that one could not tell him from a coachman! This may all be very well, as far as it goes, but even the most superficial observer knows society's exotic gardens do not yield up the proper growths on which the true artistic appetite can vigorously feed. The drone of the world's bee-hive, or the garish butterfly, may and does find nourishment sufficient to sustain him on the gay wing; but an energetic worker, a scholar or a student, finds his powers quickly atrophied by drawing-room twaddle, diluted with weak tea and weaker platitudes. It may be an erroneous idea, but it strikes me that, in order to attain a truly admirable position in one's Art, one must read. The student in music, in literature or in art, must inhale constantly and assimilate materially the particular oxygen that will nourish and enrich his especial province.

To revolve in white-and-gold drawing-rooms, and make of one's self the center of a pink and perfumed group of buds or married blossoms, with here and there a leaf-like "chappie" or a sere-and-yellow Beau Brummel to accentuate the mental fruitlessness, is to smother one's Art, to submerge one's individuality,—to, alas! antagonize the Muse. Herd with your kind is a good bit of advice. Like water, seek your level. For just as surely as the arrow of the air descends to earth, so surely is it a natural law for each nature, each individual, to ally himself with the group of his own particular trend. The effect of irrelevant and foreign association upon Mr. Drew, or any other dramatic artist, is certain to be harmful. His art is not going to be developed. He will never be able, after such a course in the gentle art of conventional smiles, and the dispensing of verbal sugarplums,—never be able to be anybody except John Drew on the stage. He is a good actor, but it was absolutely compulsory in him to become a versatile one. That was expected of him. That was his duty. And now that duty is being buried in the deadly life he is preparing to lead. He has acted a dozen parts in succession all in one way, and he will doubtless act twelve more in the same way. This is because he has not lived by himself and with his books; because he has not given to his work the thoughtful time and concentration of the student. He is drinking tea with sweet young ladies. It is delightful, unquestionably, and a breezy sort of education for the sweet young ladies, but it is suicidal for Drew and his Art. Beyond a question, the genial John is enjoying himself. To become a shrine at whose feet beauty and elegance worship, is not a half bad rôle: it helps fill the matinée chairs, but empties the artistic ambition. In time, the aforesaid John will be remarkable for his clothes and his calling list, with a corresponding distinction of manner and an extinction of mind.

To go to the theatre where the legitimate is being produced, and to carry in one's mind the image of a higher ideal and a superior standard, is to narrow one's opinions unkindly, and to find one's self sitting in judgment beset by an almost moral difficulty. To see Thomas Keene in Shakespearean drama is to be accompanied involuntarily by a vivid portrait of our dead Booth,—the master of his art, since when all others have been as servitors. Keene is acceptable; he is well schooled, though overdone; and yet he is but dwelling in the suburbs of the citadel of the dead master. To find the embodiment of the ideal in art or in life, fixes naturally one's standard; and it is wrong and narrow to compare or to contrast when this perfection is not attained. Like the offensive type of Anglo-American who scoffs at all things native, saying sneeringly: "Ah! all this is done so much better abroad,"—so does it sound superior and experienced to wisely nod one's head, and patronizingly remark: "Yes, Keene is good, quite good, but he is not Booth."

The grandeur, the rhetorical majesty in the lines of "Hamlet," sustain their own superb strength: in themselves so splendid a vehicle that to overthrow and demolish them were well-nigh impossible. Twist, bruise, mouth them as you will, you cannot kill them. The vitality of their phrasing and philosophy is imperishable. Keene is an actor of the old school; his methods have not changed or been perfected by time or progress; about him looms the spell of other days. His "Hamlet" is wrinkled and sear,—melancholy old, not melancholy young. It is Keene not one whit disguised; Keene intelligent and strong, yet whose voice splits at the ranting point with all the husky hoarseness, the noisy climaxes of the beau ideal of the gallery gods. In expression he is super-pantomimic; in gesture, over-studied; in detail and effect, over-disciplined. He halts and hawks inartistically in reading the lines, filling in the pauses with a peculiar *tremolo* of head and hands. The mouth, so strong a feature in every actor's face, is, in Keene's, an illustration of too much of a good thing. It is the most elastic exit, facially, that I have ever beheld. Its mobility, distortions and geometrical curves are weirdly fascinating. The celebrated soliloquy was well rendered; the drawl and the halt, not so noticeable, rather suited the rhythm. The tragic death scene on the throne, with searching, ghastly lime-light full upon him, was strongly realistic, though the death stare was marred by a startling strabismus.

The support, as is almost always the case in the legitimate gathered about a bright particular star, was but mediocre, in places totally inadequate. Ophelia's acting was not half bad, in spite of tight stays and a modern-cut bodice. She was a picturesque corpse, *á la* Tojetti. That young woman among the three strolling players,—a Miss Downs,—was indeed lovely to look upon: an ideal head like a young lad's, Neopolitanlike; a face and stature worthy to be transplanted to a higher place; a type of beauty inviting the approved patronage of even that connoisseur, Augustin Daly.

For a faithful following of enthusiastic people who hail each change of bill with the naive delight of children, the Tivoli is deservedly in the foreground. It commands its regular patronage, a lot of pleasant people,—easy-going and easily amused, who smile and smoke, attend and applaud the songs and antics, the dances and "the merry merry chous," with an interest and regularity as reliable as it is genuine. Millocker's pretty opera "Gasparone" was heartily welcomed by the old friends of the house; its tuneful melodies met with much favor. Ferris Hartmann's work, as usual, called forth wild applause; each number and each funnyism was voted encorable. His comic style is well suited to the rôle of Podesta, and each new character seems to add to his enormous popularity. The sprightly Plaisted was missed, but Alice Neilsen sang and acted her part most acceptably. The opera is staged and costumed in the usual pretty and fetching fashion of the Tivoli.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

BALDWIN.

The latest and most brilliant production of the American Extravaganza Company, "Aladdin, Jr.," which ran all last Summer at the Chicago Opera House, comes to the Baldwin Theatre Monday night. David Henderson will bring his entire organization of one hundred and fifty people intact, and will present this spectacular extravaganza exactly as it was given at the home theatre. The story of "Aladdin, Jr.," is the same as that found in the nursery books, although it has been amplified to fit the uses of burlesque. It will trace the career of the

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"BROWNIE" LEATHER GOODS.

H. S. CROCKER COMPANY.

boy Aladdin, of Pekin; tell how he met the wizard Abanazar, and is led by him to the mystic cave of the lamp, to be shut in for one hundred years, but to be rescued before that time by the spirit of the ring, which overcomes the wicked magician, and brings the youth of Pekin the untold treasures. The story will be told with spectacular detail and elaborate scenic effects in four acts and a transformation tableau. The first shows the grand square at Pekin, with the exterior of the royal baths. The second changes to the exterior of the mystic cave, and finally to the interior, in which the grand amber ballet will be seen. Then will come the interior of Widow Bohea's laundry, and the gardens of the Imperial palace as the material for Act III. The fourth act is distinctively Oriental, showing the palace of ebony and gold on the banks of the Nile. The subject of the transformation scene will be "The Origin of the Harp."

NEW BUSH STREET.

Theatrical business is, after all, a lottery. Still, we are of the opinion that Miss Lillian Beddard, in opening the Bush Street Theatre on Saturday evening next, will draw well. Good plays, good people, new scenery and careful management must win in the end, and, judging from the opening piece, "The White Woman," Miss Beddard intends to cater to the taste of the public. She has, we understand, surrounded herself with an excellent company. The box-office opens for the sale of seats on Wednesday the 19th inst.

MOROSCO'S.

The "Outcasts of a Great City" has achieved a great success at Morosco's Grand Opera House during the past week, and the packed houses have proven most conclusively that Manager Morosco knows what the public wants. This afternoon, in order to help out the hospital fund for incurable children, he will donate the entire receipts to that most worthy institution. And that means something, for the Saturday matinee is always packed, and on this occasion the house should not have breathing room. Next week Dan'l A. Kelly, who has been producing pieces here recently, will, for the last time, appear in the powerful melodrama, "After Seven Years." It is said to be the best thing that he has yet produced.

THE ORPHEUM.

The attractions for the coming week will include some of the best vaudeville artists known to the East and Europe. Alice Raymond has made quite a hit, and will continue among the leading numbers. C. A. Giovanni, a bird trainer of renown, will perform some remarkable feats, and the patrons are promised an excellent evening's enjoyment.

TIVOLI.

The second and last week of "Gasperone" begins at this popular house on Monday. For the holidays, beginning on the 24th instant, the management announces a grand production of "Lalla Rookh," with a ballet and support equal to any in the country.

Articles of Incorporation of the American Concert Company were filed in the County Clerk's office on December 11th, Alfred Roncovieri, H. L. Schmitz, I. C. Coggin, A. Reuf, and J. J. West, directors. It is the purpose of the corporation to give an annual series of concerts in the month of March of each year. A band of one hundred pieces, under the leadership of Mr. Alfred Roncovieri, will discourse sweet music, and colored calcium light effects, Amazon marches, living pictures, dissolving views, stereoptican scenes, will make up a three hours' performance. General admission will be placed at 25 cents; season tickets, two dollars. The Mechanics' Pavilion has been engaged for the first series of entertainments. Every Monday and Saturday evening performance will be reserved for charity or some deserving enterprise.

THE CALIFORNIA.

A play meant to amuse incessantly throughout the course of an evening, is to be produced at the California Theatre on Monday evening, December 24th. It is entitled "The Pass-port," and is written by B. J. Stephenson and William Yardley, two English dramatists who are well known to us as the co-authors of the "Nominee." Although the scenes of the play are laid in Russia and England, its humor is not what is termed local. It is a farcicial comedy, pure and simple, and springs out of the fact that a dashing, young widow has to masquerade for a few hours as the wife of an English diplomat, in order to pass the Russian frontier. A quantity of peculiar and puzzling predicaments are then evolved, and in postures of the various characters toward each other throughout the more or less compromising scenes in which they have to appear, furnish the fun and humor. Miss Martinot is well-known as an accomplished actress of marked individuality and charm. Max Figman, associated with her as co-star, has played at various times under the management of Augustine Daly, Charles Frohman and other leading managers, and as his bent seems to lie, unmistakably, in the direction of light comedies, he has been cast in a character specially adapted to his aptitude. Eugene W. Presby, stage-manager of A. M. Palmer's theatre, and Max Figman have produced the play, and the company includes actors of much more than average merit, among them

MISS ALICE RAYMOND.

Messrs. Sam Edwards, Joseph E. Brien, Charles Thropp, Emett C. King, Lauren Rees, George S. Stevens, Albert Amberg, Mrs. Sol Smith, Miss Marguerite Van Zandt, Miss Rose Figman and Miss Enie Dixon. Special matinees will be given on Christmas and New Year's days.

Among the members of Sadie Martinot's company who will play "The Passport" at the California Taeatre, are Mrs. Sol. Smith, Samuel Edwards, Marguerite Van Zandt, Joseph E. Brion, Charles Thropp, George Stevens, William Green, Rose Figman, Lauren Rees, Emmett E. King, Julia Ring, Emma Dixon, Oscar Rappa, G. S. Stephens, and the excellent comedian, Max Figman. It is one of the largest and best comedy companies ever organized for the road.

A Piece of Her Mind.

A lady correspondent has this to say:

"I want to give a piece of my mind to a certain class who object to advertising, when it costs them anything—this won't cost them a cent.

"I suffered a living death for nearly two years with headaches, backache, in pain standing or walking, was being literally dragged out of existence, my misery increased by drugging.

"At last, in despair, I committed the sin of trying an advertised medicine, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it restored me to the blessedness of sound health. I honor the physician who, when he knows he can cure, has the moral courage to advertise the fact."

The medicine mentioned cures all the delicate diseases peculiar to females, as "Female Weakness," periodical pains, irregularities, nervous prostration, spasms, chorea or St. Vitus' Dance, sleeplessness, threatened insanity.

To permanently *cure* constipation, biliousness, indigestion or dyspepsia, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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SUPPLEMENT TO PARADISE

Paradisiacal in climate and surroundings. A supplement to the Garden of Eden, because it cures so many of the ills that are said to have originated there. Make yourself fit to enjoy Christmas. Don't let Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Insomnia, etc., interfere. Take them to, and leave them at

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AMUSEMENTS

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Crowning Triumph
ALADDIN, JR.
A thousand entrancing features in one great entertainment.
Transplendent Scenery Magnificent Costumes
Gorgeous Ballets.
Secure your seats early.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE
MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING .....Proprietor and Manager
TO-NIGHT *Grand Musical Treat*
Millocker's Masterpiece
"GASPARONE."
Monday, December 24th
LALLA ROOKH!
The Great Holiday Spectacle.
POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

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A Flare-Up on "The Fifth"

No don in Oxford was ever more unpopular than Lillipop of Prince's. He was one of those cross-grained, cantankerous men, who, without meaning badly, make enemies wherever they go. In his treatment of undergraduates, especially, he was galling to a degree; and both in and out of his own college he was hated like the proverbial poison.

He imposed more fines, inflicted more gatings, "ragged" more of his pupils at "collections," than all the other dons at Prince's put together; and in return, of course, he was subjected to every unpleasantness that the under-graduate mind could devise. His "oak" had been screwed up; hay had been made in his rooms; his pet Skye-terrier, Mop, had been carefully shorn of its hair all along one side; his bed had been apple-pied; a football had been kicked through his window; squibs had been exploded under his door; and many other similar attentions had been paid him. But all these had sharpened rather than quelled his tyrannical spirit, and, in fact, had made him (if that were possible) more objectionable than before.

At last matters came to a climax, and the climax was reached in the following way: towards the end of October three Prince's men had clubbed together, and given a large wine; whereat, after the consumption of much liquor, a spirit of rowdiness had been engendered among the guests, which prompted them, then and there, to sally forth into the quad, and perpetrate some startling act of defiance towards the College authorities.

With this end in view, they hunted up a ladder and a pot of green paint, which had been left in the back premises by some builders' workmen, and carefully daubed from head to foot the statue of King James the Second, which stood in a niche over the porter's lodge. To Lillipop, as Dean of the College, fell the congenial task of discovering and punishing the offenders. No one would plead guilty, and it ended in his inflicting the enormous fine of £20 apiece on the three men who had given the wine.

A subscription, indeed, was raised among all who had participated in the freak, and so the burden of the fine did not fall very excessively upon any individual. But the injustice of Lillipop's undue severity raised a spirit of strong indignation in the college, and not a few of the sufferers vowed that they would make him pay handsomely for his conduct.

The fifth of November happened to be then approaching—a circumstance which naturally set their schemes of vengeance working in a particular vein. Besides, no night could be more suitable for an attack upon Lillipop; for the lawlessness and disorder which were certain to be rampant in the college upon the feast of St. Fawkes would afford an excellent cover for their designs.

Of course, they could burn him in effigy. But that by itself would be altogether inadequate. Their revenge must take some more drastic form. Many plans were discussed by the conspirators. At last, it was decided to adopt the following: to make a huge bonfire large in the quad, and then, when Lillipop came out, as he was sure to do, for the purpose of quelling the riot, to rush to his rooms, carry off as much of his furniture as they could, and put it upon the fire; and after that to burn his effigy amid the blazing ruin of his own chairs and tables.

This plan originated with Hawkstone, one of the three who had been fined. It was warmly supported by the other two, who were still smarting under their unjust treatment at Lillipop's hands, and, after some discussion, it was agreed to by the rest of the conspirators—about a dozen in number. They regarded it as a sort of *lex talionis*, that the Dean, having fined them £60, should suffer about an equal loss in the way of furniture. And I am afraid that, in their excited and angry state, they forgot their obligations as gentlemen. However, so it was, and so they decided to punish him. Not a few details remained to be settled. In the first place, the authorities would certainly be on the watch to prevent a bonfire being ignited on the college premises, and to get one so well started that it could not be extinguished at the outset would need prompt skill and management. It was arranged, therefore, that each of the conspirators should equip himself with a sheaf of newspapers, two cane chairs, and a jug of paraffine; and that, upon the college clock striking the first quarter after nine, all should rush simultaneously into the quad with their fuel, spread the newspapers, pile the chairs, soak the whole with paraffine, and thus in about three minutes create such a blaze as it would require nothing less than a fire-engine to put out.

Then, as soon as the Dean made his appearance, half a dozen men or so would rush to his vacated rooms, seize as many chairs and tables as they could carry, smear them with tar to make them more inflammable, haul them down into the quad, and throw them upon the blaze. After which his effigy, fully robed in cap, gown and hood, would be hoisted high into the air on the end of a pole, and then be lowered, amid hoots, groans and hisses, into the flames below.

That such a scheme implied serious danger to its promoters was, of course, obvious. For if they were discovered they would infallibly be rusticated for a year, and might probably be sent down forever. And even the lesser of these two evils entailed a nasty rumpus with parents and guardians at home. To meet this, certain precautionary measures were discussed and decided on.

Each conspirator undertook to invite to his rooms that evening one or more guests from other colleges, warning them what was in the wind, and getting them to take an active part in the scheme. About this no difficulty was anticipated; for Lillipop, who had only just completed his year of proctorship, had made himself so unspeakably obnoxious in the exercise of his functions that there were hundreds of men in Oxford only too glad to embrace the opportunity of doing him an ill-turn. Besides, these out-college guests, being strangers to the Prince's dons, could expose themselves without appreciable risk of detection, as had been proved by the memorable conflagration at St. John's in 1884. And with their assistance much might be done, which it would otherwise have been foolhardy to attempt.

But now a further difficulty arose. While the scheme was in course of formation, Hawkstone and his two friends were sent for by the Provost. They attended his summons with serious misgivings of heart, supposing that he had got wind of their little conspiracy. It was a great relief to them, therefore, to find that such was not the case. The lecture which he administered to them was of a general tenor, though sufficiently alarming in its way. "The college," he said, "had for some time had its eye upon them as ringleaders of the spirit of insubordination which was making itself evident in Prince's. Last night, at a college meeting, their names had come under discussion, and it had been unanimously decided to give them a serious warning. They must understand that persistent defiance of constituted authority would not be tolerated; and unless they were careful to amend the error of their present ways, the conclusion of the current term would also be the conclusion of their career at Prince's."

The Provost was pompous and long-winded; but he had a way of meaning what he said—if so simple a word as "said" properly describes the unctuous delivery of his antithesized periods. And our three friends left his presence more alarmed than they cared to confess. They were not long in communicating the Provost's dark hints to the other conspirators; and a council of war was held to consider the matter.

On one point the meeting was unanimous, namely, that Hawkstone and the other two had already borne more than their fair share of the odium resulting from previous escapades, and that they ought not to run any risks in connection with the present scheme. In fact, to do so after the Provost's threats would be nothing less than suicidal; though, at the same time, the projected attack upon Lillipop must not, therefore, be abandoned. Of course, if the attack was carried out, the dons would almost certainly give Hawkstone and his friends the credit of it. "But," suggested some one, brilliantly, "why should not those three keep themselves out of the way on the eventful night? Better still, they could even absent themselves from the college. *That* would increase their score off Lillipop. For when the Dean sent for them, as he was pretty sure to do, they could at once establish a triumphant alibi."

The proposal met with general favor. Hawkstone and his friends demurred. "It seemed," they said, "a trifle sneakish thus to withdraw themselves." But at last they were over-persuaded. And, to do them justice, it was the prospect of having a good score off Lillipop when he sent for them after the row, that weighed with them quite as much as any other consideration. Though it cannot be denied that they were also glad to escape the risk of having the Provost's threats executed upon them; for, reckless young men as they were, their interview with that personage had made them decidedly nervous.

Time went by, and the eventful evening arrived. The conspirators' plans had been laid with such careful secrecy that no one outside the plot had any idea of what was going to happen, and any one who had walked through the quad at about nine o'clock p. m. would have been quite impressed by the orderly quiet which everywhere prevailed.

At last the quarter struck. Instantly there was a quick, silent rush of many dark figures to the centre of the large grass-plot; and then, in almost less time than it takes to tell, a tremendous blaze sprang roaring upwards. These reckless youngsters had used paraffine like water, so the conflagration of the pile of chairs was simply instantaneous. Then, what a hooting and yelling, what a rush for the dining-hall to seize the benches therefrom as fuel for the fire. More chairs, and more and more were needed; a levy was made for them on all the ground-floor bedrooms, and everybody's oil-store was ruthlessly appropriated.

In the midst of the din and bustle, a perfect storm of exultant jeers arose. It was in honor of Lillipop, the Dean, whose squat little figure was now clearly visible in the blaze of the flames, hurrying backwards and forwards, nearly tearing his hair with rage, and vainly attempting to quell the riot. By a preconcerted plan, some out-college men gathered round him, who were perfect strangers to him, and so could afford to laugh at his angry menaces.

Other dons made their appearance, but the outbreak was now too far gone to be quelled. Many undergraduates, who had had nothing to do with the plot, joined the rioters, and added their quota to the noise and confusion. Stentor could not have made himself heard in such a din. Then came a rush through the ring around the bonfire. "Make way—make way!" was loudly shouted, and four strong pairs of arms heaved a table on to the flames; one, two, three armchairs followed, and then a sofa. The knowing ones raised an exultant yell as they witnessed the fate of the Dean's furniture. More followed: pictures, a hearth rug, even books. The jeering was tremendous, but it did not reach its climax until Lillipop's effigy, duly capped and gowned, was hoisted on the blade of an oar, high up so as to be witnessed by all, and then lowered into the flames.

It was an indescribable scene, worthy of the worst traditions of Guy Fawkes' day, and of the city and university in which that day still finds its most disorderly celebration. I believe that, even in this moment of excitement, many of the rioters had the grace inwardly to feel ashamed of themselves when thay realized the shabby and ungentlemanly outrage which they had just perpetrated. At any rate, very soon after this all the spirit died out of the proceedings; the undergraduates dispersed to their several quarters; and half an hour later nothing remained to mark the tumult but the huge, black spot burnt by the fire in the middle of the grass-plot.

* * * * * * *

When Hawkstone and his two friends "knocked in" shortly before midnight, they found everything perfectly quiet, but they were quickly apprised of the great scene that had taken place by one or two friends whom they found lounging about the quad.

"There *was* a clean sweep made of the Dean's furniture," said one. "I should doubt whether he has a chair or a table left. Half his pictures were burnt, too. I believe he is nearly mad."

"He was raging round the quad like a fat bull of Basan," added another, who was reading for the now obsolete "ruders."

"Beg pardon, Mr. Hawkstone, sir, and you Mr. Melliship, and you Mr. Carling," broke in the voice of the junior porter, coming up to the group. "The Dean's compliments, gentlemen, and will you three please call upon him in his rooms at once."

This message created a sensation. There was a suddenness about the summons which was somewhat startling. Hawkstone, however, only laughed.

"I knew he would want to fix it on us," he said; "but we shall just sell him nicely. Come along you two, and let us get the little interview over as soon as possible."

The three went off to Lillipop's rooms, followed by the interested glances of their companions. * * Hawkstone knocked boldly on the door; and the Dean's prime little voice bade them enter.

The scene which met their eyes took them completely aback. They had expected to find the place utterly "ragged," stripped, dismantled. They found it in perfect order, neat and comfortable. Apparently, not a thing had been touched. The room looked precisely the same as it had done ever since the Dean first occupied it.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said, with a queer smile. "Pray be seated. I have still a chair or two left, you perceive!"

Utterly dumfounded, the three took the seats indicated. Intense astonishment had made even Hawkstone mute.

"I have some unwelcome intelligence to communicate," the Dean continued, with the same peculiar smile. "You have only just come in, I understand. Possibly you have heard nothing of what has taken place in the college this evening?"

Hawkstone muttered something about having been just told that there had been a bonfire in the quad. The Dean's excessive politeness rendered him horribly uneasy.

"Just so, gentlemen. I had wind of it beforehand; and I understood that you three, by being so sensible as to hold aloof from the scheme, had incurred the enmity of the rest of the college, and were going to have your

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furniture burnt for your pains. Of course, this was kept secret from you—eh?"

They sat staring at Lillipop like so many dummies, vaguely conscious that they were being what is vulgarly styled "taken on."

"I wished to save you from such an outrage," the Dean went on, his smile expanding, "so I had the more valuable portions of your furniture hastily removed, at the last minute, to my own rooms. I am sorry to say that even this sanctuary was not respected, and that your goods and chattels were violently seized under my very nose, and burnt before my eyes. I am deeply concerned for you, gentlemen; and I hope that you are fully insured. That is all, thank you. Good evening!"

Without a word, the three undergraduates went out. They saw that they had been caught in their own trap, and they felt decidedly small. The Dean chuckled hugely as the door closed on their retreating figures. Then he went across to the Provost's house; and these two solemn old files enjoyed such a laugh as they had never indulged in before.

Next day the Dean of Prince's called in at Mr. Stuffkin's, the upholsterer's, in the "High," and paid him a little account. The account was for time and services of four furniture removers on the previous evening. *Truth.*

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THE DEVOTEE.

For the Transcript.

Thou art no saint, but when I feel
  Thy blessed lips on mine,
In adoration I could kneel
  And own thee half divine;
A glory crowns thy golden hair
  And lights thy loving eyes;
Daughter of Earth! thou art as fair
  As those who tread the skies.

And when in my enraptured ears
  Thy murmuring accents flow,
I think some spirit of the spheres
  Has wandered here below;
For angel lips alone could move
  In melody so sweet;
Child of the Skies! behold thy love
  A suppliant at thy feet.

Time's rough, unsparing hand will chase
  Thy loveliness away,
But there's a nobler, loftier grace
  That triumphs o'er decay:
The heart that never once betrayed,
  That changing years have tried,
When all thy other beauties fade
  Shall draw me to thy side.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH.

To-day, I sing a victor strain,
  A hymn of praise,
A canticle of joyous sound
  I upward raise.

From boughs that thickly overhang
  The battle-field,
I pluck fair laurel leaves with which
  To deck my shield.

My spear and helmet, too, I twine
  With leaves of bay
In token of my victory
  In furious fray.

Yet no man's blood bestains my mail,
  And what is best,
No ghastly face, nor dying moan,
  Disturbs my rest.

To day, between Heaven's holy hill
  And Hell's dark pit,
I met a Sin that tempted me,
  And conquered it!

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LIBRARY NOTES

The great American novel like *The Honorable Peter Sterling*, will be the plain, substantial history of a successful citizen. It may have complications of plot and subtelties of diction, that cannot be found in the narrative of Mr. Ford. Its hero may be inherently romantic instead of resolutely practical; he may be less heroic physically, confining his display of courage to morals rather than deeds, standing for the right as well as doing it; but he will be developed to exhibit that most interesting phenomenen of our national life, the evolution of rulers from the ranks. We have no epics yet, for we are not done making them; but there are few finer stories in history than the rise of Abraham Lincoln. Is not the new story of the Argonauts almost as romantic as the history of Jason's expedition after the Golden Fleece? Is there in the world's history aught that compares in splendor to the gorgeous progress of the last quarter of a century, the magnificent growth of the west, the creation of great cities in the prairies, the upbuilding of a modern metropolis on ocean shores, thousands of miles fromy anywhere. The era of poetry, of creative art in the drama, in fiction, in sculpture, has not yet arrived for us, for we are still making material, still achieving geographical and agricultural conquests; our best minds are busy million making, or grappling, the great problems of inter-communication and supply. We are too busy yet to have caught but a remote interest in the subtle problems conditions have created for us. Our next group of great men will typify the geniuses of art, rather than of industry; they will explain for us the Goulds, Huntingtons, and Vanderbilts, the Armours, Morrises and Swifts, the Havermeyers and Spreckles', the Rockafellers and Paynes, the Floods and Fairs of our civilization, and in the careers of these men, their acquisition of great fortunes, the magnitude of their operations, their progress from farm house to palace, their mastery of the elements, their splendid industrial triumphs, they will find themes worthier, if less romantic, than the conquests of Napoleon or Cæsar, more glorious, if less glowing, than the triumphs of Cortes.

Peter Sterling has an individuality and characteristic unique in recent liierature. For twelve months past the fiction artists of England have been writing their their literary chef d' oeuvres. We have read of Parisian and London life, of the manners and customs of the men of Manxland; we have followed *Marcella's* struggles with the social problems of the moment, and have realized with *Aminta* the necessities of youth, the demands of love, the joy of passion; *Trilby* has captivated us, and Stevenson has woven a South Sea Island fairy tale whose woof has the brilliant glow of perennial blue skies, of shining sapphire seas,—color, warmth and fiercely sudden transitions. But nothing in all these of America. Therefore is Peter thrice welcome; he is one of us; his characteristics are familiar, and the highway which leads him to political eminence and social distinction is the straight and narrow thoroughfare we have all dreamed our way along; the institutions he deals with, the conditions he strives with are those we are grappling with in San Francisco. His wisdom is as wise for us here as for Fogarty in the Sixth Ward New York. He is a singular figure, and his history may serve, not only as a political text-book, grow endurable only when one reflects he is charged in the newspapers with as many crimes as Colonel Burns. Indeed, it is because we are on the inside that he has the benefit of his good intentions. Success is pronounced the logical consequence of following to their natural conclusion certain rules of conduct. Experience has shown honesty the best policy. So it is desirable to be honest, straight and true. It is little use trying to reform people, for to the natural point of view, there is more opportunity for improvement among the reforming class than in those they endeavor to mould according to some sadly restricted, unnatural plan of living. Peter, by pure honesty of purpose, achieves a legal and political victory, and then realizes that it is easier to guide the stream of tendency by flowing with it than by futile efforts at forcing it in another direction. Settling in New York, a young lawyer, straight from college, shy, reserved, slow, but strong and earnest, by degrees he wins a great practice and a great name, becomes a leading politician, achieves a position in the best society, leads his regiment against an army of strikers and finally is elected Governor of New York. Incidentally, he is interested in pictures, reads innumerable books, is the prominent factor in important political situations, is a hero, an athlete and a philosopher of eminent common sense and discretion. Happiest of men, he does everything he wishes to, even marrying in the long run, the maiden of his choice. One reason, perhaps, why such a book, though it is intrinsically interesting on the basis of ebb and flow of incident, has a fascination, is that the action is a *crescendo* with its climax on the last page. Such superlative good fortune is unnatural perhaps, and in considering the tale one cannot but think of the drama of *Albert Savarus*, whom Balzac made bold, aspiring and brilliantly intellectual, but whose whole scheme of existence is upset by a designing woman. In the sense that Balzac knew a plot. *Peter Stirling* lacks a complication—it is the biography of a personage who seems to unite the attributes of Grover Cleveland with the capacities of a lawyer like Hornblower. Yet there is nothing intrinsically impossible in the success attained by so so remarkable a combination of determination, discretion, good sense and ability. One cannot help foreseeing for the admirable Peter an awfully hard time in a second volume, or else the Presidency of the United States. The book is decidedly well worth reading, and is quite the most interesting political novel we have had in a long time. It is full of good sense and political intelligence, and I recommend it to the attention of all those to whom the etherealized ethics of *Marcella* appealed so profoundly. The manner of narrative, like the characterization, is very natural and unaffected. While Mr. Ford is quite plainly in love with his hero, and really makes him a stalking horse of the virtues, he is certainly competent on certain contentions of practical politics, which he puts with a forcible reasonableness that admits of no rejoinder.

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GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF BOOKS.

The Desertion of Private Quaich

By John Ayscough.

The 172d had lain for nearly two years in Cork, in the great, gaunt barracks on the hill above Glanmire; and many a pretty Shandon girl had lost her heart to one or more of the Highlanders. It was with a kind of gasp about the heart that they had watched the troops march in that winter morning twenty months before. Along the quays they swept, devoured by the gaze of the hot-hearted Irish girls, whose eyes were filled by the flaunting splendors of the Gaelic dress, and whose ears were not deep enough to hold the wild melody of the Gaelic music. It is a splendid regiment, and no costume in the world can so well set off the braves of limb and mien as the kilt and tartan; no music bear it fitter company than the passionate skirling of the pipes. Up the hill they strode, with the easy tread of mountaineers, the kilt flapping right and left, the sporran marking time as they stepped, and the plaid filled with the keen, sharp wind of the December morning. Overhead the sun shone white among the frosty clouds, and behind all was sheeted snow for background.

None in all that regiment found his fate so hopelessly on the banks of the River Lea as Private Quaich of B Company, who had been reduced from Corporal.

He had been "born in the regiment;" his father had been drum-major in it, and his mother's father had been bandmaster. But Roddy's father was dead, and his mother (who was a shallow person) had married again—a Color-Sergeant of the 40th, that had been lying with the 172d at Portsmouth when the drum-major had sent in his papers for acceptance in the Great Orderly Room.

That was years ago, and Roddy Quaich had not since troubled her. He seldom took furlough; and when he did he went to Scotland, to the old grandparents in Glenalladale. And now they were dead. So he was alone in the world, with no home but the old regiment.

They are a gloomy race, the people of Glenalladale, the shadow of their stooping mountains lying heavy on them; and even among them the Quaichs were noted for their sadness. It was generally thought that old Ronald Quaich, Roddy's grandfather, was mad, or near it; but this was not held much against him, for it suited in with his other gifts; he was seventh son of a seventh son, and had "the sight" powerfully strong.

Roderick Quaich was not usually amorous, and when he fell in love with Ethna Burke it caused general amusement in the company. It was not any special strictness that had made him shy of the women folk hitherto; but superstition and a prophecy of his grandfather's.

"We all have a Danger waiting for us in our life, somewhere," said the old man, "and yours, Roddy, will come in the skirt of a woman's petticoat."

And Roddy believed him—so long as he had seen no one that he fell in love with, and avoided them.

Then he met Ethna. And in the love she dragged from him he forgot the prophecy.

In truth she was wholly unworthy of such love as he gave to her. She had beauty enough, and could be sweet enough; but she was as shallow as his own mother had been, and could no more understand the depths of his worship for her, than she could understand the hidden abysses of the great ocean. She liked him well enough, and, if nothing better had come in her way, would have married him. He was a fine man, and the passionate love of her big-limbed lover flattered her. She liked to look at his face and note how dark and beautiful his eyes were, and the haughty cutting of his chin and nostrils; but she could not fathom the deep, deep meaning of those worshiping eyes; and the pride of his grave beauty seemed to oppress her.

And Roddy had no great gift of speech. She knew that he adored her, but the torrent of his passion lay pent up in those unfathomable eyes, and overflowed in no pretty flatteries. Nevertheless, she said she would marry him; and had not Colour-Sergeant Farquharson found her out, she would no doubt have done so.

But Colour-Sergeant Farquharson was a better-looking man than Corporal Quaich, and was, of course, far higher up in the regiment; in which promotion was slow, too. Sandy Farquharson had the gift of the gab, and Ethna reveled in his sharp talk and his compliments. He bought her pretty ribbons, and knew just what suited her, and Ethna had no difficulty in understanding them; or the meaning of his bright blue eyes when he looked at her. She said "Yes" when he asked her to marry him, and at first said nothing about Roddy; and to do him justice, Sandy Farquharson knew nothing of it.

Nor did she dare to tell Corporal Quaich of her perfidy. She let him come to see her still, though she let him come less and less often; and chose carefully to appoint for him times when Sandy was on duty. This was the easier, that they did not belong to the same company and were not often on duty at the same moment.

But one night Roddy came without appointment, and he found them. He stood by the door watching them, and a gray look, like death, crept over his sad face, and a kind of darkness killed the light out of his fathomless eyes; as when storm clouds creep out over Loch Sunart, and the waters give back only blackness.

Then he turned on his heel and left them, without word of farewell or anger. And poor, false little Ethna thanked her luck to be rid of him so easily.

But when Sandy got back to barracks Quaich quarreled with him. He could not fight the woman, but he could fight the man, and he did it. Roddy was a very strong man, and the marks of that punishment lasted Sandy till long after his wedding. But Corporal Quaich was taken to the guardroom, and next morning he was for office. The Captain of his company spoke up for him, and the Adjutant told the Colonel what a good soldier he had been; but it was a very serious offense, and subversive of all discipline. How could a man who so acted be fit for a non-commissioned officer. So Corporal Quaich was reduced to the ranks, as he had known that he would be.

That was a week before Christmas, and on Christmas Eve Private Quaich deserted.

He was absent at roll-call, and still absent next morning. The men in his company said they were not surprised that he had deserted. He would never stand being "broke;" and from his way of acting ever since, they had guessed he meant to be up to something. Why had they not mentioned it? It was none of their business, and they had only suspicions to go upon. Roddy Quaich had been well liked in his company, and Color-Sergeant Farquharson was in F Company. Now, B Company had no love for F Company, and the men are never too fond of a Color-Sergeant. Besides, Farquharson was a bit too "fly" for them. Moreover, the men in B Company knew all about Ethna.

On Christmas Eve Sandy had married her, and on Christmas Eve Roddy Quaich had deserted. In the opinion of B Company, he could do no other.

One little girl had seen him going—Tiny Comyn, the Musketry Instructor's daughter. It was dark, she said, but not late—about six o'clock, and she had been on an errand.

Outside the married quarters she had seen someone standing listening, dressed in his belt and great coat, close to where Color-Sergeant Farquharson stops. The light from the window fell on his face, and she knew that it was Roddy.

"Good night, Roddy," she had said.

"Is that you, Tiny?" he answered. "I'm going away. So good-bye, Tiny."

She wondered why he was not in the barrack-room helping to decorate; but the men in B Company said they had not asked him; it would have been hard after being Corporal.

Private Quaich was never apprehended.

Some said he has been seen (in civilian clothes, of course) embarking on board a steamer for America, and that was generally believed in B Company. But, wherever he went, he never came back to the regiment.

An outbreak of typhoid occurred in the regiment, and the doctors were nonplussed. The drainage was excellent, and the water was said to be the best in the neighborhood. There were many deaths, and among the rest died Ethna.

"The water has always been excellent," said the principal Medical Officer. "I know it has; nevertheless, it must all be tested again."

The result was the exoneration of all the water from the least taint of suspicion. Then somebody remembered the old well down by the racket-courts. The men were forbidden to use the water, and told to use that from the cisterns; but it was often used, notwithstanding.

In the well was found the body of a soldier. It must have been there, said the principal Medical Officer, since about Christmas.

Then the little girl was made to repeat her story.

"I said 'Good-night, Roddy; a Merry Christmas,'" said the child. "And he said, 'Is that you, Tiny? I'm goin' away; so good-bye, Tiny.' And he gave me two pennies to buy sweeties, when I asked him,—he often did that—that's why I liked him, you know. But I was cross because he wouldn't take me."

"Did you ask him to?" asked the Captain of his company.

"Yes," said the child. "But he wouldn't. He said: 'It's a very dark road and a long way where I'm going, Tiny, and I can't take you.'"

"And then?" inquired the Captain of his company.

"Then he lifted me up and kissed me, and said, 'Good-night, Tiny,' and mother came to the door of the quarters to look for me, so I ran in. He went over by the racket-courts."

Perhaps it was an accident, but the men in B Company did not believe it. It was voluntary desertion, they thought, over to the Majority. And the Captain of his company thought so, too; and he hoped that the poor soldier might have found compassion at the hands of "Our Fair Captain, Christ," before whom he had gone to render an account of his insubordination.

—*Vanity Fair.*

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THE GLASS OF FASHION

Chrysanthemums reign in Paris at present, and there, it is said, they have the most beautiful specimens in the world. It appears the first chrysanthemum was brought into Europe from Japan by the explorer Bouchard to Louis XVI, over one hundred years ago. Rather an interesting anecdote is told in connection with this explorer and the flower. It appears that when he went to Versailles to pay his respects to the King and Queen, he took with him a chrysanthemum plant, in full bloom. He arrived on the day the first dauphin was buried, and, on presenting the plant to Marie Antoinette, said it bloomed toward the end of the year, to console one for the loss of the other flowers. The Queen, interrupting, said it was like friendship in misfortune. The chrysanthemum was sent to Triauon, where it bloomed and thrived. The next year her majesty visited the place and gathered the flowers, and when she returned to Paris, found the fishwives had risen against monarchy. She wondered if the flowers were to preserve a long and bitter winter, or to console her for a departed summer of royalty. She kept them in water and carried them with her to the Tuileries when she returned as a hostage to the revolution. Eight years later, Josephine, on a visit to the Triauon gardens, saw the flower and was told the story. She had a temple to constant friendships, and brought a basket of chrysanthemums for the altar. That was the beginning of the vast amount of popularity the plant now enjoys.

Paper fancies grow hourly more popular, and are typical of youth, as their freshness soon passes off. The newest idea for crêpe paper is to drape dressing tables with it, using it exactly as you would muslin, and with a similar effect. Photograph frames, with Brownie dolls covered in crêpe paper, are pretty and ingenious, and exceedingly effective.

How amusing it is to watch the bargain hunters!—and especially now that Xmas is approaching, and we have to consider our friends and our purses; it is even harder than making both ends meet. Some of the shops are showing lovely things; but it is an aggravating fact that one sees and admires the expensive things, and then the cheaper ones look horrid. So one is really nonplussed and puzzled as to the best method of procedure.

Silver things are delightfully cheap, quaint and fanciful, and every one appreciates silver in any shape or form. Cut glass, too, is much less expensive than in former years; while French bronzes are simply the one thing needful to any one who loves their beauty.

A pretty head arrangement for evening wear is the Japanese headgear in wet weather. You take a long, straight piece of crêpe, about a yard and a quarter long; then you line the center portion with India silk; sew in two little pieces of cord to hold the covering in place, and these are put over the ears, and the deed is done. It is so pretty, simply made and inexpensive, and charmingly becoming.

A black satin skirt is the absolute essential to the wardrobe of the woman who affects silk waists, and just now, I fancy, it would be a much more difficult task to find the maid or matron who does not revel in these delightfully dressy and singularly simple garments, in which one is never over-dressed, nor dressed too little. So every one had better hasten to provide herself with a satin skirt before the prices go up, as they certainly will.

Green, too, is becoming popular and impossible to get. Not Nile green, but grass green, Fenian green and emerald green; while green velvet is used in combination with every color. This is ominous in a way, for if any of as have mothers who remember the early seventies, they will tell of the bright blues, greens, yellows and magentas which then reigned supreme, and how soon they were relegated to the regions of garret and cellar. Their rule was brilliant as it was short, and their popularity universal as it was evanescent. However, let us revel in these colors ere they become common, for they do prove bright spots on the cold, bleak days of dull December.

The fashionable woman must have at least one velvet gown. Have it of black or rich claret-colored velvet, and made with an absolute simplicity of design. The skirt should be full and plain and very well cut. The bodice is, of course, made according to the figure or style of the possessor. A rather pretty idea has the effect of a somewhat oddly-shaped jacket, but is really a round bodice, fastening at the back. The jacket is edged at the top and sides with a brilliant jeweled galon, and there is a full vest of chiffon. The vest is adjustable, so that the chiffon may be changed in color. A handsome jeweled corselet is worn at the waist.

A new idea for a fancy bodice is adorned with narrow edgings of deep yellow Valenciennes lace. The material is of chocolate colored chiffon, over a taffeta foundation of the same color. Parallel rows of lace edging are used as a trimming. These give the bodice the effect of being ribbed with lace, the sleeves being treated in a similar fashion.

A legislative war has broken out in France against the corset. M. Pagnol is the audacious promoter of this outrageous scheme to deprive women of their slender figures, and doctors the moiety of their patients, and he says he is backed by five hundred women, and six thousand five hundred of his male constituents. He says he will tax the women who are idiotic enough to wear stays, and now there are "anti" crusades of all kinds in Paris. There are the anti-Pagnol ladies, who cling like limpets to their corset; the "anti-corset" ladies, who cling to their Pagnol; then there are the "anti-kissing" ladies, the "anti-cycling" ladies, etc. All doctors, of course, are on the side of Pagnol, and the great Pchweniniger says that eighty per cent of women's ills and aches are due to the corset. It is more expressly injurious to growing girls. He says a corset may be worn for an hour or two without causing injuries, but that any woman who habitually wears one cannot be healthy.

The picturesque is now being affected by the *dame de monde*, with regard to headgear. Large, soft hats, trimmed with ostrich feathers, and bent in and out in queerly artistic folds, are much worn. But let the woman who would wear one wave her hair, as they do not look well with smoothly drawn-back locks. Large hats are more popular than small, and bonnets are only worn for church or the theatre. Trimmed sailor hats are quite the fashion for shopping wear. The felt sailor is trimmed with stiff rosettes on either side, with little wings or plumes sticking up from them. Hats, owing to the hair being parted in the center, are worn further back than last year.

The English fashion of widows, young or old, wearing caps, is quite the thing now, and the dainty crêpe cap is most becoming and jaunty looking.

Old ladies look very sweet and lovable in the berthas and fichus of rich laces that are now in style. A pretty dress for an elderly lady is in gray silk, made *en princesse*, with loose front, heavily trimmed with lace; round the neck a Marie Antoinette fichu, while in the back it falls in long. loose, graceful folds or pleats, and has a sweeping train.

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As a reward to the comparative handful of enthusiasts scattered over the Auditorium the last symphony concert of the Friday night series, the band did more than has been considered its best. Enthusiasm not to be damped by cold, and the chilly feeling rising always in a half-empty house, made the programme pass off with unequivocal interest. Beethoven's Symphony No. 2 and C minor piano concerto held especial interest. The symphony given at the Tivoli concerts last year profited by the comparison as to its performance. Herr Scheel's tempi and individual reading cast a happy light on the undying beauty of this creation. Gratefully the performance was received. A few flecks on the score of strings and horns were readily to be forgiven. Enthusiasm such as one scarcely expects from the phlegmatic local concert and theatre goers crowned Mr. Fleishman's playing of the concerto. His talent was properly set out in this melodious and mainly joyous work. The genuine loose and free playing, worked out equally in octave and finger, producing that complete flowing tone never to be heard from players of the old regime, revealed tone qualities that the playing of other concertos, at other concerts, left conspicuously absent. Something of directing accent and direct intensity may have been left out, but everywhere the conception was broad, intelligent and truthfully delivered. For the first time Mr. Fleishman did himself public justice, and it is to be hoped we shall hear more from him of this satisfying modern style of playing.

How much Gounod owed to the largo of this concerto in C minor for his conception of "Salve Dimora," as it stands in "Faust," it is not now possible to prove; but the tones of the first semi-phrase of that celebrated aria, with a slight difference, are clearly, unmistakably foreshadowed in this movement. The lyric feeling is almost Italian it its smooth, full contour and sentiment. In connection with the playing of piano concertos at these concerts, it appears remarkable that the management consider any kind of instrument will do. Now, the Steinway piano is beyond reach of comparison with any, of course; but when aged, battered and used up, is certainly not to be preferred to even a third-rate new instrument. Mr. Fleishman had the sympathy of pianists at both concerts, and particularly on Wednesday. The Auditorium is sizeable enough to make the most powerful tone diminutive. The labor of thrashing out a concerto to twice its normal breadth would ask a co-operation of Liszt and Rubinstein forces.

Repeating Tuesday's programme on Wednesday made the impression that second performances, like second thoughts, are best. Though the audience was large, there was no such enthusiastic feeling on Wednesday, but enthusiasm is muchly a matter of atmosphere. That Herr Scheel's labors of Hercules with the band have made a wondrous difference no one questions, or the magnetism, finesse and force of his conducting. It is to be hoped the public will continue to appreciate the result as fully as they do now.

Delibes, whose place as a great little master seems to mount higher with time, never wrote more tasteful ballet music than the "Coppelia" pieces. Coquettish fancy never made more dainty play with such absolutely slight material. Suave diablerie and coaxing amiability run through the pieces with many a sly half-tender touch. A continual reign of equally brilliant success is not permitted any composer, so that Saint Saens' "Youth of Hercules" is not exactly a disappointment. Descriptive orchestration and happy themes come as a matter of course, but the direct inevitable effects of "Phæton" and "Le Rouet d' Omphale" are absent. Still there is interest and color enough to give a distinct life to the composition.

The change to Wednesday has many advantages in its favor as a Symphony night, and next week's concert ought to show a further increase in the attendance.

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COUNTRY GOSSIP

SACRAMENTO.

The concert given by Mrs. Perry Ross was the swellest event of the past week. Every one inclined musically was there. The Congregational Church presented a cozy appearance, and the audience was well repaid for venturing out in such inclement weather.

Mrs. Bounheim was radiant in a gorgeous pink brocade. The last three years she has spent in Germany. During her sojourn there she devoted the greater part of her time to studying music. Her voice shows marked improvement. Barring certain little mannerisms, she sang delightfully.

The tenor, Batcheller, charmed us completely. He wore his bang "weary Willie" style, and somehow the audience seemed to be amused by his personal appearance. You know we're not used to such awful style in this remote town. It must have made him just a trifle conscious when we became so enthusiastic, encoring him over and over again. I hope he will excuse us for being so anxious to get our money's worth, but we are seldom accorded such a rare treat, and then he is such a fascinating chap! While in town he was the guest of Mrs. Orcutt. That meant a good time, of course.

Mrs. Dr. Younger, of your city, and Mrs. Beale, did the accompanying, both displaying marked musical ability. Didn't the ushers look stunning, though? The girls felt quite envious of Etta Birdsall. She had two escorts, both from your city—Dr. Younger and Joe Redding. Some of us had to go with our mas, but we're getting used to that sort of thing. Just think of Ira Robie taking two girls at once! Some sour old maid reported it around that he had been given complimentary tickets. Even if he hasn't a reputation for generosity, he is apt to square himself once in awhile. Will Ormsby and Adelaide seemed to enjoy the programme immensely. Bert Kidder had the widow, and I actually saw Will Douglass with two girls, and they weren't relatives, either. You know he never escorts any one but his ma, so I was a bit surprised.

Mrs. Beckman had Will Humphrey in tow. The latter looked so bored: He told me afterward that he didn't understand music, but he was always willing to donate to charity. Dr. Gus Simmons and Gertrude made their initial appearance in public that evening, and weren't we surprised when we read the announcement of their engagement the next morning. That European trip did it, sure. Lots of chance for romance, across the pond, but all of us girls couldn't afford such an expensive trip to get engaged. I guess the doctor wasn't very bashful when he proposed. Gertrude isn't pretty, but has youth, and her personality belongs to that interesting type. The ring is beautiful from the looks of it, business must be brisk with the doctor. Pa and ma Simmons have gone to Europe, so the wedding is not likely to occur until spring.

Carrie and the Minister are married, and how the rain did pour on their wedding day. I hope they are not superstitious, for that would be bad indeed. Carrie's girlish figure was shown to advantage in a pale lavender silk, beautiful in its simplicity. She wore a love of a bonnet to match her gown.

It has been decided that we are to have the Inaugural Ball. There was some talk of having a reception instead; of course, hard times was the excuse given. We are just aching to skip the light fantastic. So far this winter, not a party has been given, so we will all turn out for the big ball.

The Pomological Society will be given a big reception in January, and that event will assemble us at the Capitol again. Surely with the coming of the Legislature, a new social era will dawn.

SISTER SUE.

December 11, 1894.

SAN JOSE.

The Eschscholtzia Club reception was the principal amusement of the week. The members of the club were very proud of their fine display. One of the most creditable was made by Miss Nettie Sinnott, who is really the artist of the club, and who has sense enough to keep out of the eternal squabbles that the other members love to indulge in. It created very much amusement among a few, and terror among many, when they heard and saw the genuine old-fashioned quarrel in the music hall of the Vendome. Oh! but didn't they go for each other until friends separated them, fearing that the China might be broken. This was only one little episode of the exhibition; the others are too bad, but I will try and dress them in a way that will not shock the WAVE readers for next week. Mrs. Maggie O'Shaunessy-Hobson was very proud of her display; and Mrs. John Townsend was eqally proud of her exhibit.

Mrs. Murphy Columbet hasn't got over her surprise yet. She never imagined that Charlie Chapman would marry again, and when he made the charming and bright Miss Glass his wife, his former mamma-in-law was exceedingly angry. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie have gone to Japan, however, and expect to be absent a year or more, so that by that time Aunt Mary Dan will be her usual amiable self again.

The Whist Clubs and the Gossip Society continue to meet regularly, and the usual share of scandal is dished up weekly at each meeting-place. It is rumored that Mr. and Mrs. William K. Beans were so thoroughly disgusted that they withdrew from one of the whist clubs, but that there were a dozen applicants for their places. Mrs. Beans is one of the sweetest and gentlest ladies in town, and more than once she has intimated to her callers that she would prefer some other topic of conversation than the scandals introduced by them.

I wish you could see the pretty things that Mrs. Tom Morrison is making for Christmas. She really does fancy work as well as a professional, and her taste in combining colors and material is perfect.

Soeially, the prospects are good for a lively winter.

I am told Mrs. James Campbell is perturbed because certain of the aristocracy have not paid her their respects. I fear she does not know the "ropes" as well as the clever wife of the physician, who did the thing so speedily. By the way, I hear that Dr. Potts expects to return to San Jose to reside, and in a few months will have his annual farewell reception.

BESSIE.

FRESNO.

DEAR WAVE: The church social in all its virulence is upon us. Everything going now is for "sweet Charity's sake." Why, we haven't had a party of any kind for ever so long, and I have really given up hoping for one till after Christmas, because—well, you see, we girls have so many presents to do up, and, then, our papas talk economy, and the boys don't pretend that they know what the term "social duties" means. Of course, our intellectual functions progress. We have tea fights, at which we use big words that we have to guess the meaning of, and talk about historical heroes whose deeds we have "crammed" on for the occasion from the encyclopedia, and about stupid books that none of us will ever read in the wide world, but which we must pretend to like. Why, we haven't even the relaxation of criticising a new gown, although it's almost as much fun dissecting an old one that has been made over, especially if the other girl knows we are talking about her dress. Now, of course, I don't mean any club in particular, but if I wanted to, I could use names.

And we're expected to look gay and cheerful through it all. If the churches were all like the Episcopal, and we could dance, the future would not look so gloomy. But with the picture of four socials last week, and an indefinite number in the future, and all equally stupid. Ugh!

A good many of our set were out to the Presbyterian social, at the Armory, Friday and Saturday evenings. They had a programme, and afterwards we wandered about aimlessly among the booths. Our pious chum Dottie was there in all her glory. Miss Williams and Annie Laurie were among the good workers, too. By the way, Mr. Clark looks so much handsomer with his beard cut. He looks quite aristocratic. They will make a charming couple.

The South Methodists also held a two nights social this week. They had living pictures, and, just think of it, Carrie posed as "Love's Messenger." I thought it awfully funny. She's pretty as a picture, but even to try to imagine her flying, or even pretending to flap a pair of dainty wings, is too much of a feat for my feeble intellect. Sophie and Frank Neate assumed the attitude of "Country Courtship." Both were quite equal to the occasion. Lou posed as one of the fates and looked lovely. The paper stated that the pictures were under the management of our genial Dr. Miller. I wonder if she has finally converted him. Mary and Big Sister Betty, assisted by the Helm girls, were in charge of some of the booths. The Harrell girls were also out. Lizzie Thorne and Margaret Kennedy were most inappropriately placed. Why they had the salad booth, I can't see. The boys were not out. I suppose, as they say in business, they were "financially embarrassed."

Blind Tom was here Monday night and some of our people ventured out. The dashing young widow and her two charming sisters, who are visiting her, occupied a loge with Frank and Will Shepherd and a third young man whom I couldn't distinguish for the life of me. They made quite a conspicuous party. The widow left on the following early morning train with her little dot for San Francisco, where she will stay for the winter.

It it rumored that a young man from Suisun has been paying her quite a deal of attention of late, and that he hopes for a favorable conclusion. I was loath to believe it at first, but from what I have heard latter, there must be something in it.

Dot Austin returned to her home in Stockton last week. There is a charming young M. D. in the slough city, and I understand that the engagement will soon be announced.

Miss Reeves went home last week. She left quite a number of weeping hearts behind, and "she's such a nice girl, too."

And, oh, dear WAVE, I hear that the Judge has concluded that his political career in Fresno is now a thing of the dead, very dead, past, and that he is soon to seek pastures new. That means that Carrie and his charming wife will leave us. With Ed White as "Colonel," and Al. Kutner, Frank Hornan, Dr. Miller, Dr. Davidson, Lloyd Moultrie, and a host of others in the chorus, the boys will sing that touching number in "Patience" about "Weep, Weep; all Weep." TRIX.

"Did you ever travel on your face?"
"Yes, ever since I tried to ride my bicycle."

A maiden when she' kissing
Gives a hundred "just for fun,"
But the earnest, knowing widow
Rolls a hundred into one.
—*Town Topics.*

As was predicted the concert given by Miss Shindler was a great success. The selections given were of a quality that range to tax the powers of any singer, and Miss Shindler fulfilled the requirements nobly. Her's is a natural voice that has only needed cultivation to enhance its natural charms, not a voice cultivated into being but a voice in which art has been added to nature, the result being that Miss Shindler sings spontaneously, naturally, but always founded by the unwritten laws that art lays down. Two charming selections were "Surrente" and "Chanson d' Labeille," both heard for the first time here. The first has a delightful rythm, and the latter requires a light and flexible voice such as Miss Shindler's to do it justice. She sings conscientiously and well, with precision and ease.

Mamma (*breaking it gently*)—Ethel, your father has had a fit.—

Ethel—Oh, horrible! (*Nearly faints.*)

Mamma—Of economy. You can have but one Worth gown this winter.

Ethel—Oh, most horrible! (*Does faint.*)
—*Town Topics.*

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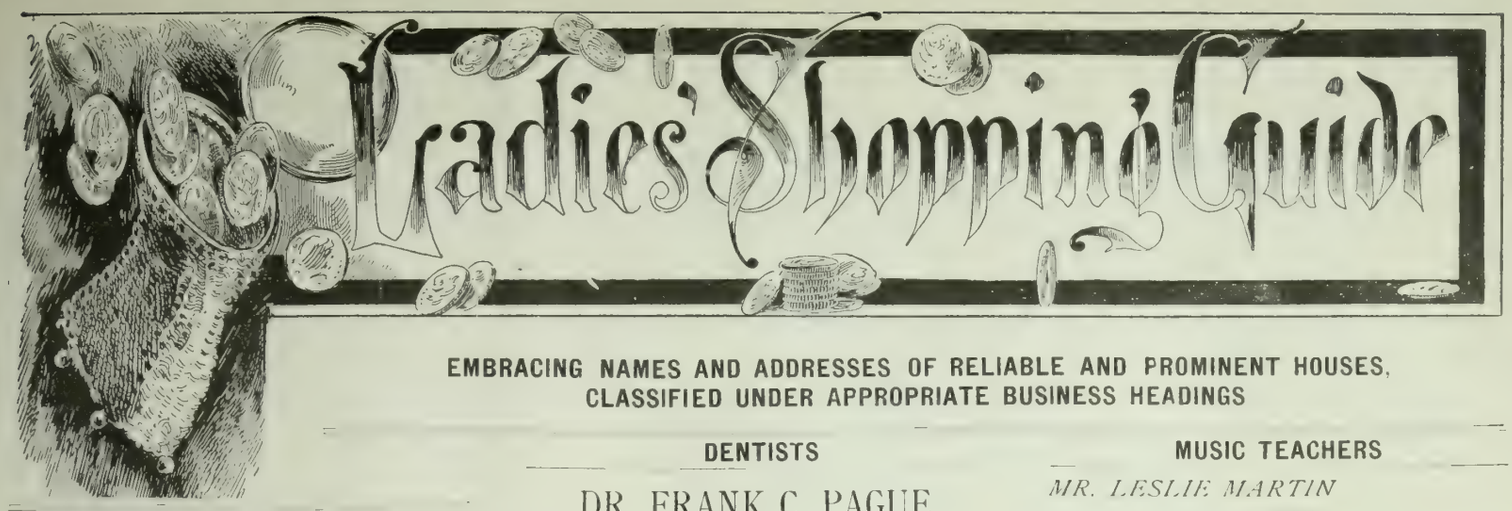

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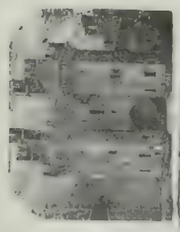

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LIVING PICTURES

FROM THE CAMERA CLUB'S EXHIBITION

MORNING

Hence, sullen Night, avaunt!
Betake thee to some dark and dismal pool
Where vampire, wraith, and ghoul
In murky depths and gloomy shadows haunt;
Thy weird spells mutter there;
There brood with Ate and her damnéd crew.
Thy terrors there renew
Where fearful shapes and grisly phantoms dwell,
Close by the mouth of hell,
And pestilence and death pollute the air.

But morn now come; the eager Earth
Is waiting for thy wishéd birth.
An awful stillness now prevails
O'er sleeping mountain tops and dales;
The pulse of Life will hardly beat
Till she thy kindly presence greet;
And Nature in suspense her breath
Now holds while Sleep contends with Death.
But see, thy harbingers appear
With glittering shaft and flame-tipped spear;
On every fleecy cloud they ride
That frolics o'er the orient wide;
The waning moon with circlet drest
Doth beckon to thee from the West.

Oceanus now bids arise
Bright Eos, painter of the skies,
And goddess of the morning red;
New risen from Tithonus' bed,
With rosy fingers let her draw
The clouds, the curtains of heaven's door.
Let not Orion take her mind,

Nor Astreus, sire of many a wind;
But let her leap into her car,
And signal to the Morning Star,
Who keeps in heaven his lonely state,
The guardian of the Eastern gate.
And let not bright-haired Helios wait
To moan his son Phaethon's fate,
Or soothe his sad Clymene's fears
Whilst Heliadae drop amber tears.

And now aloft the darkness stirs
Amidst the tops of pines and firs;
The little airs that slept all night
Amongst the leaves now feel the light,
And push their curtains green away
To peep upon the coming day.
The shy bird twitters to his mate
To wake her from her slumbers late;
Each flower that slept now opes its eye,
And, with the drops that on it lie,
Puts on its dewy bravery;
Each ragged spray the wandering Mist
Hath dowered with jewels, as she kissed
Its swelling buds and opening leaves;
Whilst even the lowly grass receives
A diamond pendent from each blade,
That mocks the baubles by man made.

Now, with the first gleam of the sun,
The flowery conclave has begun.
Amaracus and crocus tell
The secrets of the fragrant dell;
Hyacinth and harebell tender,
Eglantine and woodbine slender,
And pansy soft and mignonette,
And many a flower that's streaked with jet,
Do whisper to each other now
The gossip of the meads, and how
Narcissus loved his own fair face;
How Daphne 'scaped Apollo's chase;
And Syrinx fled from Pan's embrace;
And many a flowery legend old
With brede bedight of Grecian gold.

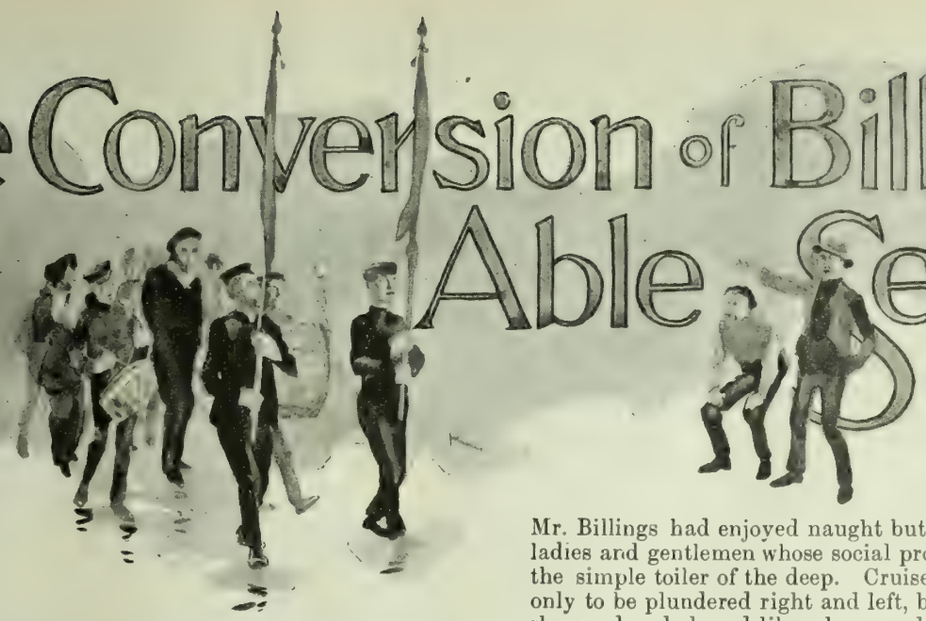
Now Memnon tunes his harp again,
And sings his weird and mystic strain;
Orion now his nimbose head
Sinks low beneath his azure bed;
And every star that bravely shone
Last night, to rest and sleep is gone.
The ploughman, as he takes his way
Through dewy meads, now greets the day
With fitting note. With cheerful din
The farmyard does its life begin.
But in foul cities, grimed with smoke,
Poor Labor groans that day hath broke;
And furtive Murder hides his head
Whenas he sees the orient red;
And sick men turn lack-lustre eye
To watch the glimmer ere they die.

Anon awakened from its lair,
The monster city affrights the air,

Whilst deafening clang and hideous note
Do issue from its brazen throat;
And shuddering Silence seeks the dells
Where Oreads haunt, and Echo dwells.
Lo, now the Sun his glorious head
Upraises from his ocean bed;
In clouds of flame and purple drest,
He speeds his shafts into the West;
And now looks down on many a rill,
Resting his chin on orient hill;
Then leaps into the molten skies,
And day is born, and night now dies.

C. W. Doyle.

The Conversion of Billings: Able Seaman.



Three times had the sturdy little band of Salvationists beaten over the sin-burdened circuit on the Barbary Coast, without flushing a single penitent. Well up in front, the banners of God and man, borne bravely aloft, led the way for singing soldiers and tender-eyed lassies. Down one dirty, dive-lined street, and up another, the weary Army marched, honest and eager in its labor of love. Now and then a rounded hallelujah sounded from lungs seasoned to the work, the big drum boomed a robust accompaniment to jingling brass, and the ringing voices of the women blended in stirring barrack songs.

From corner to corner the soldiers tramped, stumbling over wet cobbles, along the dimly lighted way, and enduring with Christian forbearance the rude insults offered at every hand. Drunken rounders, hoboes and sailors lounging in front of tawny saloons and dance-houses, indulged in senseless ridicule; and at one place, as the Army arose from the prayer circle, a small hoodlum adroitly lassoed the bass drummer with a barrel hoop. But the devout soldier meekly threw off the wooden circlet without a word, and wielded his drum-stick with greater vigor.

It was in vain the gentle lassies scanned the curb for the faintest sign of one repentant sinner. But it seemed a bad night for salvation. No one in that district, where so many needed redemption, cared to be saved, apparently. Still the devoted band did not abandon the campaign. Again came the order to halt; and as the soldiers knelt in the mud, a huge form stepped firmly out of the shadow of a corner groggery. Warm lights glowed from the windows, on which were depicted, in painful colors, the frozen flags of all nations. Above the door blazed a red lamp, —danger,—and from out the portal floated the halting plaint of a piano, which was evidently the victim of unprovoked assault.

The Jolly Tar held all that is dear to the heart of the able seaman. Hand-painted fairies, fellowship and drink were there, but the man who drew out of the shadow cast not one look behind. In truth, he was overcome with a surfeit of that gay butterfly life which had again reduced him to a single shift of blue dungarees and one pair of soggy sea-boots. There was something better in store, he knew; and his conscience directed the mariner aright. So, erect of head, and with shoulders squared, he walked, as if on a rolling vessel's deck, to the praying groups, and knelt down in the midst of the Army.

"Blast me if they haven't got a line on Billings!" roared a voice, as a couple of mariners lurched out of the Jolly Tar.

"They'll never land him," laughed the other. "I'll go you a barrel of beer he'll either broach to or fill and sink afore the gals can pint his nose into their Life Boat. Bill goes adrift easy, he does."

"I dunno," said the first sailor, in an ironical tone. "His ground tackles is holdin' fast enough."

"Yes, and listen to the sweet cackle they're a-givin' him."

But Bill neither saw nor heard the scoffing remarks of those unfeeling seamen. With his brown face close to the ground, and his arched back holding it there, he listened mutely to the pæans of thanksgiving and praise. One brand, at least, had been plucked from the fires of sin. Then the hallelujahs ceased, and the Major lifted up his voice in prayer. And when the little poke-bonneted Captain, kneeling next to Billings, laid her hand gently on his arm, and spoke kindly, nay, even affectionately, to him, it was plain that the sinful seaman was touched.

In the parlance of that delightful region, he had been "touched" before, many a time. For years, Mr. Billings had enjoyed naught but the genial courtesy of those ladies and gentlemen whose social province is to rob and maltreat the simple toiler of the deep. Cruise after cruise had he landed, only to be plundered right and left, bruised up and battered, and slammed and shoved like a lower order of being, and then thrown into jail for venturing to complain. His giant build counted for nothing, because a lifetime of submission to inhuman treatment at sea leads the mariner to expect the same thing ashore.

So, when the pleading eyes of the little Captain, so honest and true, looked into his, and her sweet voice—low and tuneful, like that of a mother's or sister's—said kind words to him, Mr. Billings felt that he really was somebody after all, though he was quite sober, and had been for several days. A new light broke over the black waters which engulfed Billings, and he saw land ahead, dimly at first, but the shore line kept growing into a bold, rocky promontory, high above the wash and tides. The tones of the Major were guiding him, too; and that small hand resting on his arm, as though the owner believed in and trusted the uncouth sailor, impressed him at once in the service of the Lord.

With chest expanded and eyes front, Mr. Billings marched between two tambourines on the tramp to the Life Boat, where glory meetings nightly proclaim the redemption of sinners. There was nothing in his looks or bearing to indicate other than that he had faith in the power to save, and would follow the banners where they led. Half a dozen street idlers, inspired more by curiosity than anything else, brought up the rear, as the Army and its convert filed into the barracks. Mr. Billings was escorted to a front seat, where he sat with bowed head, while the soldiers, ranged along the low platform, sang "Oh, Happy Day." Once more the Major prayed, deeply and fervently, for strength and guidance, and then the little Captain stepped forward:

"Will the new brother give testimony before the Lord?"

This request came in the nature of a shock to Mr. Billings. He was no orator, and knew it better, perhaps, than anyone else present. But every sentence uttered thus far in his connection with the Army had been clothed in the homely garb of truth and sincerity, and this fact gave him courage. Besides, the beaming Captain again made a direct appeal.

"Tell us your experience, brother," she said.

As the embarrassed Billings slowly arose, he placed one hand on the back of the bench, and hooked the other loosely in the leather straps about his waist. He was only an ordinary mortal, weak yet strong, and unlearned in any art, save that of hauling on ropes. But a steadfast light shone in his eyes, and he knew whereof he spoke.

"To my way of thinkin'," the able seaman stammered awkwardly, "religion is a payin' cargo in any trade, and which it is my pleasure to state that I have it aboard, with my hatches battened fore and aft."

"Amen!" fervently ejaculated the Major.

Feeling that he was in the proper channel, the penitent crowded on more sail.

"It may be," resumed Mr. Billings, "that my word locker ain't stowed so well as some, and that I may work off to leeward tryin' to sail a gospel craft. But this much I do know, and that is, the Lord has trimmed my side lights, and I'll steer clear of the rocks, which I didn't do before."

As the reclaimed mariner paused to arrange his train of thought, after delivering these few introductory remarks, a painful hush settled down upon the Army. But as some of the soldiers had at one time served the devil on the deep sea, they could easily follow

in the wake of Mr. Billings, as he, in fancy, sailed once more over his iniquitous course.

"Some what has shifted their bearin's," he said, "has told as how they was brands plucked from the burnin'. Howsumever this may be, I was a blazin' tar-barrel myself, and brands wasn't a spark. With my first charter, I shipped a deck-load of sin what chucked me down by the head and flung my rudder out. That's what it did," Mr. Billings repeated with emphasis, as he noted a puzzled expression on the face of the soldier seated at the organ. "What with cussin', lyin' and drinkin', I rolled my scuppers under, and held 'em there for years, with my old hulk a-wallerin' and a-surgin'."

"Time and time ag'in I drove bows on into the shoals of sin, only to haul off and buck in ag'in. They wasn't hid on every trip. I raised the beacons well out to sea and crowded straight in with all sail set, and doin' my own steerin' by the devil's compass. Time after time was I hauled off for repairs, with my riggin' slacked, staysails blown from the bolt ropes, and the oakum jarred out of my seams, only to pile up ag'in on my beam ends.

"After many years of this kind of cruisin', I was one day hooked up by an easy-goin' craft with a full suit of black canvas and a pleasin' figgerhead. He gently towed me into a gospel dock, where I got an overhaulin' what I reckoned would last till I slipped my cables for good. But I wasn't manned like I am now," the convert hastened to explain, lest he should be regarded in the light of a chronic backslider.

"It isn't always smooth sailin' even with clean copper and a fair wind; and if a fellow doesn't watch his course mighty close, he'll jibe sure, unless he keeps the pilot alongside. It makes no difference whether he be bowlin' along under easy canvas in the balmy sou'east trade-winds of prosperity, with a payin' cargo aboard, or scuddin' under bare poles afore the howlin' nor'west gales of adversity, with nothin' but light ballast in his lower hold,—he must heave his head well up in the wind's eye and keep his bilges dry, or he'll swamp sure. Leastwise, I've always found it so myself. But I tell you, mates, I've gone on the ways for the last time. With the anchor watch set and the ridin' lamps aloft, there'll be no more draggin' and bumpin' and smashin'. And when the lay days is up, and I start on my last long voyage, it is my comfortin' hope that I'll be forever moored to a whistlin' buoy in the harbor above, where the boardin' boss never enters, and ballast tubs is unknown."

"Glory be to Him on high!" chorused the soldiers, as Mr. Billings, proud and happy, and awed by his own great effort, sunk down in the seat. The unconscious glow of sanctified grace transfigured the man, and his earthly being seemed uplifted with the spiritual.

"Everybody sing!" the Major shouted. "There's one more soul to report at headquarters. Sing loud!"

Far out and above the organ's swelling strains, the rich, bold notes of the soldiers rang in the joyful text and solemn measure of that matchless hymn,—the one which stirs alike the hearts of the good and the godless,—"Nearer My God To Thee."

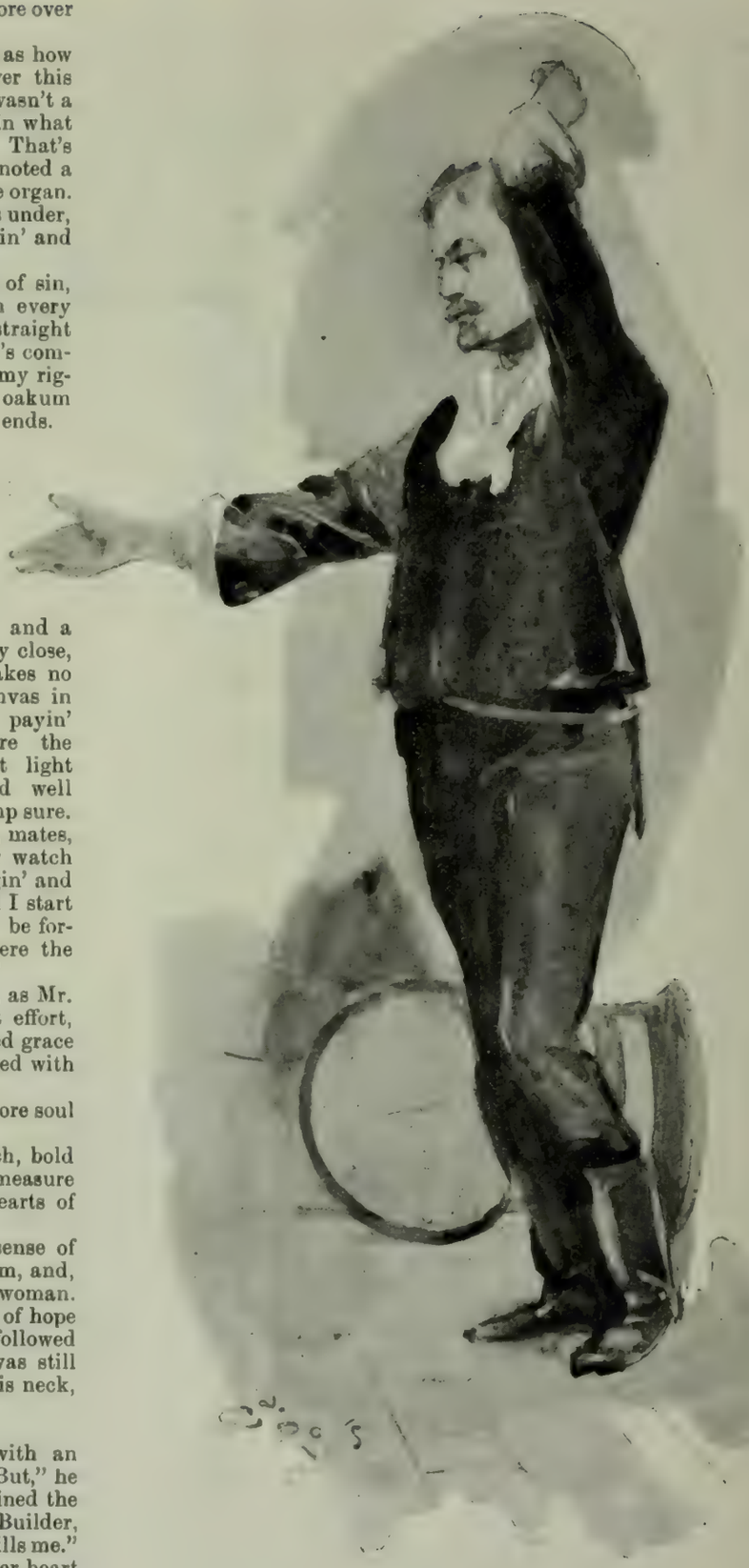
It was then that the reclaimed mariner collapsed. A sense of his own unworthiness, inspired by the song, came over him, and, burying his face in his hands, the convert sobbed like a woman. In the darkness of that first real awakening, the beacon of hope almost went out. Dimly it flickered in the hush which followed the closing words of the hymn. The penitent Billings was still blindly groping when a slim, girlish arm stole about his neck, and the voice of the little Captain whispered:

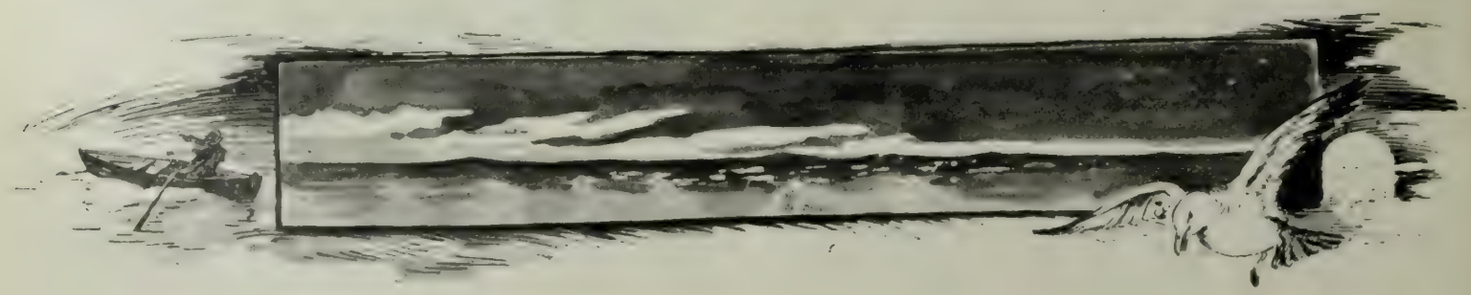
"Our dear brother, how do you feel now?"

"I feel like hell," Mr. Billings replied simply, yet with an awful emphasis which dispelled any lurking doubts. "But," he added, as the light of the newly born on earth illumined the weather-beaten countenance, "I've shipped with my Builder, and I'll stop aboard till the craft's homeward bound, if its kills me."

"Hallelujah!" said the Captain, for she knew in her heart that Billings was saved.

CHARLES DRYDEN.





THE PENITENT BILLINGS

"The unconscious glow of sanctified grace transfigured the man, and his earthly being seemed uplifted with the spiritual."

A FLOWER GIRL

CHRISTMAS UNDER THE GUIDON

Over the bleak, frozen country of the White River, the twilight cast its yellowish gloom. Looking back, Captain Rowland could see the camp-fires sparkling on the river banks. Faintly to his ear came the melancholy bugle notes of the "retreat."

Rowland and Staynely, his first lieutenant, rode at the head of the rapidly moving troop. In the rear of it Blanton, the "second luff," kept the men together.

The moon was just rising over the eastern hills, and shed its still, ghostly light over plain and butte, over abrupt crag and table-topped mountain. On the column went at the trot. Far and near the snow and hoar-frost covered the desolate country with their white mantles. Silence, silence everywhere. Across the dim road the dwarfed bushes cast their weird, grotesque shadows; as they pass them, the horses snort and shy.

"Close up, men; close up!" ordered Blanton in the rear.

"By Jove, Rowland!" said Staynely, "do you know that this is Christmas Eve?"

"No; hadn't remembered it," replied Captain Rowland; "but there isn't any Christmas in this Lord-forsaken country. It all belongs to his Satanic Majesty."

The men were unwontedly silent to-night; there were ten empty saddles in the troop, and many a manly heart dumbly ached for the comrades whose boots had pressed against theirs in the ruck this morning. Swiftly they passed by the empty, deserted cabins, through whose wide-opened doors prowled the skulking coyotes. The far-off lights in yon ranch were what they were looking for. Ten minutes more and they were beside the long ranch buildings and the rough barns.

"Halt! Dismount! Hallo, within!" shouts the Captain, knocking thunderously at the door with his sabre hilt. "Open up! Who are we? Troops on a scout. We want to put up here for the night. What? Come out then and see."

A man thrust his badly scared face out of the half-opened door; the light fell on the spurs and shoulder-straps of Rowland and Staynely.

"By Jerusalem, Cap'n, I'm glad t'see ye," said the owner of the aforesaid face, throwing the door wide open. "Jim, come out hyar, and show them men whar to put up thar hosses. Put 'em in the corral, and the men can bunk in the barns. Come right in, gentlemen, and mek yerselves to hum."

The men were soon located, and enjoying all those comforts the ingenious old soldier can forage for and invent even in a cheerless snowbank. The horses were watered and fed, the camp-fires sprung up here and there. On the low hills near by, the sentinels were duly posted by the Captain himself. Then the officers returned to the log ranch-house, and came stamping in, knocking off the caked snow from their stiff, heavy boots. Very pleasant looked the huge fire in the great fire-place at the far end of the large room that served as both sitting-room and dining-room to their hosts.

"Gentlemen," said the rough, bearded rancher, "this is my wife, Mrs. Stimson. Who is that tugging at my coat, eh? Oh! it's you, little Miss Susie, is it? Well, you jest come hyar now and meet the officers. What d'ye want to whisper to papa? You are afraid! Oh, no! This is my Susie, Cap'n, and the sweetest little girl y' ever seed."

Already Mrs. Stimson was bustling around, with that housewife instinct that told her that she had three very hungry and tired men to feed. Soon a white cloth was on the broad table, and different mysterious things were steaming and fussing about on the stove, and sending abroad most savory odors. Little Susie submitted to being petted by Staynely and Blanton, but looked very doubtfully at the Captain, as he sat by the great log-fire, gazing, with that impassive air of his, into its glowing depths. The first time you met Rowland, you instinctively felt that he was one of those men who had loved, hated and suffered about all there is on this heart-breaking earth that is worth a play of swords or lives. With that same uninterested look, he hunted, rode, played at cards, danced and fought. Only two people in the world knew what were his true thoughts beneath the cold, passionless exterior. The older ones in the regiment hinted vaguely at the change that had come over him in the last three years since his wife had been in the East. There had been an idle rumor that he and his wife had permanently separated. Staynely, for one, knew better, but even he did not speak of this one subject to Rowland.

"Why, Susie! Why don't ye go over an' see the Cap'n?" said her father to the little maid, who was gazing open-eyed at this strange man, who had not even offered to pet her.

"Oh, Papa! He don't wishes me to, Papa," pouted Susie, in an aggrieved tone.

"Supper is ready now," said Mrs. Stimson. "John, bring up them chairs, yonder."

"Mrs. Stimson, you are a jewel," fervently exclaimed Blanton. "This supper I will never forget; I think I am hungry enough to devour a Sioux or two."

"Yes," added Staynely, "this is a Christmas gift I appreciate. Last Christmas Eve I believe I took dinner at the Metropolitan Club in Washington, but this, I assure you, I enjoy immeasureably more keenly, Mrs. Stimson."

"There, now," said their hostess, her face coloring with pleasure at these compliments that secretly touched her housewife pride. "It isn't every day that we get a chance to do something for you men who go around here carryin' your lives in your hands. Don't talk about Christmas, though," she sighed, the hopeless look of depression of these western women coming to her face again. "I only wisht we was back in the old Miss'ippi Valley. Pore Susie! She won't have any Christmas to-morrow."

Miss Susie was, however, too intent on her own little affairs to heed this; she was sitting beside Staynely, and making audacious eyes at Rowland.

"Maybe I'll come over an' sit 'side you," she said, as she caught his eye. The big soldier smiled over his coffee cup at her.

"Maybe you will, Mistress Susie," he answered cheerily; "but, being a woman, maybe you won't." But around she did come, and sat down rather timidly beside him.

Supper over, they all sat gathered about the fire. In response to Stimson's questions, Blanton told about the fight that day on the White River.

"I think I would like to sit on your lap, Mr. Captain," quoth Miss Susie, presently; she had gradually edged over to Rowland's chair, and was now hanging on its back.

"My lap?" said that gentleman, incredulously. "Well, I'll be—shot! Yes, you shall, you little fairy. Up we go!"

The others talked of the events of this terrible winter campaign that had laid waste the ranches far and near. Susie played awhile with the bright buttons and badges on Rowland's coat.

"Maybe—maybe I might let you give me a kiss," she faltered, twining her tiny fingers in the Captain's sword-knot; "only a little kiss like Papa gives me when he comes in tired."

Captain Rowland blushed—actually blushed. But, all the same, he bent down and kissed the little one with a tenderness that made his eyes suddenly bright. Blanton stared at him in utter amazement. What kind of witchery was this, to bring that shadow of mist to Rowland's gray eyes. Staynely had seen it, too, and was looking hard at the ceiling. He wondered why Rowland had not noticed before the striking likeness between Susie and Rowland's own fair-haired child. Poor Rowland!

"Mamma," said the little lady, "I am going to hang up my stockin' to-night, anyway; p'raps Santa Claus might find his way out here. He can see the road, 'cos there ain't much snow on it."

"Now, Susie," wearily answered the sad mother, "you mustn't do it. Mamma has said not to. Come! You must go to bed. Say 'good-night' and come along."

With a rebellious pout to her baby mouth, the wee maidie kissed "my Captain," as she called Rowland, good-night.

"Por little thing," sighed her mother, returning after a few moments. "We can't get any toys here. Husband tried to go to Thermosa a few days ago, but he hadn't gone three miles afore he saw some Indians on a near butte, and he had to run for home. Now, I'll show ye, gentlemen, to yer room. I'm sorry we haven't beds for ye all in there, but I made a shake-down for one of ye on the floor."

"I will take that," spoke up Rowland, rousing himself from his reverie. "Thank you very much for your kindness, Mrs. Stimson. Are we not putting you to too much trouble? We can just as well put up in our tents outside."

"Now, I claim that particular shake-down," interjected young Blanton, "by my lack of all rank. Aren't you going to turn in, Captain?"

"Not yet," replied that officer, settling himself back comfortably in his chair. "I don't feel very sleepy just now; I will turn in later. Good-night."

The rest had no sooner left the room than in rushed little Miss Susie, in her white nightie.

"Oh, dear! my Captain, won't you please, please, hang up my stockin' for me, up there on the mantel-piece? You will see that Santa Claus doesn't forget me, won't you? Oh, my! There comes Mamma," and she was off like a flash.

Rowland stood before the fire-place holding the tiny stocking very carefully in his broad hand, and looking at it amusedly. Slowly a tender smile came to his face. He hunted around on top of the mantel, and, finding a tack, softly pushed it into the mantel-piece and hung the stocking awkwardly on it. Then the

Captain sat down again and gazed long and gravely at it. The firelight flickered on the rough-hewn walls and low ceiling of the cabin. In the hissing flames that leap ever upward, there danced to and fro the fantastic figures that were born but to die the next fiery moment.

What a winsome little thing she was, mused Rowland. And she was the only woman or child that had come near him for years,—that had dared to defy his coldness.

How much she looked like Catherine, his own dear little

Cath—but enough of that. Poor Susie! how very disappointed and heartbroken she would be to-morrow morning. "You will see that Santa Claus doesn't forget me," she had said to him. The Captain got up and went over to the corner of the room where his saddlebags were. He poured their contents out on the floor; as he stooped to canvass them, the utter absurdity of his having anything like Christmas gifts for a child struck him so oddly that he laughed softly to himself. Clothes, an extra spur, some maps, a mess kit, and a lot of military odds and ends,—all eminently suitable for a small girl, aged five. Rowland went over and planted himself on the hearth, with his back to the fire. Poor, wee maid! She had struck a forgotten chord in his heart. How far was it to Thermosa? He found a map of that part of Dakota; by it, the town was twelve miles away. Twenty-four miles altogether; that meant four hours' fast riding. By heavens! he would go himself, Indians or no Indians. He tiptoed out of the cabin, walked over to the guard-fire, and there he told the Corporal to rout out Matthews, the Captain's faithful "striker," and have him saddle up "Harry."

"Do you want any of the men to go with you, Captain?" queried the Corporal of the guard, as Rowland mounted his horse.

"None at all," answered the Captain. "Here, Matthews, take my sabre off from my belt, and put one of those odd revolvers on it. That will do," and away Captain Rowland galloped.

"Wish the Captain had let some of us go with him," growled the veteran Matthews, shaking his head. "There's too many Sioux 'round here, just now, for a man to go foraging promiskusly about alone in this Indian-cuss'd country."

Under the horse's hoofs crackled the crisp snow, as Rowland spurred forward on the road to Thermosa. Over the table-lands he rode, through the creek flats fringed with willows, past the gigantic buttes with their castellated piles and battlements fringed with the weird, cold light. Above the Black Hills, in the frozen north, flamed the wondrous Northern Lights, shifting ceaselessly over the horizon, like the rosy rays of the dawn falling on the tossing spears of ten thousand aerial horsemen. Christmas Eve in the army, thought the Captain,—rather different from what it was with those who followed the white banners of commercial peace. Far away, beside the stately rivers and the slumbering seas, lay sleeping the great cities whose men dreamed not of war, whose women knew not the long listening for the dreaded war-whoop of the prowling Indian. Compared wtih those grand mansions in the East, with their luxury, warmth and comforts, how cheerless and cold was Susie's rough, cabin home.

A half-hour more, and the dark houses of Thermosa stood out against the mountain beyond it. As Rowland rode through the deserted streets, he could see no lights, save in the large hall over the building that posed as post-office, bank, store and court-house, all in one. As he passed it, the Captain could see that a cow-boy dance was in full swing therein. He halted in front of the largest store in the squalid, frontier town, and, getting off his horse, raised his voice in a loud "Hallo!" No answer. Everybody must be in bed. He tried it again and again. At last a window above his head opened cautiously.

"What in Sam Hill do you want, mister?" said the surly storekeeper.

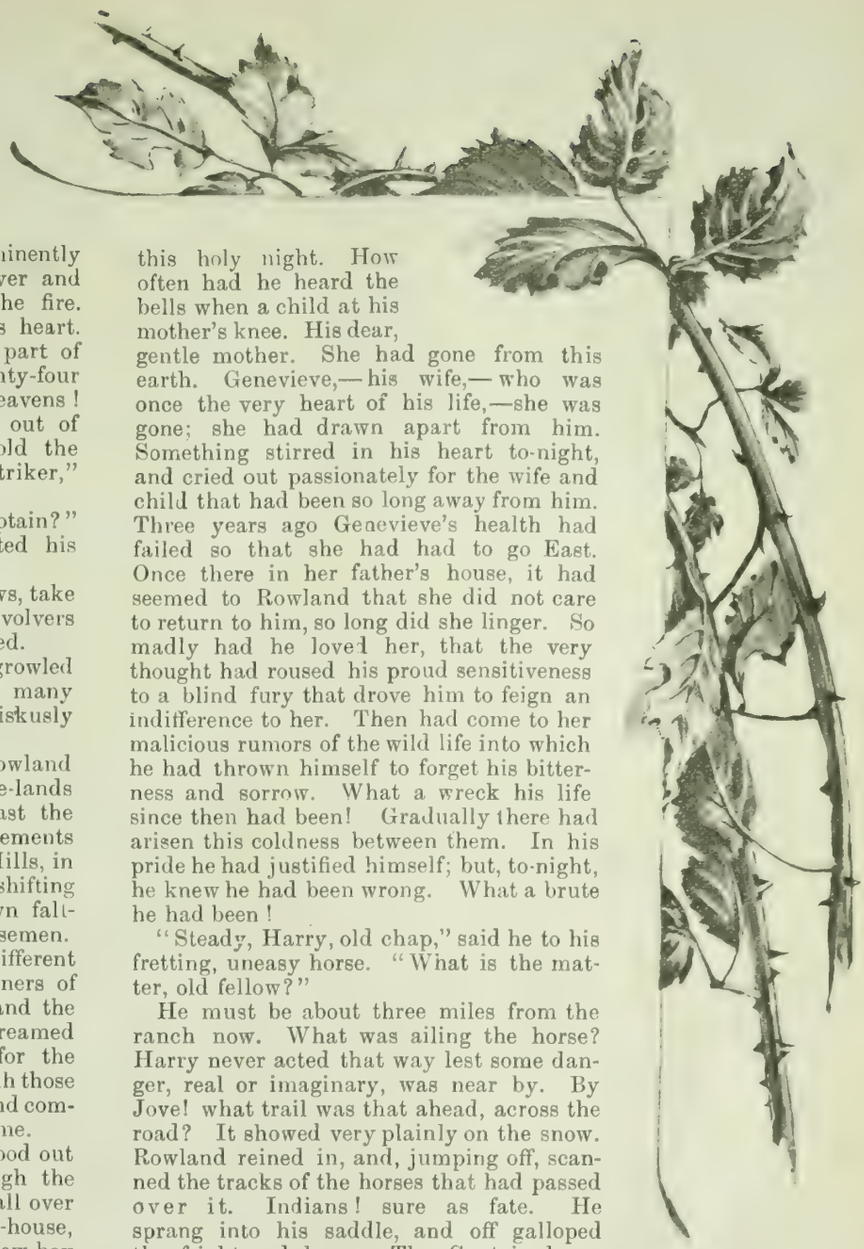
"Want to get some things, right away. Come down, and let me have them," answered Rowland, curtly.

"Oh, you're an officer. Wait till I get into my jeans," and the man disappeared from view. He came down and threw open the doors of the store, or rather fortress, judging from the loopholes cut in the walls. "Been expectin' those red devils here," he said briefly, noticing Rowland's glances. "Now, what do you want?" he added.

"I want some toys and things for Christmas, for a little girl, you know," replied the Captain.

"Toys!" exclaimed the storeman, nearly dropping the candle in his astonishment. "Well, I'll be continentally durned!"

"You probably will be, my red-shirted friend," coldly interrupted the Captain. "I'm in a hurry. How many? Oh, about ten pounds, or so. Think I will take this doll," added the officer, picking up a doll, and looking wisely at it, as he held it gingerly in his gauntleted hands for inspection. Finally, Rowland had about what he judged to be enough, and, paying the bill he rode out of the town with his purchases safely "cached" in his saddlebags. What time was it, he wondered. He looked at his watch. Just twelve o'clock. In the far distant East, the church bells were pealing forth the happy Christmas chimes, proclaiming to the world that the Christ-King was born again. In breathless silence lay hushed the great plateaus, as if listening to the wondrous tale the stars chant in heavenly chorus on



this holy night. How often had he heard the bells when a child at his mother's knee. His dear, gentle mother. She had gone from this earth. Genevieve,—his wife,—who was once the very heart of his life,—she was gone; she had drawn apart from him. Something stirred in his heart to-night, and cried out passionately for the wife and child that had been so long away from him. Three years ago Genevieve's health had failed so that she had had to go East. Once there in her father's house, it had seemed to Rowland that she did not care to return to him, so long did she linger. So madly had he loved her, that the very thought had roused his proud sensitiveness to a blind fury that drove him to feign an indifference to her. Then had come to her malicious rumors of the wild life into which he had thrown himself to forget his bitterness and sorrow. What a wreck his life since then had been! Gradually there had arisen this coldness between them. In his pride he had justified himself; but, to-night, he knew he had been wrong. What a brute he had been!

"Steady, Harry, old chap," said he to his fretting, uneasy horse. "What is the matter, old fellow?"

He must be about three miles from the ranch now. What was ailing the horse? Harry never acted that way lest some danger, real or imaginary, was near by. By Jove! what trail was that ahead, across the road? It showed very plainly on the snow. Rowland reined in, and, jumping off, scanned the tracks of the horses that had passed over it. Indians! sure as fate. He sprang into his saddle, and off galloped the frightened horse. The Captain knew what was ahead of him: around some bend there crouched in wait the deadly Sioux. From some one of their lookouts on the hills, they had undoubtedly seen him go. He left the road and swung far over to the right. "Up, Harry, up; there's death in the air to-night." On Rowland spurred; no time to waste. If he could only get close enough to the ranch! What was that on yonder ridge in the still moonlight? An Indian! two of them! They saw him at the same instant. With a terrible yell they bore down on him. The Captain leaned over and spoke one little word in the ear of his gallant horse. Like an arrow from a bow, the charger sped over the ground, striking fire from the rocks as he stormed over them. Too well Rowland knew the danger of the other Sioux that were waiting for him on the road. There they were. Another yell came from this other party as they cut across a long flat toward him. Crack! Crack! Two bullets sang ominously past his ear. On, Harry! Panting hard and deep, well did the noble horse speed that night. Were they gaining on him? With whoop and yell, on the Sioux came. The bullets sang around him now. Zip! one tore through his shoulder-strap. Would he beat them to the ranch? Sszt! a bullet grazed his head above the ear. He could feel the blood trickle down over his face. Bravely the horse struggled up the hills and across the open. Rowland snatched a revolver from its holster. Dropping the reins on the neck of the flying steed, he opened fire on his red pursuers. They were gaining on him already. Crack! a pony is down. One buck done for. Gods! another band of Sioux yonder, at the foot of the hill. Steady, Harry; the game is up. They have him surrounded now. Only one thing to do. He gallops to the top of the high butte on the creek bank: to stand off the Indians from its narrow top is his only, forlorn hope. The Captain is up there. "Lie down, Harry," he says to his panting horse. Over the

living rampart he opens fire on the Sioux. Well, they have gotten him at last. This is his last fight; but he'll take some of them with him out of this world. His revolver's red glare sparkles from the hill-top. Round and round him ride the Sioux, each time a little nearer. Another Indian sways in his saddle, and falls headlong to the ground. Like a lion at bay, gallantly does the Captain hold the hill. Coolly he glances over the sights now. Thank God! he will die like a soldier to-night. The bullets throw the snow and dirt over him in a shower. Nearer and nearer draws the fatal circle around him. In a minute they will make a final rush, and then—. Hurriedly the Captain reloads every chamber of his revolvers, with a grim, bitter smile on his set face. Hark! The high notes of a bugle come fiercely over yon hill, growing louder, louder. Down on the butte charges a flying column of his own maddened troopers, with a wild, hoarse cheer. The Captain springs to his feet with a cry. He is off with the foremost amid the whirling sabres that flash in the moonlight, as they cut down the fleeing Indians. Stern vengeance is the troop's to-night; they have waited long for it. When they re-assemble, after the hot pursuit, their blades are splashed with red.

Slowly they rode back to the ranch, beneath the quiet stars of the silent night. Well was it for the Captain that Matthews, becoming uneasy, had ridden out on the road; he had heard the shots, and, flying back, had aroused the camp.

Rowland and Staynely came back into the ranch cabin. In a moment Staynely went out again to post the pickets further away. While he was gone, Rowland hastily got the parcels out of his saddlebags, and looked perplexedly at each gaudy toy as he stacked them all around the foot of the mantelpiece. As he stepped back to see the result, Staynely came in the door, and stood confounded at the sight of the toys. He looked at Rowland a moment. "So that is what you went for, you big-hearted old fellow," he said.

"Not a word of this, old man, if you love me," answered the Captain, confusedly. "Listen!"

In the distance, No. 2 was challenging some one. Soon the Corporal of the guard knocked at the door.

"Come in, Corporal. What is it?"

"Orders, sir, from the Colonel, and mail for the troop," said the Corporal, saluting. Rowland tore open the big official envelope, and ran his eye over its contents.

"Staynely," said he, "the main body of the Sioux surrendered yesterday. The Colonel has ordered me to return direct to the post, sending out a party to round up High Bear's band. Humph! I think we did that a few minutes ago. You can go into the post, and I'll do that. Hello!"

He had a letter from—from Genevieve. Only two lines it was—"Come back to me, O my husband. Let us forget our madness."

Rowland sprang to his feet.

"Staynely, you will have to go and get High Bear. I am going in right away. Blanton, have the troop saddle up at once. Good-bye, Staynely, old man; I am going, on leave, immediately, —going East,—home again."

Staynely strode over and grasped him tightly by the hand.

"You are, Dick? Then God bless you. I know yours will be a very happy Christmas, old chap. Good-bye."

The horses are stamping outside; off they go, Captain Rowland at the head of the column.

Ahead of him, in the sky, faintly flushed with the coming of the dawn, shines the tender morning star quivering with its soft radiance; a star of love and hope that beckons him to the far East.

—*Illustrated by Gordon Ross.*

AFTER DINNER

A VAUDEVILLE ODYSSEY

It was a strange place for a school-house,—down on the beach,—and yet the district trustees, after the Californian fashion of giving a valid reason for everything, could tell you just why it was and why it should be there.

"In the fust place, it's nigh to the stage-road; and second place, it keeps the peace. You see thar was every fam'ly in the district offering a piece of ground for school purposes. They has all wanting to be near it, so's to capture the library soon's the term was over. We see thar was trouble ahead, so we just put it down on the open beach, off from the road, and called it square all 'round."

The coast just there is wild and forbidding, with fierce, ragged cliffs and rocky points that throw forth into the sea cruel reefs, and up into the heavens gnarled pines and uncouth cedars. Occasionally, however, the mouth of an *arroyo* has formed a wide cove with a long stretch of beach, and such was the case in the Turner's Gulch school district, of which the trustees had taken so praiseworthy an advantage.

From May to November, of each year, I taught the twelve boys and girls, to whom the sparsely settled region deemed itself justified in providing education. There was a curious loneliness in this life by the sea. All day long, while the scholars were plodding through their laborious recitations, the swash and tumbling of the surf a few rods away was dreamy and musical. But evening would come; the children would depart; a few great wood teams rumble and creak on their homeward way; the stage rattle down the grade, plow through the sand, cross the log bridge to climb the hill and disappear around the cliff far above; the sun balance itself, a huge fiery ball, upon the farthest edge of ocean, and sink quickly into the leaden waves. Then would the sea begin its song of the night and of darkness; the surf swelling in the roar of an angry tumult; the breakers crushing themselves upon the quivering beach; the cold wind creeping down the gulch and in at the chinks of my cabin. I was alone,—miles away from every human being,—in actual solitude, through the long watches of the night.

One morning,—it was in March,—I was standing in the doorway looking toward the creek, which had risen almost to the bridge's level. The stage was an hour late, for the roads were heavy with mud. Presently I heard the clatter of its wheels come floating down the hill, and the bang of the cumbrous brakes as level sand was reached. I peered into the gathering haze, and watched it slowly wallow across the wet sand and turn up the gulch to reach the bridge.

As it passed behind the cabin, the rattle of the wheels suddenly ceased, and the brake was thrown heavily against the tires. I heard the driver speak to some one, then a reply, and, a moment later, the brake flung loose and the stage rolled away.

Paying no heed, I entered the cabin to prepare for tea. I had just taken the bacon down from the beam, when there came a timid knock at the door. It was so quick and low that I fancied it was one of the school children, and I said, "Come in."

My back was turned, and I slowly cut the thin rashers of bacon upon the rough deal table. Yet the door, I knew, opened slowly, and was shut quietly and carefully. I was conscious, by the short gentle tread, that it was one of the girls, and that she was warming her hands by the fire.

"Well, Mary, what do you want?" said I, without looking up.

"I'd like for you to cut off another slice of bacon, please,—just one.—I'm kinder hungry."

The voice was strange; I dropped the knife, and turned about. There stood a young woman at the fire, crouched down quite close to its ruddy blaze.

"I'm brash, ain't I?" she said, looking up; "but they said you kept the school here, and I thought I'd try it on for luck."

"Did you just come by the stage?" I asked, still bewildered.

"That's what I did. Driver said he guessed he'd have to drop me here, 'cause the Gualala agent wouldn't stand no monkey business, and my passage was only paid as far as the Point."

"You're three miles from Gualala. Did you want to reach it to-night?"

"Well, no; I was thinking I'd stop right here,—that is, if it ain't pushing you. You see, I'm working down toward 'Frisco fast as I can travel, and my money's give out."

Hospitality is a matter of course in the wilderness. I bade her remove her hat and cloak, and be seated. She complied with great eagerness, and while I placed the bacon in the sizzling pan, I had a chance to look at her more carefully. She was quite young, and, now that the cloak was removed, possessed a very shapely figure.

I looked up a couple of fresh eggs and added them to the bacon, and, after a moment's thought, got out a pot of blackberry jam.

She said nothing all the while, but sat peering into the fire with infinite enjoyment. My crockery set owned but one cup and saucer, but I had a tin mug; so when the simple fare was served, I drew up two high chairs, and announced that tea was ready. Her appetite was excellent; indeed, she seemed to have been cultivating it. When I saw her looking regretfully at the last bit of bacon in the plate, I dropped two more rashers in the pan.

"It goes right there!" she cried, gleefully. "First square meal I've struck since I left Eureka."

"You come a long distance?"

"Yes; it's been a tough trip; but I was bound to make it, and Humboldt County's a mean place to go broke in."

"I suppose it is."

"You can just bet it is! And it's the worst show town on earth, too."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. You see, I'm in the show line myself. I've been doing

the bareback business, and I went out on the road with Bill McCarthy last month. It was only a snap show, and it was foolish for Bill to try the rille as early as this, but he got it into his head he'd like to work Humboldt County for a change. We started off short-handed,—only eight besides Bill, and no side-shows. First off, Fred Lasalle had a row with a dago and got knifed, so we were left without any trapeze act. Ed Lyon thought he'd double up his high-tumbling business, and do the trapeze, too, but the crowd got right onto his fake and nearly tore the tent to pieces. It was a cold frost for Bill McCarthy.

"Just then I got a letter from 'Frisco, and I made up my mind I couldn't wait in Eureka another minute. I took the stage as far as Point Arena, and there my money gave out, and the drivers on the section run me through to Gualala, on the quiet. You see, I'd have had to wait four days for the steamer, and I was so anxious I wanted to be moving every second."

"It was a pretty rough trip, wasn't it?"

"Oh, yes; but I didn't mind that. Only when the stage stopped for dinner at Cuffey's Cove, some of the men 'round the hotel bothered me, and I had to keep them quiet. One old fool,—great big, tall man,—says he wants to marry me,—wanted to give me his potato ranch down on the coast. He went along with the stage horseback far as the mill, but the driver kinder cottoned to me, and told the postmaster to keep him back till I could get to Gualala."

The meal was over, and the girl rose from the table and filled the dishpan in the sink with hot water from the kettle. Then she began to wash up the tea things, as a sort of equivalent for the meal. While she was wiping the few dishes, and placing them in the dresser, I said:

"You must be tired after all that traveling. You'll find a bed upstairs whenever you are sleepy."

"It's yours, ain't it?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Well, I ain't going to turn you out. I can roll up in a blanket by the fire; you know I wasn't raised a pet."

"Oh, that's all right," I answered. "I've the lounge down here, and I often sleep on that."

She thanked me, and presently climbed the rude stairway to the little bedroom above. I drew the lounge up to the table under the lamp, and lay down to read. Half an hour passed, and I was sleepy. I was about to blow out the light, when I heard the bars of my little corral fall to the ground. Fearing that my cow might be breaking away, I jumped to the door, and started down the little path, only to go plump against a tall, stoutly-framed man.

"I jes' turned my mule loose in your corral," he said. "I reckon her and the cow'll keep girth together, won't they?"

He entered the door,—it was the lean, gaunt, wiry figure of Parker of Cuffey's Cove.

Instinctively I thought of my poor little guest in the room above, and my eyes half turned toward the stairs.

"I thought I'd drop in on you, and see how you was," continued the giant, seating himself at the fire.

"Had supper?" I ventured to ask.

"You bet I did," he growled. "I got it in town, and I'll eat something besides supper next time I git there, too!"

"Isn't this part of the country rather out of your latitude?" said I.

"Wall, you kin jes' lay it is. And I bin a heap more out of my latitude than this, to-day. I've been back in the hills a' far's the head of the creek."

"You surprise me."

"Wall, you can jes' lay my mule was surprised."

"What took you up there?"

"Wall, in the fust place, a fool gal was at the bottom of it. I was over to the Point this morning to see Dug Fraser, when the stage come in with a gal on the box,—good-looking chip she was, too,—none of yer last year's crop.

"Wall, she went in to dinner, and some of the boys, Billy Myers, French Pete and the two Thomas boys, they fust thought they'd have a little fun. So in they waltzed to where she was sittin' down to her grub. Billy he braced her fust, and then Pete joshed her awhile, and tried to kiss her. Wall, sir, I was standin' across the street outside Levy's store, and the fust thing I know I seen a female come to the hotel window, and throw Charlie Thomas square through it, slick as a whistle. I run over to help Charlie up, when out comes Dave Thomas the same way, right on top of me and Charlie, and knocks us both flat.

"'How did it happen?' says I, picking myself up and scraping off the mud. 'Gawd knows,' says Charlie. 'I weren't plaguing her,' says Dave. 'She needn't have played her little game on me!'

"Jes' then out comes Billy Myers on to the porch trying to work his head loose from a busted chair. 'Tom,' he says to the barkeeper, 'I wish you'd jes' go in and kinder reason with that hell-cat inside, and drag Frenchie out. She's made dead meat of him this round, I reckon!'

"Two or three of us opened the door and looked in, and what do you s'pose we seen? Why, there was the gal eating her grub, and Frenchie laying over in a corner as if he was dead. We lifted him across to Doc's, and it took a sight of liquor to bring him 'round.

"'Well,' says I to the boys, 'the gal done perfectly right, and I'm proud of her. I jes' wish to thunder she licked the hull town while she was about it!'

"And so, when she came out on the porch, I was feeling kinder good over it, and says I to her: 'Look here, little gal, I like your style,—you're my kind. My name's Parker. I don't belong to this dam' place. If you want a husband, I'll marry you myself.'

"You oughter have seen her wheel 'round, as pert and sassy as a tabby cat, and says she: 'I'd rather marry the biggest thief in this town than have a man with a snide name like that!' 'Good!' says I. 'Go it again! You'll do!'

"But I was dead stuck on the gal now, and says I: 'Wall, Miss, I'm jes' going to foller you down the coast till you change your mind.'

So when she went off on the stage, I straddled my mule and took after her. Every thing would have gone all serene if it hadn't been fer that thing of misery that thinks he's running the post-office at the mill. What did he do? Why, when I was passing, he rushed out and told me Phil Davis was looking for me to pay up fifty dollars he'd been owing since last fall. Well, thinks I, I'd better strike Phil 'fore he hits a poker game. So I started up the creek for his camp, 'cause I knew I could catch up with the stage quick enough by taking the Rich trail. When I got up to Davis' place, I found he'd gone over to Hauser's. Off I went to Hauser's, dead up to the head of the creek, and when I struck Phil, he'd told me it was all a lie, and he hadn't seen fifty dollars in six months. I didn't stop to go back to the mill to kill Sam Reynolds, —I'll do that going home,—but I lit out over the trail for keeps, and got down to Gualala jes' after the stage had left, and found no such a gal had come in on her.

"Billy Hamm said he'd believed a gal had had a lift between here and the Cove; so I jes' come out here to find if you seen her."

"Well," said I, furtively glancing up at a crack in the ceiling from which I fancied I could hear a slight rustle, "it must have been she that rode down on the stage this evening."

"Course it was. But where did she gi' off?"

"You know where the trail takes up over the hill, just off the main road?"

"Yes," said he, impatiently.

"Doesn't it strike you that if a woman wanted to get over to Healdsburg, by way of Crane's Peak, that trail would be the shortest way for her to go?"

"Why, of course! What a big fool I was not to have blocked onto it before. Why, that's jes' the trail. Bill would have directed her. I'll follow her right up, and I'll lay she'll be glad enough to turn round. It's a mighty rough trip across."

"Aren't you half afraid of such a dangerous woman?"

"Me? No, siree! I ain't no Point Arena chump. I ain't afraid of no woman living!" and the next moment I could hear the jingle of his spurs in the distance.

It was after daylight, and I was preparing breakfast, when my guest descended the stairs.

"Well, you got rid of him?" were her first words.

"And so did you, at the same time," I replied.

"Yes, I guess he'd have given me more trouble than the others,—he's so foolish. If I had time for such nonsense, I'd like to have taken him up and learned him what it was like. Maybe he'd wanted to trade his potato patch for a divorce, pretty quick!"

Breakfast was finished, and she said that she would start on her journey.

"Have you any fixed idea of how you are going to reach the city?" I asked with some curiosity.

"Walk," she said, with a sigh.

"But it's a hundred miles!"

"I know it; but I've got to get there somehow."

Her face had become very grave. There was a sadness in her manner which gave one the assurance that she had other causes for distress besides poverty. Perhaps I was moved to aid her because of her personal attraction; possibly her honest demeanor had much to do with it; at all events, I went to my trunk and got fifteen dollars, which I took to her.

"This will get you to Duncan's Mills, and from there to the city," I said, pressing them in her hand.

I do not think I ever saw a woman's countenance undergo such a marvelous change. It seemed as if her heart gave a quick bound, and then stopped short.

She looked at the money a moment, laid it on the table, and began to cry.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked.

"You've been mighty good to me!"

"Well?"

"I can't take that!"

"Why not?"

"Oh, I'd like to well enough! If I only could tell you *why*, perhaps you'd think it was right I should take it."

"But I do think so now."

"Well, I'm going to tell you any how. It's just this: I'm married, and I've got a little boy. My husband Jim and me were pretty hard up. He couldn't get an engagement; but I got this,—got with McCarthy and had to take it,—and a letter came from Jim, saying he'd got a chance to go East with Kate Sinclair to do eccentric clog business, and he guessed he'd take the baby along, too,—just think of that! —and said I could follow him East bye and bye. I knew what was the matter. It was all her doing. But you can just guess I wasn't going to lose my baby. They weren't going to start till the first, and I could get down there if I hurried. It wasn't him I cared about. He can go off and do what he pleases, for all I mind,—but he shan't have my baby!—nor she, neither."

"See here," I said sternly, "take that money and drive for your life to the train."

"I will!" she sobbed meekly.

I led her to the gate, and saw her started on the road to Gualala. She waved her handkerchief to me, as she reached a point where the road turned, and I saw her no more.

The place seemed very lonely all that day, even while the children stumbled through their lessons.

For the first time I noticed, as the sun went down, that the surf on the sea-shore had a deeper meaning in its night song. In the early morning I went into my sandy garden and plucked what few flowers were peeping out, placing them in my only china cup to brighten the place.

A month passed by, and one night the stage actually brought me a letter. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting; ill formed letters, but plain. In it were fifteen dollars and this note:

"Dear Sir: It was all right. Jim didn't go at all. He didn't want to go, anyway. We've both got work right here now. And the baby's as well as can be. God bless you, sir.

"Zoe Martine."

Henry Bigelow. Illustrations by Isabelle Morrison

THE SHOE DEALER

Une affaire d'atavisme, ma chere; son pere etait barbier.—Remark of a lady reminded of the conversational ability of a rival.

* * * * * *

I.

The stage rattled and jolted and jarred me; tossed me from uneasy slumber into half-conscious wakefulness; shook me from one uncomfortable position to another, as we toiled up the stony road of the Antelope Grade. A long three miles it is, and so steep that the horses must stop every few moments to breathe. On the left is a bank rising precipitously a hundred feet above your head; on the right, it is as far to the bottom of the cañon. Altogether a most unfavorable condition for slumber; but what will a man not do when he has been roused out of a warm bed at one o'clock in the morning to attend a patient fifty miles away? That's just the way; when a rich man right in town wants a doctor, he sends for that infernal old quack, Mather, who swears his diploma was burned up in the Chicago fire; but when somebody without a dime is dying away up in the Fall River country, of course they must send for me. Why in the name of Æsculapius didn't Madge let me stay in the city? Didn't I show her in "Elsie Venner" where Dr. Holmes says that a young man ought to play for a high-toned town practice right from the start? But no, she must insist that I should go away to this one-horse village, where there's no more *risque* amusement than singing in the church choir, and where the people trust their lives to an old quack,—who does have most astonishing good luck in saving them.

Burdened with these melancholy reflections, as the light gradually dawned, I became aware of the presence of another passenger, who must have been in the vehicle when I entered it. Through the gray dawn, I first discerned a pair of beady black eyes peering at me, before I could even distinguish his outline. Evidently, too, his eyesight was vastly better than mine, for he must have been able to see me perfectly well, to stare at me so fixedly. Then, as the light gradually grew better, I saw that he was a small, slender man, evidently about fifty years old. His chin was covered with a rank growth of stubble, while his upper lip was clean-shaven,—not clean either, but breaking forth with a promise of the same rusty growth. His head was ever shaking, as if in constant and regretful remembrance of the time it was strong,—this unsteadiness becoming a positive *tembler* at the periods, which were not infrequent, when it seemed possible that the stage would go over the bluff.

Finally he broke the silence.

"You are Dr. Ransome of Aiden, are you not?"

I acknowledged the name, the title, and the residence, asking his in return.

"My name is Day," he said, "and my home is in Fall River,—that is, such home as I have. I'm a peddler; perhaps you have heard of me."

Heard of him! Of course I had. He was called "Doctor," from the fact that among the various articles which he peddled were certain "electric foot-pads," warranted to cure certain diseases. The boys had a little rhyme to the effect that:

"When Dr. Day comes into town,
We all begin to holler:
'Oh, go and buy a nice foot-pad,
Which only costs a dollar.'"

I told him, therefore, that his name was familiar to me, and he extended his hand, which was knotted like a shillalah. I grasped it cordially enough, and he continued the conversation.

"You know some people call me 'Doctor,' because I peddle foot-pads. I don't object to it, but perhaps, if things had turned out differently, I would have had a legitimate right to that title."

"Did you ever study medicine?" I asked in surprise.

"I was two years at the University of the City of New York, and would have graduated except for—but let that pass. I have kept up my interest in science,—and in young physicians, if you will pardon my saying it."

I assured him that I was not tender on that point, and he continued:

"What a young doctor must do, is to be ever on the alert to objectify his potentialities."

I stared at him in amazement. What in the name of Galenus' scalpel did he mean by that? Seeing the blank look in my face, he hastened to explain:

"I mean that there are plenty of opportunities everywhere to make a reputation, if you only know how to find and take advantage of them."

I assured him that I had kept my eyes open for such opportunities, but hitherto had failed to discover them.

We were now on the smooth road of the upland, and were bowling along with scarcely a jar. The sun was just rising over the pines on the ridge a mile away; and its beams fell on the face of the peddler, as he bent over and said: "Have you ever made any investigations in psycho-therapeutics?"

The suddenness of the question; the act of leaning forward; and the wonderful change in his face as he uttered these words, startled me into an involuntary movement. This, he evidently perceived, for he resumed his place, and continued:

"You have doubtless had lectures on the subject, and seen demonstrations in the hospitals. But I believe that further investigation would give us much more power. You are going to attend Walt Kramer?"

The question was without connection with what had gone before. I was at a loss how to answer this singular peddler of foot-pads.

"I believe that is his name," I replied. "The messenger who came after me said the sick man was a rancher on Fall River, and that no one was sure what was the matter with him."

Nothing could describe the cunning that was expressed in his countenance, as he searched my face, evidently to see if I meant any more than the words implied. Reassured, however, he answered:

"He is a neighbor of mine, and he has been sick for a long time. I confess I have been unable to diagnose the case."

The conversation turned upon other topics. I found him intelligent and well-informed on all sorts of subjects, so that he made a very agreeable companion all through the long day, until about

the middle of the afternoon when we arrived in the Fall River country.

I found my patient in a comatose condition. I searched in vain for evidence of organic lesion. His heart was sound, his lungs all right. Then I set to work to discover from other sources the history of his peculiar malady. I elicited the fact that he was a widower, and that he had one daughter, who, strangely enough, did not appear. The man in charge of the house, who had the complete care of the patient, was a sullen old fellow, who seemed, for some reason or other, indisposed to talk about the daughter ; indeed, it was with some difficulty that I elicited the fact of the existence of such a person. Finally, however, he admitted to me that she was shut up in a garret room, and he had been given strict orders not to say anything about her to the physician.

Surprised at this extraordinary behavior, as well as by the peculiar condition of the sick man I was about to insist that the daughter should see me and give me the history of her father's case, when my traveling companion, the vender of foot-pads, stepped in the door. The attendant was evidently much in awe of him, for he at once left the room. "The daughter, Dr. Ransome," the peddler said, "would be of no use to you. She is a poor, half-witted creature, whom the Indians about here have dubbed 'Girl-who-walks-backward,' from the peculiar fact that she always 'backs' her way about the fields and woods. It is, I suppose, a result of her madness. But have you succeeded in your diagnosis ?"

For some reason or other I felt a strong desire to throw this fellow out of the door. I am not conceited, but I always have been good at diagnosis, and I hated to acknowledge that I had been unable to tell what was the nature of the disease. Besides, the peddler actually seemed to have a triumphant gleam in his eyes, as if he could have succeeded better, if it had been his business to try. I therefore answered that it would require some knowledge of the history of the case to be able to treat it intelligently.

He, therefore, informed me that the man had begun to lose flesh some three months before, and had gradually become weaker, until he had been obliged to take to his bed. In response to my question as to why a physician had not been summoned sooner, the peddler shrugged his shoulders, and remarked that the family was poor, and the expense of a doctor great.

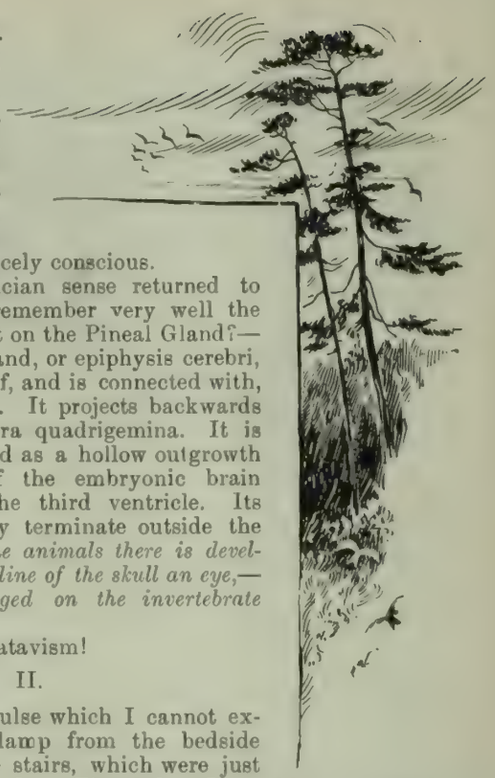
Troubled and undecided, I was given a room and a bed for the night by the attendent. It was nearly eleven o'clock when I went to bed, and, after an hour's futile efforts at slumber, I arose and dressed and tiptoed my way into the sick room to see if there was any change in his condition that would warrant an opinion as to the malady. As I opened the door, very softly, I saw, by the light of the lamp which was burning by the bedside, a tall, stately woman, whose garment was a single flowing robe of some thin greenish material. She stood with her back to the bed, and her eyes were fixed directly on me, as I stood entranced. Involuntarily, I threw up my hand. She made no movement, and as her eyes remained fixed, I saw that she was blind !

The face was regular in features, but absolutely expressionless, and the long, yellow hair was gathered in masses about it. Unwilling to frighten the poor creature, I stepped forward with a soothing remark, forgetting that it was impossible that she should be aware of my presence. At the sound of my voice she started, and gave a wild, inarticulate cry, at the same time *turning her back to me.*

On the back and top of her head, set like a gem in the midst of the yellow tresses, gleamed a burning orb!

For a single instant she stood and gazed at me. How that glorious eye glistened and shone and seared itself into my consciousness!

Then she threw herself on all fours, and glided thus past me like a flash of green light, through the door, and out of the house, whither I could not surmise, looking so like the great green lizards one sees in the lava beds, that I dropped into a chair, weak and trembling and scarcely conscious.



Then my physician sense returned to me. Did I not remember very well the remark of Hoisholt on the Pineal Gland?—

"The Pineal Gland, or epiphysis cerebri, lies on the back of, and is connected with, the third ventricle. It projects backwards between the corpora quadrigemina. It is originally developed as a hollow outgrowth from that part of the embryonic brain which becomes the third ventricle. Its distal portion may terminate outside the skull; and in *some animals there is developed in the median line of the skull an eye,—pineal eye,—arranged on the invertebrate plan.*"

It was a case of atavism!

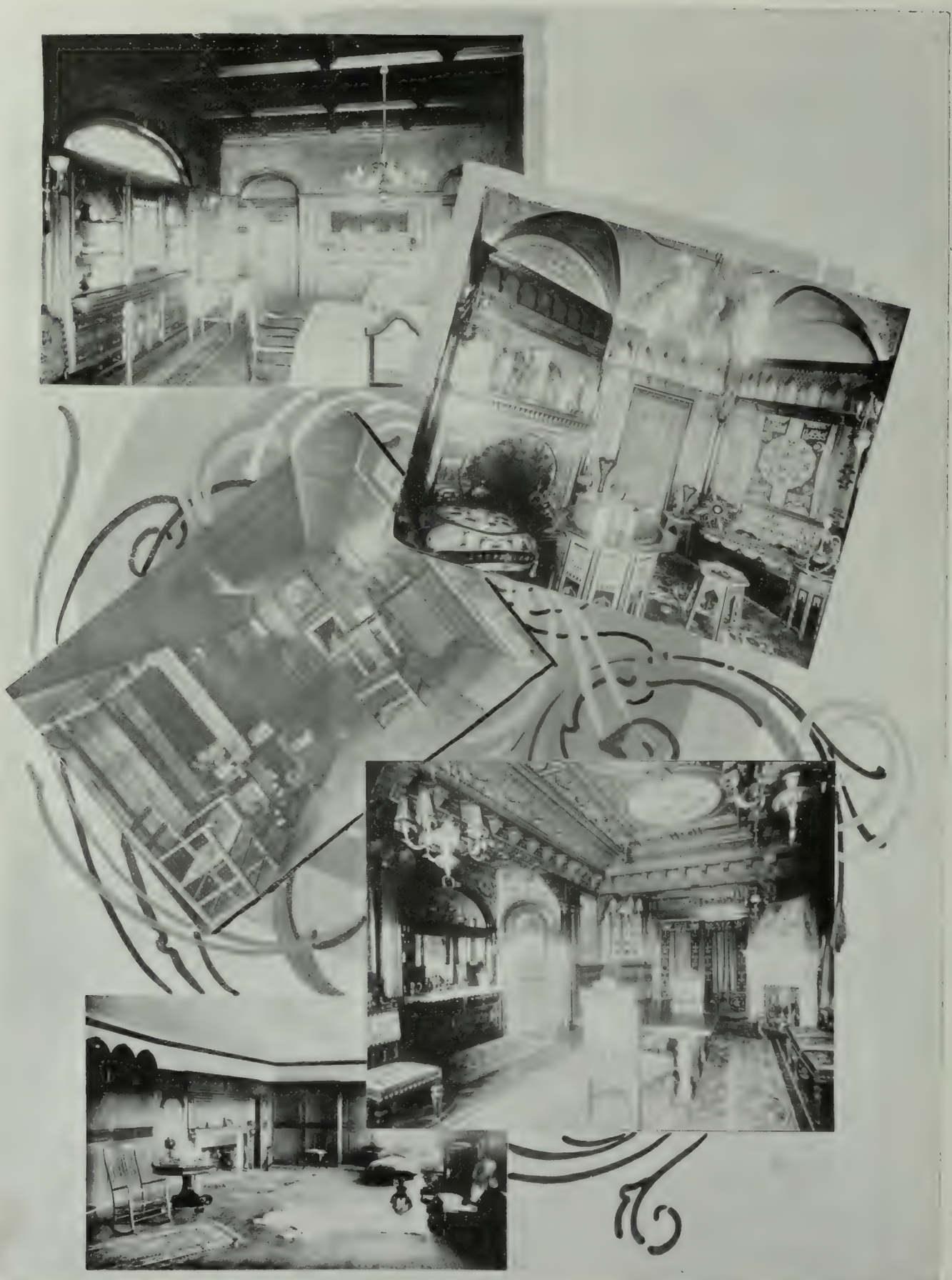
II.

Obeying an impulse which I cannot explain, I took the lamp from the bedside and started up the stairs, which were just outside the bedroom door. They led, as I would have expected, into a sort of half attic. It was unfinished, except at one end, where was a room of considerable size, walled off separate from the rest. The door was open, and the room was quite dark. Scarcely knowing what I did, I went to the door, and entered.

I suppose I must have been astonished, but I was not conscious of the fact. The room was painted, with no unskillful hand, to

A SANTA CRUZ IDYLL

Specimen Engraving, by Bolton & Strong, 510 Montgomery Street



Dining-room of the Towne House
Hallway in the Coxhead House
Living-room in the Carrigan House

Persian Room in the Henry Crocker House
Dining-room in the Henry Crocker House

RATIVE RENAISSANCE

Dining-room of the University Club
Hall in Miss Atkinson's House

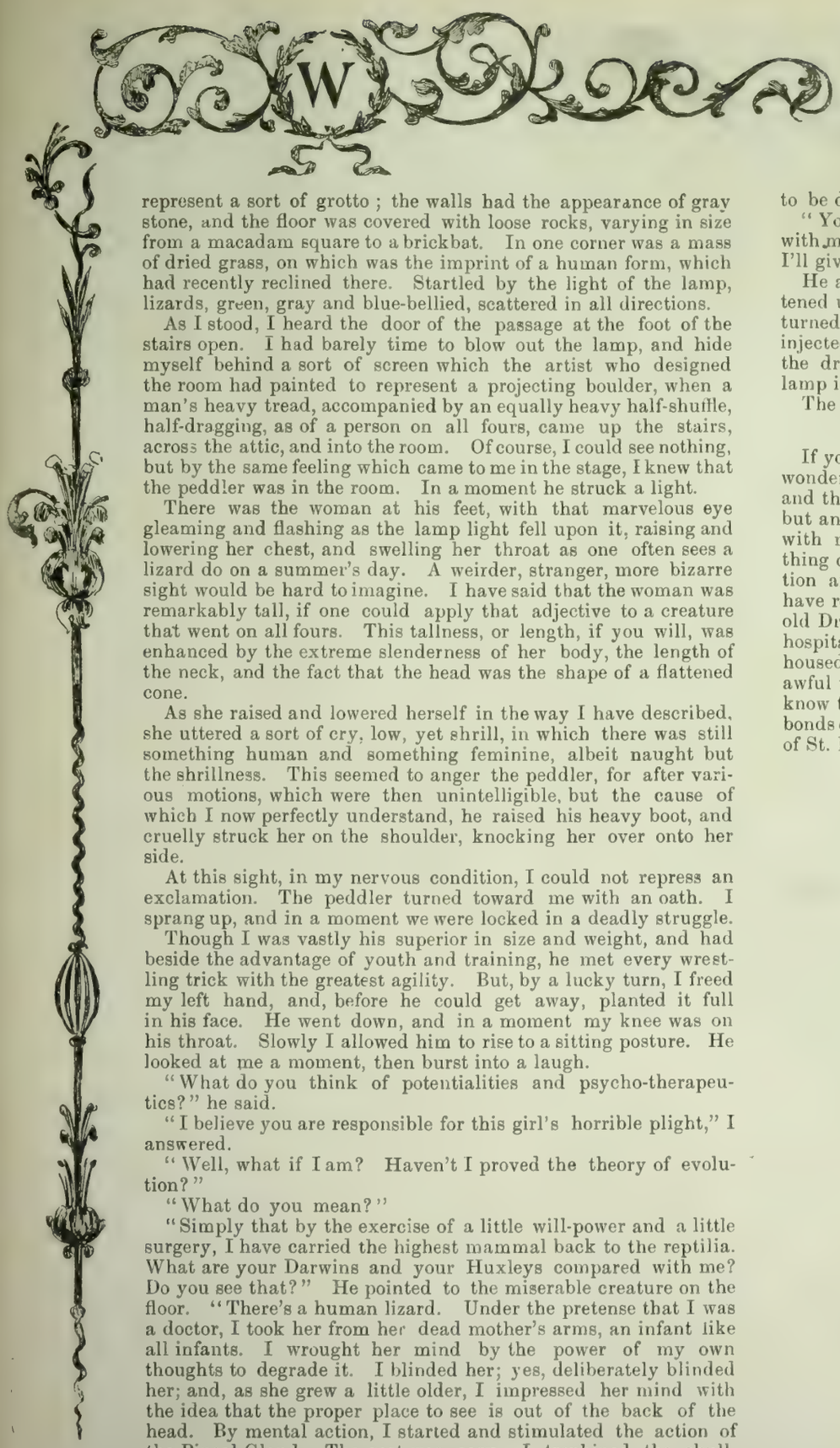
Living-room in the Wooster House
Dining-room in Miss Atkinson's Home

BELLES AND BUDS

Miss Fair
Miss Head

Miss Genevieve Goad
Miss McNutt

Miss Flora Low
Miss Aileen Goad



represent a sort of grotto ; the walls had the appearance of gray stone, and the floor was covered with loose rocks, varying in size from a macadam square to a brickbat. In one corner was a mass of dried grass, on which was the imprint of a human form, which had recently reclined there. Startled by the light of the lamp, lizards, green, gray and blue-bellied, scattered in all directions.

As I stood, I heard the door of the passage at the foot of the stairs open. I had barely time to blow out the lamp, and hide myself behind a sort of screen which the artist who designed the room had painted to represent a projecting boulder, when a man's heavy tread, accompanied by an equally heavy half-shuffle, half-dragging, as of a person on all fours, came up the stairs, across the attic, and into the room. Of course, I could see nothing, but by the same feeling which came to me in the stage, I knew that the peddler was in the room. In a moment he struck a light.

There was the woman at his feet, with that marvelous eye gleaming and flashing as the lamp light fell upon it, raising and lowering her chest, and swelling her throat as one often sees a lizard do on a summer's day. A weirder, stranger, more bizarre sight would be hard to imagine. I have said that the woman was remarkably tall, if one could apply that adjective to a creature that went on all fours. This tallness, or length, if you will, was enhanced by the extreme slenderness of her body, the length of the neck, and the fact that the head was the shape of a flattened cone.

As she raised and lowered herself in the way I have described, she uttered a sort of cry, low, yet shrill, in which there was still something human and something feminine, albeit naught but the shrillness. This seemed to anger the peddler, for after various motions, which were then unintelligible, but the cause of which I now perfectly understand, he raised his heavy boot, and cruelly struck her on the shoulder, knocking her over onto her side.

At this sight, in my nervous condition, I could not repress an exclamation. The peddler turned toward me with an oath. I sprang up, and in a moment we were locked in a deadly struggle.

Though I was vastly his superior in size and weight, and had beside the advantage of youth and training, he met every wrestling trick with the greatest agility. But, by a lucky turn, I freed my left hand, and, before he could get away, planted it full in his face. He went down, and in a moment my knee was on his throat. Slowly I allowed him to rise to a sitting posture. He looked at me a moment, then burst into a laugh.

"What do you think of potentialities and psycho-therapeutics?" he said.

"I believe you are responsible for this girl's horrible plight," I answered.

"Well, what if I am? Haven't I proved the theory of evolution?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that by the exercise of a little will-power and a little surgery, I have carried the highest mammal back to the reptilia. What are your Darwins and your Huxleys compared with me? Do you see that?" He pointed to the miserable creature on the floor. "There's a human lizard. Under the pretense that I was a doctor, I took her from her dead mother's arms, an infant like all infants. I wrought her mind by the power of my own thoughts to degrade it. I blinded her; yes, deliberately blinded her; and, as she grew a little older, I impressed her mind with the idea that the proper place to see is out of the back of the head. By mental action, I started and stimulated the action of the Pineal Gland. The rest was easy. I trephined the skull. See here."

He caught the girl roughly by the neck, and drew her toward him. Around the eye was a small rim of silver. "You know this eye is now rudimentary even in reptiles. I have made it complete. I have made her a lizard in all things, except that she will sometimes utter a voice, and she quite frequently goes erect. It was while I was away for a long time that she learned to walk."

The diabolical coolness with which he told this story was amazing. Repressing a tendency to throttle him, I asked his motive.

"You, a physician and a scientist, ask that question! I ask you now, what are you going to do with me?"

"I am going to deliver you to the authorities," I replied.

He laughed again. "For what purpose? My act—crime if you will—is not mentioned in the Penal Code."

He was right, of course; there was nothing to be done with him. So I said:

"You leave this house now, and do not interfere with my plans, or I shall be code, jury and executioner. I'll give you just one minute to go."

He arose and left the room without a word. I listened until I heard the outer door close after him, then turned my attention to the girl. I took up her arm, injected a charge of morphine into it, and laid her on the dried grass. She was perfectly docile. Then, lamp in hand, I went again to the sick room.

The old man was dead.

III.

If you read the medical journals, you know how my wonderful discovery was received by the profession and the scientific world. At first many were sceptical, but an inspection of the girl, whom I took to the city with me, satisfied all minds. You also know something of the fame it brought me. I was offered position after position in college and university, but I have refused all except an offer of a partnership with old Dr. Saulter, and the office of physician to the new hospital. The poor lizard-girl is therein comfortably housed, and we may do something to undo the peddler's awful work. But of that I am very doubtful. I only know that Madge and I are to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony on Wednesday next at the Church of St. Psychopannychismus.

Victor Love.

Tender, melting lips, distilling
  Love's rich vintage, sweet and rare,
Trusting, pleading eyes now filling
  With the bright reproachful tear,
A sob so sweet, so softly low,
A breath of heaven,—a knell of woe.

Ah! the murmuring and the sighing,
  And the tumult in each breast,
Heart to heart is now replying,
  Victor Love is crowned and blest.
The tyrant sits in Reason's throne,
And claims the kingdom for his own.

How he scatters all his treasures
  On his subjects,—you and me;
Golden showers of richest pleasures,
  God-like mortals now are we:
What care we for the sword of flame
That bars the gate through which we came?

What, beloved! art thou sobbing,—
  Weeping that there's no return?
How thy gentle heart is throbbing!
  How thy cheeks with crimson burn!
My kiss shall teach thee to forget,
And love shall triumph o'er regret.

—Louis A. Robertson.

IN THE LIGHT OF LOVE

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

"What a pity it is, Lawrence Daintree is so bashful!—so good-looking as he is, too," exclaimed Belle Thornton to her cousin Susie Ringgold, as the pair were sitting in a cosy Van Ness Avenue back drawing-room, before a blazing grate, laying plans for Christmas.

"And any one can see that Marian thinks the world and all of him," returned her cousin.

"I've set my heart on making it a match," Belle went on. "They're just made for one another; but how to do it,—that's the question."

"Suppose we consult Planchette!" cried Susie Ringgold, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"Agreed," and the young ladies rose from their seats, one to wheel a little ormolu table in front of the fire, while the other brought out the mystically erratic, heart-shaped, little cedar tablet, that had only recently again come into vogue with the *haut ton* of the city.

"Now, what shall we ask it?" queried Susie, as she and Belle daintily set their rosy finger-tips upon the surface of the tablet before them, after placing the latter upon the alphabetically lettered card by which the answers of Planchette are read.

"First of all, let's call up Lawrence Daintree," suggested Belle. "What fun it will be to quiz him about Marian!"

The two young ladies concentrated their attention, and silence reigned in the back drawing-room.

Lawrence Daintree was a rising young lawyer, whose talents and address were fast making him an honorable reputation at the bar. Aggressive, however, as he might be in speech and manner, where the interests of his clients were at stake in a court of law, he was painfully awkward and backward in the *cour d' amour*. Handsome and well-connected, he was always a *persona grata* in the best society, and was considered what is vulgarly known as a "good catch" in the matrimonial market. Marian Barron, the young lady with whom his name had just been associated by the cousins now concentrating their minds on Planchette, was one of San Francisco's most noted belles, as proud and reserved as she was rich and beautiful. Thus it came about that, while those who could read between the lines could see that Lawrence Daintree was what is termed "sweet upon" Marian Barron, and while the *femmes sages* of the *elite* smiled knowingly at each other, when Marian Barron's name came up in connection with any one's else as a prospective *partie*, the diffidence of the one and the *hauteur* of the other had hitherto stood in the way of bringing matters to that crisis so dear to the match-making feminine heart. This accounts for the conversation just recounted between the young ladies first introduced, as also for the earnestness with which they were now anticipating the apocalyptic movements of Planchette.

"Bother!" petulantly cried Belle Thornton, after five minutes had passed without result.

"How provoking," chimed in Susie Ringgold.

"Let's give it another five minutes, and then—"

"Then, what?" put in a male voice close beside them.

Both girls looked up. It was Jack Thornton, Belle's elder brother, who had entered the apartment without attracting attention, and now stood looking at them curiously.

"How now, my fair diviners?" began Jack. (Jack was studying for amateur theatricals.) "Wherefore consult ye the oracle? What dark and potent spell would ye weave about what blind and suffering mortal?"

"Oh, shut up!" returned his sister, sharply. "You've broken up the *seance*. There; it's no use trying any more, Susie."

"We wanted," explained Susie Ringgold, "to find out what Lawrence Daintree really thought of Marian Barron, and—"

"And *vice versa*, I suppose," put in Jack. "A most laudable quest, in sooth, albeit fruitless, I ween."

"We thought, if the answers were favorable," went on Belle, "it might be the means of bringing them together."

"Ah! I see," rejoined her brother, in a more natural tone; "by making him less diffident and her less haughty, as it were. What a pack of geese you are, to be sure!"

"But, Jack, I've seen the queerest things spelt out by Planchette,—and they came right, too."

"Hm!" said Jack, musingly. Then, suddenly: "I've an idea! Let me look at that thing!"

Belle handed him the Planchette. Jack examined it critically, while remarking, *sotto voce:*

"The simplest thing in the world to do it,—no trick at all." Then, aloud to the ladies: "Girls, what'll you give me if I make this thing spell out any words you want?"

"Oh, but can you?" they both exclaimed at once. "With our hands on it, too?"

"With your hands on it, too," returned Jack, sedately.

"Let us see you do it now."

"It takes some time to get the instrument under control," responded Jack, impressively. "It has to be put through a thorough course of training, as it were. I'll guarantee to have it duly obedient to my slightest wish in time for your Christmas party. Then you have only to tell me in advance what you want it to spell out, and, presto! the thing is done. Now, ladies, the bell invites me. In other words, I have an appointment down town—therefore, *adios*.

"Do you really think he can do what he says?" queried Susie Ringgold, as Jack closed the door behind him.

"I shouldn't wonder," replied his sister. "He's always up to some trick or other connected with his business,—he's an electrician, you know."

If any one had looked into Jack's room that night, that gentleman would have been found industriously engaged in manipulating his sister's Planchette.

* * * * * *

The Thornton mansion on Van Ness Avenue was the scene of a brilliant gathering on Christmas Eve. Pastimes suited to every taste were indulged in. There was a Christmas tree for the children in one of the drawing-rooms, dancing for the adolescents in another, card playing and gossip for the seniors and dowagers in a third, while the conservatory afforded plenty of retirement for flirtation. In a roomy alcove off one of the apartments, a group of young people was collected, evidently watching something of interest going on within the circle. Could one have penetrated to the center of the group, one would have seen a little ormolu table, partially covered with a large bristol-board card, on which were inscribed the letters of the alphabet, together with the words, "Yes" and "No." Upon this card stood a Planchette, that weird little instrument which purports to spell out sentences emanating from some mysterious source, in answer to the invocations of those who set their hands upon it. At the table sat Belle Thornton and her friend Susie Ringgold, the tips of their fingers resting lightly upon the surface of the thin, heart-shaped cedar tablet, supported by two tiny casters at its rear end, and by the stump of a pencil, pared down and sharpened to a point, at its forward extremity. Beside them sat Belle's brother Jack, with arms folded, and apparently bored by the whole proceeding.

Presently Planchette began to move aimlessly about the table.

"Who is there?" queried Belle.

Instantly Planchette darted across the table and pointed to

the letter "M," and in quick succession to the letters "A-R-I-A-N B-A-R-R-O-N."

"What do you want, Marian?" was the next question.

Scarcely were the words out of Belle's mouth before the little wooden heart began moving over the table with the rapidity of lightning, taxing Jack Thornton's utmost energies to keep pace with it in putting down the words it spelled out, letter by letter, on a card, he having been detailed for that purpose.

"I want Lawrence Daintree to propose to me," were the words spelled out.

"Oh! Oh!" came the chorus, in shocked tones, from the bevy of surrounding ladies, which was gradually increasing in numbers every moment under the indefinable impulse which always attracts people in a crowd toward the most interesting focus.

Then a titter ran around at the sight of a good-looking young gentleman who had been pressed forward to the interior of the ring, blushing to the roots of his hair, and struggling violently to get out of the throng. Scarcely had he done so before the ring opened on the other side to admit a very beautiful and stylish young lady who looked around her in a puzzled manner.

"Somebody told me that Planchette was speaking about me," she said, in a tone of inquiry to Belle.

That young lady took no notice of the remark, so deeply was she engrossed with the vagaries of the little instrument before her.

"Who is there now?" she asked.

Planchette immediately spelled out, "L-A-W-R-E-N-C-E D-A-I-N-T-R-E-E," Jack Thornton meanwhile taking down the letters with imperturbable nonchalance.

Marian Barron colored violently, while some one in the throng hinted that the two young ladies at the table were, to some extent, responsible for the movements of Planchette. This the pair disclaimed with an outburst of the most virtuous indignation, at the same time intimating that they believed Planchette was now so charged with the odic fluid, through long contact with their fingers, that it would answer questions without their touch at all. Each sat back in her chair, Planchette being now left free upon the table.

"What do you want, Lawrence Daintree?" now asked Belle.

Instantly the little heart-shaped oracle began to move of itself, though considerably slower than before. In less than a minute, however, it had spelled out the words, "I want Marian Barron to meet me half way," Jack Thornton taking them down as usual.

A hushed murmur of awe ran around the group, as the little instrument, as if impelled by its own volition, moved easily backwards and forwards upon the table, pointing to the letters with unerring precision. Marian Barron turned as white as a sheet, and, like Lawrence Daintree, at once pushed her way out of the circle. Other questions were asked, and other couples sat at the table; but Planchette obstinately refused to budge under any persuasion.

About a week later, Jack was met on the street by one of the guests of that Christmas evening,—the one who had as good as accused Belle and Susie of manipulating Planchette.

"Have you heard the news?" he asked Jack. "Lawrence Daintree and Marian Barron are engaged."

Jack smiled a peculiar smile.

"Planchette did it," went on his friend; "and if your hands hadn't been fully occupied all the time, I would say that you, with some of your electric deviltry, had been manipulating Planchette. I believe so yet. How did you do it, anyway?"

"It was all the girls' doing," returned Jack,—"your sister's and mine. They had set their hearts on making a match between Lawrence and Marian, so I promised to help them out. It was the simplest thing in the world. I merely substituted a piece of magnetized iron for the pencil tip at the end of Planchette, attached a powerful magnet to the tip of my right boot, planed the under side of the table as thin as it would go, and naturally the iron point of Planchette, on top of the table, followed every movement of my toes below. My keeping my hands employed all the time threw the people off the scent. I'm glad the ruse has turned out so well. Ta, ta."

Illustrated by M. Isabelle Morrison

METHOD IN IT.

PAUL WEST.

My darling kicks from morn till night;
She kicks at daybreak's earliest light;
She kicks and kicks, and well she might,
For, when she can kick the proper height,
She's promised a place, to her delight,
In the gayety group,
Of a burlesque troup,
With a salary out of sight.

—*Dramatic Mirror.*

CORONA D'ASTRARDENTE

MODERN INTERIORS.

Though the Western Addition is an architectural chaos,—an inimitable demonstration of the bad taste of our builders,—there lurk in the midst of its topsy-turvy turrets, its bombastic arches, its truculent bay-windows, houses in a milder manner, decorated with some approach to grace, some comprehension of style. There are, few and far between these, oases in that Sahara of facades, but at intervals one is delighted with the contrast their simplicity and harmony offer to the surrounding pretentiousness. They are homes in a sense of that precious word which is not suggested by the mongrel porches, the confectionery pilasters and the planing-mill carving which are the leading characteristics of the prevailing architecture. Had Madame de Stael been led up Pacific Avenue, she would never have been guilty of that famous *mot* anent "frozen music." Much more appropriately might she have spoken of "condensed discord."

However, this article concerns itself with interiors, rather than frames, and pictures some of the charming rooms that exist in San Francisco.

Though we be the "vulgarest city in America," we have a larger proportion of cultured people than our critics are willing to concede. They are not among San Francisco's wealthiest nor most socially pretentious, but rather to be found in the ranks of those who eschew society and expensive garments, preferring to expend their spare dollars in pictures, in finer bric-a-brac, in draperies whose color delights the inner eye. A few years ago one might travel far through the mansions of the aristocracy without finding a touch of real beauty or refinement in their reception rooms. One inevitably was ushered into a long, narrow, lofty room, full of stiff furniture and pretentious cabinets. Now, even in the mongrel Queen Annes, the rooms are low, simple and dainty. During the last half decade there has come a revolution in decoration,—all in the direction of simplicity.

The plates, of which this is meant to be a verbal explanation, speak more directly to the eye for themselves than I can, and represent the interiors of residences built within the past three or four years. The Towne house is the oldest of the collection. There are others I should like to have shown,—some bits of the Flood mansion, which is in the best style imaginable; the Huntington drawing-room is a swell apartment; there are some admirable effects in the Will Crocker house, and the hall in the Grant mansion is very fine,—but my space does not afford the opportunity. However, these that are shown are admirable of their kind. There are the dining-room and Persian smoking-room in the first plate,—elaborately decorated, full of rich detail and color effect. In the first apartment, the woodwork is oak,—tables and chairs to match the panels; in the wall spaces, tapestry; the mantel, of carved Italian marble, yellow in tone; an oaken floor, covered with a Persian rug; the ceiling frescoed in harmony with the general tones. Adjoining it, the Persian smoking-room, octagonal in form, a dome-shaped ceiling, oriental furniture of the most luxurious style. The woodwork is of dark mahogany elaborately carved and fretted, the cornice supported by slender columns between the windows. On the walls are Persian cloths embroidered in colored silk and gold,—blues and dull reds predominating. Over the windows, hangings of velvet with gold tracings, a mantel of bronze and marble in a charming design, combine to make a *tout ensemble* of exceeding beauty and richness.

Another dining-room,—that in the home of a prominent railroad man—is in quartered oak, toned to a rich yellow. There is a beam ceiling, the square panels decorated in stencil patterns burnt in. The frieze of golden yellow and bronze stamped Spanish leather, and chairs in similar shades, give the apartment a yellow tone which is both rich and beautiful. The details are in Italian Renaissance; in fact, all nine interiors are according to the dictates of that school, which one may say is the only style of pure refinement.

On the same page we have a hallway and living-room of simple design,—yet just as charming,—finished in natural redwood, only waxed to keep the pink tone, the frieze and ceiling left in the gray of the plaster; the floor waxed, of course, and covered with rugs.

On the second plate is the dining-room of the University Club, the den of a bachelor, and the hall and living-room of a "bachelor maid." All four of these rooms are finished in redwood, waxed and rubbed to a dull polish. They show the big open fire-places that give such a generous fire-light. The hall and living-room are in a remodeled house, and show what can be inexpensively done to any of the old drawing-rooms and halls to make them liveable.

An Ounce of Prevention

is cheaper than any quantity of cure. Don't give children narcotics or sedatives. They are unnecessary when the infant is properly nourished, as it will be if brought up on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk.

THE IMPORTANCE OF CLOTHES.

The importance of the clothes question is too positive to be lightly set aside. There is almost as much difference between the well-dressed and the poorly-habited man, as there is between the well-bred and the ill-mannered man. To be properly attired, one should be in the latest style, provided that style is not an extreme of fashion. One's clothes should never attract attention at the expense of one's personality, for it is the individual and not the garments that counts. To be elegant, yet not conspicuous, one must be up to date, and to achieve that honorable distinction the assistance of a good tailor is essential. Unless the man who makes your coat is interested in having your appearance a credit to himself, he is a failure. It is by interesting himself in the individual needs of his customers, for instance, that J. A. Ulrich, of Room 41 Crocker Building, has built up his large tailoring business He keeps himself informed of all that is new in styles and cuts, and is in a position to advise his clients of what they ought to have on.

Sanborn, Vail & Co. have their entire holiday exhibit complete. No such a display of nice, new, moderate-priced articles for Christmas presents made elsewhere. Leather goods, albums, toilet sets, banquet lamps and silver desk ornaments, with framed pictures, a holiday specialty. Come and see us. 741 Market Street.

Adams' Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum for Indigestion

No extra charge for engraving silver novelties or stamping albums and fine leather goods. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

Holiday Headaches or Sick Stomach

From imprudence in eating and drinking

Speedily Cured by Bromo-Seltzer.

USEFUL HOLIDAY GIFTS

House Coats, Gowns, Bath Robes, reduced 20 per cent; also, Neckwear, Dress Shirts, at Low Prices, at

Roos Bros.

27 to 37 Kearny St.

YOUR WIFE

Would simply be delighted to have a dainty tabouret as an Xmas gift. They range in price from $3 upwards.

YOUR HUBBY

Would probably rather have a Chiffonier just large enough for shirts, etc., with compartments for collars, cuffs, and shaving utensils, than any thing else you could buy for him.

Carpets, Rugs, Mattings

California Furniture Company

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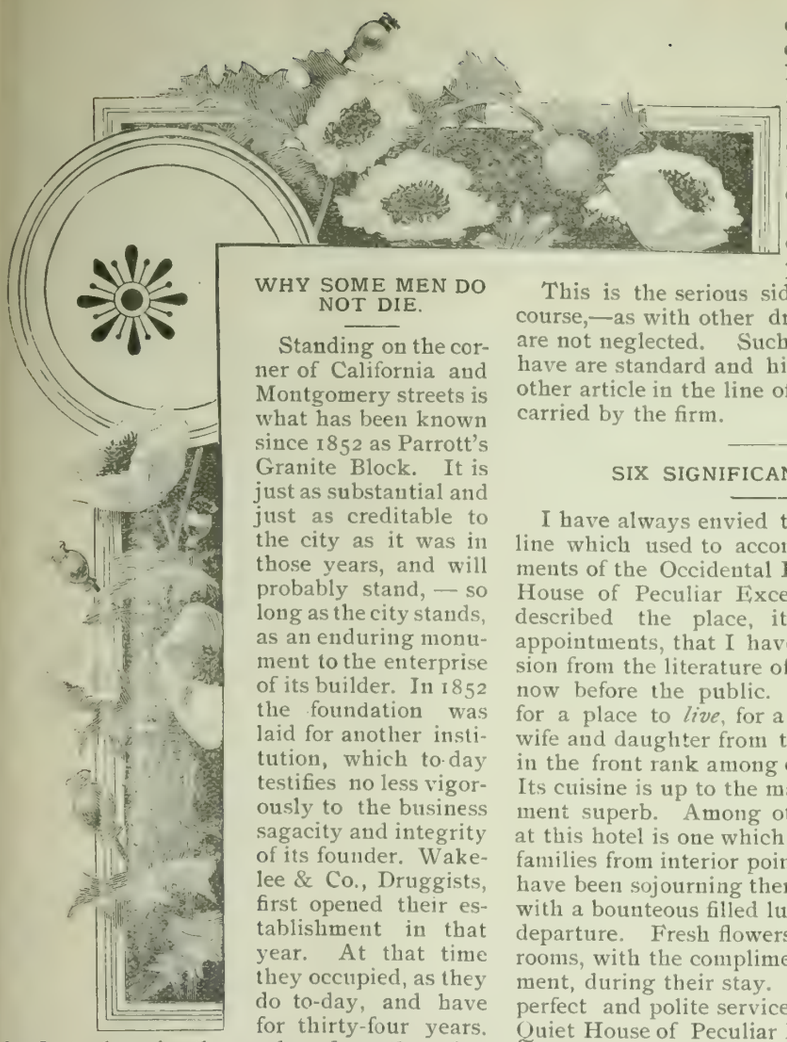
117 GEARY STREET

THE DODGE BOOK AND STATIONERY CO.,

Open Evenings

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE OF BOOKS.



WHY SOME MEN DO NOT DIE.

Standing on the corner of California and Montgomery streets is what has been known since 1852 as Parrott's Granite Block. It is just as substantial and just as creditable to the city as it was in those years, and will probably stand, — so long as the city stands, as an enduring monument to the enterprise of its builder. In 1852 the foundation was laid for another institution, which to-day testifies no less vigorously to the business sagacity and integrity of its founder. Wakelee & Co., Druggists, first opened their establishment in that year. At that time they occupied, as they do to-day, and have for thirty-four years, the first place in the ranks of apothecaries. Man may trifle with his personal possessions with impunity if he has youth on his side, but with health, never! And this leads to the statement, that no matter how reputable and how skilful your physician be, he may prescribe and dictate formulæ until the end of time, yet, after all, it finally comes into the hands of the druggist or apothecary who compounds the prescription. If your choice in this connection be ill-advised; if the compounder be not something more than a newly-fledged graduate of pharmacy; if the drugs entering into the prescription be not fresh and happily blended, a physician's advice and prescription will avail you nothing. It is the reliability insured by long experience, and the confidence begotten by years of careful, painstaking endeavor, that gives to the firm of Wakelee & Co. its prestige and its enviable position among institutions of its kind in this city. Their drugs are the choicest and always fresh. They employ more assistants than any drug store in the city, have the largest business, and possess the entire confidence of the community and the medical profession. In no other trade, occupation or profession—unless it be that of physician—is there more absolute necessity for the integrity and capability of the dealer as in the drug business. If no other recommendation were at hand, the mere existence of a firm for thirty-four years, coupled with prosperity and success, speaks louder than any words one may either pen or utter. Gaudy competitors may come and go. Owl-rate and cut-rate wars may make a din for a time, but the man who is wise and prizes the health of himself and those dependent upon him, cannot trifle with health, and purchase a "cut-rate" cure, which onlys mean diluted drugs, or potent remedies weakened with age and exposure, the selling of which law should prohibit and punish.

This is the serious side of the trade. Of course,—as with other drug stores,—perfumes are not neglected. Such as Wakelee & Co. have are standard and high grade, as is every other article in the line of druggists' supplies carried by the firm.

SIX SIGNIFICANT WORDS.

I have always envied the originator of that line which used to accompany the advertisements of the Occidental Hotel, viz.: "A Quiet House of Peculiar Excellence." It so aptly described the place, its management and appointments, that I have regretted its omission from the literature of the hotel, which is now before the public. For a family house, for a place to *live*, for a place to send your wife and daughter from the interior, it stands in the front rank among our public hostelries. Its cuisine is up to the mark, and its management superb. Among other pretty customs at this hotel is one which is unique. Guests—families from interior points or the East—who have been sojourning there, are complemented with a bounteous filled lunch basket on their departure. Fresh flowers are also sent to the rooms, with the compliments of the management, during their stay. All this bespeaks a perfect and polite service. In fact, it is "A Quiet House of Peculiar Excellence." These six words convey the entire explanation as well as volumes of literature might do. As a host, Major Hooper is inimitable, and permits nothing to escape his eye that will minister to the comfort of his guests. Army and navy officers and their families express a decided preference for the Occidental, as do the attorneys and well-to-do residents of the interior.

EATON'S MUSIC STORE.

Among the old time and reliable music houses there is none better or more widely known than that of Charles S. Eaton, at 735 Market Street. Mr. Eaton is an old Californian, and first entered the music business twenty-five years ago, and has been at his present location eleven years. His stock of musical instruments and sheet music is one of the most extensive to be found anywhere. Many of the choicest pianos and organs used throughout the city were furnished by him, his patronage being of the best music-loving classes. The corps of clerks maintained by him are attentive and courteous, and reflects credit upon the establishment.

During the holiday season man turns as naturally to an examination of his wardrobe as the sunflower turns toward the sun in summer. Of course it makes all the difference in the world *who* makes your clothes. If you have not yet tried Gordon the tailor, No. 1124 Market Street, this will be a good season to give him a trial. Of course, if he has ever made your clothes, it goes without saying he is still making them. If he makes one suit for you, you will return to him. The fit, the style, the cut, the comfort of his garments possess a quality not found in the garments of any but a first-class artist.

Bonestell & Co.,

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF PAPER

401 & 403 SANSOME STREET,

San Francisco, - - - - Cal.

The popular adage that "travel increaseth a man" was never more true than at the present time. The exodus of the well-to-do "Easterners," who are in search of health and recreation, has already set in, and, rather than risk the rigor of another Atlantic-coast winter, have determined upon spending that season in the semi-tropical climate of ever-delightful Southern California, while many of our own people of means, so accustomed to this luxury, decide upon "crossing the Pond," for it is now the correct thing to make a transatlantic trip to while away the winter months. To such we want to suggest a trip up the Mediterranean, in one of the magnificent steamers of the Hamburg-American Packet Co., visiting Gibraltar, Genoa, Alexandria (for Cairo and the Pyramids), Jaffa (for Jerusalem), Naples, etc. All information in regard to same will be cheerfully furnished by the General Passenger Agent for the Pacific Coast, Mr. A. W. Myer, 401 California Street.

Did it ever occur to you at this season of the year, when Christmas presents are in order, that the large majority of people who are recipients of such favors infinitely prefer the useful to the ornamental? Not that they or we for a moment undervalue the beautiful or artistic in whatever form it may come, but when the useful is combined with the beautiful, the pleasure that such combination affords adds additional value to the gift. Such a combination is to be found in the many and varied styles of Parlor, Bed, Dining-room, and Library Furniture, now displayed in the showrooms of Joseph Fredericks & Co., 65 Market Street, one of San Francisco's oldest business houses. A visit to this house will amply repay the most pronounced connoisseur. The employés are uniformly courteous and obliging, and will readily convince you that it is "no trouble to show goods." See ad. on another page.

Everybody invited to attend the exhibition and sale of decorated china, contributed by local artists. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market Street.

The writer of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes' was, as we all know, a jolly and convivial spirit; and while he was disposed to accept "A Kiss Within the Cup" in lieu of wine, we venture the assertion that he never had tasted that most delicious, soul-inspiring and self-satisfying of all potions,—Cutter Whisky,—or he would never have made such a rash offer. A. P. Hotaling & Co. were not in existence then, although they have been for many years. They are the sole agents for the celebrated Cutter Whisky, a case of which makes a most appropriate Christmas present for one's bachelor friends.

Impaired Digestion.

The patient is required to diet. In building up and maintaining good health, milk is recognized as a valuable factor, but it is important that it be absolutely pure and sterilized. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream meets all requirements. Entirely wholesome.

Rococo plaques and ornamented panels to paint on. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

R. F. Verrinder, M. D., D. D. S., Oral Surgeon, 206 Kearny St. Succ'r. to Drs. Winter & Winter, Dentists.

USE BEECHAM'S PILLS FOR SICK HEADACHE FOR BILIOUSNESS . . FOR COSTIVENESS . .

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

CALIFORNIA

On Monday, December 24th, at the California Theatre, Sadie Martinot, supported by Max Figman and a company of comedians, will be seen in their remarkably successful comedy entitled, "The Passport." This comedy has proved an immense hit wherever it has been presented, and with such names as Martinot and Figman to head the list of artists, its initial performance in this city should prove likewise. The many ludicrous situations arise from the embarrassing predicament of a very forgetful young widow, who insists on forgetting everything at the wrong moment, to the discomfiture and awkwardness of every one else. This part is assumed by Miss Martinot, and is said to be one of the strongest female acting roles on the stage. It is needless to say that Miss Martinot will infuse into it all the genuine humor possible. Mr. Figman has also a very humorous part in that of an English diplomat. Miss Martinot will be seen in many costly and elaborate costumes, which she purchased of Worth. The company in their support includes some of the most clever and ingenious comedy people on the stage, and the production as a whole is promised to rival any presentation of high-class comedy ever seen on the road. Special matinees are to be given on Christmas and New Year's days.

NEW BUSH STREET.

The Bush Street Theatre opens on Saturday night. "The White Woman," a sensational melodrama of thrilling interest, will be presented with every attention to detail. Miss Lillian Beddard will make her bow to a San Francisco audience in the character of Anne Catherick, supported by Mr. Hoyt as Count Fosco, and an exceptional company. The sale of seats has already been large. The fact of the prices ranging from ten to fifty cents has proved quite an attraction in itself. The entire house has been repainted, and no expense spared to make this pretty little house the most comfortable theatre in town.

During the holidays, Lalla Rookh, with all the gorgeous display of more pretentious extravaganza companies, will be produced at the Tivoli. Dazzling scenes, Amazon marches, sweet solos, rollicking songs and dances will make up an evening's performance of more than usual brilliancy. At the Orpheum, Lydia Yeamans Titus has returned, and her popularity has increased rather than diminished. She is a talented artiste, and merits the recognition tendered her. Lang and Sharp are also new on the programme for the holiday week. Morosco's will witness a revival of that popular play, "The Silver King." The full Morosco cast will appear, and the house will receive a large share of the holiday patronage.

While visiting our exhibit of decorated china, look at the outfits for oil, water color and china painting. Good and cheap. Sanborn, Vail & Co.

To those who use coal as a fuel, and particularly those who have open fire-places, we want to suggest Wellington Coal as at once the best, cleanest and cheapest. After a day of wearisome toil, can you imagine anything more delightful than to draw around the hearth and read or chat, as the case may be, provided the grate is aglow with a fire of genuine Wellington Coal? Try it.

CELEBRATED VINTAGES.

According to Ridley's Wine and Trade circular, the ruling quotations for familiar brands of champagne are: Pommery, eighty-three to eighty-eight shillings; Moet, seventy-five shillings; Perrier, seventy-two shillings; Mumm, seventy to seventy-five and a half shillings.

In America the retail price of the different wines is generally the same for all brands. The shipments now made by the great champagne house of Veuve, Pommery, Fils & Co., and one or two others, and now sold in the markets of Great Britain and America, are of the renowned 1889 vintage, which is one of the best of the century. Other excellent wine years in the champagne district were, 1865, 1874 and 1884. Though 1874 produced wine of splendid quality, the output of 1889 has never been excelled as to abundance of vinosity as well as delicacy of flavor.

CALIFORNIA THEATRE

AL HAYMAN & CO. . . . . (Incorporated) ..... Proprietors
S. H. FRIEDLANDER.....Manager

Two Weeks. Commencing Monday, December 24th.

Every evening (including Sunday) . . . .Matinee Saturday.

Special Matinee on Christmas Day, Tuesday, December 24th, and New Year's Day, January 1st, 1895.

SADIE MARTINOT
America's Favorite Comedienne

Supported by
MAX FIGMAN

And a Company of Unusual Excellence, in B. C. Stephenson and William Yardley's Most Successful Comedy,

THE PASSPORT

Received everywhere with SHRIEKS OF LAUGHTER.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE

MRS. ERNESTINE KRELING.....Proprietor and Manager

For the Holidays ★ ★ ★

The Great Oriental Ballet
——and Spectacle——

LALLA ROOKH

——Secure your seats early.——

POPULAR PRICES : : : 25 and 50 Cents

MOROSCO'S GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Handsomest Family Theatre in the World

WALTER MOROSCO.....Sole Lessee and Manager

For Christmas Week ★ ★ ★

Magnificent Production of——

THE SILVER KING

Evening Prices: Orchestra, 50c, Parquet and Dress Circle, 25c, Family Circle and Gallery, 10c. Mezzanine Boxes, $1, Proscenium Boxes, extra. *Matinees Saturday and Sunday. Matinee Prices:* 10c, 15c, and 25c. Seats on Sale from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.

ORPHEUM

San Francisco's Great Music Hall

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Matinee, Saturday and Sunday. First Matinee, Sunday, December 23d. Special Matinee, Christmas Day.

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OLD LOVE LETTERS

GAS AS A FUEL.

The First Use of Gas in San Francisco in 1854.

The "Annals of San Francisco," published in 1854, chronicles many an interesting fact now forgotten. Turning its pages some days ago, I came across an entry dated February 11, 1854. "The city was first lighted with coal gas on the evening of this day. The occasion was celebrated by several hundred citizens at a banquet given by the trustees of the 'San Francisco Gas Company,' in the Oriental Hotel. Already about three miles of pipe were laid. * * * At first only a few principal streets and some of the leading hotels and large mercantile establishments were lighted with gas; but every day the number is increasing. The Metropolitan Theatre, a few weeks after this date, adopted the new light. *It will, of course, soon become general, and prove a great benefit to the city.*" *En passant* I may say the price per thousand feet in that day was $15; coal, $36 to $40 per ton; labor, $6 to $7 per day, and interest 36 per cent per annum.

The chronicler of those days prophesied the general use of the "new light," but he did not dream that the price of gas would ever be reduced by a liberal management to nearly one-tenth the then current price. Nor did he foresee then that the "new light" would also, in this short space of time, furnish a "new heat," if one may be pardoned the expression, and that this same coal gas would become one of the cheapest fuels for heating and cooking purposes. Nowadays, in modern houses, in those apartments consecrated to bric-a-brac and fine furniture, coal is never used for heating purposes. The gas-log grate has supplanted it entirely, and the unavoidable dust, smoke and dirt of the open grate no longer settles upon the surrounding articles *de vertu* to be "grimed in" by too industrious housemaids.

The individual who has never inquired into the gas-stove question,—I mean now gas-stoves for cooking purposes,—little dreams of the improvements which have been made in their manufacture. Ovens, water-back, boilers, everything accompanies the best of them, and everything in the way of cooking may be done upon them, and the secret of their popularity lies in this: The fire is never lit until it is needed, and a match touched to the patent burners produces the requisite heat at once. When the cooking is finished, the expense ceases at once. There is no large fire left there to burn out and waste itself up the chimney. There is absolutely no waste. Now, many people of an economical turn, after adjourning to the sitting-room for the evening, find a fire burning briskly there, with the knowledge that there is another fire going to waste in the kitchen. Adjourning thence to the bedchamber, there is a chill in the bedroom, a chill in the bathroom, and still all this heat is going to waste below stairs. How different with gas heat! The kitchen fire is turned off, when its use has ceased, and transferred to the sitting-room, and from thence to the sleeping or bathroom, long enough to "take the chill off the air." Cleanly comfort has been obtained without a penny of waste, and the problem of cheap, cleanly fuel has been solved.

I suggest that the reader examine into the question. Call at 226 Post Street, and look at the large variety of heating and cooking stoves on hand. Don't imagine that you know it all, until you have inquired into the cost; then try the experiment. You will thank THE WAVE for having directed your attention to what will prove a boon to the housewife and a comfort to the household.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

"A Treasury of Stories, Jingles and Rhymes" is indeed a treasury for the youngsters. It contains one hundred and forty vignettes in half-tone illustrations, Mother Goose, fairy stories, popular nursery rhymes, —everything that will attract and amuse children,— and all gotten up in a most attractive form. Published by A. S. Barnes, and for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The Moran and the Colonial calendars, for sale by Jno. N. Philan, are beautiful reproductions in color of paintings by Moran. Published by A. S. Barnes; prices, $1.50 and $2, respectively. The Colonial Calendar is another attractive Christmas or New Year's gift, from the press of A. S. Barnes; for sale at Robertson's.

"Rhymes and Stories of Olden Times" is another attractive holiday book for children; price $1.50; for sale by Robertson. The letter press and the illustrations are of the very highest character, and the book would be a welcome gift in any family. I commend my readers in search of Christmas gifts, to examine these new publications of A. S. Barnes & Co. They are unique, artistic, and cleverly gotten up, in every particular.

Christmas cards, books, souvenirs and novelties now ready to mail to Eastern friends. Sanborn, Vail & Co.

Remember that all our nice frames, made to order, have ornamented corners and cost no more than you usually pay for the ordinary sawed-off moldings. Sanborn, Vail & Co., 741 Market street.

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49 FIRST STREET

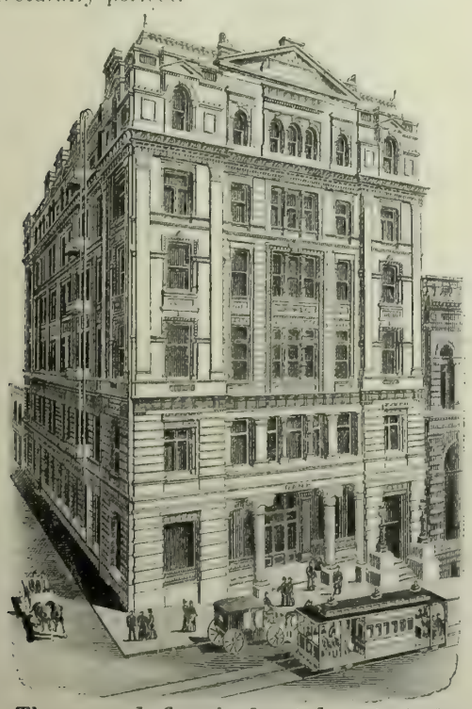
AND IS A FAIR SAMPLE OF OUR CAREFUL AND ORIGINAL PRINTING

The San Francisco Savings Union.

UPON THE stability of a country's banks often depends the fate of the nation. The ordinary citizen, who may be thrifty and economical, can find little in one bank to distinguish it from another, and is guided by its age, its past history, and the reputation of its managers. This is all apropos of the San Francisco Savings Union. For over thirty-two years this institution has been carrying on a successful banking business in San Francisco, and now it is considered one of the great savings and loan societies of the world. It was incorporated in 1862 with a guarantee fund of $100,000, and for several years carried on business at 513 California Street. Subsequently, owing to a largely expanding business, it removed to the corner of California and Webb streets, and there conducted banking in its own building until it was again deemed advisable to enlarge the premises to further meet the demands of an increased clientage.

A temporary move was made in 1893 to the Wells-Fargo building. The old bank building was torn down, and a new and elegant structure reared in its place, in which the bank took up its abiding place the first of May, this year.

The building, which covers a lot 120x63.4, is of Rockland granite and pressed brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, with a marble entrance, and comprises six stories and a splendid basement. Its architecture is of the Greek mediæval style, this school being faithfully adhered to throughout the whole of the detail, it being in general appearance architecturally perfect.



The ground floor is devoted exclusively to bank uses, embracing banking-room and rooms for the directory and the officers. All are elegantly fitted and convenient for use as regards the public and the employés of the bank. The fittings and furnishings of the bank premises show exceptionally good taste. The entire fittings, including desks, counters, filing cabinets, etc., as well as the wainscotings, are of curly and bird's-eye maple, the ceiling and walls being frescoed in colors which blend perfectly with the wood-work, and the whole produces an air of refinement. Indeed, in the ornamentation of the whole building, the absence of vulgar display is quite marked, while the substantial elegance of everything is just as evident. This, it may be remarked, is eminently characteristic of the financial standing of the bank.

The strong-rooms and vaults are so arranged that no one can approach them from either side without being easily seen. Over the banking-hall the next four floors are reserved for offices, and for this purpose they offer unusual advantages. Each room is particularly light and airy, the ventilation and heating, as well as the sanitary arrangements, being absolutely perfect. The rooms are finished in quartered oak; there are stationary wash-basins everywhere; all the fittings are of heavy nickel-plate; and, in a word, there are every comfort and convenience which modern ideas could suggest.

The upper floor has been leased to the Bar Association, and that learned body has as conveniently planned a home as any club in the city.

The provisions against fire are ample, and the elevators are the most rapid in the city. The building is lit throughout by electricity.

The officers of the bank are: Directors—Albert Miller, President; E. B. Pond, Vice-President; Geo. W. Beaver, Geo. C. Boardman, Jos. G. Eastland, Daniel E. Martin, Thos. Magee, Charles Pace, W. C. B. de Fremery; Cashier and Secretary, Lovell White; Surveyor, T. B. Kent; Accountant, J. A. Langstroth; Attorney, Henry C. Campbell.

The Best Suppers in Town at the Cafe Riche

TO MAUD ADAMS.

MAURICE E. MCLOUGHLIN.

You have not Rehan's queenly height;
  You have not Russell's fat;
You have not Marlowe's simper sweet;
  But what care we for that?
You have not Bernhardt's supple twists,
  Nor Morris' nasal twang;
You have not Duse's midnight eyes;
  But we don't care a hang.
You have not Nethersole's deft knack
  Of kicking up a fuss;
You have not Mrs. Kendal's "touch;"
  But what's all that to us?
For oh, the things you haven't got
  Are nothing to the fact—
Which, let him dare deny who can!—
  That you know how to *act*.

—*Dramatic Mirror.*

MEDUSA.

Bound fast in tangled threads of golden hair,
  Drunk with the fiery vintage of her kiss,
  I drained a draught of death and thought it bliss,
And all unheeding slept for many a year
A willing captive in a silken snare.
  And has that heaven turned to hell like this?
  For now I hear the coiling serpent's hiss,
And in her eyes behold a fatal glare.
I shudder as each lock of shining gold
  Changes to hideous life, and round me flings
Its stifling circles, winding fold on fold,
  While in my ears her mocking laughter rings;
I feel her burning breath and viper fangs,
For each forgotten kiss a thousand pangs.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

A Queenly Head

can never rest on a body frail from disease, any more than the lovely lily can grow in the sterile soil. When consumption fastens its hold upon a victim, the whole physical structure commences its decay. At such a period, before the disease is too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will arrest and cure it. Send six cents in stamps for a Book (160 pages) on Consumption and its cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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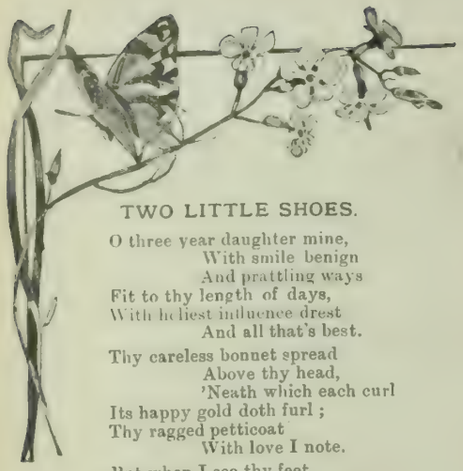


TWO LITTLE SHOES.

O three year daughter mine,
With smile benign
And prattling ways
Fit to thy length of days,
With holiest influence drest
And all that's best.

Thy careless bonnet spread
Above thy head,
'Neath which each curl
Its happy gold doth furl;
Thy ragged petticoat
With love I note.

But when I see thy feet,
My daughter sweet,
In tattered shoes,
I swear I would not choose
To see them clad in gold,
My three-year-old.

The laughing flowers they've trod
That dress the sod—
Upon my child
The flowrs have turned and smiled,
When as she brushed the head
Of poppy red

Or pansy's dimpled face
That lacks no grace,
Or mignonette
With perfume paying its debt
To sun and win and rain,
Or all the train

Besprent with dewy beads
That deck the meads;
They know my Ruth,—
She's Beauty's self, in sooth,—
They know her dainty feet,
And love to greet

With odorous balms her tread;
Their sweets they shed
When she doth pass
Above the jeweled grass.
Oh, she's the fairy queen
Of all that's green!

But now, her day's tasks done,
Her rest begun,
She's gone to bed,
And left her shoes instead
To tell her happy pranks
And "quips and cranks."

O tattered shoon, come, say,
Say where to-day
You've been? What quest,
What play that knows no rest,
What haunts have seen you? Come,
You are not dumb!

You should be eloquent
From every rent:
See whence her toes,—
As pink as any rose,—
Peep forth upon the day
As she doth play!

Lo! as I look on you,
I seem to view
With glad surprise
A vision o'er you rise
Of sunny curls and smiles,
And sweetest wiles,

And dimpled cheeks, and eyes
Blue as the skies;
Her balmy breath
A lisping prayer now saith—
I fondly deem God smiled
Upon my child.

She seems once more to ask
My nightly task,—
A simple boon,—
To doff her tattered shoon.
O happy, happy dream!
Once more I seem

To hold your two small feet,
My daughter sweet,
Within my palm.
Oh! this is holiest balm!
A sacramental feast
Of which I'm priest.

August 11th, 1894. —C. W. Doyle.

PARTING.

I.

Oh, give me a kiss from your painted lips!
A meaningless kiss, as you give to your brothers,—
They, the three
Tall and strong, like the others.
What should you ever have cared for me?

There! Oh, but this is weakness and folly!
Lies, these kisses you've given me here,
Lies, the three!
What, can you force a real tear
All at a sharp true word from me?

II.

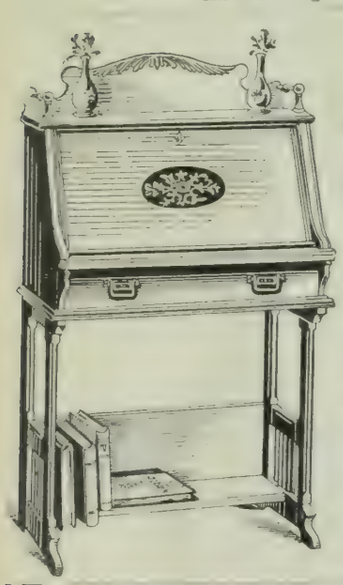
False, false, false, as the rose of your lips!
False, false, false, as the tears in your eyes!
Filling me up with lies, with smooth soft lies,
Till I crush, with a real hate, your delicate finger tips!

Oh, to be loved with a love that is feigned!
To beat it off and to tear it out
From a heart it has linked itself round about,
Till the springs of one's being lie there enchained.

III.

Yes, you have ruined me quite.
I cannot think as I ought.
It is over now for the night.
I have found what I feared to find.
I have found the dread I sought,
The loathsome plague and the blight,
Bitter as walnut rind!

It is over now for the night,
And forever, perhaps. It might
Be a better thing for us both,
If my heart were not so loth
To part these chains that bind.
But it's over now for the night.
Good-bye—for to-night!



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The Palace Hotel.

"My heart bleeds with sympathy for some very clever women I know, who entertain," said an old diner-out the other day.

"It is not their fault; they spare no pains, no expense, but there is something lacking,—it falls flat. The hostess knows it, yet, if she had it to go over again, would not be able to put her finger on the cause. Not a guest at her table could say *what* was the matter, but all feel that something has gone wrong. I repeat, my heart bleeds on such occasions for the hostess. It's too bad."

It is not always convenient or desirable, even among the most wealthy, to entertain at home, yet society exacts certain tributes from its devotees, and its mandates must be obeyed, whatever the cost to personal comfort. And so it has come about that the best entertainers, those who entertain largely, as well as those who entertain only upon "occasions," have set their faces against large home functions, and have made demands upon our caravansaries which have brought about a complete revolution, and organized a new department in first-class hotels. The demands of society require excellence in cuisine and service, and, above all, private and exclusive dining facilities, as well as opportunities for dancing,—even for weddings, ceremony and all,—cut off from all the remainder of the house as completely as though one were in his home. This has been accomplished to perfection in the Palace Hotel, and our society columns throughout the year will testify to the numberless private weddings, receptions and dinners which take place there annually.

On the second floor of the hotel are located the three magnificent parlors. They are beautifully decorated in the Louis Quinze style, and the richly upholstered furniture, soft, cosy, and inviting, is in keeping with the general aspect of the rooms. There are three of these facing the eastern facade of the building, so arranged that, when occasion requires, they can be thrown into one, making, in fact, one grand *salon* easily capable of accommodating hundreds of persons.

One feature of the hotel that is especially admired for its convenience is the series of rooms, *en suite*, on all the floors. The arrangement in this respect is most perfect. By ingenuity of construction, rooms can be thrown into *suites* of from two to an unlimited number of apartments, the parlor of each *suite* having a large bay-window from which an unrivaled view without may be had. This is one of the innovations of the hotel management, which have met with much popular favor among those desiring to entertain in the manner noted above. The tapestry room of the hotel, a richly appointed chamber which resembles a veritable fairy bower, is also greatly used for select social gatherings.

The facilities for private dining parties are unsurpassed. The *cafe* is a spacious apartment, having a seating capacity of two hundred. The decoration is charming, it being Francois Premier, white enamel and gold. The service to patrons here is one of the features of the *cafe*. Careful attendants, trained to the highest degree of perfection, are here in plenty, insuring prompt and satisfactory service.

The banquet-hall is one of the most strikingly beautiful rooms in the hotel. Its decorations are exceedingly rich and tasty. Scarcely a week passes that it is not the scene of a brilliant assemblage of the social and political leaders of California. It is especially adapted to the accommodation of private dining parties, the *cuisine* and service being all that the most epicurean taste could desire.

There is but one thing necessary now for our hostess to do to entertain properly. Notify the hotel management just what she wants, and everything, from decorations and *boutonnieres* up, will be furnished in a manner impossible and out of the question in any private house in the city. Surely this is a blessing that should be appreciated.

SOHMER PIANOS are the BEST
Byron Mauzy, 308-310-312-314 Post St.

Regent Street, London, that "Queen of thoroughfares," is brought near to the aristocracy of the Pacific Coast, and of San Francisco especially, by the interesting display of exquisite articles in solid silver, and jewelry, made by Albert Edward King, at 85 and 86 Crocker Building. Knickknacks in endless variety for small gifts, toilet requisites, dainty lamps, with bewitching shades, graceful vases, breastpins, hair ornaments, sleeve-links, table mirrors, rich portfolios, tea and coffee services, new finger bowls, English waist buckles, clasps, antique silver and plate, form an attraction that all persons of taste and culture will appreciate. The designs are of that rare excellence so much sought after by connoisseurs, and bear that evidence of skillful and artistic execution which adds an inexpressible charm to any possession. At the same time, the low prices for goods of so superior a quality will commend themselves to the most scrutinizing purchaser. The rooms on the fifth floor of the Crocker Building will be open every evening, and visitors will be afforded every opportunity of inspecting the display.

SCHREIBER'S, 950-952 Market Street Baldwin Hotel) Chocolate and Bon Bons are the Best.

CARMANY'S. Fall Importations Open. The Mens' Furnisher, 25 Kearny Street.

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Full information furnished all inquirers at Ticket Office, under Palace Hotel, corner Market and Montgomery streets, or at the General Office, Mutual Life Building, San Francisco.

R. X. RYAN, Gen. Pass. Agent.

I want to go!

THE HARPOON.

My hesitating fingers fain would try
  To waken once again the silent strings
O'er which, in other days, I used to sigh
  And breathe forth Love's insane imaginings;
  But little comfort retrospection brings.
Still, I would tell thee why I turn again
  Back to the past with all its cruel stings—
Perchance thou'lt listen to the feeble strain,
To hear how now I feel since love by thee was slain.

When first I knew thee thou wert young and fair,
  And all unskilled in things which make the heart
A charnel-house of darkness and despair;
  But soon I saw thy wayward feet depart
  From truth and virtue, till at last thou art
Like those lost creatures on life's treacherous sea,
  Who, without compass, helm, or even chart,
Are driven on to some dark destiny,
From which, alas! too late their shipwrecked souls would flee.

Easy to lead, and blindly led by those
  Whom thou didst choose for friends, but who, indeed,
Did, in the end, become the worst of foes—
  For in thy silly heart they sowed the seed
  From which there sprung the foul, corrupting weed
Of base deception. Then the truth became
  To thee a stranger; and thou didst succeed
In stifling every pure and noble aim,
Till even thy bold cheeks refused to blush with shame.

Yet were there times when I have seen thee turn
  Back to the past with weary, mournful eyes,
As if thy tortured soul didst almost burn
  To cast away forever its disguise,—
  Thy chosen garb of treachery and lies.
Sometimes thy wretched heart must almost break,
  When o'er the peace of other days it sighs;
Yet not one feeble effort wilt thou make
To tread the path of truth, and evil ways forsake.

There was a time when, if thou couldst have stood
  Where now thou standest, and thine eyes have seen
Thyself as now thou art, thy girlish blood
  Would have been curdled at the sight, I ween.
  Now, thou canst only cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"
And, like the leper, thou must stand aside,
  Or mingle with thy sisterhood obscene.
Where vice and crime their guilty features hide,
There must thou evermore in lasting shame abide.

Giddy and ignorant, and all untaught,
  It were, perhaps, too much to think that thou
Couldst ever cherish one ennobling thought.
  No grapes are gathered from the thorny bough,
  Nor figs of thistles. Vainly do we plow
The barren field—our labor is all vain.
  Why drink polluted waters from the slough,
When life's bright chalice we may freely drain?
And yet within these arms how often thou hast lain.

How many times I've watched thy wondrous eyes,
  And marveled at their strangely curious gleam.
How many times I've listened to thy sighs,
  Until thy very frailty did seem
  A consecrated crime, a pleasing dream.
Ah! little did I think the lips I pressed,
  Preferred to lie, were skillful to blaspheme,
And schooled in every foul and ribald jest,
Till they gave forth one night the secrets of thy breast.

I might have known that, as thou didst betray
  A closer tie than mine, when the right time
Or season came, thou wouldst again obey
  Thy natural impulse unto sin and crime.
  The serpent hungers for its native slime,
Though often we are blinded to its trail.
  So did thy heart yearn for its former grime;
The first occasion thou didst gladly hail,
And turn again to things most vicious, foul and frail.

I once did think that death would welcome be,
  If I should live to see thee go astray;
But when thy traitor face was turned from me,
  I smiled and even blessed the welcome day.
  The heart I trusted was but worthless clay.
It never knew one true or honest beat,
  And throbbed the loudest when it did betray.
Thy facile lips ne'er moved but with deceit,
And even in thy guilt thou couldst not be discreet.

In an unguarded hour thou didst unfold
  The hidden secrets of thy crafty art;
Like the vile creature who, with sin grown bold,
  Offers her body in the public mart,
  Thou didst disclose the wishes of thy heart,
And all its perfidy at last proclaim.
  No wonder that the time had come to part.
I heard thee speak and glory in thy shame,
While on thy brazen cheek no guilty blush there came.

Farewell! Ah, no, that blessed word would be
  Profaned if even breathed to wish thee well.
May curses follow thee o'er land and sea,
  Such as are shrieked by devils deep in hell.
  Go! live and die like painted Jezebel,
On whom, at last, the very dogs did feed.
  Go! like the leper, far apart to dwell.
Go! and on sin's foul wages glut thy greed,
Thou traitor in the thought, thou harlot in the deed.

ITHURIEL.

SONNET.

Faith-founded vision of the manger, rise,
  In all thy humble glory, and unfold
  Time's dusty leaves, until that page of gold
Beams through the ages on our wondering eyes;
From out the starry silence of the skies,
  A mighty flood of harmony is rolled;
  Once more the song is sung, the story told,
And cradled on the earth a Saviour lies.
What priests and prophets did with faith foretell,
  We, looking backward, with clear eyes, can see
    The thorn-crowned God forsake his throne above;
We hear the chorus, but we hear as well,
  His great forgiving prayer upon the tree,
    And sink o'erwhelmed beneath his boundless love.

—LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

After Dinner try Adams' Pepsin Tutti-Frutti Chewing Gum. You will find it admirable.

San Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

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A Wanderer's Christmas

Tom Beattie gave his order to the waiter, then leaned back in his chair and sighed, and sighed again as he contemplated himself in the mirror beside him, for the face he saw was rather pale, and there were incipient crows' feet about the eyes, and lines were beginning to show about the mouth.

"You're getting old, Tom—getting old," he told himself, with another sigh. Then he looked up at the ceiling, and gave way to gloomy thoughts, as he was prone to do when he was away from home at Christmas time, as he had been for three years, now.

Tom Beattie was far from old,—thirty-three, at the most,—but he had overworked and was paying the penalty. His country bank and his law practice, in a little North Dakota town, had been sufficient burden of themselves; and his getting into politics had proven the last straw, for, although he had gotten himself elected to a prominent office, he had been obliged to resign it before his term expired, on account of ill-health; and for three years past, at the first approach of cold weather, he had had to fly for a more genial climate. So here he was, in San Francisco, fretting because he was away from home and had no way to enjoy himself—Tom Beattie, lawyer, banker, politician and wanderer. He had pleasant quarters, and was on the visitors' list of nearly all the clubs. He had made some very pleasant acquaintanceships, and all that. Down at the Palace grill-room, where he took most of his meals, and in the lobby of the hotel, he frequently met people from his part of the country. But Tom Beattie was lonely,—there was no disguising that fact,—and the letter he had just received from his sister only intensified his loneliness, for it told of all the pleasant times they were having and had in contemplation, in a way that made him fairly homesick.

"I feel for you, *mon cher* Tom, all alone out there," she wrote, "and wish so much that you might be with us. Do come if you can, for a few days. Don't you think you'll be well enough? * * * I know you'll have an awfully stupid, lonely Christmas, poor boy! * * * Tom says, 'Let me go out an' spen' Chris'mas wif Unky Tom.' The dear little chap does miss you so much!" * * *

Tom Beattie, with a little lump in his throat, stood for a moment in the hotel entrance drawing on his gloves. Among the people passing by was a man whose face looked familiar, yet whom, just then, he could not place. Without knowing why, Beattie followed him,—quite a task, for the man was walking rapidly, as though wishing to avoid speaking to any one. He turned down Third street and out on Mission, with Beattie close enough in

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pursuit to keep him well in sight. As they walked, Beattie managed to remember who the man was.

A few days before, he had been calling on an acquaintance, the junior partner of a wholesale firm, when this man came in and asked for a few moments' private conversation with the business man. In a short time he had gone out, very white, and the junior partner had explained his case to Beattie.

"Poor devil! I feel sorry for him, but I couldn't do anything. He was one of our bookkeepers; worked for us a couple of years. He's had a good deal of trouble lately; sickness in his family,—a large one, by the way,—and all that, and it kind of upset him, and he got to drinking. Came in one afternoon with too much aboard, and the Senior fired him. He just made an appeal to get back, on account of his family, but I couldn't help him. It's like flying in the face of Providence to question one of the old man's decisions. They're final. I'm awfully sorry, for it's almost impossible for any one to get a job now, and all that family has to live on is what the eldest daughter earns typewriting."

A common case, and Beattie had hardly given it a thought, at the time. Somehow, he felt interested in it now.

The man led him a long walk, but finally stopped in front of a house, where a woman, with a shawl over her head, stood at the gate. Beattie saw the man stoop and kiss her, and heard him say, with a half sob:

"Nothing!"

Then the man and the woman entered the house, and Beattie walked on until he recalled the bookkeeper's name, after which he turned back and rang the bell. A dark-eyed, sweet-faced girl of twenty-one or twenty-two opened the door.

"Is Mr. Wheeler in?" asked Beattie.

"Yes, sir. Won't you come in?" she asked, in a sweet voice. "Be seated, please, and I'll call him." She showed him into a room on the left, evidently the parlor, although not one of the kind that is kept for show. While faultlessly arranged and thoroughly neat, it had that indefinable look of being lived in and enjoyed just as other rooms in the house were. Beattie decided that the Wheelers were "homey" people, and liked them for it.

Mr. Wheeler entered and greeted him with a gravely questioning air, and Beattie introduced himself and launched into an explanation of his visit.

"I have some clerical work that I wish to have done, and, although it isn't exactly your kind of work, I—I—that is, I understood from Mr. Gray that you were disengaged at present, so I thought you might be willing to undertake it."

"I'll undertake anything, Mr. Beattie, these times."

"Well, here it is. I have traveled about the world a great deal, and have made notes of my observations. These I want to compile for the printer, as I intend to publish a book for private circulation. The work should take about a month, and I am willing to pay a hundred and fifty dollars for it. Will you undertake it?"

"Gladly." Wheeler was wondering if the visitor could hear his heart thump.

"Then it is settled. Can you come to my rooms to-morrow morning? Very well." And Beattie gave him his card and withdrew, wishing, however, that he might look in on the scene of rejoicing that he felt sure would take place after his departure.

He felt less lonely and dissatisfied as he rode down town and went to his rooms, where he

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spent the evening digging up those old notes and memoranda that he had not thought of using for a year to come.

During the next week, for reasons he could not himself explain, he found himself going to the Wheeler home on one pretext or another connected with the work Mr. Wheeler had in hand, and was so friendly, and made himself such good company, that the whole family, from the three-year-old up, decided to like him cordially. Then, four or five days before Christmas, he said to Mr. Wheeler, shortly after the latter's arrival for work one morning:

"Er—Mr. Wheeler, you've worked about a week, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," replied Wheeler, wondering, with a spasm of apprehension, if his discharge was contemplated, with all those bills staring him in the face, and only Thalia's meager salary for them all to live on!

"Well," said Beattie, who had been writing for a few moments, "we've made pretty good progress—better than I expected—but it'll take us all of six weeks, I reckon. Now, seeing it's so nearly Christmas, I thought this would come handy. I know a family man has lots of things to think of at these times." And he handed Wheeler a check for his full month's salary, and compelled him to take it, despite the other's protest that he had not earned it.

The morning before Christmas, Mr. Wheeler found his employer in a somewhat homesick mood, which lost nothing in the expression, as he confided it to the amanuensis.

"It's pretty rough, Mr. Wheeler," he said adroitly, "for a man, who has all the elements of domesticity, to look forward, at Christmas time, to a hotel dinner. It gives me the blues."

"Wouldn't you come out and take dinner with us, Mr. Beattie?" ventured Wheeler, hesitatingly. "Thanks to you, we'll have plenty to eat, that's sure."

* * * * * * * *

"Your solicitude was wasted, my dear sister," wrote Tom Beattie, a few days later. "I had a jolly old Christmas, after all." Then he described his "jolly old Christmas," and went on to tell of the Wheelers, winding up with a eulogy of Thalia, to whom he referred as "a regular little brick."

* * * * * * * *

"I have grave fears for your welfare, Tom," his sister wrote, in February. "In none of your recent letters have you referred to that delightful Thalia girl as a 'brick,' or otherwise. In the unwritten language of the heart, this sort of thing generally means something. Tom Beattie, I solemnly adjure you to tell me: Are you in love?"

Tom looked at himself in the mirror next his table. He looked three years younger than he had three months before, and there was a healthy glow in his face.

"Was he in love?"

He decided that he was, and he went out to tell Thalia about it.

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Under the Whist Table

I met her at Mrs. Benham's, where we—a favored few, for the most part, and an occasional "find" of the hostess, for the rest—used to meet on Wednesday evenings to talk about music and art and literature and the stage, and to eat whatever happened to be in the house. We usually had to forage for ourselves on these nights, if we felt like eating (and we generally did), for Mrs. Benham considered these Wednesday night gatherings somewhat too Bohemian for the eyes of her two decorous servants.

"I've a new 'find' to-night, Tom," said the hostess, as I greeted her upon my arrival, about ten o'clock, "and you'll simply fall in love with her. She's one of those golden beauties' you dream about, and, Tom, she sings like a—a—"

"Nightingale," I suggested.

"*Two* nightingales," said Mrs. Benham, emphatically. "Anyway, you're expected to fall in love with her, and you've got to take her home, for she was here at dinner and has no escort."

I sighed resignedly. Nothing Mrs. Benham says or does is conventional, and we all have to do about as she pleases. "Well, so long as you don't collar me as escort for a freak, as you did the last time—"

"Nonsense! You'll be only too glad, this time, Mr. Tom. I'm almost sorry, though, that I asked you,—you're such a bear when you don't happen to fancy people."

Then we went in, and I shook hands with the people I knew, and was introduced to the new ones, including the "golden beauty," who graciously drew her skirts aside and let me sit and talk to her while a skinny actress with a bass voice (or very near it) and her husband, a big tenor, sang a duet that nobody listened to. Then the skinny actress sat down by a dejected looking poet, and talked about her "art," her husband went away somewhere, and some one else did something at the piano. After this, some one read something, Mrs. Benham did her "Cleopatra" caper, and several other things happened,—during the time consumed by which the girl with the golden hair and golden eyes (who had already sung once, and who didn't feel like exerting her voice again) and myself talked to each other uninterruptedly, and got quite well acquainted,—not a difficult matter at Mrs. Benham's.

Then we ransacked the dining-room and pantry, and having devastated these, some one suggested the cellar, and a half-dozen of us went down there, the attenuated actress carrying the candle. We found Mrs. Benham's most cobwebby bin (how that woman always manages to keep a mantle of cobwebs over her limited stock of young wine, I never could learn), and the sad eyed poet was just about to climb in and possess himself of a few bottles, when Mrs. Actress saw a mouse. There were two or three shrieks and a scramble, a lost candle, and we were standing there in total darkness.

I felt two little hands clasp my arm convulsively, and two or three little panting sobs from Golden-Eyes, who, I knew, was standing

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e. I put my arm about her dainty
d drew her to my side, where she
panting and snuggling closer, as if for
ection. Then some one found the candle
d lighted it, and she drew away from me;
ut when we got upstairs there was a soft
light in her eyes and a flush that came and
went upon her cheeks.

"Dear little thing!" I thought, as I looked at her, "of course she's embarrassed. Any woman under the same circumstances would have done the same." And I resolved to act as though nothing had happened,—but I could not resist, as she sat opposite me at the whist table (Mrs. Benham always insisted on winding up her Wednesday evenings with that intensely stupid game), glancing at her now and then and noting how pretty she looked, with her bright, humid eyes, and that modest blush mantling her cheeks.

We were playing with Mrs. Benham and the tenor,—both "cranks" on whist,—and, of course, they began by beating us unmercifully, for we played as though neither had ever before seen a card. We began to improve, however, as we recovered our equanimity, and really did quite well for a time. Then:

"Tom! where *are* your wits?" demanded Mrs. Benham, sharply. "It's your play, and there you've sat for five minutes staring at those cards like a stupid."

I flushed, started, and—trumped my partner's ace. Who could help it, with a little, soft, unslippered foot stroking one's instep, and creeping gradually up above one's shoe-top, where it stopped to caress? Besides, with one of my feet I was feeling for the mate to that dainty, unslippered one,—and found it, and the ankle above it.

But we "braced up," and beat those veterans in the rubber.

"Of course you beat us," said Mrs. Benham, as she threw down her hand in simulated disgust, in response to our joint query as to whether there was "some other game they could play better." "No wonder; I've felt you kicking each other under the table for the last half hour."

But I will swear there was a knowing look in Mrs. Benham's eye,—I am almost sure she winked,—when she said "good-night" to Golden-Eyes and me, and a curious extra pressure of my hand, when we parted at the door. "Tom," she whispered hurriedly, but meaningly, "if you *will* give signals under the table, *don't* make them so high up that your knee bumps the under side of the board."

She's a queer woman, and a knowing, is Mrs. Benham.

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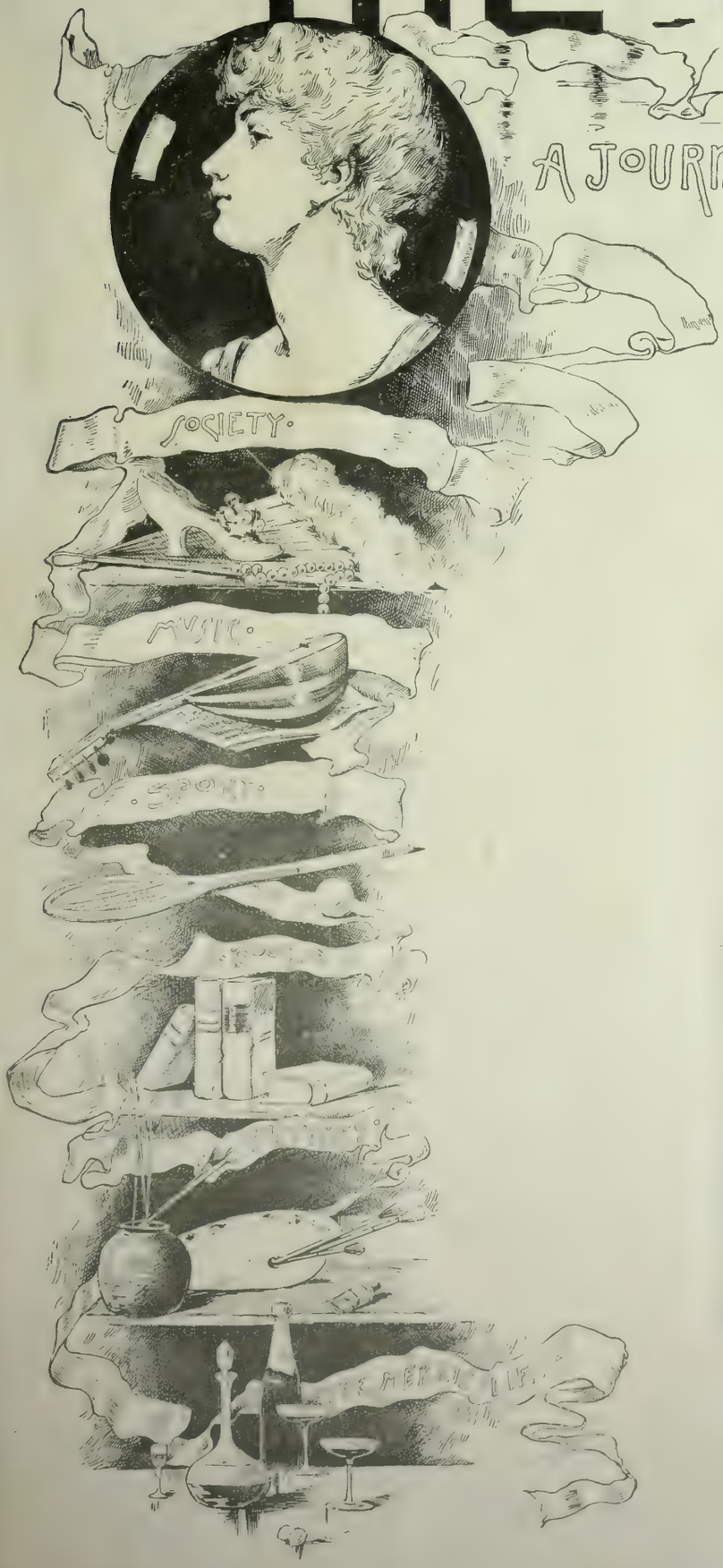

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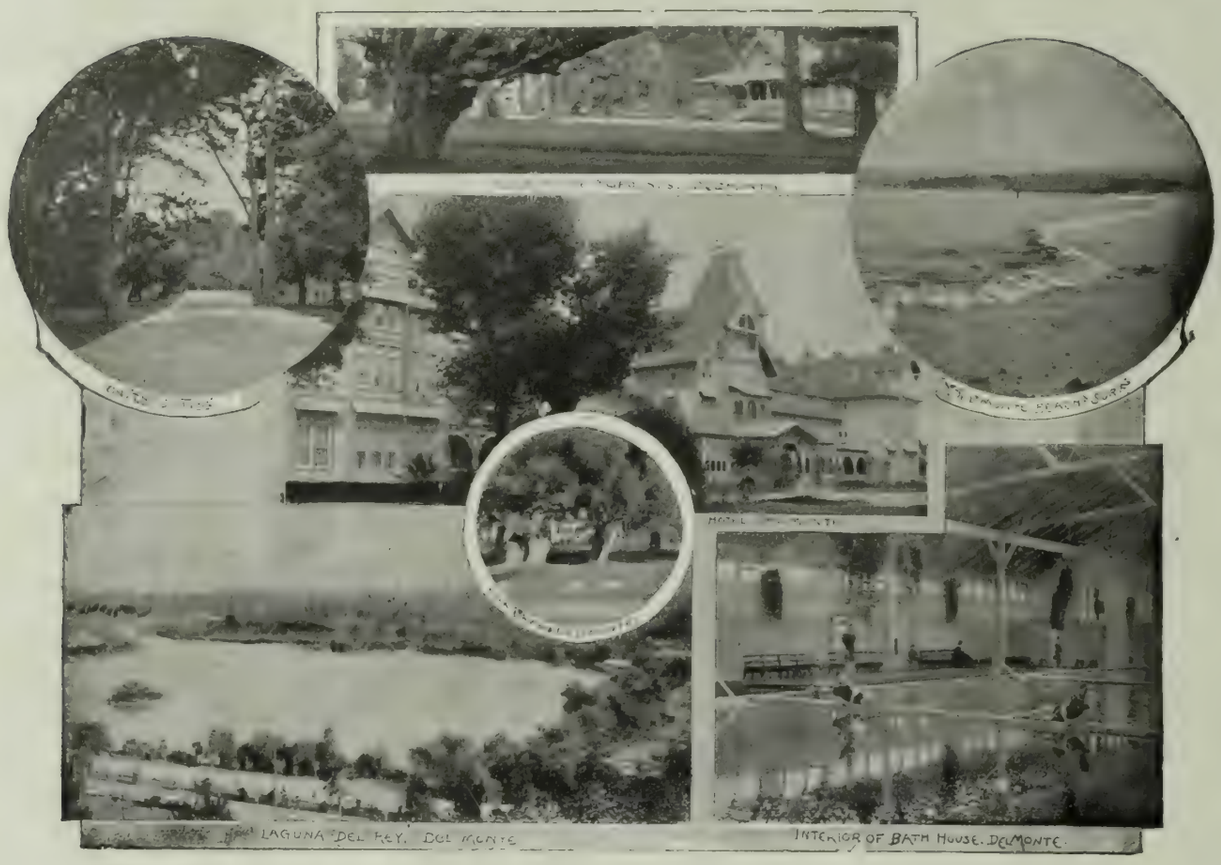

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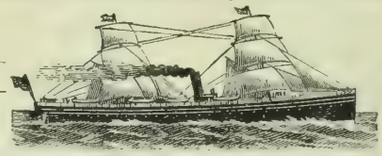
TO  THE

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Vol. XIII. No. 25. San Francisco, December 29th, 1894. 10 Cents.

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G. S. STENHOUSE, Business Manager.

Entered at San Francisco Post-office as second-class matter

J. O'H. COSGRAVE.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 29, 1894

DEMAGOGERY AND THE CENTRAL PACIFIC.

The demagogues and railroad wreckers are in high feather now that Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, representative of the British stockholders in the Central Pacific Railroad, has arrived in California. Repulsed in every assault they have engineered against this property, these clever rogues now view with speculative cunning the advent of a new and hitherto untried quantity in the field. His presence opens up fresh vistas, and their watchful eyes explore the prospect for some point of vantage offering hope for further sorties. None are so solicitous, now, for the welfare of the property of Sir Charles' clients, as the noisy demagogues who for years have howled for rate reductions, stringent railroad regulations, and latterly for Government foreclosure. With his coming all this is changed, and under the guise of disinterested friendliness they now advise a divorcement of the Central Pacific from its former management. Doubtless our distinguished visitor has been deeply impressed with the proportions of our State, its illimitable resources and its vast undeveloped possibilities, notwithstanding the fact he must have anticipated somewhat the wonders which bounteous nature has so lavishly bestowed upon our commonwealth. If Sir Charles but lend a listening ear to the gratuitous advice which stands on tip toe, eager for a hearing, he will be further impressed. He will be astounded that the men assuming incredible financial wisdom, who gravely direct him as to the care and handling of millions of pounds sterling, have never achieved aught but shillings for themselves, and that, too, in a country rich with financial possibilities. He will likewise be astounded to learn that the men who are willing to volunteer their views as to the best method of conducting this immense property, have never possessed sufficient sagacity to successfully manage their own trifling affairs. But this is a characteristic of mankind, not a local development, though, like our pumpkins and our pigs, it has obtained abnormal proportions with us.

Sir Charles Rivers Wilson is a visitor with a mission. We desire that he do not take away an erroneous impression of California or of its people. His reports at home will mean much to us, perhaps. He represents large moneyed interests. We have possibilities in this State which, if developed, would yield large benefits to their promoters, as well as advance the general welfare of the State. Perhaps Sir Rivers may be induced to investigate some local project, and, approving, interest friends in its advancement. Let us tell the truth, then, about the noisy crew who have for years encouraged assaults upon the very interests which he represents. Let him not depart from our shores without the knowledge that what these wreckers lack in numbers they make up in noise, and their wild vagaries do not represent the sober sentiments of the community at large. If this was not so, if there existed a tithe of the hostility toward the railroad managers which finds expression in some of our public prints, it certainly is not manifested at the State elections, where the popular will is presumed to be recorded in America. Arrayed against the railroad managers, Sir Rivers will find the noisy demagogue just as despicable and just as violently opposed to success as at home in England; discredited employees make up another contingent to this sorry regiment; shippers who complain of high rates, individuals anxious to prove themselves obnoxious enough to merit (?) recognition in the shape of money or employment; and following them, with hungry eagerness, come the rag-tag ne'er-do-wells—the jackals of civilization, who never dare to strike the fatal blow, but lurk in hiding to batten on the carrion when the supreme contest is at an end. Whatever hostility there may be in California toward these railroad managers, much of it grows out of their resistance to threatened encroachments upon the very property Sir Charles represents. Year in and year out have they battled for the defense and protection of this property against the assaults of the very creatures who are now so solicitous for the welfare of his clients' interests. Running back over the history of the Central Pacific Railway, almost from the date of its inception, has its earning capacity been impaired by the frequency with which bills, aimed at its very existence in some cases, have been introduced in our legislatures and Congess. As the demagogue and wreckers have been repulsed and beaten bsck, they have raised the cry that bribery was employed to accomplish their defeat. So often has this charge been repeated and repeated, that it has come to pass that timid but honest men have grown to fear to advocate the cause of justice, feared to denounce as unjust the measures which they know to be born of dishonesty and demagogy lest their reputations be assailed by the wretched demagogue and his press. This system of attack has gradually forced the Central Pacific into a position where a deposit of twenty-five per cent of its net earnings—the amount contemplated by law—is not sufficient to liquidate the government debt at maturity. One would naturally think that the hellishness of the wrecker would stop here. But no, discovering in this condition another point of vantage, he somersaults and demands that the government punish the corporation for not having done that which he, in part, prevented them from doing. He still cries for lower rates and a consequent diminishing of income, and at the same time demands government foreclosure, because the income of the road is not sufficient to pay the debt without extension. And now his cunning, ever-watchful eye has discovered another point: If he can but accomplish the divorcement of the Central Pacific and the Southern Pacific Railroad companies, a rate war would follow. So, expressing a tender solicitude for the British stockholders, he softly purrs them on to their own ruin. He would have the Central Pacific managed as a separate property, unassisted by the branch lines which feed it and minister to its prosperity. He would welcome any condition that meant wreck and ruin. Curious as it may seem, the wrecker is usually a man without property, and without principle, who revels in disasters and lives upon the ruin he has himself accomplished.

The discharged employee is another insidious foe who, in the language of Mr. Adams, ex-President of the U. P. R. R., "sends communications over all kinds of signatures to newspapers" * * *

> "In their moments of confidences," he continues, "and among themselves they openly and longingly express an abiding faith that if they could once break down the present stockholders' management they would have things their own way. A government receivership is their dream * * * Then, at last, the wrecker would have his day so long waited for. And so, month after month, and session after session, they would howl about their entries and lobbies and corridors and committee-rooms, observant, hopeful, hungry, carefully snapping up, meanwhile, each unconsidered trifle."

It would be something short of miraculous if, in the thirty odd years of the management of these enormous properties, some mistakes had not been made and some honest enemies manufactured thereby; but so intelligent an investigator as Sir Rivers Wilson will not fail to recognize the difficult conditions under which the road has been handled and managed, and we are sure will not be persuaded into any attitude inconsistent with good sense and sound reason, by the clamorings of demagogues or the murmurs of the envious and the greedy.

OUR COMMERCIAL DECLINE.

The wholesale mercantile business of San Francisco is on the decline, and unless some measures be taken to mend the distemper which has seized upon it, must disappear altogether.

Briefly stated, it may be said that San

Francisco enjoyed its supremacy as the commercial distributing point of the West so long as it monopolized the transportation facilities which its unique location vouchsafed to it; but immediately these advantages were extended to other localities by the construction of lines of overland railroad, competition became possible, and the stripling cities to the north and the south made conquests in the territory over which the city by the Golden Gate once reigned supreme. As these competitors took on mercantile strength our own diminished in proportion.

At present a body of representative merchants, known as the Traffic Association, are engaged, without any present prospect of success, in promoting the construction of a line of railroad down the San Joaquin Valley, from Stockton to the thrifty town of Fresno. As the avowed purpose of this effort, and in fact the professed object of their organization, is to foster trade and remedy what seems to it to constitute the ills which press most heavily upon us, it seems appropriate to first address criticism to the undertaking which they now have in hand.

The failure thus far to secure the subscription necessary to inaugurate the construction of this railroad, is public property; but the reasons for that failure, in the face of the wealth of its promoters, remain unexplained. Our friend Arthur McEwen, however, through an interview with "one of the longest-headed and richest members of the Traffic Association," states reasons which seem unanswerable, explaining why the millionaire members of the Traffic Association consider it inexpedient to subscribe to the paltry fund deemed necessary to inaugurate their enterprise. The gentleman declares that the construction of the road would lead to rate cutting, and the deeper it cut the better it would be for the people. "But," sagely remarks the longest-headed and richest member, "how about the stockholders? Really, it is too much to ask business men, as business men, to put up their money on such a proposition." As if this was not bad enough, Mr. McEwen's friend continues: "As a citizen, nothing pleases me better than to see railroad rates go down, but as a holder of railroad stock, I would take another view." Mr. Huntington himself could not have put the case plainer. No one will contradict the claim that the construction and operation of the contemplated railroad would result in a reduction of fares and freights down the valley, but one may be pardoned for entertaining serious doubts that the accruing benefits would be widely diffused. Indeed, it is more than doubtful if these very merchants could afford to patronize their savior line if the old company should cut the rates to a figure below which the new road could not go.

Turning to the address of Mr. Isaac Upham, President of the Traffic Association, delivered at the last annual meeting of that organization, we discover a statement which may indicate who would receive the direct benefits of the low rates sought to be secured down the San Joaquin Valley. Referring to the reduction in overland rates, resulting from the past operations of the Association, Mr. Upham says: "We have saved to this city and State ten millions of dollars." Without further inquiry we are willing to accept this statement as true, for we know Mr. Upham to be a gentleman of high integrity, with inclinations leaning toward conservatism. He is engaged in the wholesale book trade,—imports large quantities of that merchandise from the East, and manages one of the largest and most reputable establishments of its kind on the coast. Will Mr. Upham say that, in consequence of the freight reductions, he has reduced the price of his books so that the public might share the benefits with him? Will Mr. Bonestell, another director, and another estimable gentleman, who imports large quantities of news and book paper, say that THE WAVE may purchase its paper of him cheaper than heretofore, in consequence of the freight reductions, or does he alone reap the benefit of the margin? We might go on through the entire list of directors and make similar inquiries. If they answer in the negative, then the public may be forgiven for neglecting to appreciate, with enthusiasm, their past efforts, or refusing to embark their money in new enterprises promising similar results.

It would seem but fair to expect our merchants to employ a portion of the ten millions of dollars, mentioned by Mr. Upham, toward completing the fund of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars which they request the public to subscribe for their railroad enterprise. It should not be a difficult matter to ascertain with exactness enough for the purpose, the actual tonnage shipped by a given firm during this depression of rates, and assess it, say, for one-quarter of the freights saved, and so raise the fund required. Mr. Upham declares in his address, that rates from New York, through the Association's efforts, have been reduced from four dollars and twenty cents to one dollar per one hundred pounds. For every ton of freight, therefore, shipped by Mr. Upham and Mr. Bonestell under this beneficent rate, they saved sixty-two dollars. If Mr. Bonestell, say, shipped one thousand tons of paper, his saving would net him the handsome sum of sixty-two thousand dollars. He should certainly not hesitate to invest fifteen thousand dollars of this money in the new enterprise.

But to take up Mr. McEwen again; he seems to have a theory as to why the San Joaquin Valley railroad fund is not subscribed at once. He asserts that our merchants are timid and cowardly in spirit,—that they fear the Southern Pacific,—that they have acquired a habit of submission dating back to Special Contract days,—that they don't dare do anything hostile to the corporation, and a lot of similar rubbish. The members of the Traffic Association did not hesitate to inaugurate an opposition line of steamers and guarantee three hundred thousand dollars to the Panama Railroad Company and precipitate a rate cutting which Mr. Leeds declares "unparalleled," and which forced the "Octopus" to reduce overland freights over one-third, and suffer a consequent loss of ten million dollars in revenue. There was no cowardice about this, no subserviency to the Southern Pacific Company. It was a business proposition with three hundred per cent profit in sight. "Timidity" and "cowardly spirit," cut but little figure with the San Francisco wholesale merchant in a case like that. If a similar profit was in sight in the San Joaquin railroad venture we would now be witnessing a wild, undignified scramble for the subscription books, and the enterprise would boom,—not fall dead a bornin'. The long and short of it is, the Traffic Association, as citizens and merchants, desire low rates for the increased profits which will result to them as individuals, but they are not willing to hazard their money in the enterprise and sustain at once the dual position of stockholders and shippers, though they are perfectly willing to "play monkey" to any one's else "pussy." Conceding the tonnage between here and Fresno would sustain a line of railroad, is there not enough public spirit among the heavy shippers to stand by the new line? Is it not possible for the Traffic Association to stipulate in advance for the prospective business at a given rate,—lower than the present,—and will not the shippers thus secured continue patrons of the new road, regardless of cuts which may be made by the old companies? Would it not be a comparatively simple matter to ascertain with reasonable accuracy the probable annual tonnage on contracts secured in advance of construction; to issue a prospectus based on reliable estimates, giving the probable cost of construction and equipment, annual cost of maintenance and operation, annual estimated revenue from advance contracts? This having been done, the Traffic Association might be willing to invest in its own undertaking, and if the Association would guarantee certain annual freight payments, foreign capital might be made to see the profitable side of such a venture. If it has not a profitable side, then the road should never be built, for it cannot be maintained on sentiment, or managed for long at a loss. It is either a good proposition, or it is not. We believe it to be decidedly impracticable, and seriously defective in conception. If any one is curious enough to desire our reasons, we will be glad to give them.

A gentleman acquainted with the condition of the commercial side of San Francisco, understanding its advantages as well as its disadvantages, being asked where we should search for relief, tersely responded, "To your water." On reflection, this seems to offer a solution for much of our trouble. Without having any specific knowledge as to the probable cost of its construction, it would seem that the true competition which the Traffic Association should seek to encourage is that by water via the San Joaquin River. By the construction of locks, the deepening and straightening the river channel, the cutting of a canal for a short distance, a water route could be opened up to Fresno on the south,—and for that matter another, via the Sacramento River, to Redding on the north; and another at the southern extremity of the bay, to San Jose. The mere existence of these water ways would regulate rates of itself. The United States has invested enough money in Oakland harbor to have accomplished one or more of these improvements, without benefitting a fraction of the territory which either one of these undertakings would serve. Here is a practical move, which does not require private capital. Let the Traffic Association place in the hands of Congressman Maguire the necessary data, with a request that he secure, at this session of Congress, an appropriation for a survey and an estimate of the probable cost of at least one of these projects. With a canal to Fresno, every owner of a flat bottom scow could enter into competition for the tonnage of the San Joaquin Valley, and the question of rates would be solved.

In these times, when competition for trade runs high, it might be well for the Traffic Association to yield some attention to the burdens imposed by themselves on our customers from the interior, which might be in part removed. Take Mr. Upham's place of business, for instance. His stores are located at the corner of Pine and Battery streets. His freight is delivered at Third and Townsend streets, is transported to his store by trucks at a cost of nearly one dollar per ton, say seventy-five cents—Mr. Upham's business is not a fair example by which to make the illustration desired—but, say he receives annually five thousand tons of freight—many merchants in other lines receive double that—the cost of drayage to his place of business is $3,750 per annum. Say that one half of these goods is consumed in city and coastwise trade, and the

other half re shipped via railroad to interior points, it must be carted back to Third and Townsend at a cost of $1,875, making a total tax of $5,625 wantonly and unnecessarily levied upon the interior purchaser for the privilege of doing business with the San Francisco merchant. This expense, or any expense outside of a nominal charge, is unnecessary. From Mission Street to Townsend is a tier of blocks fronting on Third and Fourth streets, which is divided in the center by a narrower street for most of the way, and down which three or four switch tracks might be laid from the railroad depot. Wholesale houses fronting on Third and Fourth streets, and backing on the narrower street, could receive and deliver freight by hand trucks direct from the cars, at the rear doors, and save every dollar of expense for trucking to railroad terminal. The use to which this property is now put is such that its owners would welcome the change and be content with rents much lower than are now current with our merchants. On the bills of every interior merchant who buys in San Francisco, is found—no matter how small the purchase—a charge reading "Drayage, twenty-five cents," and for larger shipments a larger charge is made. This is one of the petty impositions here in vogue, which approaches the contemptible. The writer of this article has purchased in San Francisco goods which were shipped to San Mateo, and the charge for "Drayage" was double the charge for railroad transportation for the twenty-one miles.

It would be interesting to know just how far San Francisco is benefitted by a low freight rate on west bound goods. It means death to our local manufacturer. It has already driven him from the field, for he cannot compete with the low wages and cheap fuel of the East, unless freight rates be high enough to operate as a protective tariff. The hope of our wholesale trade depends upon the ability of our local manufacturer to furnish the same goods at a lower price than can his Eastern competitor, plus freight. With low and equal rates from the East to San Francisco, Los Angeles, Portland and Tacoma, San Francisco has no advantage over either city, and can lay no claim to superiority. With low rates and quick dispatch, our wholesale houses come into direct competition with the wholesale houses of the East, and Chicago and New York may,—they, in fact, do now,—ship goods direct to the retailer without any of the incidental cost of handling, storage, rents, insurance, clerk hire and fixed expenses of mercantile business in San Francisco. It was easy to foresee the ruin which threatened our manufacturers through low rates and Eastern competition, and now our wholesale merchants are threatened with the same calamity from the same source. The logical result of this mercantile contest will be the shrinkage of our wholesale establishments into mere sample rooms and branch houses, where orders may be placed to be telegraphed East, and filled direct from the parent establishment. Mr. Upham points out in his address that Chicago is already "coming into the San Joaquin Valley for trade, and unless something be done the trade from that valley will be lost to us." All this is very depressing, but it is, nevertheless, true, and it is with a hope of aiding to a solution of the difficulty, and, if possible, stirring up a sensible discussion of the subject, that we draw attention to the matter.

In Mr. Leeds' address to the Traffic Association, he says, and says truly: "If San Francisco is anything, or possesses any elements of superiority, it is because it is a seaport, and makes use of it." This naturally enough suggests foreign as well as domestic trade. To-day, our foreign trade extends down the coast as far as Panama, and is ridiculously limited because never properly fostered. We have trade also with Australia, China, Japan and the Sandwich Islands, all of which would, responsive to united and intelligent attention, increase. That we have any trade with China and Japan is due to the fact that as the Central Pacific Railroad offers the most advantageous means for shipping the teas, silks and spices of the Orient to the great trade centers of the world, Mr. Huntington and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company find it profitable to maintain a line of steamers between the Occident and the Orient. This gives San Francisco an opportunity to enter that field for trade, and establishes regular and certain trade connections with the East.

Our trade with Australia arises out of the fact that we are blessed with a regular line of steamers, which is subsidized by the Australian government, because the Central Pacific Railroad offers the speediest route for the transmission of the Australian mails to the mother country. This line of steamers, owned by the Spreckelses, furnishes the connecting link between the Australian colonies and San Francisco, and, in connection with the Spreckels' packet line, permits us to trade with the Sandwich Islands. The strictly local trade with China, Japan and Australia would not justify the maintenance of either line, and we are threatened with a loss of these from two points: The Canadian Pacific road has already placed a line of steamers in the Oriental and Australian trade, and is petitioning the Australian government to take the subsidy away from the Spreckels' line in favor of their own, having its terminus at Vancouver. The other point where this trade is threatened is the Nicaragua Canal.

An examination of a map of the world will convince any one that the completion of this vast undertaking will divert these lines of communication from San Francisco, and that ships bottoms will then do the entire carrying trade direct to New York and London, and rob us of at least these "means" of intercourse. But it is argued that this canal will benefit San Francisco, a contention we are not prepared to dispute.

There is a tier of countries lying along the west coast of South America, which geographically belongs to San Francisco in the matter of trade. If anything has ever been done toward opening up commerce between these nations, we know nothing of it. We do know that Grace & Co. of New York, a Hamburg firm, and an English shipping firm, have come under our very noses and snatched this trade away from us, notwithstanding the fact that they must double Cape Horn and traverse the full length of South America twice to reach their ultimate destination. We do know that these vessels bring to South America the manufactured articles of New York, England and Germany, and return laden with the products of these countries, consisting of hides, tallow, sugar, silver, cochineal, coffee, cocoa, nitrate and ivory nuts, which have been gathered up by smaller vessels used exclusively in the coastwise trade. Why do we not use our harbor, as Mr. Leeds says? How would it do to send Mr. Leeds, who should be an expert on probable tonnage, and some other gentleman, who should be an expert on mercantile possibilities, down along the coast, with instructions to stop at every advantageous port on the way down, to ascertain and report upon the possibilities of that trade? The much abused Mr. Huntington, or Mr. Spreckels would, no doubt, contribute toward the expenses of such a prospecting tour, might even employ a man to accompany the party, and if the prospect looked cheering, might be induced to experiment with a line of steamers for that trade. But here again we run up against the absence of manufacturies to transform that raw material into the manufactured article. We should be able to take their hides and return them boots; their tallow, and return soap; their ivory nuts we should transform to buttons. We should supply America with coffee as far east as the Missouri River. Factories might follow the acquisition of that trade. If it should, then indeed would we approach a solution of our difficulties.

The writer holds to the belief that our main hope lies in our ability to manufacture in competition with the remainder of America.

We must meet the conditions as they exist. The manufacturer in California, as we pointed out some weeks ago, pays higher wages, higher interest, higher taxes, higher price for fuel, higher water rates and higher insurance than his competitor, the only margin in his favor being the freight rate from the East, which the Traffic Association has had reduced to one dollar per hundred pounds.

Instead of proceeding before the legislature with a senseless, indefensible constitutional amendment regulating railroad rates, let Mr. Leeds prepare and have submitted to the people an amendment to the Constitution exempting from taxation all machinery, buildings and ground used exclusively for manufacturing purposes Let him bring to bear upon the Spring Valley Water Company the influence of his organization toward securing rate concessions to manufacturing establishments. Let him apply to the Insurance Union for like concessions, which it will undoubtedly grant. Let him lay before the trades unions the true condition of affairs, and enter into some specific arrangement with them for the betterment of the condition of the employer and employee. Let him have the members of his association, as a body of depositors, demand from our bankers, concessions in the matter of interest to manufacturers, and if he but secure one half of these concessions, he will give to California that character which has made France one of the richest countries on earth, a combined agricultural, mercantile and manufacturing center. California will then be the Mecca for the manufacturers in America. And we may even hope to see the tide of trade in manufactured goods flow eastward in some particular specialties.

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SPLASHES

THE DEBUTANTES should feel highly complimented over the success of their cotillion, for the verdict is that it was the prettiest the Friday Night Club has ever seen. Even the highly critical who refrain from ecstasies over decorations, had compliments for the graceful disposition of the holly and foliage, and those who were not there cannot conceive how the Christmas bell, the streamers, the pale draperies, and the incandescent pendants, transformed the bare, cold interior of Odd Fellows' Hall. It is generally admitted by students of the California type of feminine beauty, that it varies with occasions; that the belle of to-day may look absolutely plain tomorrow. Doubtless there are atmospheric reasons for all this, though no theory I am acquainted with explains why, on that especial Friday night, the girls should have attained such a unanimity of charm. The verdict that the debutants never looked prettier, and that the older girls were at their very best, is unanimously concurred in.

* * *

Of the figures, the prettiest was that in which the dancers carried Japanese lanterns. Under the limelight, the effect of the long lines of graceful girls in their delicately-hued gowns, flitting and swaying to the sensuous rhythms of the orchestra, was fairy-like. As a spectacle it was almost as brilliant as the Aladdin ballet, in which the colors are blended so sumptuously. The Christmas tree was a novelty, and under the varying tones of the calcium the lines and circles around it produced delightful color combinations. Mr. Greenway, who is veritably a Von Molke at leading Germans, was in command of the social forces, with Miss Genevieve Goad as his partner. The honor of belledom is conceded to Miss Aileen Goad, who looked deliciously spirituelle. Miss May Belle Gwin and Miss Emma Butler may be mentioned as appearing to especial advantage among the debutantes. Miss Alice Hager, too, was handsomely gowned, and with her height and fine figure was effective. By Mrs. Spreckels and Mrs. Frank Carolan elaborate and beautiful costumes were worn. Indeed, the question of supremacy among the young married set is between these two very handsome women.

* * *

Sacramento has the swell wedding of the week. A party of well-known people went up last night in Will Crocker's private car, to attend the nuptials of Miss Deming and Samuel H. Schwan. They are to be married in St. Paul's Episcopal Church this morning, Walter Dean acting as groomsman, and several San Francisco and Sacramento men as ushers. The bride is to wear the usual white satin, but her gown is in admirable style and is trimmed with old lace. It should set off her refined, fair beauty to perfection. Mr. Schwan is in business in New York, so it is to be assumed that after their honeymoon the happy pair will reside there.

* * *

An engagement of no little interest to San Franciscans is that of Dr. George H. F. Nuttall, the brilliant young scientist, who has done such able work in bacteriology, and Fraulein Paula von Oertzen, daughter o Herr and Fruen von Oertzen, of Kittendorf. Herr von Oertzen is Chamberlain to the Grand Duke of Mechlinberg, and the family is one of considerable influence and prominence in Germany. Dr. Nuttall is the most notable graduate of the Cooper Medical College. He has won honors in the European universities, has been Assistant Professor of Bacteriology in the Johns Hopkins College, and is now Assistant Professor at the Hygienic Institution of the Berlin University—a splendid distinction for a man of his years and nationality. The marriage will be celebrated in Kittendorf early in the spring.

* * *

WHAT A PITY a few of our professional entertainers could not have attended the Calliopean Club's Jinks Christmas Eve. It was a most successful and amusing entertainment,—funny, witty, and exceedingly clever. More than that, the jokes were new and smart, and the songs were sung with a vim and verve abnormal in amateurs, especially in such young men as compose the club. There was a large audience, indeed the rush after tickets was so overpowering that Secretary Swabacher's life has been a burden to him for weeks past. Not, however, that he did not withstand the demand, though for so spartan a development of courage he paid dearly through the evening. A minstrel show was the initial feature; Henry Brandenstein as interlocutor, Ben Davis and Sim Meinenger wielding the bones, and Lewis and Sideman handling the tamborine. There were hits innumerable, smart passages of dialogue, and sharp repartee. Assemblyman Dinkelspeil, recently elected, came in for some hot shot, but, indeed, no one in the audience was spared.

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A rare possession has the institution in Mr. Meininger's brogue, in which he gave several ditties, and wound up with the inimitable telephone story. Then Max Blum, in imitations of celebrated footlight favorites; and also Mr. Brown, as a peaceful expounder of anarchistic doctrines. His make-up was grotesquely absurd, and his speech full of abnormal perversions. But there were dozen of features—Billy Lewis, songs; Arthur Bachman's "hot shot," and other details too numerous to detail. A jolly evening was had, and certainly the boys are reasonably to be congratulated on their smartness and thoroughly rehearsed entertainment.

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SINCE LOCAL SINGING has been exploited at the Symphony concerts, the electrical Herr Scheel is said to be in danger of nervous prostration induced by the strain of beating off the rampant aspirants for local fame, who gather round, with battalions of relatives and friends, from morn till eve. He is pursued, even hunted, by vocal villainettes with pursuasion in every lineament, determination in their hearts, and lungs full of ghastly powers for aural harm. The unfortunate director threatens to return to the list of pianists of whom we have heard three. Most musical people hope the threat will be carried out. Mr. Fleichman, Mr. Bumdix and Miss Bacon gave the most interesting solo work done i the season, and it would be reasonable to ex pect equal interest from Miss Griffin, latel returned here after five years' culture wit Raif, and awaiting just such an opportunit as an Auditorium concert would give he Local singing and singers are not withi range on any point of comparison with th instrumental people.

* * *

Local singing teachers can't be saddle with more than half the blame; their busines is not to implant instinct, intuition and th divine afflatus generally, which is somethin of a pity, considering the indisputable fac that nature usually leaves these things en tirely out of the question in the effort c producing the real singing voice. Miss Mabe Love led the van of the singing contingen with enough success to warrant Madam Sylvain Solomon's appearance at last Wednes day's concert. Miss Love's light soprano, wit a carelessly agreeable sentimental quality c its own, is more fitted to shine in a chambe concert than in the big Auditorium, and he singing is likewise miniature in point of fee ing. Madam Solomon, with a good voic enough and ability of a kind, yet succeeds i creating an unpleasant feeling of effort an premature wear in the voice itself. As t method, Miss Love had distinctly the best c it, whereas the other lady struggled with a antequated style of vocal jugglery common t the conservatoire everywhere.

* * *

Marriage usually settles the hash, so to speak of the musical accomplishments of the bride Piano playing goes to the wall under the de vouring exactions of matrimony. Just befor leaving for the East, where her marriage take place, Miss Lydia Hamm gave an impromptu recital at the Aloys Lejeal's last week. A niec of Mr. Lejeal, Miss Hamm, has grown into representative pupil, and has traveled far on th pianistic road. Her programme was widel exacting and done intelligently, easily, an with a certain confidence. A Bach prelude an fuque touched a high level. Miss Hamm wil never probably be heard in public, and so he efforts have all the charm that private devo tion to art, for art's sake alone, gives.

* * *

I anticipate with great interest the Art Loa Exhibition in the old Y. M. C. A. Hall, tha opens on Tuesday next. Between Miss Gwi and certain other fashionable women, quite number of really fine pictures have bee obtained, some, indeed, that have never previ ously been submitted to the public gaze Colonel Crocker's "Gerome" is to figure i the list, and his admirable Van Maerke besides some new impressionist canvases tha Mrs. Will Crocker bought in Paris recently We will see, also, some good examples o Cabanel and Sargent, eminent among por trait painters. Altogether, the display wil prove a decided artistic treat, and, quite apar from its excellent object,—the Maria Ki Orphanage,—will be worth seeing.

* * *

PROLIXITY of decoration is out of date Even the excellent people whose charitabl

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stom it is to adorn for festivals the sanctu-ies of our churches, have come to recognize is highly obvious fact. Time was when hristmas was not Christmas unless the Min-ler was embosomed in verdure, and the ar was a species of tropical forest. Each llar and every chandelier was twined with ilax, and in every interstice there were flow-s gaudily gorgeous. What a change for the tter, however, on Tuesday last. The floral ornments were of the simplest character—for stance, in Grace Church, a few vases of white wers, the chancel done with the green of e redwood, a few red berries interspersed th charming effect. There was a large con-egation, a sermon by Dr. Foute, and music the new organ. If there was but an organist o could play and perform on this instru-ent, I feel certain the Doctor would have the ost intelligent congregation in town. The t of Mr. Boswell meaning well, which no e denies, does not excuse the opportunities loses.

* * *

Trinity's interior is so admirable a natural ckground, that decorations must be very istic to preserve the harmonies. There re some bowls of chrysanthemums on either e of the altar—some foliage in the chancel, at was all, but the effect was just right, a ulty Dr. Walk possesses, by the way. I s charmed with St. Mary's, though. The t time I attended there, I thought a section the Park Conservatory had been transferred to the altar—there was more horticulture an religion in evidence. This year only a v growing ferns and the red flowers of the insettia—tiny red lamps glowing on the ar—admirably harmonious, simple, refined. St. Ignatius the floral adornments were not vious, but some one must have spent a small tune there. White flowers were the feature, infinite profusion, arranged with rare taste.

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WHAT A PITY it was that so few of the unger generation of buds availed themselves Mr. Greenway's invitation to come to the t Cotillion. They were to sit in the gallery, ese pretty young creatures, and at a given nal were to descend in a body and partici-te in a very charming figure, arranged ecially for them. It was to typify the new ar, I believe. Alas! the mammas of these arming young women viewed the idea with sfavor, objecting possibly to the premature troduction of their daughters at grown-up tivities, or probably to the late hour the etty experiment would force them to keep. only a handful appeared. They are quite e prettiest collection of girls that have ever nfronted society in advance, and without estion will make more of a sensation than e charming coterie of young women who two asons ago helped to transform society. Most onounced is the beauty of the rising gener-ion throughout the city, and notable as San ancisco has been for handsome women, the lles of the future will far surpass the beau-s of to-day.

* * *

They were in their full glory, this charming llection of buds, at the German which Miss se Hooper gave at the Occidental Hotel, a tle before Christmas. As so many of them e decidedly young, it seems a bit unfair all ound to include in the list Miss Mary Kip, ho is really a contemporary of Miss Mary elle Gwin and the maidens who have ap-ared this season. She is a tall, effective-oking brunette, whose face is full of character and vivacity. No one will deny her good looks and attractiveness, and I am certain she is a belle of the future. Effective-looking, too, are the Moody girls, with their large, dark eyes and well marked features. The resemblance between them is so pronounced that even their relations have to give them a second glance to distinguish Miss Mae from Miss Eva. The former is a girl of fine and decided character, who possesses quite a degree of musical talent. She is a violinist, and belongs to the Saturday Morning Orchestra. Her sister is of a softer type, a sweet, thoughtful, tactful girl, much given to music and reading. They have been admirably brought up, and Mrs. Moody, who believes in physical education, has had them taught gymnastics. Indeed, Mr. Magee, who is the instructor in athletics over at Berkeley, says the Misses Moody play basket-ball with greater skill than any of his male pupils.

* * *

Perhaps the most popular of the younger damsels, however, is Miss Marie Wells. She is a dear little girl, with winsome manners, charmingly pretty and decidedly fascinating. Her hair waves around her face in a quaintly picturesque way. She is eminently discreet, too; has the unlimited respect, as well as the devotion, of the boys, and, as one of them confided to me: "Is thoroughly square, though she is a girl." That is testimony of eminent value, I think. There is also Miss Leontine Blakeman, a graceful maiden, tall, fair and studious. She has the charm of an unobtrusive and earnest manner, and dances admirably. It would be impossible to imagine a more direct contrast than her cousin, Miss Ethel Keeney, who is one of the liveliest and most piquant of the set. She is petite and decidedly pretty, with dancing, fun-loving eyes, and a predilection for enjoyment. Another vivacious girl is Miss Charlotte Ellinwood, whose face is so full of expression, and changes so rapidly that one hardly has a chance to decide if she is really as pretty as she often looks. She is a tall and finely molded maiden, whose brown eyes sparkle and dance with fun. There is the promise about her of a most attractive womanhood. Capital instances of the true California type are Miss Flora Dean, and Miss Alice Findley, both of them tall and fair, with figures finely developed and an admirable carriage. Miss Ruth McNutt is pronounced bewitching by those who have seen her. She is kept vigorously at school, however, and is given but little chance of tasting the social joys of which the future holds so plenteous a store for her.

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Miss Annie Voorhies bids fair to be as handsome, in a regal way, as her sister, Mrs. Malcolm Henry. She is tall and fair, with masses of blonde curly hair, fine blue eyes and delicate coloring. She, too, is studious, and anticipates, ere making her debut, taking a course at the University. Miss Romola Bigelow is one of the future heiresses. She is a large, handsome girl, rather inclined to embonpoint, has decidedly original ways, and lives in one of the most artistic homes in town. The Bigelow house is said to contain more treasures of art in china, porcelain, old furniture and pictures than any of the celebrated abodes. Miss Mamie Polhemus is of a more delicate type than some of the young women I have written of. She is slender, light and graceful, and possesses the charm of a refined manner and style. There are many more,—Miss Kate Salisbury, Miss Lettie Follis, Miss Gertrude Foreman, Miss Rose Hooper, Miss Ethel Dickson, Miss Bertha Dolbee, among others, but this is an adequate explanation and affords a very substantial basis for the interesting anticipations I have outlined.

* * *

THE CHANGE that hath come over the spirit of San Francisco Society's dream manifests itself more obviously at Burlingame than elsewhere. In the olden days entertainments were on a large scale, and to a certain narrow set the privilege of manifesting generous hospitality was limited. The ordinary citizen never thought of opening his mansion, because he felt unable to compete with his friend Crœsus or his neighbor Bullion, and, too proud to offer aught inferior, he contented himself with inaction. Those were the days of Nob Hill opulence and very small dinner parties. This sense of unfitness and modesty has taken a long time to dislodge. Now, entertainment of society is entirely in the hands of the moderately rich. No longer do we expect big balls or huge parties in private homes, for the individuals who could afford that kind of thing are sojourning in New York, or, if still here, are too old to care for the industry of generosity. So we have innumerable small affairs rather than isolated events at wide intervals.

* * *

In the olden days, if Burlingame lots were being offered, there would be but few purchasers, and a handful of magnificent villas would soon decorate the environment. But now there are a score of applicants, and, ere summer, one will see a series of charming and inexpensive cottages, of the bungalow order, clustering round the clubhouse. Of course, the country house that the Will Crockers are to build will have proportions and dimensions in accordance with their wealth; but the Scott place and the villa Will McMurtry is to have, will be graceful and light, rather than pretentious and ornate. This is a good sign, for there is nothing that so deadens enterprise in this direction like the indulgence in mansions whose gorgeousness dwarfs everything in their vicinity. Mrs. and Miss Simpkins, and several more, contemplate building in the near future.

* * *

There is to be quite a gathering at Burlingame on New Year's day. A lunch will be one of the features, and probably an impromptu polo game. Of course, the attendance depends on the weather, but if the day is fine there is sure to be a crowd.

* * *

AT THE NEXT Constitutional Convention the 'Varsity Club has, may I suggest an addition to the By-laws in the shape of a clause providing fine or torture for any director guilty of a sin of omission about football time? Here is the flourishing institution embroiled with Berkeley because of a fancied slight, the consequence of some one's forgetfulness. Those who remember about such things may recall that the silver football trophy, which the Club had made some three years ago for the winning team, was presented with due ceremonial a couple of Saturdays ago to the captain of Stanford. On such occasions victors and vanquished are supposed to join hands and to look as happy as success and hope can make them, but strange to say there were no Berkeley men there. Thereby hangs a tale, and the more wagging it gets the longer it grows. It seems on that eventful evening the Club invited the Palo Alto men to dinner, and failed to extend a similar

n Francisco's Swell Restaurant is the Cafe Riche Go there for lunch and dinner.

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honor to the U. C. eleven. This, by Berkeley in general, was viewed as a slight, and resented by the towselled headed heroes absenting themselves from the festivity. Since then explanations have been in order, and as forgetfulness is the last and worst of all excuses, the criminals have advanced the plausible theory that Palo Alto being so far, and Berkeley so near, they had assumed the latter might eat at home before appearing, whereas the former could not. A minor consolation is that the Stanford boys are insured at least one dinner per annum, no matter what happens, that is, at least, unless there is some change of location.

* * *

THE 6:30 CLUB is an organization of University men that meets at properly regulated intervals and has papers read at it by selected members. As a rule there are few ordeals more trying to the listener than that of figuring as audience to some other fellow's paper, and this attitude—envious or otherwise, as it may be interpreted—is given full swing at the 6:30 Club. They have fun with the author in evidence. The last meeting proved extremely entertaining for the members, but rather less so for an amiable gentleman of educational eminence who had the hardihood to read an original comedy. Honestly, it was not half bad, but what a time they gave him. At intervals of fifteen minutes or so, perspiring messenger boys would break excitedly into the room with dispatches from prominent managers. One was signed "Frohman," and asked for the American right; a second, from Augustin Daly, offered a ten per cent advance on his rival's terms. But this treatment was mercy in comparison with the critiques that followed.

* * *

After the reading, each member submitted an opinion, which ranged from, "I prefer the other two acts," from a man who had heard only the third, to the brutal encouragement of the gentleman who declared:

"Never mind, old fellow, you'll do better next time."

However, the 6:30 Club goes in for "guys," and everyone was happy.

* * *

The custom of New Year's calls went out o date, very appropriately, more than half a decade ago. That any effort at its recrudescence would be regarded with favor by the majority of males, I don't believe. I am positively informed that the reception to be given on the afternoon of January 1st, at the home of Miss Hilda Brown, 1400 Sutter Street, is not to be interpreted as an effort at the rehabilitation of the old-time function, but is to be a reception, pure and simple, and absolutely without regard to tradition, at which no less than ten of this season's debutantes will make their bow to a crowd of their friends, and incidentally regale them with the delicacies of the season. Here are the maidens in question: Miss Rose Sachs, Miss Olga Triest, Miss Beatrice Bachman, Miss May Slessinger, Miss Gertrude Naphtaly, Miss Mina Schwabacher, Miss Beatrice Sachs, Miss Florence Lippitt, Miss Henriette Meyer, Miss Hilda Brown.

* * *

The character of the Concordia Club's New Year's ball is preserved a dead secret. There are to be features of a distinctive kind, but those most concerned are absolute in their refusal to give even a hint of information. The consolation is, however, that the surprise, when it comes, will be all the more positive. From the glowing anticipation rife, I shall be surprised if the affair is not one of the most successful the club has ever given.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sig. Stern gave an elaborate dinner party last Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Robert Hochstadter and his fiancée, Miss Newman. Covers were laid for twelve, and the decorations and delicacies were much appreciated. The young couple will be married very quietly on Thursday, January 10th, at high noon. Only the immediate members of both families will be present, the death of the groom's brother last May excluding any large festivity. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Hochstadter will occupy their handsome new residence now nearing completion on Sacramento and Buchanan streets.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. B. Triest and their daughters have issued pink cards for a large pink domino dance, for next Saturday evening, January 5th. The Triest home on Sutter Street, with its double drawing-rooms and large ballroom annexed, is comfortably designed for the admirable entertainment of many guests.

* * *

Miss Hilda Brown, of Sutter and Franklin streets, most successfully entertained a number of young people at a sumptuous dinner last week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sig. Schwabacher have issued a large number of cards inviting their many friends to their house-warming, which takes the form of an afternoon reception, on Sunday, from four until seven o'clock. Their new rooftree, the old Lux residence, elegantly remodeled, is richly equipped.

* * *

Mr. Benno Hart leaves for Evansville, Indiana, the scene of his marriage, this evening. The cards announce the ceremony for Thursday evening, January 10th, at 6 o'clock. In a few weeks Miss Lowenthal will return as Mrs. Benno Hart.

* * *

SOMETHING DECIDEDLY ORIGINAL in the entertainment way was given by Miss Amy Requa, at her Piedmont home. It was a milliney contest—not for girls, but for a dozen man friends, who agreed to test their skill, or, rather, demonstrate their lack of it. Each man had material given him,—a hat, of course, for the foundation,—and there was any amount of fun over the curious combinations their clumsy fingers wrought out of chiffon, feathers, fur and tulle. To a young gentleman possessed of the sacred name of Oscar Wilde the first prize went, though, perhaps, he derived special inspiration from the fact that his chapeau was decorated for Miss Requa herself. It was quite an achievement. Mr. Palmer fears he would starve if forced to earn his livelihood in this fashion, as his creation almost outheroded Herod by its absurdity. He received the booby prize as a consolation for the futility of his efforts. Much amusement was caused by the attempts, and the manner in which some of the men handled the hats was ludicrous in the extreme. It is a pleasure, however, to find a young woman with sufficient originality to devise new forms of entertainment in this monotonous season of teas, dinners and luncheons.

* * *

The last Deux Temps cotillion surpassed most of those which had preceded it. Miss Jessie Glascock and Mr. Karl Howard led, and very pretty were some of the figures, especially that in which nets and paper butterflies played a prominent part. Miss Glascock was charmingly gowned in white, with pink flowers. Perhaps the prettiest girl present was Miss Ethel Kellog, a tall, fair maiden, robed in a Nile green silk and tulle costume, the combination of colors being charmingly toned. Miss Mary Whitney wore cream and red ribbons; Miss Tucker, a dainty white frock; Miss Julia Crocker, a gorgeous gown of lavender silk and velvet; and Miss Mabel Estee, black tulle.

* * *

Miss Mhoon gave a bud dinner last week,—a very fetching affair. The table was prettily decorated, and the girls daintily dressed. Miss Glascock, Miss Selby, Miss Mira Prather, Miss Requa, and Mr. Douglas Waterman, Mr. Paul Miller, Mr. Prentiss Selby and Mr. King were among her guests.

* * *

Mrs. Judge Henshaw gave one of those truly feminine functions—a girls' luncheon—to Miss Mabel Estee last week. The table was really a winsome sight, with the fair faces around, and the delicately tinted Duchesse roses. At each plate was a single rose, with a charming cologne bottle as a favor. Mrs. Henshaw invited Misses Ferrier, Ethel Kellog, Jessie Glascock, Alice Grimes, Belle Hutchinson, Mira Prather and Belle Mhoon to meet Miss Estee.

* * *

The dinner given last week in Berkeley by the George Metcalfs was a smart affair. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the decorations, menu, etc., were very chic.

* * *

Two interesting engagements are announced, viz.. Mr. William Wellman, of Fruitvale, to Miss Loveland; and Will A. Fine to Miss Beatrice Priest.

* * *

The wedding of Dr. Emmet Nicholson and Miss Cora Harvey will take place on New Year's day, at the Harvey house on Myrtle Street. The wedding is to be essentially a quiet one, owing to the Nicholson family being in mourning. I believe only the immediate friends have been invited to the ceremony.

* * *

The Ralston house was crowded last Saturday, on the occasion of a sale which was arranged by Mrs. A. J. Ralston for the benefit of the Free Kindergarten. Society was generously represented, and huge quantities of Christmas greens and home-made candies were sold. Mrs. Ralston proved a most efficient saleswoman, and was ably assisted by a number of Oakland maidens. This, I believe, is the one thoroughly successful charity affair given in Oakland this winter.

* * *

THAT AN AMERICAN novel may find appreciation in these days is demonstrated by the big sale *The Honorable Peter Stirling* has had. This is veritably a tale of politics as practised under the "stars and stripes,"—full of the machinery of primaries, conventions, caucuses,—and tells of the rise to prominence by legitimate effort, of an honest man. To it for it is American, have none of our writers given the space or attention we all so readily assigned to *Marcella?* That concerned itself with English problems; the complication there were British, and very true for the subjects of Queen Victoria, but though it had

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this country an immense sale, there was little in it, save the characterization and analysis, that we might take home as a moral, or interpret as a lesson. But Peter Stirling plunges into the great problems of the day. He builds himself up among our institutions, and though he lives in New York the conditions there do not differ so materially from those in San Francisco. It is a book I can recommend to men and women who think. Besides, the interest one can not but feel in the rise of so fine a hero, the dialogue and complications afford as adequate and lucid an explanation of our political system as anything I know of in the most sober of text-books. It is also a bit curious that Robertson is the only book dealer in town who has pushed the volume, and to him, such circulation as it has achieved is due.

* * *

THAT DAVE HENDERSON is a manager of shrewdness and experience his own success demonstrates, and in the light of this knowledge the extreme plainness of the maidens composing the Aladdin chorus was a mystery to me. No one will deny the generosity of an occasional contour or the flexibility of Mlle. Irmler's toes—but the faces! It is not the subdued ugliness that so often characterizes the coryphée, but a bold, notable, prominent plainness which induces in the occupants of the front row an ardent desire to gaze at the audience rather than on the stage. While one's admiration is excited by the rich coloring, by the splendor of the *mise en scene*, by the opulence of the costumes, hardly an individual face or a characteristic limb lingers in the memory. The general effect, indeed, is as if Edgar Saltus and General Lew Wallace had collaborated. However, the explanation is that Henderson desires, in these Californian towns, to afford as striking a contrast to his San Francisco audiences as possible. On the assumption that discords set forth harmonies, he offers his collection of feminine curios, or, as it has been called, a "conspiracy of ugliness," as an offset to the Saturday afternoon show on Market Street. He has succeeded beyond all question. Even the most susceptible hearts have not had a flutter.

* * *

Times were when the Henderson policy was the antithesis of that now in operation, when his choruses offered a constellation of superlatively superb limbs and arms and busts, opulent as the glories of the transformation scene. Who will forget the first visit of "Sinbad" to the Baldwin, the lovely creatures that shone in the first row, and the lustrous eyes that glowed behind them? That time they created not only havoc, but a sensation, for the *jeunesse dore* followed them like sheep, and the partings were almost heartbreaking. The last night they played at the Grand Opera House, fully forty of the elect captured the front rows, aided the principals in their dialogue, laughed uproariously in the wrong places, and altogether gave as good an entertainment as that on the stage. Still there need be little grief over the passing of Eddie Foy; and Anna Boyd, with her olive gloves and yellow tights, is a relief to Louise Eissing of days gone by. The belles of the collection are the tall, stalwart maiden of the tamale chorus and the gracious and graceful young person who incarnates the harp in the transformation scene. But it required an exeption or so to prove so painful a general rule as Mr. Henderson's chorus.

* * *

FROM THE BUSINESS-OFFICE point of view there is no gainsaying the success of the "Little Jim" *Examiner*. It was veritably an advertising directory,—all sorts and conditions of firms were represented on those huge broadsides of display type. What canvassing those three thousand four hundred and seventy-six inches represented! What invasions of counting houses! Establishments whose diffidence is abnormal on the subject of advertising, joined in the good cause and appeared for charity in all the glory of big headlines. No wonder the paper nets twelve thousand dollars, not a little of which comes out of Mr. Hearst's own pockets. Withal, the experiment was a disappointment, largely for the reason that there was not enough local reading matter, and because the paper resembled in too many details the ordinary daily. Save in certain isolated articles, there was precious little individuality. For instance, "The Railroads," which Miss Julia Crocker did, had a decided spice and smartness; the "Aladdin Excursion," for which Mrs. Joe Tobin and Miss Irwin were responsible, was very brightly done. I am sure, not even Arthur McEwen or Harry Bigelow, who are eminent at it, could have guyed Joe Redding, Horace Platt and Henry Heyman more dextrously than the bright woman who wrote of the "New Opera House" did. It was exceedingly funny.

* * *

The authorship of the Burlingame article is a secret, but it was very pleasantly put together, and Miss Goad is decidedly entitled to commendation for her graceful story describing how the paper went to press. The interview with General Clarkson, a scoop of the first water, for he has persistently refused himself to the reporters, was done by Miss Harriet Levy. The dramatic critiques were clever, of course—one expected that of Miss Bonner, who is one of the most competent writers we have. But there was precious little to show for the bright maidens who scurried all over town, and wrote so individually of what they saw and heard. Besides, there was infinitely too much telegraph, considering how much space was available for local matter. What there was most general curiosity to see was the manner in which the ladies would handle the subjects with which the reporters deal in stereotyped phraseology. There might have been more court news, more of the city news, and less editorial, and, above all, less advertising. The supplement really offered the best field for individual endeavor, and proved most disappointing. For instance, we can read Mrs. Atherton, Mrs. Cady Stanton and Marie Jonreau any day, but opportunities to read stories and sketches by amateurs are rarely afforded.

* * *

The interviews with Governor Budd and Mayor Sutro were good features, and Mrs. George Lent is decidedly to be felicitated on her Society department—easily the best the paper has ever had. But would it not have been much more charming if Miss Goad, Miss McKinstry, or Miss Hager had written of Western women instead of Octave Thanet? And had Miss Brooks been pressed into service, I'm sure she would have been more readable on the subject of Southern women than Julia Magruder—more readable for us, at least. Miss Juliet Tompkin's story, "A Novice in the Art," was quite nicely told, however; and there was considerable humor and facility in Mrs. Bill Nye's contribution. Miss Bertha Smith's drawings, together with the *Examiner* head of Miss Withrow, the pretty Xmas greeting of Miss Lawlor, and the clever front page picture by Mrs. Albertine Wheelan, were the cleverest things in the picture way. Miss Partington's "Eligibles" were admirable likenesses, but she is on the regular staff, and does not count, therefore. As for the editorials, they were rather better than they were good, being sensible, respectably written, but lacking the fire and esprit and vehemence that an editorial needs, above all other forms of news paper writing, to be worth reading.

* * *

A great deal of the cleverest work, however, was done by the ladies who wrote nothing,—by Mrs. Downey Harvey and Miss Hager in particular. They in the local room had the hardest work, for there was a pile of copy to read, and an infinity of directing to do. Indeed, there were more "ideas"—those invaluable things—in Mrs. Harvey's department, than in all the rest of the paper, and I am only sorry she could not publish all the stuff turned in to her. Then it would have been a paper worth preserving. Mrs. Mills' department did capital work, and turned out excellent heads in good time—and whoever imagines head-writing is easy should try it. Altogether, when one considers the paper, one is forced to conclude that the disappointment is the success of the ladies rather than their failure. They really reached the normal standard, and no one wanted them to.

* * *

THE PASSING of Talbot Clifton is a subject for no little conversation. He has not departed from among us permanently,—for California enchains his interest and admiration,—but, for a trio or so of months, his tall figure and highly obvious whiskers will not be a feature of Burlingame or the Grill-room. Now that he is gone, for the time being there seems to be an effort to distinguish between his virtues and his peculiarities. That he has aided the cause of outdoor sport by his participation and enthusiasm, no one doubts. He has entered into the spirit of athleticism in a cheerful and vigorous way, setting an example which, I believe, has borne fruit. By those who are inclined to make fun of his style and peculiarities, it must not be forgotten he is, perhaps, the solitary instance of a Britisher making his home among us, participating in our life and in our enjoyments, spending his money generously, responding to hospitality with liberality. His fellows who have sojourned in California make it their boast that they live apart—they laugh at us, criticise us, with point and truth, perhaps, but the treatment is not more agreeable therefor.

* * *

These are considerations worthy of being taken under advisement by the carpers, for one would be stupid to doubt the influence for good health and good spirits Burlingame has exercised. Before the creation of the place there was no incentive for the better class of young men, removed by the success of their parents from the more positive necessities of earning. For their pleasure they were forced to pursuits noxious in their influences. Clifton came in at the proper time from among a class devoted to such pleasures as were then being grafted upon us, and materially aided the good cause. So he has assisted. Besides, did he not materially contribute to the introduction of the coaching habit, whose result was the fine showing made at the Horse Show? His drag was the finest of the series of fine equipages, whose possession is a recent glory of the community. One must not forget in litanizing his virtues what he has done for McCarthy, erstwhile of the "White hat." An invitation to visit Lord and Lady Aberdeen, at Toronto, takes Clifton away from this

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burg. He has brought with him steeds and other paraphernalia of sport, and doubtless will have some spirited tales to tell on his return.

* * *

THE MOST picturesque figure in our literature is on the verge of departure for Honolulu. Of course I refer to Joaquin Miller, who, on the next steamer, leaves for the Hawaiian Republic equipped with a shirt stud, a slab of copy paper, and several fountain pens. He is tired, I am told, of writing verbal fantasies on the foothills, and has finished several new invocations to Mt. Shasta. He tossed off a pretty little requiem on the Cliff House the other afternoon, and feels as though he had about exhausted California. Now for Aloha land and the goddess Pele and the great race of Kahmeameha. He will trap them in dusky splendor and have them doing deeds of derrindo that will eclipse Ivanhoe or the Gentleman of France. Rather a funny tale is being told up at the 'Varsity Club about Joaquin. He was a guest at a dinner there, and was in one of his most difficult moods. He did not care to eat, toyed with his knife and ran his fingers lovingly through his hair. In answer to the vigorous expostulations of the host, he finally said:

"I'm not hungry, but you can have the waiter bring me some black coffee and a bit of Swiss cheese."

* * *

These dainties being set before him, he looked apprehensively around, and remarked reflectively:

"Do you know, I'll try a little of that sago pudding, just a little."

Then he took a bit of roast beef, an entrée, finally ending with fish and soup. Such are the eccentricities of true genius. Who that has ever witnessed Joaquin arranging himself for a visit to the Bohemian Club, may doubt the reality of his afflatus.

* * *

I DO NOT claim any special gift of prognostication in matters political, but so often have my prophicies been borne out by subsequent developments that one may be pardoned for exhibiting some elation at the statesmanlike wisdom which has graced these columns. In the coming Senatorial contest, "no lack of candidates," the great desideratum of the manipulators, seems in a fair way toward being an accomplished fact, thanks to the persistent combing the State has undergone with the political fine tooth comb. One is struck with two things in this connection,—first, that men of money and brains will allow themselves to be used as catspaws, knowingly; and second, that man's vanity should be so deeply grained in as to be misled by the cajolery of the manipulator into believing them sincere. Of course it is a proud day for some men to be considered even as possibilities for the United States Senate, no matter what may be the object in view.

* * *

If Perkins, who unquestionably possesses the greatest natural strength of any candidate named, be chosen, it will only be after a hard fight. The programme of the manipulators, of course, is to refuse to caucas on the question of United States Senator, and so let the battle take place in the legislature. The Perkins men are not inclined to foolish tactics, and I doubt not the members favoring his aspirations will go into caucus and stand by their flag, irrespective of the action of the others. There is one danger to Perkins, if he be not nominated early in the balloting; it has been generally conceded that his following represents what is known as the Anti-De Young strength, and I am told that this is the programme which has been mapped out: De Young, Scott, Phillips, and some four or five more, are to be put in nomination. After noses have been counted, and the possibility of Perkin's nomination on the first ballot determined in the negative, the first ballot will show Perkins' full strength plus the stuffers who are expected to stampede the balance at the proper time. Scott will lead De Young, who will probably appear third or fourth. The second ballot will show a slight increase for De Young.

* * *

So with the third and fourth, until the candidate whom the manipulators really desire elected will be stripped down to the ground floor. Then will follow a recess. The false friends in the Perkins ranks, who have been placed there by the bosses, will grow excited over the prospect of De Young's success, fear of which they have been judiciously but persistently impressing upon the minds of the faithful Perkins adherents. They will demonstrate to them how, by stampeding to Scott, they will be able to rally to him again the strength he originally polled, and that thus they may defeat De Young. They will urge this course as their only chance. "There is no use of staying with Perkins now; we must not let him be beaten by De Young," and so on through the entire range of arguments which may be profitably employed on such occasions. The break is made, and the stampede, pre-arranged months in advance, takes place, and Scott is nominated.

* * *

I am told that Perkins, who is a man of some sand, notwithstanding a contrary opinion which is prevalent in some quarters, called upon a leading politician, who shall be nameless, and notified him that he, Perkins, was a candidate for the United State Senate; that he had such and such a number of counties which had pledged their members of the Legislature to his cause; that such and such a number of members had called upon him and volunteered their allegiance; that he did not object to being defeated in a fair, open fight, and would not shrink from an honest contest. He further stated that he would use no money to secure the nomination; that he would not spend a cent for that purpose. "But," said he, ominously, "if I am defeated unfairly; if money is used to accomplish my undoing, I will *then* spend money, and spend it freely, to discover and punish those guilty of the crime. I will let the people know how I was defeated." This is pretty strong language, but, as it comes to me from one who has the confidence of the politician to whom it was said, I do not doubt the story.

* * *

THE BOARD of Harbor Commissioners is to be congratulated in its choice of an attorney. Senator Tirey L. Ford, who has succeeded Fred L. Stratton, will do the law work for the Commission early in March. I do not know what influence secured the position for Senator Ford, but would be glad to believe it was due wholly to his ability as a lawyer and integrity as a man. As a member of the Legislature, Ford has a record for unvarying honesty, and that, too, at a time when dark rumors were floating about concerning many of his colleagues. His name has never been

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tainted with so much as a suspicion of wrong doing.

* * *

COUNCILMAN DALTON is at it again over in Oakland. He is taking his parting shot at the railroad before going into the Assessor's office, but this time he bargained without his host. His latest piece of deviltry was an ordinance to compel all railroad companies to place gates at every street crossing over which trains were operated. One can readily conceive what a spectacle Oakland would present with its frequent trains, its ceaseless rising of numberless wooden arms, supplicating high heaven for deliverance from future Daltons. Stockton has long enjoyed the sobriquet of the "City of Windmills," and some clever fellow would have affixed to Oakland a similar name, which would cling to it forever. One might well imagine the maintenance of a captive balloon over there, where Eastern tourists, after seeing Yosemite and the Seal Rocks, might go to witness this strange spectacle in all its glory. But the wiry, protesting contingent from south of Seventh Street took the Council by storm. They made speeches and suggestions, they filed protests and petitions, they applauded, grew eloquent, and appealed and stormed by turns, until Dalton was so dumbfounded that he moved the defeat of his own measure, which was unanimously concurred in and it was placed beneath the sod with speed.

* * *

SOLLY WALTER'S effort to out-Aubrey-Beardsley Beardsley on the Christmas WAVE cover has given rise to an undue degree of criticism. Those who are acquainted with the culture and skillfulness of that artist are quite certain he meant something out of the ordinary, but what it is they are at a loss to explain. Some have suggested the lady with the snake is a beauty from Mars. Others claim to recognize her as the maid from the moon. A strictly Bohemian contingent insist she is really a composite portrait of the Aladdin chorus, and that her lower limbs more than compensate for the peculiarities of her face. I can only regret that lack of space prevented the production of the sections in question, for the statement is practically a guarantee of contours as admirable as the lovely lines of Sylvia Gerrish or of the Vatican Venus. However, the efforts of a pioneer are inevitably subjected to misunderstanding, and it is not to be supposed that Solly Walter's daring originality of conception will be more generously treated than those of other artistic pathfinders. Those who keep pace with French and English art work, are familiar with the outcry against Beardsley's strange lines and weird figures; but nowadays no book of the new literature is properly introduced unless it has a title-page in his grotesque arabesques. It is to the *Yellow Book*, the *Chap Book*, and other advanced publications, that Mr. Walter must look for appreciation and recognition. I offer him my congratulations in advance.

* * *

There is nothing like resolution even in art, though it is the custom to suppose that pictures are the consequences of an occasional inspiration, or an artistic mood. Miss Lou Wall commences the New Year with a comparatively bare studio. Some of her pictures she has sent East; the rest she has disposed of among her friends. She purposes now to devote herself to portrait work and to Chinese studies which she has been most successful at, and doubtless ere another Xmas comes will have some strong canvases to show for her labors. Proficiency in art depends, as in other lines of exertion, on the number of hours one devotes to it. Miss Wall, I believe, proposes to drop one or two of her classes, so as to give herself the necessary leisure. From recent studies, I cannot but think she would do better at portrait painting than in any other branch of endeavor, as her talents lean decidedly that way.

* * *

PAINTING AT ITS HIGHEST, embalming the evanescent poetry of color and light in mid-flight, takes its lovers in a deep undying embrace no other passion may tear asunder. Place nor time have little to do with the growth of the fine spirits armed with those delicate tendrils of sense, catching all airy shapes in their triple-chained webs. In the world there is here and there only one or two of these fine tempers. Tens of hundreds of painters end in one artist. A true, great landscape comes infinitely seldom. Bathed in light, neither warm nor cold, the solemnity of a dying day breathes its last through the hushed wood and water of a new Keith picture. Time, inevitably stealing the heart throbs from a love-lit present, is the unconscious motive calmly singing itself from the canvas. The magic of inspiration shines luminously and with a befittingly firm purity. Knowledge and sleight-of-hand cunning never end in this pregnant simplicity. As a poem bespeaks things external of the grammatical, so does this landscape poem reach ends untouched by technique and its phrases.

* * *

IN HIS APPAREL, the late Robert Louis Stevenson was fantastic and careless. His clothes never fitted him, and his trousers dragged. Of late years, he wore a black velvet jacket, but that was the only luxury in raiment of which he was ever guilty. I remember seeing him at Monterey—in the old town—one day, when he was watching the clouds, after his silent, gentle fashion. His costume consisted of a pair of trousers, a white merino undershirt tied with an old black silk necktie around his waist,—outside the aforesaid trousers; no socks, and two old red carpet slippers; perched on his massive cranium, a tiny straw hat, which in his absent-mindedness he had borrowed from some child.

* * *

Stevenson did not know the value of money, although he was a Scotchman, and possessed of all the other traditional Scotch characteristics. Yet he liked the glint of gold pieces. I know that he kept two thousand dollars in gold twenties on the coverlid of his bed all one afternoon, just for the sake of their beauty. He was ill and a nasty cough was on; he couldn't read and he couldn't play on his penny whistle, but the glint of the gold had set his mind in pleasant ways.

* * *

He was an untiring lender, and if anybody "struck" him for a "small loan," Stevenson would empty his pockets, no matter who was the applicant. His income was very large, during the past ten years, possibly greater than that of any modern English-writing tale pitcher. The revenue on his stories is sufficient to provide his widow with an excellent living.

* * *

Stevenson told me that he conceived the plots of his "New Arabian Nights" during a period of extreme poverty in London. He had broken loose from home influences in order to escape the prospect of a legal profession. His abettor and *fidus Achates* was Sir James Simpson (who afterward took him on

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the canoe voyage). Stevenson scribbled for the London papers, and lived in Whitechapel. His companions were thieves and criminals. He claimed that during the six months of this life, he gained that morbid facility in the study of horror which influenced his stories to such an extreme degree. During this period of his life, he said the growth and success of templation were first unfolded to his comprehension.

* * *

THE PAINFUL INTELLIGENCE that internecine warfare rages in upper Republican circles must grieve to the heart the student of politics. Between the twin leaders of the party a chasm now yawns; the erstwhile partners decline to converse on subjects of the greatest pith and moment, and the rank and file is forced to take sides with consequences rather more diverting than terrible. The especial occasion that set the long subdued resentment bubbling to boiling point is not narrated in the yarns in circulation, but the cataclysm has occurred, and rumor whispers that each has talked in highly uncomplimentary terms of the other. Of course, it was only a matter of time, for both leaders had individuality, and it is a bit hard on one side that Burns had all the prominence before election, while Spreckels receives none of the blame for Estee's defeat. Besides, the Colonel is a jealous sovereign, and when he reigns he rules. He is not given to the gentle arts of partnership.

* * *

It is a bit early in the game to define the consequences of the cataclysm. The enmity thus far expresses itself in rather an amusing contest for the control of the Board of Supervisors, which it has been popular to assume Spreckels controlled. Report alleges a combination of Burns, Buckley and Rainey in opposition, and ascribes to the two combinations the allegiance of four members each. Captain Taylor is accused of freedom from all entangling alliances, and Mr. Lanigan has the credit of swaying the three Democrats. So the career of the new board is liable to be interesting, and, for the time being, developments will be watched with interest. Lanigan holds the best cards, for by throwing his forces to one or the other, he settles the question of control.

* * *

GOVERNOR BUDD is making himself very unpopular among the Republicans. Not only did he defeat Estee, but, actually, he has declined to exhibit the various peculiarities they so freely credited him with possessing. There is nothing quite so painful as having one's prophecies discredited by events, and Governor Budd thus far has rigorously abstained from doing aught to enable his enemies to say, "I told you so." What is worse, he does not seem to be under any one's thumb, makes up his own mind in a disconsenting way, and keeps the office seekers in a condition of delightful uncertainty. There are a dozen gentlemen of more enthusiasm than discretion, who assume themselves commissioners of one kind or other prior to appointment, but I am half inclined to think Governor Jim will, when he does take action, surprise them in a way sad to consider. Thus far, I am told, Ed. Colnon of the Stockton *Mail* is slated for Private Secretary; Joe Baker, a well-known newspaper man, may be Executive Secretary, and it is highly probable that Andy Clunie will obtain the post of Registrar.

* * *

But what has the Stockton man done to the *Examiner* that it should develop him as a somnambulist? That is an accusation of terrific import and virulence, calculated to make solid and sober citizens shiver with apprehension. Or is it to save him from the consequence of his appointments, by permitting him to reply in answer to criticisms: "Gentlemen, I was sleepwalking when I selected that fellow, and had signed his commission before I awoke." The idea of Governor Jim pirouetting on the roof-edges of the Capitol at Sacramento in a nightgown, or traversing at unduly dark hours the corridors of the Golden Eagle, is disgusting in the extreme, and should be guarded against. It is almost as heartless a yarn as the *Chronicle's* fire extinguishing tales—and they were published prior to election.

* * *

IT IS NOT because the community groweth moral that "Her Golden Hair" was excised from "Aladdin," but that it objects to obvious vulgarity. We are amenable to suggestiveness, are amused at innuendo, and laugh quite frequently at second constructions, but there was no mistake about Miss Boyd's ditty. It was not translatable in any but a direct and nasty way. That Manager Bouvier had it excised evidences his good sense and discretion, and he is to be congratulated. The comparison is indeed odious, but Cad Wilson's song, "Such a Nice Girl, Too," is not half so pointed nor a tithe as unmistakable as the golden hair morceau. It is very easy to reply to objections, that to the pure all things are pure, but I fear both would be broad in Arcady. As for the Levi Cohen song, there should be no objection to that save that Henry Norman's Hebrew accent lacks the true twang. Let me suggest that he take a lesson or two from Colonel Kowalsky, whose dialect is quite the best of its kind.

* * *

Not the readers of "Prattle" alone, but the immense concourse of his victims, welcome a story on Bierce. However, this is not one of painful reflection, but rather a tribute to his conversational smartness, which no one denies. Senator John Beard is the agent of its dissemination, and if the details are not absolutely according to Hoyle, I invite the satirist to his shoulders. Discussing the late election, Beard asked Bierce for whom he had voted—for Estee or for Budd?

* * *

"For neither," was the answer. "Years ago," he continued, good humoredly, "when Hayes ran for President, I voted for him. Subsequent events in the Hayes administration convinced me that I was not competent to exercise the franchise. I have not voted since."

* * *

THE HOODLUM element has not been quite so obtrusive as it used to be in the matter of beating and otherwise maltreating belated wayfarers and defenseless women upon unfrequented streets. This is partly owing to the increased vigilance of the police, partly to the severity of the sentences imposed by Judge Wallace upon criminals of this class, in some measure also to the wholesome castigations administered by would be victims, who turned the tables on their assailants in a very summary and unexpected manner. An instance of the latter species of retribution—one, too, which ought to exert a very wholesome influence over the class in question—occurred not long ago upon the city front. A sailor, somewhat under the "influence," was making his way as best he could to his vessel, which lay at one of the Stewart Street wharves, when he was incontinently set upon by a strong gang of rowdies, such as affect that locality upon dark nights. In the heat of the turmoil that ensued, the door of a neighboring saloon was thrown open, and a figure emerged which proceeded to take a hand in the conflict. Without more ado, the new comer stooped down, caught hold of one of the nearest hoodlums by the shins, hoisted him in the air, and commenced to use him as a flail upon the other dozen or so of his astounded colleagues. It is needless to say that the moral, as well as the physical effect was tremendous. Not even a gang of hoodlums could stand the impact of a flail improvised from one of their number. Just as they broke and scattered in every direction, the tardy custodian of the peace appeared upon the scene.

* * *

Having only witnessed the termination of the affair, and being ignorant of the causes that had led up to it, he presumed the flail-man to be the aggressor, and wanted to take him in charge.

"Let that man be," said a voice from the crowd, which by this time had gathered. "It's the hoodlums that you ought to arrest."

The officer looked around, and seeing that the voice belonged to one of our well-known sugar kings, discreetly did as he was told. The chief actor in the episode is one of our local "strong men"—Max Fenner by name. An athlete who thinks nothing of raising a two-hundred pound dumb-bell above his head with one hand, would not be likely to make bones of a one-hundred-and-fifty pound hoodlum with both. He rather deprecates mention of the exploit, averring that he employed the weapon in question simply because the case was urgent and there was nothing else to hand. Neither does he aspire to professional honors in athletics, but confines his aspirations to a position on the police force. If physical prowess goes for anything, in our constabulary he would undoubtedly adorn his star.

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In order that the reader may form as correct an opinion concerning the constitutionality of the legal tender bills and National bank-notes as either Congress, the President, or the Supreme Court, the following data from the original records are presented: In convention August 6, 1787. The committee of detail reported among other powers to be delegated a power: "to borrow money and emit bills on the credit of the United States." August 16th. The report being under consideration, Mr. Gouverneur Morris moved to strike out "and emit bills on the credit of the United States." Mr Butler seconds the motion. Mr. Madison: "Will it not be sufficient to prohibit the making them a tender?" Mr. Gorham was for striking out without inserting any prohibition. "If the words stand they may suggest and lead to the measure. Mr. Ellsworth thought this a favorable moment to shut and bar the door against paper money. Mr. Randolph, notwithstanding his antipathy to paper money, could not agree to strike out the words, as he could not foresee all the occasions that might arise. Mr. Wilson: "It will have a most salutary influence on the credit of the United States, to remove the possibility of paper money." Mr. Butler remarked that paper was a legal tender in no country in Europe. He was urgent for disarming the government of such a power. Mr. Read thought the words, if not struck out, would be as alarming as the mark of the beast in Revelation. Mr. Langdon had rather reject the whole plan, than retain the three words, "and emit bills." On the motion for striking out,—New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, aye, 9; New Jersey, Maryland, no, 2. [Madison Papers, pp. 378, 434, 435, Elliott's Debates.] August 16, 1787. It was moved and seconded to strike the words, "and emit bills," out of the eighth clause of the first section of the seventh article, which passed in the affirmative; yeas: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, 9. Nays: New Jersey, Maryland, 2." [Journal of the Convention, pp. 244, 245, Elliott's Debates.]

August 18th. In convention, Mr. Madison submitted an order, to be referred to the Committee of detail, among other powers to be added, a power to grant charters of corporation, in cases where the public good may require them, and the authority of a single State may be incompetent. Also by Mr. Pinckney a power to grant charters of incorporation. August 22d. The Committee reported, having ignored the propositions of Mr. Madison and Mr. Pinckney, with reference to granting charters of incorporation. September 14th. Dr. Franklin moved to add, after the words "post roads," Art. 1, Sec. 8, a power "to provide for cutting canals where deemed necessary." Mr. Wilson seconded the motion. Mr. Madison suggested an enlargement of the motion into a power to grant charters of incorporation where the interest of the United States might require, and the legislative provisions of individual States may be incompetent. Mr. Randolph seconded the proposition. Mr. King: "The States will be prejudiced and divided into parties by it. In Philadelphia and New York it will be referred to the establishment of a bank, which has been a subject of contention in those cities. In other places it will be referred to mercantile monopolies." Colonel Mason was for limiting the power to the single case of canals. He was afraid of monopolies of every sort. The motion being so modified as to admit a distinct question, specifying and limited to the case of canals,—Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, aye. 3; New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina. South Carolina, no, 8. [Madison Papers, pp. 439, 440, 457, 462, 543, 544, Elliott's Debates.]

September 14, 1787. Question,—To grant letters of incorporation for canals, etc.,—a clause proposed to be added to the eighth section of the first Article. Passed in the negative. Ayes: Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, 3. Noes: New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, 8. [Journal of the Convention, pp. 309, 310, Elliott's Debates.]

It would be superfluous folly to add a single word further as to the unconstitutionality of the emission of the so-called legal tender notes, and the incorporation of National banks. The decision of the Supreme Court that the emission of the notes was *constitutional*, in that it was an act of war, was an absurdity. The Court should have fearlessly, as became such a tribunal, decided that the Act of Congress to emit them was unconstitutional, but that as the notes were emitted during revolution and in defense of the United States, Congress was bound, by every consideration of honor, to provide for their payment.

The Act of Congress would then have been based, not falsely and perniciously upon constitutional authority, but on the practice of all civilized nations, and on their adoption of the legal maxim *inter armes silent leges* in every such exigency.

The people have not complained of the payment of the $460,000,000 of bills thus emitted; but what does exasperate them is, that, under cover of that decision, an infamous gang of conspirators have, by the trick of reissuing them after redemption, perpetuated the original emission which was intended only for the emergency and until payment. By the same reasoning, the National banks were only tolerable for service during that event, and a reasonable period after for liquidation. Their annihilation must be left until the advent of another Andrew Jackson, supported by such a party as he had the honor to represent. The effect of the legal maxim is not to validate what is *per se* unlawful, but only to shield from legal responsibility the Executive and those acting under his orders, for acts committed in the exercise of the powers and duties which devolved on them for the defense of the State during revolution, insurrection or invasion.

Instead of being extinguished, they procured, at the expiration of their pretended charter, by their usual adaptation of means to ends, regeneration through a legislative artifice, without even the formality of a charter, and became immortal. The precedent being established, nothing was easier, when the legal tender notes were in danger of extinction, than, by similar legislation, to confer upon them the same immortality.

Frantic with rage and despair at their condition, electors have flocked by hundreds of thousands from one party to the other in hope of relief, but with no evidence of finding it. The Democratic officials whom they elected to represent and protect them have abandoned them, and the President and Secretary of the Treasury, for whom the party is responsible, have become the apologists and advocates of corporate banking, under the laws of the United States; have reported and recommended to Congress a plan to give an already glutted power a still wider field for spoliation of the people, and are awaiting the opportunity to surrender to it the party which was organized to resist the grant of a charter of incorporation for the first bank of the United States.

The features of that plan, omitting detail, are: To dispense with the deposit of United States bonds as security for circulation; to permit National banks to issue notes not exceeding seventy-five per cent of their capital, on depositing, as a guarantee fund, legal tender and treasury notes to the amount of thirty per cent upon outstanding circulation; to make the lowest denomination of National bank notes $10, redeemable in gold coin; to remove the limitation imposed by law upon the reduction and increase of National bank currency; to repeal all provisions of law requiring banks to keep a reserve to protect depositors; to exempt from taxation, under specific conditions, circulating notes issued by State banks, and to permit the Secretary of the Treasury, in his discretion, to use any surplus revenue of the United States in the redemption and retirement of legal tender notes.

The issue of interest-bearing bonds, to replenish the fund which is constantly depleted by the reissue of the legal tender notes after redemption, and which, being payable in coin, not by law, but by the mere grace of the people, are paid only in gold coin, is the urgent motive, now that there is danger the Secretary may be compelled to abandon his discrimination, for the report of his plan, wherein he has taken care to provide for their perpetuation instead of their extinction. There is not the remotest danger that one dollar of the $360,000,000 will ever be redeemed until the last cent of debt due from the United States has been paid; and when that hour arrives some new scheme will be devised by the money-changers to proiong their untaxable millions.

If Mr. Carlisle desired their extinction, it would be easy of accomplishment. There are now four Democrats on the Supreme bench, but even if the Court were composed wholly of Republican partisans, it would not, if a case to test the constitutionality of the Act of 1875, providing for their reissue after payment were before it, hesitate to declare the act unconstitutional and void. If Mr. Carlisle were acting in the interest of the people, he would refuse to redeem a single dollar of the reissue, and thereby compel the holders of the bills to resort to the Courts for redress. The reason, however, that this is not done is because both he and the President are bent upon putting the United States upon the English gold coin standard, and in this they are continually abetted by that old fox, Bayard.

The paramount cause of the industrial paralysis and distress, which is felt all around the world, is the issue of credit paper as money, and the specific coin contract. The plan of the President and Mr. Carlisle is designed to perpetuate these evils, by removing the restrictions placed upon National banks and extending their field of operation as fiscal agents of the United States, and by transplanting for still further criminal service the unconstitutional, untaxable, perennial and detestable greenback.

The prospect, like the retrospect, is wofully discouraging. The Constitution, which immortalizes the memory of the men whose wisdom and patriotism it represents, has hung against the wall for more than a generation "like a rusty mail in monumental mockery." The fortress which the friend of man, and the foremost statesman of all this world, erected against the money power, that insidious and everywhere vigilant enemy of honest government, has been breached. The chiefs, whose function is to kill, noting with unerring eye the pervading corruption; the legislative, executive and judicial pliancy, in Federal and State governments, to corporate rapacity and the discontent and threatening elements they evoke, have asked for an increase of the army and navy. That betokens, first, internal repression, of the people, then foreign war, and ultimate partition. History will repeat itself, and the air will be filled with lamentations for the fall of the mightiest and most wonderful of all, dead or living, empires and republics.

M. N. MAGINNIS.

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The color scheme throughout is quite superb. Oriental stuffs, sparkling stage jewels, backgrounds brilliantly treated, and to the fore, the curling, swirling, twirling of abundant femininity clad, at decolleté intervals, in scraps of amber and flame tints, in mauve and pearl, in effective black and white, waving, swaying, glittering to lightest melodies; each face garnished with that set, century-old smile, that fond, fatal front-row fascination.

For scenic sumptuousness and splendor of prismatic effects, this production has never been equaled, and will with difficulty be outshone. It is equipped with all the blandishments of scenic attire that help works of this type to success.

The people are excellent in their line. The Crambo of John J. Burke is irresistibly funny. He is an agreeable improvement on the inane idiocies and facial terribles of his predecessor, Eddie Foy. This man Burke is really cleverly comical. His voice is good and deep, his funnyisms are not painful distortions, but impress one as spontaneous, and are undeniably taking. He catches his audience from the start, and holds them without effort, producing a sound laugh with every sally. He dives into the fun of dialogue, the frolic of action, with genuine freshness and much variety. There is nothing of the buffoon about him. His work is bright and original. His song on the long catalogue of race horses is one of the best ever given here. This, and the "Ha-Ha Family," sung by the two dance artists, are rattling good things, and show vaudeville work of the best selection.

Crambo's faithful follower, the black cat of "came-back" fame, is a droll thing; and a blessed relief from the matted monkeys, who formerly gamboled about to the joy of the youngsters and the tedium of their elders—and who had nothing whatever to do with the case—but this cat is a very knowing, natural looking affair.

Fortunately, we are spared the topic beloved of burlesque—the mockeries of the mother-in-law—which perennial theme is conspicuously and welcomely absent. Not so the item of the champagne supper and the charmer whose "Golden Hair was Hanging Down Her Back." This subject seems inseparable from vaudeville and burlesque. Anna Boyd's "hit," it would seem, from the unceasing clamor of a supposedly refined audience. It should be expunged from the book. Its tone and purpose are absolutely inexcusable; daring in character to the danger point beyond which—it is vulgarly low. If J. Chelver Goodwin wrote it, he ought to be chastised, and the public who applaud, submitted to a similar reprimand.

As a figurante, Miss Boyd is an eloquent success. Her voice, too, is not half bad, but her manners are wholly so. I suppose the dash, the snap, the diablerie, the kick and the knowing wink constitute her taking talents—and in her line she is voted "great!" especially by callow youths and "de'ils of fellahs!"

Miss Frankie Raymond is very pretty; her shoulders beautiful in contour, and her rendition of the "Alabama Coon" really charming; the Southern sway song, and low, languorous crooning, specially sweet. The squalling infant in the wings adds realism to the song.

The other houris grouped about, posed always in strongest calcium rays, whose physical lines, rather than their verbal ones, are necessary to evolve the plot. The two premieres dance vigorously on the apexes of their toes, and twist and gyrate with marvelous rapidity; but since the introduction of the graceful, sensuous skirt dancing, this agony of leg muscle and pedal points is less pretty than ever.

Ada Deaves cannot be forgotten—as a female antique grotesque she is unsurpassed. Her work is inimitable.

To hear the incomparable strains of the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" fitted to the movements and vagaries of burlesque, goes to prove to what earthly uses the most divine things may be put. All extravaganzas must end in an apotheosis, just as inevitably as all fires end in smoke and cinders. This one, "The Origin of the Harp," is a dainty, poetic bit, in tones of green and silver, with a lovely pink lady far back among the shamrocks.

Most diverting would I call the farcical comedy, "The Passport," so deliciously defined by the captivating Martinot. Really, she is charmingly irresistible with her follies and her childish irresponsibility. Her interpretation of the volatile, adorable widow, whose memory is most amazingly and ridiculously indefinite, the uncertainties of which, coupled with a whimsical naiveté, lead the lady into predicaments complex and situations absurd. These situations are vastly more humorous than the dialogue is witty. But few comediennes on the stage to-day are gifted in grace of finish and delicacy of touch, sufficiently light and artistic to handle such a character with any degree of artistic and reasonable conformity to nature. It is not an easy thing to do and do it well. This feather-brained, fashionable and fascinating creature, silly as she is, almost bordering on the irrational, is made pleasing in the skilled hands of Miss Martinot. And then her gowns! They are poems, rhapsodies. She is a picture of the woman of fashion, perfectly Parisian, modish—a dainty pastel in Louis Quinze brocades, airy chiffons, maddening morsels of bonnets perched on golden locks above a face piquante. In looks, the fair Sadie resembles Lillian Russell; in acting, tones of voice and fetching mannerisms, she recalls Ada Rehan in her most engaging roles.

The frocks of the star and company might be called a triumph in millinery. They are all swagger to the pinnacle of New York's smartest exclusives. The men seem devotees of Vogue's almighty "Him." The two friends of Lord Bibary, those long, gaunt, narrow-chested, donkey-expressioned automatons, twin-like in their ludicrous resemblance, would delight Sarah Grand as examples of the successful subjugation of the brute man.

Max Figman, the co-star, makes a lively, acceptable Lord Bibary. He is nimble in action, with quick, clever methods that are quite catching.

Mr. Sam Edwards, as Christopher Coleman, is, in looks and speech, like dear old C. B. Bishop, come to earth again.

The opening scene in the waiting-room of the Russian frontier is exaggerated. The officials deal in an unpardonably rough and undignified manner with the supposed English criminal. It is most absurdly overdone.

Dishes dainty and dishes diseased, opera magnificent and burlesque brilliant; fish, flesh, fowl; in a word, a menu of boundless variety, substantial and sparkling, is being served to whet the appetite of the ever-changing, pleasure-loving New York public.

Wealth and upper tendom lend their toilettes and their chatter, their fashionable approbation and their emphatic dollars to the encouragement of grand opera at the Metropolitan. Truly grand it is, dramatically and lyrically. A galaxy of heavenly voices and handsome personages, such as has never before been grouped together. A bouquet of rarest orchids. Men and women, artists of the highest degree of excellence; masters and mistresses of two-fold talent, expressing human emotion through that wondrous organ, half divine, the human voice,—strengthened, completed and perfectly interpreted by histrionic gifts of no mean order. In very truth, a feast for the gods and goddesses, the nectar and ambrosia of modernity, such as our Western and fastidious palate would also relish were we but furnished with the golden spoon of feeding supplied by some kind public-spirited capitalist. Let the many moneyed men of our city band together and build an opera house, just as the New York bondholders did; the public will amply support it. This is what we want. Let the staunch and loyal Morosco preside over and cater to his big, happy family south of Market Street,—we pat him on the back approvingly for his allegiance that is above "the jingling of the guinea." So much for opera here and opera there; we will evolute to it in time; the success of the local Horse Show stands as a shining promise of better things.

Of Wilson Barrett, in the dramatization of Hall Caine's "The Manxman," much has been written. The verdict on the book is that it is dramatic and tremendous, a work of deep charm and pathos, leaving a strong if not an indelible impression. Of the play, the unanimous opinion is voiced in disappointments, owing to the loss of much of its literary merit and peculiar charm in the process of adaptation

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deepest dye, and evidencing a step in advance on the former light comedies of our erstwhile dramatic author.

Lillian Russell in "The Grand Duchess," and Louise Beaudet in "Jacinta," take the lead in lighter opera, both depending on beauty of form and furnishing, rather than on voice or dramatic force, for their successes; and, in the vernacular, "they fill the bill."

The Bostonians are emphasizing their popularity in the new opera, "Prince Ananais." This organization has long stood for that which is best in the field of legitimate light opera, and their recent production keeps them up to this standard.

At the Empire Theatre, Henry Arthur Jones' "The Masqueraders," like that moral hobgoblin, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," is shaking the dead bones of the conventionalists and arousing an equal amount of controversial criticism.

Fanny Davenport, who is ever reaching for the title of the American Bernhardt, is seen in Sardou's romantic drama, "Gismonda," an interesting and stirring story, the action of which takes place in Athens during the year 1451.

Hoey in "The Flams," Gillette in "Too Much Johnson," and Harrigan in "Notoriety," satisfy the thirst of the masses who crave mental cocktails; each man to his taste; so the amusement wheel spins on.

MARTHA W. SHAINWALD.

AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Marie Tavary's Grand English Opera Company is booked at the Baldwin for two weeks commencing January 7. Rigoletto, Navatora, Bohemian Girl, Neviata, Carmen, Faust, and the whole range of standard operas will be sung. Guille is the leading tenor, Madame Tavary, leading soprano.

Lottie Collins, leading a company of her own, is to appear at the California following the production of "The Passport." She will appear in the operetta, "The Devil-Bird," and in a lively comedy, "The Fair Equestrienne."

Although Morosco's has been unusually crowded during the past week, "The Silver King" proving a drawing card of no small degree, it has been the policy of the management to change, however, the play each week, and hence the production of "Mr. Potter of Texas" will follow the present piece on Monday next.

At the Tivoli, Lalla Rookh still runs to large and appreciative audiences nightly. The book is by John P. Wilson, and the music by Joseph Hirschbach. Taken altogether, it is a brilliant spectacle of mirth, music and specialties, and one of the most successful production billed at the house.

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PAUL WEST.

He stood 'mid a bevy of beautiful girls,—
Each maiden was wondrously fair,
But never a look would he give to them;
He was haughty and debonair.

They flocked all about him and pressed his hands,
And lovingly cast their eyes.
But never a glance of responsive love
He gave, nor e'en showed surprise.

Like Satyr and Nymphs the bevy seemed,
And lucky the man, you'd cry!
And foolish the chump who'd passively let
Such beauty and grace go by!

Now, was he an angel, or millionaire,
That he should be loved that way?
No; the maids were his chorus, the manager he,
And this should be salary day!

—*Dramatic Mirror.*

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Ecce Homo

SCENE: San Francisco.
TIME: Christmas week.
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Everybody.

SCENE I.

MRS. NOBHILL (*laying aside her wraps*): Well, dear, and did you enjoy yourself? I didn't see much of you, I was so much interested in Major Rathbone's description of the new riding school. It's going to be grand!

MISS NOBHILL (*enthusiastically*): Oh, yes, mamma, I had such a lovely time! Just think! I sat next such a strange man. Oh, and he knows so much! Why, he's seen everything. I can't begin to remember the beautiful stories he told me! And he's got such lovely eyes, too! His name is Professor Immanuel, and I think he's a German, or an Italian, or something like that. I asked him to call on me, and I gave him our card. I do hope he'll come, so that he can finish his last story for me. He said it was called the "Story without an End," but I'm sure we should have finished it, if you hadn't called me away.

MRS. NOBHILL (*severely*): Agnes, my dear, do you mean to tell me that you were talking to that horrid little Jew doctor that was there? And when I especially told you not to lose sight of young Mr. Bruguiere? I'm surprised and vexed. I cannot see why Mrs. Alvord should be always inviting cranks and freaks to her teas. It's enough to have to subscribe for orphans and old women, without having charity always thrust in your face. Why, I do believe she will patronize the Salvation Army next.

MISS NOBHILL: But, mamma, this gentleman must be well off, for he's living at the Palace Hotel, and is traveling around the world.

MRS. NOBHILL: Not a particle of matter whatever. It's your business to look for your opportunities and not for rich cranks. I was introduced to him, and tried to be civil. Mrs. Alvord had told me he was a sort of philanthropist, and so I said to him that I was afraid we were going to have lots of starvation among the tramps and poor people in the city this winter. When he asked why I thought so, I answered because times were so hard and people had so little money. Then—would you believe it!—he turned around and looked me full in the face, and said that there was enough jewels in the drawing-room just then to feed and clothe all the poor in San Francisco for one week, and that, no doubt there were plenty more at home for the other weeks. Just think of it! And the wretched man set his eyes full on my beautiful diamond cross all the time he was saying it. I left him at once—and I shall tell the servants to say that we're not at home should he call!

[*Exit Mrs. Nobhill, leaving her offspring in tears.*]

SCENE II.

A Banquet at the University Club.

DR. STEBBINS: Of course all you say is exceedingly interesting, Doctor, but still I must contend that the belief in miracles has almost entirely departed from the more intelligent portion of the Christian Church. Mind you, they accept the grand truths which were concealed in the sacred narration of them by the Bible, but to accept them without reservation or even with any reservation at all, is not the keynote of our modern religion. Now I will refer to Dr. McKenzie, here, a man of strict Presbyterianism, and one who accounts to his conscience with the finest honesty. I think, if I am not mistaken, that Dr. McKenzie, with his scientific intelligence, does not accept all the miracles as they were once taken in former ages, but that——

DR. MCKENZIE (*leaning across the table*): That's a long discussion Doctor, but I will say this much; that if you take some of the miracles in the spirit, they are as grand as if you took them in the letter.

DR. IMMANUEL: But, gentlemen, what I asked was: 'Why do you think that miracles are so impossible?'—and again: 'Why should we deny Christ the capability of producing certain so-called phenomena?' For instance, if I turn to Dr. McKenzie here, whom I have never had the pleasure of meeting before, and tell him that he has accidentally forgotten the address which he is to deliver this evening, and that it is in the right hand corner of his upper bureau drawer at home, and *not* in the desk at his church study,—why he will possibly say that I am miraculous, yet I assure you that I have simply followed a simple law of nature in divining this fact.

DR. MCKENZIE (*hurriedly feeling in all his pockets with extreme nervousness*): Dear me! Dear me! I wonder if I have been so stupid and forgetful—Oh! Waiter! Kindly bring me my mackintosh. (*It is brought but no MSS. are found in it.*) Oh! Waiter. Ring for a messenger-boy, please, at once, and also a coupé. Ask them to make haste. I wish them to go to my house at once. Thank you, Doctor, very, very much. It was thoughtful of you!

DR. VOORSANGER (*chuckling*): You're a good mind-reader, Doctor Immanuel."

DR. STEBBINS: Yes, indeed! And as you said a few moments ago, Doctor, many persons would regard that in the light of a miracle—and yet it was what Irving Bishop, or his ilk, would consider of ordinary importance in their trade. But the actual miracle of Christ was of a different calibre. What you have done just now might, at the utmost, be dignified by the title of divination. In Christ's case it is the sudden and empirical moving of matter at the dictates of the mind, which is so utterly in conflict with the knowledge which modern science has given us.

DR. IMMANUEL: And that troubles you also? Well, for instance, let me go further than mere divination, for a few minutes. You, Dr. Stebbins, are suffering this evening from a nervous headache, superinduced by a severe cold that has brought your lungs and head into a disagreeable and inflammatory condition. At your side, you have a glass of water. Will you oblige me by following my directions, and you shall be rid of both your headache and your cold at once? You consent? Very well, now begin: Lift the glass to your lips and drink the entire contents in exactly seven swallows—that's right, now: *One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven!* and you are a new man!

DR. STEBBINS (*brushing aside his hair with both hands, and blinking his eyes like one awakening from sleep*): How very extraordinary! I have never had such an experience before! Both cold and headache have departed!

DR. MCKENZIE (*eagerly*): Dr. Immanuel, I beg of you tell me the prescription. I suffer so fearfully from nervous headaches myself!

DR. VOORSANGER: Prescription! Why, there's no prescription at all. It's simply a remarkable bit of hypnotism. I've seen Charcot accomplish the same thing in Paris with a watch instead of a glass of water. The patient had to count the several hundred seconds before opening his eyes—at least, it was something like that.

DR. IMMANUEL (*to Dr. McKenzie*): Some day, I will explain to you the prescription; meanwhile, your messenger boy is slow in arriving. You are anxious. Be tranquil; already, some one at your home has been told of your mistake, and a servant will be here in five minutes with your manuscript.

DR. VOORSANGER: In *exactly* five minutes, Doctor, may I ask? (*pulling out his watch.*)

DR. IMMANUEL (*shutting his eyes*): Yes, in exactly five minutes. It now lacks two seconds of ten o'clock. The manuscript will be brought to the door at precisely four minutes and fifty-eight seconds after ten.

DR. VOORSANGER: You must carry a split second chronometer in your head, Doctor. You tell the time to a hair.

(*Just then bell rings and messenger boy is hustled in by waiter.*)

DR. MCKENZIE (*nervously apologetic*): You'll forgive me, Dr. Immanuel, I am sure,—but—you—see in a matter—ah—like this—I mustn't trust to necromancy—so I think I'll be doubly sure, and send the messenger. Waiter, has the coupé come? Very well then. Boy, drive to my house—here's the card, and ask them to send me my manuscript speech which they will find in the upper bureau drawer,—make haste, now, and bring it quickly!

(EXIT MESSENGER.)

DR. VOORSANGER (*looking intently at his watch*): You've only got one minute and forty-eight seconds left, Doctor. Don't be worried.

DR. IMMANUEL (*gently*): I am always worried, Doctor, but not on account of these things, but of greater.

(*A violent ring at the door-bell is heard.*)

DR. VOORSANGER (*closing watch crisply*): Time's up, Doctor,—and now for your miracle!

(*Enter waiter hurriedly.*)

WAITER: Your servant just brought this speech down, Dr. McKenzie. She says they found it after you'd gone, and thought you might need it this evening.

DR. VOORSANGER (*laughing heartily*): Very good, indeed, Doctor. Let me congratulate you heartily, sir. You are a thorough expert! How long do you expect to remain with us? Shall you lecture at all?

DR. IMMANUEL (*gravely*): There are many things which I should like to say to your people here, but I have other and harder work before me. Presently I must go onward.

DR. STEBBINS: But, before we close the subject, let us for a moment go back of the legerdemain or geomancy, or whatever else it was, and speak of the subject of miracles, abstractly. What is the basis of your belief in the miracle of the Bible, Doctor?

DR. IMMANUEL: To speak to you in the modern tongue, have we not miracles everywhere? Is not electricity a miracle? Can you tell me what it is? Have you read *any* of Nature's secrets? Is not steam a miracle? Can you measure its depths and its possibilities? Is not birth a miracle, and finally is not Death itself the greatest? Can you tell why the plants grow, or how? Can you say how the planets move, or how the stars are born? Is the body which holds your life and soul known to you? Is not your very breath a miracle? You have the grandest miracles on every side of you. You are surfeited with them, and yet you discriminate as to which you would choose. As to the matter of obeying the dictates of the mind, why, in your own body you have the exemplification of the controlling of matter by the mind,—and still grander the thought, that in all Nature matter is controlled by the one mighty, everlasting, underlying Spirit!

(*Speechmaking begins, and the controversy ceases.*)

DR. VOORSANGER (*as they prepare to depart*): I hope to see more of you during your stay, Doctor. This is my address.

DR. IMMANUEL: Thank you—but one thing more. When you dream to-night of a certain passage in the works of Solomon Maimon, remember to look up the parallel reference in Moses Mendelsohnn, and much will be made clear.

DR. VOORSANGER: You are a Talmudist, I think.

DR. IMMANUEL: No, I am the plain Jew.

[EXIT.]

SCENE III.

Hoffman Saloon.

JOSEPH D. REDDING: Well, Doctor, neither civilization or Christianity can make Bacchus unfashionable. You see this is the most gorgeous saloon we have here. It is kept by Pop Sullivan, and he has spent barrels of money on it. Just look at those pictures! Why, they are the finest collection of nudes in the West; all of them famous, too. Just look at that "Wedding Night," by Bougereau! Did you ever see anything more inviting than that girl with only an orange flower on?

DR. IMMANUEL (*turning toward the bar*): You are fond of pictures, then, Mr. Redding?

REDDING: Passionately fond of them—especially of the old masters!

DR. IMMANUEL (*as they drink*): Then I must show you some fine specimens, one of these spare moments.

POP SULLIVAN (*entering from the street, glances around to see if his place is still there—looking at pictures, he suddenly starts back in amazement*): Holy heaven! Mike! Mike! am I crazy? My pictures! My pictures! Where are they, man? And in the name of glory, where did you get them Bible chromos? I'll have the blood of any man who's doing me dirt!

(*All the barkeepers glance upward at the walls in horror and dismay. The nudes have disappeared, and instead of them are paintings of "Moses," after Michael Angelo, of Correggio's "Madonna," of Ribera's "St. Stephen," of Rossetti's "Annunciation," of Carlo Dolce's "St. John," etc.*)

POP SULLIVAN (*continuing in a frantic rage*): Say, I'm going to get to the bottom of this. It ain't no joking matter, if it is Christmas! Who took them pictures?

JIM FLOOD (*who is talking with Nat Messer at farther end of the bar, looks up with mild surprise*): Hello, Pop, I see you've changed your gallery!

SULLIVAN (*gnashing his teeth*): Yes, and I'm going gunning.

FLOOD (*indifferently*): Well, you've made a pretty good bargain getting rid of that lot of old hams, and putting in good art. Say, what will you take for that Carlo Dolce? It looks genuine, and I'm a crank on Carlo Dolce—most charming of the Italian classic school. Say, Pop, right off, I'll give you four thousand dollars for that picture, if it's what I think it is—come now, how's that? As for the Rossetti, I suppose you'll want more.

SULLIVAN (*gasping for breath a moment, and recovering his presence of mind*): Well—now—ah—you—see—ah—Mr. Flood—that—ah—is the grandest collection that

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ever came to this coast. Why, I paid for that there Carlo What-you-may-call-'em, four thousand two hundred dollars, let alone freight and insurance. Say, I'll let you have it at four thousand five hundred dollars. (*Aside*) I think I must be losing my mind. I wonder where I did get them anyhow? I'm afraid Pop, old boy, you have been drinking too much mineral water lately!

FLOOD: That's a bargain. Send her around to the office and draw down your coin. I'll talk to you about the Rossetti to-morrow, but don't raise the price too high, and don't tell Joe Grant anybody's looking for it.

REDDING (*who has turned around meanwhile, and is gazing at the religious pictures with a scared and fishy eye*): Say, Doc, just a minute. What's a good thing to quiet the nerves? I'm afraid mine are very rocky to-night. You see my vision is constantly deceiving me—only temporary you know—'twill pass right off, I suppose. But you're a physician, and you can, perhaps, say whether I ought to take bromide or sulphonel.

DR. IMMANUEL: You are of the legal profession. Well, I will give you the best remedy. Hasten to your home, and read any chapter in Blackstone for half an hour. Then lie down, for you will wish sleep. Afterwards, you will dream, and in your vision you will be transported to Paris, where you will hear one of Massenet's splendid works completely performed at the grand opera. For such is the effect of law upon your spirit.

[EXEUNT.]

SCENE IV.

Mission and Third Streets, whither Dr. Immanuel has wandered before retiring for the night.

MRS. MCGILLIGAN (*one of a large crowd collected at the corner about a puny messenger boy, who has been hurt by the electric car*): Arrah, it's a big shame to have thim t'ings batin Branagher out of decent people what crosses the sthreet; but Dan do be sayin' that they make his proppity boom. There's always a silver linin' somewheres.

MRS. JOHNSON: Yes, honey; but jes' you look at dat po' li'l pickaninny done gone mos' got his neck broke. Say, Sam Johnson, you brack nigger, whah don' you bring along dat hurry-up waggin? Dis yer chile's mos' dead—yes, indeedy!

SAM'L JOHNSON (*also colored*): Yes, ol' lady, we done ring in de hurry-up waggin an' she'll be yere a boomin' in two seconds of a lamb's tail.

DR. IMMANUEL (*as the crowd instinctively parts to admit him to the injured child*): Well, little fellow, you were knocked down—did it hurt?

MESSENGER BOY: Betcher life, boss. I guess I'm kilt. I didn't see her comin'. Say, kin I see me mudder first? Say, boss, I ain't goin' to last long. I don't want to get hustled off in de patrol. I'll be a goner 'fore dey fetch me mudder! Say, boss; fix it, wontcher?

DR. IMMANUEL: My boy, you shall see your mother as soon as we can reach her. You're not dead yet—there! (*passes his hand across the lad's spine and shoulder-blades*) That's where the pain was. Now it is not so bad, is it?

BOY (*feebly*): No, boss. You've taken all the hurt out. But oh! I feel so sleepy.

(*Immanuel takes him in his arms, just as the crowd scatters to let the patrol-wagon back up to the sidewalk.*)

OFFICER GUILFOYLE (*alighting*): Where's de stiff?

THE CROWD: There, there! The Doctor's got him!

OFFICER (*imperiously*): Come on, now! Hustle that kid over here. (*He aims a light blow at the Doctor's shoulder, but the club rebounds sharply against his own left elbow.*) Say, now, I don't want no nonsense; I'll break your neck if you don't hand over that kid. This is the patrol, see!

DR. IMMANUEL (*turning gently around*): *Hush!* he is asleep! You will waken him!

OFFICER: Well, say, young feller, I'll waken you pretty quick if you don't turn over that kid, right now (*grasps the Doctor's shoulder*).

DR. IMMANUEL: But you never can awaken the man whom *you* put to sleep in the San Bruno Road just a year ago!

OFFICER: For God's sake! What do you know, man? Hush! What do you want? Tell me, man! For the love of heaven, what and who are you?

DR. IMMANUEL: Go to 369½ Tehama Street and ask this boy's mother to meet him at the Receiving Hospital. I will be there before you arrive.

(*Officer takes the patrol-wagon and hurriedly drives away. Dr. Immanuel with the child in his arms moves swiftly through the dispersing crowd toward Market Street.*)

SCENE V.

City Receiving Hospital.

DR. IMMANUEL (*entering with his precious burden*): Is the Doctor in?

STEWARD: He's over at the Grotto a moment, sir. He'll be here in two minutes, sir. There's a case coming up then, sir, in the wagon.

DR. IMMANUEL: This is the case; I brought it myself. Will you call the Doctor, please?

(*Exit Steward in haste; brings back Night Surgeon with him.*)

NIGHT SURGEON: How's this! Why didn't the patrol wagon see to this case? Were they late?

DR. IMMANUEL: They would have been, had I not arrived there before them. I am a surgeon and I took control of the case, and dispatched the wagon for the child's mother.

NIGHT SURGEON: By what right, sir, may I ask?

DR. IMMANUEL: The lad's back is broken—he would have died in the patrol wagon in ten minutes. As a surgeon of long experience, I preferred my own method—as you did yours, one day two years ago last October.

NIGHT SURGEON: Doctor, you are quite right! quite right! Let me hasten to assure you that you are very right. Your method of treatment is perfect. Is there any way in which I may aid you, or be of assistance? You certainly have all the learning and experience on your side.

(*Immediately all appliances are put at Dr. Immanuel's command, and presently he has the boy firmly bandaged and secured tightly in a plaster of Paris jacket.*)

OFFICER GUILFOYLE (*leading in a trembling middle-aged woman, shabbily dressed*): Well, say, Doc, here's de mudder—an' say, she's crazy. I told her de kid was all right, all right, but she thinks he's dead. Dis way, ma'am; here's de Doc what fetched your Chimmy to.

MOTHER: Ah, Docther darlint, an' is he dead?

DR. IMMANUEL: Only sleeping—but he'll speak to you—it will do him good. Jimmy! my boy, here's your mother!

JIMMY (*opening his eyes drowsily*): Dear old mudder. Say, mudder, I don't know when I'll come out—look in me pants an' get all me money—it was rainin' an' I slipped—there ain't much!

MOTHER (*feeling in his pockets, finds three big gold pieces*): Jimmy! Jimmy! Where did you earn all this? For God's sake! were you by it honestly?

DR. IMMANUEL: Hush! You must not awaken him again for days and days. Yes, he came by the money honestly, I can assure you! He needs rest and quiet. He will be well in two months, and he will remain here (*to Night Surgeon*)—is that not so, Doctor?

NIGHT SURGEON (*apprehensively*): Why, of course, Doctor; anything you wish. We would not think of disturbing so difficult a case!

DR. IMMANUEL: And now, may I have a basin of water, some soap and a towel? I must cleanse my hands.

NIGHT SURGEON (*watching the Doctor wash his hands*): Why, sir, you must have seen army life and active service! What dreadful scars those are on the palms of your hands! I wonder the stength and agility of your fingers have not been impaired!

DR. IMMANUEL: Yes, I was in a good fight when I was younger; but it's the old, old story, nowadays! Good night! I thank you for your kindness.

[EXIT.]

DR. IMMANUEL (*walking down Market Street, and looking at the myriads of stars*): "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms!

HARRY BIGELOW.

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LIBRARY NOTES

A LITERARY DISCUSSION.

No one regrets more sincerely than I that Miss Charmian refused to contribute to the Xmas *Examiner*. For years she has been trembling on the verge of print. Her friends have assured her she had only to take the pen up to become famous. But neither their encouragement nor the ironic allusions of her enemies have stirred her into literature. Under the circumstances, one is forced to the conclusion there are better reasons for this obstinacy than her own declaration that she abstains from writing to preserve her reputation. Can it be she has tried and failed? One must not forget that conversational facility does not always argue literary instinct, though one's vocal-verbal combinations may be as smart as Edgar Saltus'. That possibility, however, does not in the slightest degree detract from her fascinations. These are pre-eminent on a Sunday afternoon, which she invariably spends in her own drawing-room, decked in a lilac tea-gown trimmed with a quantity of old Honiton lace. The effect is admirable. It is a habit of mine to drop in upon Miss Charmian in the sleepy hours before dinner, and we talk over affairs of State and nation, as well as the more important subject of books. If you would be heeded, it is ever the proper thing to speak with an air of authority. Even the most contentious cannot fail to be impressed by the infallibility of this brilliant young woman's literary utterances. She delivers herself of conclusions with the air of settling the fate of a volume, and is as sarcastic as a *Saturday Review* dare you question her decisions. Two members of the five o'clock tea brigade were listening with reverential air to her ideas on Anthony Hope's latest effort, which I thought she admired rather excessively.

"As good as the Prisoner?" I ejaculated in surprise. "Surely, you are enthusiastic this afternoon." I might have added more but for the awed expressions on the youths' faces. Then I realized she had a magnificent mood, and that modified silence was a measure of safety. There was a slight pause. She said:

"He is almost alone among Englishmen with the art of drawing a woman who is frivolous without being stupid; who can be wittily wicked without playing havoc with the commandments. In *The Indiscretion of the Duchess*, as jolly a little book as one would care to pass an evening with, there is a young woman so gay, dainty and fascinating that I was ready to fall in love with her myself, before Marie Delhasse was introduced."

"Is it possible you preferred the tall and funereal prima donna, who is ever in tears, or refusing diamonds, or driving off mysteriously in carriages to the dear irresistible little Madame de Saint-Maclou, who is so light and debonair, so coquettishly fascinating? Why! she is as light and airy as a heroine by *Gyp*, —something no one could ever say for the Duchess of another Englishman."

"And you actually cared for that light-headed little flirt of a woman?" queried Miss Charmian.

"Of course—it is only because Maria is in distress that Aycon falls in love with her. Besides, he is saving her from sin and the Duke, a double incentive. Competition enhances the value of every woman, and on that basis I account for the preference of the hero. On the same reasoning, I suppose you prefer Mrs. Sylvesten in the *Dolly Dialogues* to the frivolous heroine?"

"No, I think Dolly was delicious."

"But she was no saint. The Duchess has the advantage of her there, for Dolly flirted indiscriminately, whereas Madame de Saint-Maclou was content with fascinating Aycon, and very naturally was disgusted that the opera singer should win his heart.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"The Indiscretion of the Duchess," by Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co., publisher. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"The Play Actress," by S. R. Crocket. G. P. Putman & Co., publishers. For sale, A. M. Robertson.

"Elder Conklin," by Frank Harris. Macmillan & Co., publishers. For sale, Wm. Doxey.

"More Short Sixes," by H. C. Bunner. Keppler & Schwartzman, publishers.

Obituary.

DEATH OF MRS. CHARLES MAIN.

A WELL KNOWN PIONEER WOMAN PASSES AWAY.

Mrs. Charles Main, wife of Charles Main of the firm of Main & Winchester, died at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, on the Fourth of December, at the advanced age of eighty-two. The deceased was a native of New Hampshire, and came from a long line of hardy, prominent, respectable New Englanders, nearly all of whom lived to be octogenarians. She early married Charles Main, and came to California during the pioneer period, and her husband soon became, and has remained, one of the best-known and one of the most prosperous and honorable merchants and manufacturers of the Pacific Coast.

None who only knew the late Mrs. Charles Main as an acquaintance, are aware of the majesty of her womanhood, and none have excelled her in virtue and uprightness. No lady in the land has dispensed charities so silently and so unostentatiously—as her heart and hand were ever noiselessly open, tender and sincere. No mother has ever been fonder of her children, and no wife truer to her loving consort; and none could have been more beloved and lamented in return. Mrs. Main possessed a spotlessly Christian spirit, which enabled her to bear up amidst many physical injuries or other afflictions with serene fortitude and touching resignation.

To the privileged few who sometimes gathered with the immediate members of her home circle, Mrs. Main was always the more particularly honored one, and exalted as the best of earthly treasures. In the refined and cultured circles where she was a highly respected and ever welcome member, she had a multitude of friends, among whom she will now be missed and mourned, and who will—while recalling her courteous manner and her gentle, unobtrusive virtues—sigh:

"Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

When such a woman passes away amid the tumult of a great city, the busy waves of life roll on, and seem too soon to fill the void she leaves. But it is not so,—in many a heart and home there long remains an altar-place sacred to the memory of the lost one, and on that holy shrine tears and tender regrets and gently spoken words of fond remembrance are daily offered up,—affection's beautiful tributes to the worth of the departed.

Attending angels, bear your sacred prize
Amidst the radiant glories of the skies;
Each heart's great grief rests pensive o'er her urn,
And every grace and every virtue mourn.

Los Angeles Express.

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Dry Goods and Cloak House

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RIGHT NOW . . . We are ready for business with an immense assortment of

HOLIDAY GOODS!

WE OFFER . . . A great variety of appropriate presents for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.

WE CAN . . . Supply a suitable Gift for old or young at any sum to suit your desire or the size of your purse, in the way of

STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS

Call and See Us — Store Open Evenings

A piece of silver bearing the English Hall-Mark always possesses particular value and interest. The Hall-Mark is as reminiscent of the inimitable productions of Cellini as of the famous "Paradise Lost" Shield of the present century. Articles in solid silver, bearing the English Hall-Mark, and noted for the superiority of their design and excellence of execution, can be obtained at 85 and 86 Crocker Building. The rooms, which contain a rare display of English goods, will be open every day and evening. An immense and varied stock of Xmas Novelties will be offered at special prices. Albert Edward King.

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Of Aix La Chapelle, Germany. Established 1805

Capital, $2,250.000.00 Total Assets, $6,854,653.65

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Incorporated by Royal Charter A. D. 1720

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Surplus to Policy Holders, $8,980,251

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager

NATHAN & KINGSTON, San Francisco Agents, 401 Montgomery Street

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

The Union Trust Company, of San Francisco, will remove to its new Banking Rooms in the Union Trust Company Building, corner of Montgomery, Post and Market streets, on Wednesday, January 2, 1895. This Company does a Savings, Trust and General Banking Business, and has Fire and Burglar Proof Safe Deposit Vaults of the most modern and best approved construction. Rent of Safes, $4 to $100 per annum. Inspection invited.

MISS I. E. CONNOR — Late of . . . E. E. Caswell

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All Orders from the Country will receive Prompt Attention

MAGAZINES & PERIODICALS FOR JANUARY ... AT ...

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(Successors to C. Beach)

THE CLASS OF FASHION

Any one inquiring during the recent storm: "Has modesty gone out of date?" would have been relegated to the ranks of the obvious. Women of every class, age, shape and form lifted their skirts so high as to provoke the mirth of the male and the blushes of the female observer. Never before did the inadequacy, unsuitability and vulgarity of the present costume worn by women in rainy weather strike one. Owing to the extreme weight and clumsiness of the hair-cloth lined garment, it is an impossibility to get a good grip of it without drawing the godet pleats to the front, and folding them over; then one is obliged to lift them very high in order to avoid the weight upon the lower arm. There ought to be a law obliging women to wear gaiters to the knee and skirts to the ankle, then this dragging in the mud and lifting might be avoided. It is an almost impossible feat for a woman to walk through the streets, an umbrella held high above her head, a heavy dress lifted so that it does not drag in the mud, to preserve her dignity and not look absolutely miserable.

I saw some very exquisite gowns at the recent cotillion, but noticed how very few of the women showed the top of the shoulder, which rather surprised me. Though few American women have the sloping shoulders made fashionable by the Empress Eugenie, many are superbly endowed. There is a very fetching costume of yellow brocade, edged with narrow brown fur, the skirt opening over a petticoat of accordion pleated yellow chiffon run through with four rows of brown and yellow baby ribbon. The bodice, edged with fur, is folded sashwise, one piece being drawn through a large paste buckle and finishing at the back in a long bow and ends of brocade. The chemisette of chiffon is drawn up with brown and yellow baby ribbon, tied at intervals in true lover's knots to correspond to the pattern of the brocade, and choux of chiffon on the shoulders relieve severity of the closely drawn chemisette. Full sleeves of brocade, edged with fur, open at the under seam to reveal sleeves of chiffon, and are gathered at the elbow. The under sleeves finish in graduated frills.

It is absolutely essential, if you wish to assume an up-to-date air, to dress your hair correctly. There are, of course, cut and dried rules, but the sensible woman adapts to a great extent her coiffure to her type of face. But the hair must be dressed wide at the sides and, if possible, drawn over the ears. Dark hair is at present more in vogue than the lighter shades, and brilliant red hair is at last out of date. A suggestion of red, however, is allowable. While clothes is such a vexed question, and, to the poor but well born, such a vital one, we did not need a Sartor Resartus to remind us of the dignity that was owing to gowns, for even a dog will bark at a poorly-dressed person, yet will rush wagging his tail when he sees a fashionable looking one approach. To be well dressed requires money, or brains and tact. In England, where a title counts, and in the Eastern States where the question of family cuts some figure, many poor but well born folk get their clothes on commission. I was talking to a well-known tailor the other day, and he described the *modus operandi* and told me he had several customers whose gowns cost them nothing. "You see," said he, "if a person will bring me three rich customers, it repays me to make her a gown free of charge. In the first place, the cutting and sewing cost me nothing, as I have work people here who will make it at odd times, while I can make more than enough off the material for one dress to pay for stuff enough to make this person a nice one. We do it all the time," he continued, "and you would be surprised to learn in this city alone how many girls get their costumes made in this way."

"But," I said, "surely not nice girls?"

"Yes, indeed; for they are the ones who bring us the largest number of persons.

"It is nothing," he went on, "merely a business proposition, and perfectly legitimate." He told me milliners, jewelers, upholsterers, and, in fact, all prominent merchants, have their living advertisements who belong to the ranks of the so-called shabby gentility.

In London the methods of making a living among the poor people of rank are even more intricate and interesting. They attend auctions and buy old silver cheap, and later on raffle it among their friends for a poor woman whom it would be a charity to assist. Again they have private dry-goods establishments where they sell French novelties at absurd prices to a "few of their friends." This is, of course, entirely different from being in trade, and does not interfere with one's social status. Others again go to the second-hand stores and pick up odd things or antiques which they afterwards dispose of as heirlooms,—"been in the family since Charles II's time, you know,"—and the purchaser, who is rarely a dealer, never doubts them. Then some sell embroidery work to the fancy shops, or rather, get the shops to take it and pay a small commission.

The newest thing in theatre mantles is made of black satin of very full proportions, with ample reveres of primrose satin mounted with filmy lace. Filling the front—and this is where the novelty lies—are flots and waterfalls of cream chiffon and lace with long bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums arranged to cluster from the shoulders to the waist. In millinery, toques and real picture hats are the only ones worn. The Norwegian toque, with its widely spreading front wings and witch-like peak, is very fetching, whilst the Rubens, a huge velvet hat much plumed, is, perhaps, the most effective thing in headgear.

The shoe which is really the proper thing to wear with an Empire gown, has a very pointed toe which turns up, and is made of satin of the same hue as the gown, or else a direct contrast. Jet bands and streamers are much worn and give tone to a gown.

Quite the most novel thing in evening waists is the decolleté and simple one of mirror velvet which fits superbly and is absolutely untrimmed.

THE REFLECTOR.

Maillard's New York Confectionary in large varieties at Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St.

Healthy Children

come from healthy mothers. And mothers will certainly be healthy if they'll take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Nothing can equal it in building up a woman's strength, in regulating and assisting all her natural functions. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, supports and strengthens weak, nursing mothers, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment.

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and bracing nervine, and a remedy for woman's ills and ailments. In every chronic "female complaint" or weakness, it acts so beneficially that, once used, it is always in favor.

Delicate diseases affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book sent sealed for ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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that you can get the finest quality visiting cards, combined with the best workmanship, printed from your copper plate for One Dollar per hundred? And a New Plate and one hundred cards for Two Dollars? It is a fact.

PIERSON BROS.,
225 Kearny St.

COUNTRY GOSSIP

SAN JOSE.

The "Living Whist" show for the benefit of the Unitarian Church, was a failure both socially and financially, the attendance being exceeding small. Imagine, if you can, Romanist ex-milliners and Papist typewriters dancing in the most graceful and animated style to replenish the funds of a sect that denies the divinity of Christ. Of course we all understood that it was not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved the social position they would gain more, that they consented to appear as "queens," or "aces," in the living game. It is astonishing what means many of our people employ to gain entrée into what they consider a charmed circle, and how great must be their disappointment after being admitted to be continually reminded of their former plebeian existence.

We were all astonished when we heard that John Yoell had rented his beautiful house to the millionaire with a German name, while he with his wife and family are occupying rooms in the third story of the Letita Building.

Miss Spencer's marriage was the principal social event, and invitations were sent to nearly everyone in town except Captain William B— and family. These had been considered entirely too officious in the Montanya quarrel to receive cards even to the church. Grace always declared that she would marry a man of brains, and she has kept her word, for young Dr. Hall ranks among the brightest and brainiest men. He has risen rapidly in his profession and is now near the topmost round, and bids fair to become a formidable rival of many of the older practitioners here.

I wish you would find out what the gallant and fine-looking banker is doing so often in San Francisco. There seems to be a very general degree of curiosity on the subject, and it is a pity it should not be alleviated.

In a town like this, it is always necessary for one or more persons to take the lead in social matters, and we have never lacked leaders. Years ago, the Hildredths, the Stones, the Arguellos, the Hensleys, were the pivots on which Society's wheels whirled. In coming down the vista of years, poverty crept in and displaced these. Their places were soon filled, however, by the Murphys, the Morrisons, the Youngers, the Porters, the Springs, and the Moores. Either the rattling of mouldering skeletons, hidden in dark closets, or the rapid flight of the hoarded treasures, compelled these leaders to abdicate Society's throne and make room for the Rylands, the Beanses, the Montgomerys, the Lyonses, the Yoells, the Spencers, whose reign was a series of successes, and who still claim a corner in the crowded circle. Last winter, our leaders were few, and numbered the Wrights, the Bowmans, the Breyfogles, the Maburys, who gave a few *very exclusive* cotillions, where the men were noticeably scarce and the women curiously plain. This winter, the same ladies have taken the initial steps towards the formation of a cotillion club, and since Freddie is married, and has to work at his trade evenings, his place has been ably filled by the society music teacher, with Dr. Robert's better half as an able second. Under their supervision, about one hundred invitations have been sent to the dancing people, telling them that if they wished to join they could do so by calling at the Union Bank and depositing five dollars. It may seem strange that for all the fashionable gatherings lately, this bank has become the center where tickets and invitations can be had, as all the officers, from the president down, are, and always have been, prominent society people, and pride themselves on their extreme exclusiveness.

It was amusing at the meeting of the organizers of the Dancing Club, while the list was being made out, to hear the discussion as to those who were worthy of receiving notices, and to hear the objections raised against the Hibernians and the Papists. Three prominent Presbyterian ladies declared that the Papists should be barred, and they moved that no invitations be sent to any who bowed before the altars of Rome. The Doctor's wife quickly answered that the Romanists were the only ones who seemed to have money to spend, and if they were left out the winter festivities would fall through for want of funds. It was finally decided to let in the Murphys, McGeoghegans, Lyonses, Yoells, Dunnes, Auzerais, Planks, Martins, Friants, Rylands, so notices were sent them that if they wished to pay five dollars each, they could become silent members of this very exclusive organization. We are all waiting to see how many will put up their money.

If this series of entertainments fail to materialize for lack of funds, I would respectfully suggest that our people adopt the fad so popular in the East, of giving "pedigree parties." If these are interesting and amusing to the inhabitants of esthetic Boston, aristocratic Philadelphia, or cosmopolitan New York, how much more enjoyable would they be here, where every scutcheon is without a blot; where none of our ladies have ever posed as barmaids, as cooks, cosmetic and patent medicine venders, seamstresses, soap makers, or fortune tellers; where charity and well-bred courtesy are the features at every gathering; where none live in glass houses; where Scandal's tongue never wags; where gossip is unknown; where everyone lives within their means, and have no need to tremble when thinking of money (not their own) spent in keeping up appearances; where priests and ministers do not aim to run religion and politics, and content themselves with singing "Glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will!"

BESSIE.

Candies from France, Germany, Switzerland, etc., for the holidays, at Greenbaum's, 205 Sutter St.

SACRAMENTO.

We are looking forward with much interest to the coming nuptials of Mr. Schwan and Miss Mamie Deming. The ceremony will take place a little after noon, on Saturday, in St. Paul's Church. There have been no end of invitations issued, so a great crush at the church will be the inevitable result. The trousseau is swell, indeed, and we are sure Mamie will look bewitching in her bridal gown, for the latter is in itself a dream. Will Chapin is the only one of our clique of young men chosen to do the usher act. It is said he feels awfully important, but we girls are so afraid that he will get bashful and do the wrong thing at the right time. You know that he is afflicted in that way.

Invitations are out for a big whist party to be given by Mrs. Dwight Miller, on next Monday night. We are so glad to be invited to their cosy little home, and hope they will entertain more during the winter.

On Sunday, a week ago, Mrs. Orcutt invited the musical crowd to an informal afternoon. The affair was in honor of Miss Cadwalader, who is at present a guest of her cousin, Mrs. Lindley.

The only theatrical attraction has been the "New Boy." We all went, despite the storm, for there has been such a dearth of pleasure lately. The bride and groom were there, the cynosure of all eyes. Carrie was prettily gowned, the Minister was devoted, and the audience was satisfied with the effect. Their apartments at the Metropolitan building are decorated artistically, the presents are on exhibition, and most of the parishioners have called.

Lucy Upson has suddenly been called East, to attend her mother who is seriously ill.

Jack Wright and his bride have returned from their wedding trip through the Eastern States.

Miss Haff is no longer a guest at the Wright house. For the present she is visiting in your city, and will remain there until she leaves for the East, accompanied by Miss Etta Birdsall.

Mrs. Dud Lindley gave a delightful party this week to about sixty of the little ones. Her father-in-law's residence was brought into requisition. We grown folks who escorted the little folks indulged in gossip to our hearts' content. Mrs. Hunt and Mrs. Witherbee received the children, and did much toward making a delightful afternoon for all.

The Whist Club will be entertained at Mrs. Orcutt's on New Year's eve. Cards will be the pastime until ten o'clock, then the usual musical crowd are invited to come. They will usher in the New Year by singing and a good time generally.

It is rumored that Governor Budd and his wife will secure apartments at the Golden Eagle Hotel. That is quite a disappointment to the socially inclined, for we hoped they would rent some house where they could entertain. At the hotel entertaining will be out of the question. A great saving of expense, to be sure.

Thursday night, the Sutter Club will give their Christmas dinner. Jack is going, so you will hear all about it when I write again.

Gertie told me that she and the Doctor would probably wed in March, and that all the friends, acquaintances and patients would be invited.

We were all grieved to hear of the sudden death of Charley Griffin, in Oakland, last week. He was generous to a fault, and what a short but merry life he lived.

The H-street boarding-house has been abandoned.

Mrs. B— has gone to Ione for the winter, while Jud is preparing his Assembly speech.

SISTER SUE.

SACRAMENTO, December 26, 1894.

The Food Exposition

is an educator for housekeepers. You are not obliged to attend it to appreciate the value of Borden's Peerless Evaporated Cream. Your grocer can supply you. Always ready Uniform results assured. Insist upon having Borden's.

A Lady on a Hat

A young lady presented her father with an order for a hat as a New Year's present, on Groom and Hagan, the Hatters, 942 Market Street, under the Baldwin Hotel. She argues that a hat is the most graceful present a gentleman can receive, and particularly during the holiday season.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" relieve Throat Irritations caused by cold or use of the voice. The genuine sold only in boxes.

Babies and Children

thrive on Scott's Emulsion when all the rest of their food seems to go to waste. Thin Babies and Weak Children grow *strong, plump and healthy* by taking it.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE

Savings and Loan Society

101 Montgomery Street, Corner Sutter

FOR the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2d, 1895.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

The German Savings and Loan Society

526 California Street

FOR the half year ending December 31, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four and one-sixth (4⅙) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2d, 1895.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Mutual Savings Bank of San Francisco

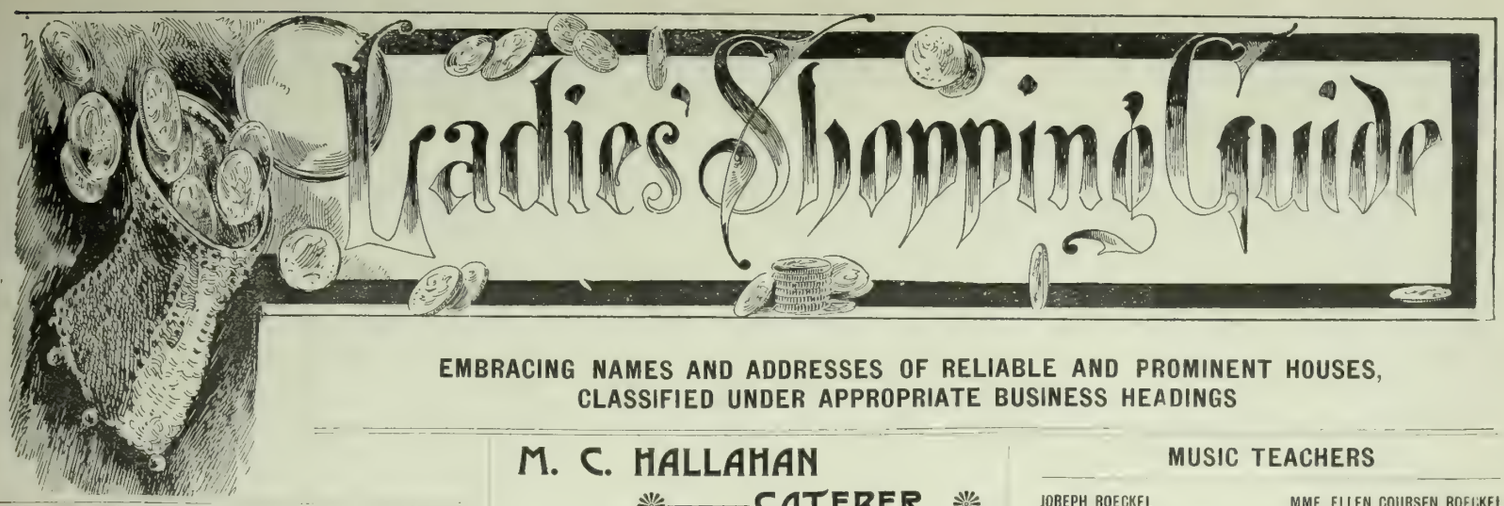
No. 33 Post Street

FOR the half year ending December 31st, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent per annum on term deposits, and four (4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2d, 1895.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.—SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS Union, 532 California Street, corner of Webb—For the half year ending with the 31st of December, 1894, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four and eight-tenths (4 8-10) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, the 2d of January, 1895.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.



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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION

Cor. California and Webb Sts.

Deposits, June 30, 1894 . . . . $24,061,791 27
Guarantee Capital and Surplus, 1,627,052 43

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Receives Deposits and Loans only on Real Estate Security. Country remittances may be sent by Wells, Fargo & Co., or by check of reliable parties, payable in San Francisco, but the responsibility of this Savings Bank commences only with the actual receipt of the money. The signature of the depositor should accompany the first deposit. No charge is made for pass book or entrance fee. Office Hours—9 a.m. to 3 p.m. Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8.

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